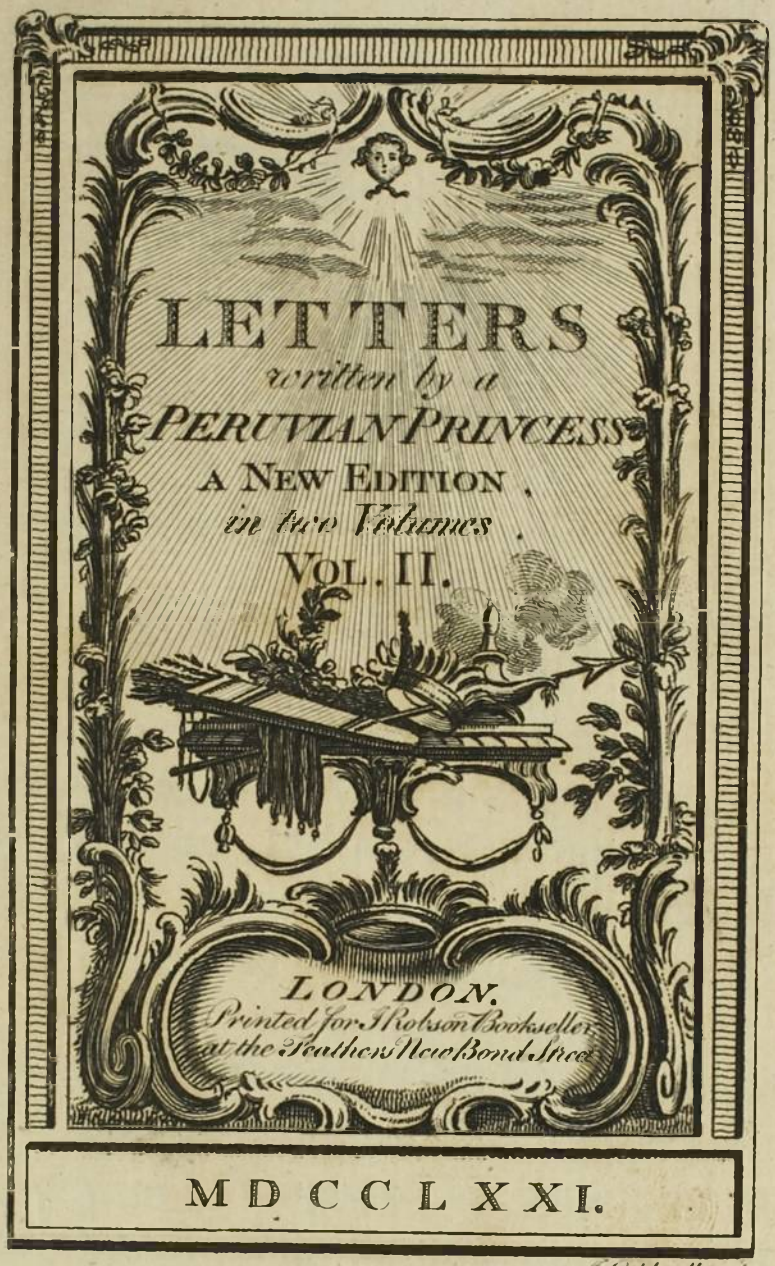
M Merellier



MDCCLXXI.

J. Caldwall sculp.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY A

PERUVIAN LADY.

LETTER XXIX.

I Was much to blame, my dear *Aza*, in desiring so earnestly a conversation with *Deterville*. He hath said but too much to me: though I disallow the trouble that he has excited in my soul, it is not yet effaced.

I know not what sort of impatience was added yesterday to my usual melancholy: the world, and the noise of it, became to me more troublesome than ordinary. Except the tender satisfaction of *Celina* and her husband, every thing that I saw inspired me with an indignation bordering

on contempt. Aſhamed to find ſuch unjuſt ſentiments in my heart, I endeavoured to hide the perplexity they cauſed me in the moſt retired part of the garden.

Scarce had I ſat me down at the foot of a tree, before the tears involuntarily flowed down my cheeks. With my face hid betwixt my hands, I was buried in ſo profound a reverie, that *Deterville* was on his knees by the ſide of me before I perceived him.

Be not offended, *Zilia*, ſaid he: it is chance that has brought me to your feet, I was not looking after you. Weary of the tumult, I was coming to enjoy my ſorrow in peace. I perceived you, and ſtruggled with myſelf to keep at a diſtance from you: but I am too unhappy to continue ſo without ſeeking relief. In pity to myſelf I drew near; I ſaw your tears flow, and was no longer maſter of my powers.—But, if you command me to fly from you, I will obey. Can you do

it,

it, *Zilia?* Am I odious to you?—No, ſaid I: on the contrary, ſit down, I am glad to have an opportunity of ſpeaking to you ſince the laſt benefits you conferred on me.—Let us not talk of them, interrupted he briſkly.—But hear me, replied I: to be entirely generous, you muſt liſten to acknowledgment. I have not ſpoken to you ſince you reſtored to me the precious ornaments of the temple in which I was educated. Perhaps in my letter I badly expreſſed the ſentiments that ſuch an exceſs of goodneſs inſpired me with: but I meant———Alas! interrupted he again, what comfort does acknowledgment bring to a heart that is wretched? Thanks are the companions of indifference, and too often allied with hatred.

What is that you ſay? cried I. Why do you thus wrong me in your thoughts? Ah! *Deterville*, what a right ſhould I have to reproach you, if you were not ſo

much to be pitied! Far from hating you, ever ſince the firſt moment I ſaw you, I have depended on you with leſs repugnance than on the *Spaniards*. Your gentleneſs and kindneſs have made me all along deſire to gain your friendſhip, in proportion as I ſaw farther into your character. I am confirmed in the opinion that you deſerve all mine; and, without ſpeaking of the extreme obligations I have to you (ſince my acknowledgment diſpleaſes) how could I help entertaining the ſentiments which are ſo juſtly your due?

Your virtues alone I found worthy of the ſimplicity of ours: a ſon of the Sun would be honoured by your ſentiments: your reaſon is like that of nature: How many motives then had I to eſteem you? Even the nobleneſs of your figure, and every thing about you, pleaſes me: for friendſhip has eyes as well as love. Heretofore, after a ſhort abſence, you never came to me again but I felt a ſort of ſe-

renity

renity expand in my heart. Why have you changed thoſe innocent pleaſures into pains and anxieties?

Your reaſon now appears but in ſtarts only, and I am continually afraid of thoſe ſallies. The ſentiments you entertain me with lay a reſtraint on the expreſſion of mine, and deprive me of the pleaſure of deſcribing to you, without diſguiſe, the charms I could taſte in your friendſhip, if you did not yourſelf diſturb the ſweetneſs of it. You even take from me the delicate pleaſure of looking on my benefactor: your eyes perplex mine, and I no more obſerve in them that agreeable tranquillity, which hath ſometimes paſſed to my very ſoul. Your conſtant and ſettled melancholy reproaches me eternally with being the cauſe of it. Ah *Deterville!* how unjuſt are you, if you think you ſuffer alone.

My dear *Zilia*, cried he (kiſſing my hand with ardour) what an addition does

your

your kindneſs and frankneſs of ſpeech make to my regret! What a treaſure would the poſſeſſion of ſuch a heart as yours be! But with what aggravated deſpair do you make me ſenſible of the loſs of it!

Mighty *Zilia*, continued he, how great is your power? Was it not enough to convert me from the moſt careleſs indifference to love, from indolence to fury, but you muſt vanquiſh me too? Can I bear it?—Yes ſaid I; this effort is worthy of your noble heart: an action ſo juſt and generous elevates you above mortals.—But can I ſurvive it? reſumed he ſorrowfully. Do not hope, however, that I ſhall ſerve for the victim of your love: I will continue ſtill to adore your idea, which ſhall be the bitter nouriſhment of my ſoul. I will love you, and ſee you no more. Oh!—But at leaſt do not forget.—

The

The rifing fobs choaked his fpeech, and he haftily endeavoured to hide the tears which overflowed his face. Affected equally with his generofity and his grief, I fhed fome myfelf, and preffed one of his hands in mine. No, faid I, you fhall not leave me. Let me ftill keep my friend, and be you fatisfied with thofe fentiments which I fhall have for you all my life long. I love you almoft as much as I love *Aza*, but I cannot love you in the fame manner as him.

Cruel *Zilia*, cried he with tranfport, will you always accompany your goodnefs with fuch piercing ftrokes? Muft a mortal poifon continually deftroy the charm that you convey with your words? How fenfelefs am I to be bewitched by their fweetnefs! to what a fhameful humility do I degrade myfelf! But it is done, I recover myfelf, added he in a firm tone. Farewell; you fhall foon fee *Aza*; may he not make you feel torments like thofe

which

which prey on me; may he be ſuch as your deſire makes him, and worthy of your heart!

You cannot conceive, my dear *Aza*, what an alarm the air he pronounced theſe words in, gave to my ſoul. I could not guard againſt the ſuſpicions that came crowding into my mind. I did not doubt but *Deterville* was better informed than he cared to appear, and had concealed from me ſome letters that he had received from *Spain:* in ſhort (ſhall I dare pronounce it?) I ſuſpected that thou wert unfaithful.

I intreated him, in the ſtrongeſt manner, to tell me the truth: but all that I could get out of him amounted only to looſe conjectures, which had an equal tendency to confirm and to deſtroy my fears.

However, reflections upon the inconſtancy of men, the dangers of abſence,

and

and the facility with which thou hadſt changed thy religion, remained deeply graven upon my mind.

Now did my love, for the firſt time, become to me a painful ſentiment; now was I, for the firſt time, afraid of loſing thy heart. *Aza*, if it were true, if thou didſt not love me, would that my death had ſeparated us, rather than thy inconſtancy!

No; it was his own deſpair that ſuggeſt to *Deterville* theſe frightful ideas. Ought not his trouble and diſtraction to convince me of it? Should not his ſelf-intereſt, which makes him ſpeak, be called in queſtion by me? It was ſo, my dear *Aza*, and my reſentment turned all againſt him. I treated him roughly, and he quitted me in a deſperate fury.

Alas! was I leſs deſperate than he? What torments did I not ſuffer, before

I found again the repoſe of my heart? Is it yet well confirmed? *Aza!* I love thee ſo tenderly, canſt thou forget me?

LET-

LETTER XXX.

THY journey, my dear *Aza*, ſeems to me very long. How ardently do I deſire thy arrival! Time has diſſipated my inquietudes, and I now eſteem them only as a dream, of which the light of the day has effaced the impreſſion. I accuſe myſelf of a crime in having ſuſpected thee, and my repentance redoubles my tenderneſs: it has almoſt rooted out my compaſſion for the pains of *Deterville*. I cannot pardon him for the ill opinion he ſeems to have of thee, and I have leſs regret

gret than ever in being as it were ſeparated from him.

We have been at *Paris* a fortnight, and I live with *Celina* in her huſband's houſe, which is ſo diſtant from that of her brother, that I am not obliged to ſee him every hour. He often comes hither to eat: but *Celina* and I live together in ſuch a hurry, that he has not leiſure to ſpeak with me in private.

Since our return, we employ part of the day in the tireſome work of dreſſing ourſelves, and the reſt in what they call here paying of viſits.

Theſe two occupations ſeem to me quite as unprofitable as they are fatiguing, if the latter did not procure me the means of informing myſelf more particularly of the cuſtoms of the country.

At my arrival in *France*, not underſtanding the language, I could judge of things only by their outſide. As I had little inſtruction in the religious houſe, I found

found the country turned to no better account, where I ſaw only a particular ſociety, with which I was too much tired to examine it. It is here only, that, by converſing with what they call the great world, I ſee the whole nation.

The viſits or *devoirs* that we pay, conſiſt in going to as great a number of houſes as poſſible, there to give and receive a reciprocal tribute of praiſe upon the beauty of our faces and ſhapes, the excellence of our taſte, and the judicious choice of our dreſſes.

It was not long before I diſcovered the reaſon that made us take ſo much pains to acquire this homage: I find it is, becauſe there is a neceſſity of receiving in perſon this momentary incenſe: for no ſooner does any one diſappear, but ſhe takes another form. The charms that were found in her that goes out ſerve only to make a contemptuous compariſon, in order

order to eſtabliſh the perfections of her who comes in.

Cenſure is the reigning taſte of the *French*; as incoherence is the character of their nation. In their books, you find the general criticiſm of human manners, and in their converſation that of every particular perſon, provided he be abſent.

What they call the mode, has not altered the antient uſage of ſaying freely all the ill they can of others, and ſometimes even more than they think. People of the beſt behaviour follow the cuſtom, and are diſtinguiſhed only by a certain formal apology they make for their frankneſs and love of truth: which once over, they reveal the faults, the ridicules, and even the vices, of others without ſcruple, not ſparing even their beſt friends.

As the ſincerity which the *French* uſe to one another is without exception, ſo their reciprocal confidence is without bounds. One need have neither eloquence to be

hea d,

heard, nor probity to obtain belief. Every thing is ſaid, every thing is received, with the ſame levity.

Yet I would not have you think, my dear *Aza*, that the *French* are in general born with bad inclinations: I ſhould be more unjuſt than they if I left you in ſuch an error.

Naturally ſuſceptible of virtuous ſentiments, I never ſaw one of them that was not melted at the hiſtory, which they oblige me often to give them, of the rectitude of our hearts, the candour of our ſentiments, and the ſimplicity of our manners. If they lived amongſt us, they would become virtuous: but example and cuſtom are the tyrants by which they are ſway'd.

A man of good ſenſe ſpeaks ill of the abſent, becauſe he would not be deſpiſed by thoſe who are preſent: another would be honeſt, humane, and without pride, if he did not fear being ridiculous; and a

third

third becomes ridiculous thro' ſuch qualities, as would make him a model of perfection if he dared to exert them, and aſſume his juſt merit.

In a word, my dear *Aza*, their vices are artificial as well as their virtues, and the frivolouſneſs of their character permits them to be but imperfectly what they are. Like the play-things they give their children, theſe whimſical people ſhew only a faint reſemblance of the thinking beings they ſhould appear. You have weight, ſoftneſs, colour, and upon the whole a fair outſide, without any real value. Accordingly they are eſteemed by other nations only as the pretty toys and trifles of ſociety. Good ſenſe ſmiles at their genteel airs, and coldly ranks them in their proper place.

Happy the nation which has nature only for its guide, truth for its mover, and virtue for its principle!

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

IT is not ſurprizing, my dear *Aza*, that incoherence is a conſequence of the airy character of the *French:* but I cannot be enough ſurprized that they, with as much or more penetration than any other nation, ſeem not to perceive the ſhocking contradictions which foreigners remark in them at the firſt ſight.

Among the great number of thoſe which ſtrike me every day, I do not ſee any one that more diſhonours their underſtanding, than their manner of thinking with regard to women. They reſpect them, my dear

Aza,

Aza, and at the ſame time deſpiſe them with equal exceſs.

The firſt law of their politeneſs, or virtue (I do not know that they have any other) regards the women. A man of the higheſt rank owes the utmoſt complaiſance to a woman of the moſt vile condition, and would bluſh for ſhame, and think himſelf ridiculous in the higheſt degree, if he offered her any perſonal inſult. And yet a man of the leaſt conſideration and credit may deceive and betray a woman of merit, and blacken her reputation without fear of either blame or puniſhment.

If I was not aſſured that thou wilt ſoon be a judge of theſe things thyſelf, ſcarce ſhould I dare paint to thee ſuch contraſts as the ſimplicity of our minds cannot without pain conceive. Docile to the notions of nature, our genius proceeds no farther: we have found that the ſtrength and courage of one ſex indicates that it ought to

be

be the ſupport and defence of the other, and our laws are conformable to this diſcovery.* Here, far from compaſſionating the weakneſs of women, thoſe of the common people, tied down to labour, have no relief either from the laws or their huſbands. Thoſe of more elevated rank, the prey either of the ſeduction or malice of men, have no recompence for the perfidies impoſed on them, except a ſhew of merely imaginary outſide reſpect, which is continually followed by the moſt ſtinging ſatire.

I perfectly well perceived, when I firſt converſed in the world here, that the habitual cenſure of the nation falls principally upon the women, and that the men do not deſpiſe one another without ſome caution or reſerve. I looked for the cauſe of this in their good qualities, when an accident

* The *Peruvian* laws diſpenſe the women from all hard bodily labour.

cident reveal'd it to me among their defects.

In all the houſes we have entered for two days paſt, we have been told of the death of a young man killed by one of his friends, and the barbarous action is approved of for no other reaſon, but becauſe the dead had ſpoken to the diſadvantage of the living. This new extravagance ſeemed of ſo ſerious a character, as to deſerve my exacteſt enquiry. Upon information, my dear *Aza*, I learn'd that a man is obliged to expoſe his life to take away that of another, if he hears that this other has been talking againſt him; or to baniſh himſelf from ſociety, if he refuſes to take ſo cruel a vengeance. I wanted to be told no more, in order to form a clear idea of what I ſought. It is certain that the men, naturally cowards, without ſhame, and without remorſe, are afraid only of corporal puniſhments. And if the women were authoriſed to puniſh the outrages offered

them

them in the ſame manner, as the men are oblig'd to revenge the ſlighteſt inſult offered to one another, ſuch perſons as we ſee now well received in ſociety, would not be ſo any longer. The ſlanderer muſt retire into a deſert, and there hide his malice and his ſhame. But cowards have nothing to fear, and have too well founded this abuſe to ſee it ever aboliſh'd.

Impudence and effrontery are the firſt ſentiments that the men are inſpired with: timidity, gentleneſs, and patience, are the ſole virtues that are cultivated in the women: How then are theſe to avoid being the victims of impunity?

O my dear *Aza*, let not the brilliant vices of a nation, otherwiſe charming, give us a diſguſt of the natural ſimplicity of our own manners! Let us not forget; thou, the obligation thou art under to be my example, my guide, and my ſupport in the path of virtue; I, the duty that lies on me to preſerve thy eſteem and thy

love,

love, by imitating my model, even by ſurpaſſing it if poſſible, and meriting a reſpect founded on virtue, and not on a frivolous cuſtom.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

OUR viſits and fatigues, my dear *Aza*, could not end more agreeably. What a delicious day did I ſpend yeſterday! How pleaſant are already the new obligations, which *Deterville* and his ſiſter confer on me! and how dear will they be when I can partake them with thee!

After two days reſt, we ſet out yeſterday morning from *Paris*, *Celina*, her brother, her huſband, and I, to go, as ſhe told me, and pay a viſit to the beſt of her friends. The journey was not long, and we arrived early in the day at a country-houſe,

houſe, the ſituation and avenues of which appeared to me admirable: but what aſtoniſhed me at going in was, to find all the doors open, and not to meet a ſingle perſon.

This houſe, too pretty to be abandoned, too ſmall to hide the people which ſhould inhabit it, ſeemed to me a kind of enchantment. I was diverted with the thought, and aſked *Celina* if we were in the dwelling of one of thoſe fairies, of whom ſhe had made me read the hiſtories, where the miſtreſs of the manſion and her domeſtics were all inviſible.

You ſhall ſee the miſtreſs, anſwered ſhe; but, as important affairs have called her away for the whole day, ſhe has charged me to prevail on you to do the honours of her houſe during her abſence. She added, laughing, Let us ſee how you will get off. I came readily into the joke, and put on a ſerious air, to copy the compliments which

I had

I had heard made on like occaſions. They told me I acquitted myſelf pretty well.

After amuſing ourſelves for ſome time in this manner, *Celina* ſaid, This politeneſs would be ſufficient to give us a good reception at *Paris*; but, madam, ſomething more muſt be done in the country. Will you not have the goodneſs to aſk us to dinner?

Upon this head, ſaid I, I am not knowing enough to give you ſatisfaction, and I begin to fear that your friend has relied too much on my care. I know a remedy for that, anſwered *Celina*; if you will only take the pains to write your name, you ſhall ſee that it is not ſo difficult as you think to treat your friends well. You give me comfort, ſaid I; let me write immediately.

I had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, but I ſaw a man come in dreſſed in black, with a ſtandiſh in his hand, and paper al-

ready writ upon. They placed it before me, and I wrote my name where I was directed.

At that inſtant another well looking man appeared, who invited us, in the uſual manner, to attend him into the dining room.

We there found a table covered with equal propriety and magnificence: ſcarce were we ſeated when delightful muſic was heard in the next room: nothing, in ſhort, was wanting that could render a repaſt agreeable. *Deterville* himſelf ſeemed to have forgot his melancholy, in order to make us merry: he expreſſed his paſſion to me in a thouſand manners, but always in a pleaſant tone, without complaints or reproaches.

The day was ſerene, and, with common conſent, we agreed to walk when we roſe from table. We found the gardens much more extenſive than the houſe ſeemed to promiſe: art and ſymmetry made

made themſelves admired, by uniting to render the charms of ſimple nature more tranſporting.

The end of our walk was a wood, which terminates this fine garden: there ſitting all four on a delightful turf, we began already to indulge that reverie which natural beauties naturally inſpire, when, through the trees, we ſaw coming on one ſide a company of peaſants, properly dreſſed in their manner, preceded by ſome inſtruments of muſic, and, on the other ſide, a company of young laſſes, dreſſed in white, their heads adorned with flowers of the field, who ſung in a ruſtic, but melodious manner, ſongs, in which, to my ſurprize, I heard my own name often repeated.

My aſtoniſhment was much greater, when the two companies being come up to us, the moſt diſtinguiſhed man quitted his, kneeled down on one knee, and preſented to me, in a large baſon, ſeve-

ral keys, with a compliment which my perplexity did not ſuffer me to underſtand: I only comprehended in it, that being the chief of the villagers in that country, he came to do me homage in quality of their ſovereign, and preſent me with the keys of the houſe of which I was alſo the miſtreſs.

As ſoon as he had ended his harangue, he roſe to make room for the prettieſt of the young damſels: ſhe preſented me with a bundle of flowers adorned with ribbands, which ſhe accompanied alſo with a ſhort diſcourſe in my praiſe, delivered with a good grace.

I was too much confuſed, my dear *Aza*, to anſwer eulogies which I ſo little deſerved; otherwiſe, every thing that paſſed had an air ſo reſembling that of truth, that many times I could not help believing what nevertheleſs I thought incredible. This thought produced variety of others, and my mind was ſo

engaged,

engaged, that it was impoſſible for me to ſpeak a word. If my confuſion was diverting to the company, it was not ſo to myſelf.

Deterville was the firſt who took pity of me: he made a ſign to his ſiſter, who, after having given ſome pieces of gold to the lads and laſſes, and told them that thoſe were the earneſt of my kindneſs towards them, aroſe, and propoſed to take a turn into the wood. I followed her with pleaſure, intending to have reproached her heartily for the diſorder ſhe had put me into: but I had not time; for ſcarce had we taken half a dozen ſteps before ſhe ſtopped, and, looking on me with a ſmiling countenance, Tell me, *Zilia*, ſaid ſhe, are you not very angry with us? and will you not be more ſo if I aſſure you, that this land and this houſe do in very truth belong to you?

To me? cried I. Ah *Celina*, whether it be an affront or a jeſt, you carry

it

it too far. Hear me, ſaid ſhe, more ſeriouſly: If my brother has diſpoſed of ſome parts of your treaſure to purchaſe it, and, inſtead of the diſagreeable formalities that would have been otherwiſe neceſſary, reſerved to you only the ſurprize when the thing was done, ought you to hate us mortally for ſo doing? Cannot you pardon us for having procured you, at all events, ſuch a dwelling as you have ſeemed to like, and for having ſecured to you an independent life? You, this morning, ſigned the authentic deed that puts you in poſſeſſion of both. Murmur at us now as much as you pleaſe, added ſhe, ſmiling again, if nothing of all this be agreeable to you.

Oh my amiable friend! cried I, throwing myſelf at her feet, I have too lively a ſenſe of your generous cares to expreſs my acknowledgment. Theſe few words were all I was able to utter, my ſecret wiſh having before been to have ſuch an

independency.

independency. Melting in rapturous tranſports, while I reflected on the pleaſure I ſhould have in conſecrating to thee this charming abode, the multitude of my ſentiments ſtifled the expreſſions of them. I embraced *Celina*, who repayed my careſſes with the ſame tenderneſs; and, after having given me time to recover myſelf, we returned to her brother and her huſband.

Trouble ſeized me again when I came near *Deterville*, and cauſed a freſh perplexity in my expreſſions. I gave him my hand, which he kiſſed without ſpeaking a word, and turned aſide to hide the tears he could not reſtrain; which I took for ſigns of his ſatisfaction on ſeeing me ſo contented. I was ſo moved myſelf as to ſhed ſome likewiſe. *Celina*'s huſband, leſs concerned than we at what had paſſed, ſoon turned the converſation again into a pleaſant vein: he complimented me on my new dignities, and prevailed on me

me to return to the houſe, in order, as he ſaid, to examine the defects of it, and ſhew *Deterville* that his taſte was not ſo good as he flattered himſelf.

Shall I confeſs to thee, my dear *Aza*, that every thing on our way ſeemed now to put on a new form; that the flowers appeared more beautiful, the trees more verdant, and the ſymmetry of the garden more complete.

I found more conveniency in the houſe, more richneſs in the furniture, and the ſmalleſt trifle became now a matter of concern to me.

I ran through the appartments in ſuch a rapture of joy, that I did not examine any thing minutely: the only place I ſtopped in was a room moderately large, ſurrounded with caſes curiouſly wrought, and covered with gold, in which there were a great number of books of all colours, of all forms, and admirably neat. I was ſo enchanted, that I thought I could

not

not have left them till I had read them all; but *Celina* pulled me away, putting me in mind of a golden key which *Deterville* had given me. We endeavoured to make uſe of it; but our endeavours would have been in vain, if he had not ſhewn us the door it was to open; which was ſo artificially concealed in the wainſcot, that it had been impoſſible to diſcover it without knowing the ſecret.

I opened it haſtily, and ſtood immoveable at the ſight of the magnificence it had encloſed.

It was a cloſet all brilliant with glaſs and painting: the ground of the wainſcot was green, adorned with figures extremely well deſigned, and imitating part of the ſports and ceremonies of the city of the Sun, in ſuch manner as I had re-related them to *Deterville*.

Virgins were there ſeen repreſented in a thouſand places, in the ſame dreſs that I wore when I came into *France*: and

I was even told that they were like me.

The ornaments of the temple, which I had left in the religious houſe, ſupported by gilt pyramids, adorned all the corners of this magnificent cabinet. The figure of the Sun, ſuſpended in the midſt of a cieling painted with the moſt beautiful colours of the heavens, completed, by its luſtre, the embelliſhment of this charming ſolitude; and commodious moveables, ſuited to the paintings, rendered the whole delicious.

In examining more nearly what I was raviſhed to find again, I perceived that the golden chair was wanting: though I avoided ſpeaking of it, *Deterville* gueſſed my thoughts, and ſeized that moment to expreſs himſelf. You ſearch in vain, ſaid he, fair *Zilia*: the chair of the *Incas*, by a magical power, is transformed into a houſe, a garden, and an eſtate: if I have not employed my own ſcience in

this

this metamorphoſis, it was not without regret; but it was neceſſary to ſhew reſpect to your delicacy. See here, added he, (opening a little buffet that was dexterouſly ſunk into the wall) theſe are the remains of the magical operation. At the ſame time he ſhewed me a ſtrong box full of pieces of gold, all of the *French* coin. You know, continued he, that this is not one of the leaſt neceſſary things among us, and I thought it my duty to preſerve you a ſmall proviſion of it.

I began to expreſs my grateful thanks, and the admiration I was in of ſo many preventing cares, when *Celina* interrupted me, and pulled me into a room by the ſide of this marvellous cloſet. I would, ſaid ſhe, ſhew you the power of my art alſo. Large drawers were then opened, full of rich ſilks, linens, ornaments, in a word, of whatever is worn in the dreſs of women, all in ſuch abundance, that I could not help laughing, and

and aſking *Celina* how many years ſhe deſired me to live, to make uſe of ſo many fine things? As long as I and my brother live, anſwered ſhe. And for my part, replied I, I deſire you may both live as long as I love you, then I am ſure you will not die before me.

As I ended theſe words, we returned into the temple of the Sun, which is the name they gave to that wonderful cloſet; and, having at laſt freedom of utterance, I expreſſed the ſentiments of my heart juſt as I felt them. What goodneſs! what a train of virtues in theſe proceedings of the brother and ſiſter!

We ſpent the reſt of the day in the delights of confidence and friendſhip. I endeavoured to regale them at ſupper ſtill more gaily than I had done at dinner. I gave orders freely to the ſervants, which I knew to be mine; jeſted upon my authority and opulence, and did all

in

in my power to render their own benefits agreeable to my benefactors.

I fancied, however, that I perceived, in proportion as time wore away, that *Deterville* fell again into his melancholy, and even that *Celina* let drop ſome tears between whiles; but they both ſo readily reſumed a ſerene air, that I again thought myſelf deceived.

I endeavoured to prevail on them to ſtay ſome days, and enjoy with me the good fortune they had procured. This I could not obtain: we came back the ſame night, promiſing ourſelves to return ſpeedily to my enchanted palace.

O my dear *Aza*, how great will be my felicity when I can inhabit it with thee!

LETTER XXXIII.

THE ſorrow of *Deterville* and his ſiſter, my dear *Aza*, has continued to augment ſince our return from my enchanted palace. They are both ſo dear to me, that I could not forbear being earneſt with them to diſcover to me the motive of it: but, ſeeing them obſtinately ſilent upon the ſubject, I did not doubt but ſome new misfortune had retarded thy journey; and, in a ſhort time, my uneaſineſs, of which I did not diſſemble the cauſe, overcame the reſolution of my amiable friends.

Deterville

Deterville confeſſed that he had determined to conceal from me the day of thy arrival, in order to ſurprize me; but that my inquietude made him relinquiſh his deſign: in fact, ſhe ſhewed me a letter from the guide which he cauſed to be appointed thee, and, by the calculation of the time, and the place where it was wrote, he made me underſtand that thou mayeſt be here to-morrow, to-day, or even this very moment; in ſhort, that I have no more time to meaſure, till the inſtant arrives which will crown all my vows.

Having gone thus far, *Deterville* did not heſitate telling me all the reſt of his diſpoſitions: he ſhewed me the apartment which he deſtined for thee; for thou wilt lodge here, till, united together, decency permits us to inhabit my delicious caſtle. I will not loſe ſight of

thee

thee any more ; nothing ſhall ſeparate us : *Deterville* has provided every thing, and convinced me more than ever of the exceſs of his generoſity.

After he had given me theſe informations, I was no longer to ſeek for the cauſe of that ſorrow which devours him. It is thy near arrival : I pity him, I compaſſionate his grief, and wiſh him an happineſs, independent of my ſentiments, which may be a worthy recompence of his virtue.

I diſſemble even a part of the tranſports of my joy, that I may not irritate his pain. This is all I can do : but my own felicity engages me too much for me to keep it entirely hidden : therefore, though I believe thee very near me, though my heart leaps at the leaſt noiſe, though I interrupt my letter almoſt at every word to run to the window, yet I continue

writing

writing to thee; finding this relief to the transports of my heart neceſſary. Thou art near me, 'tis true: but is thy abſence leſs real than if we were ſtill ſeparated by the ſeas? I do not ſee thee: thou canſt not hear me: why then ſhould I ceaſe to converſe with thee by the only means in my power? But a moment more, and I ſhall ſee thee: but this moment does not yet exiſt. Can I better employ ſo much of thy abſence, as I am yet to bear, than by painting to thee the vivacity of my tenderneſs? Alas! thou haſt hitherto ſeen it breathing in ſighs only! Let that time be far from me! with what tranſport will it be effaced from my memory! *Aza*, dear *Aza!* how ſweet is that name to me! Very ſoon I ſhall no longer call thee in vain: thou wilt hear me, and fly to my voice. The moſt tender expreſſions

of

of my heart ſhall be the reward of thy haſte.——I am interrupted: it is not by thee, and yet I muſt quit this converſation with thee.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Chevalier Deterville, *at* MALTA.

WERE you able, Sir, to foresee, without reluctance, the mortal chagrin you were going to join to the happiness you had prepared for me? How could you have the cruelty to cause your departure to be preceded by such agreeable circumstances, by such weighty motives of gratitude, unless it were to render me more sensible of your despair and your absence? Though but two days ago wrapt up in the sweets of friendship, I now feel the most bitter anxiety.

Celina.

Celina, all afflicted as ſhe is, has but too well executed your orders. She preſented to me *Aza* with one hand, and your cruel letter with the other. At the completion of my vows grief darted through my ſoul: while I found the object of my tender love, I did not forget that I loſt that of all my other ſentiments. Ah *Deterville!* how inhuman this once is your love. But do not hope to execute your unjuſt reſolution to the utmoſt. The ſea ſhall not make a total ſeparation betwixt perſons ſo dear to each other: my name ſhall reach you: you ſhall receive my letters, you ſhall hear my prayers: blood and friendſhip ſhall reſume their rights over your heart, and you ſhall reſtore yourſelf to a family, to which I am reſponſible for your loſs.

What! in recompence of ſo many benefits, ſhall I poiſon all your days, and thoſe of your ſiſter? ſhall I break ſo tender an union? ſhall I fix deſpair in your

hearts,

hearts, while I ſtill enjoy your bounties? No, think not of it. I look on myſelf with horror in a houſe which I fill with mourning: I acknowledge your cares in the good treatment I receive from *Celina*, at the very time when I could pardon her for hating me. But whatever thoſe cares are, I renounce them all, and remove for ever from a place which I cannot bear, unleſs you return.

Deterville, how very blind you are! What error is it that hurries you away in a deſign ſo contrary to your views? You would render me happy, and you only make me culpable: you would dry up my tears, and you cauſe them to flow: by your abſence you deſtroy all the fruit of your ſelf-denial.

Alas! you would have found but too much delight in that interview which you dreaded as ſo very formidable! This *Aza*, the object of ſo much love, is no more the

ſame

ſame *Aza* that I have painted to you in ſuch tender colours. The coldneſs of his approach, the praiſes of the *Spaniards*, with which he a hundred times interrupted the ſoft overflowings of my ſoul, the offenſive curioſity which ſnatched him from my tranſports to viſit the rarities of *Paris*; all make me in dread of ills at which my heart ſhudders. Oh *Deterville!* perhaps you may not be long the moſt unhappy.

If compaſſion of yourſelf can work nothing on you, let the duties of friendſhip call you back: friendſhip is the only aſylum of unfortunate love. If the ills that I dread ſhould overwhelm me, what will you not have to reproach yourſelf with? If you abandon me, where ſhall I find a heart ſenſible of my pains? Shall generoſity, hitherto the moſt potent of your paſſions, give way at laſt to diſcontented love? No; I cannot believe

it:

it: ſuch a weakneſs would be unworthy of you: you are incapable of delivering yourſelf up to it: but come and convince me, if you love your own glory, and my repoſe.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

To the Chevalier Deterville, *at* MALTA.

IF you were not the moſt noble of creatures, Sir, I ſhould be the moſt abject. If you had not the moſt humane of ſouls, the moſt compaſſionate of hearts, would it have been to you that I ſhould have choſen to confeſs my ſhame and my deſpair? But alas! what remains for me to fear? why ſhould I pauſe? Every thing to me is loſt.

It is not the loſs of my liberty, of my rank, of my country, that I now deplore: they

they are not the inquietudes of an innocent tenderneſs that now draw tears from me: it is the violation of good faith; it is love deſpiſed that rends my ſoul. *Aza* is unfaithful?—— *Aza unfaithful!* What power have thoſe fatal words over my ſoul!——My blood is frozen——a torrent of tears——

I learned from the *Spaniards* to know misfortunes: but the laſt is the moſt ſenſible of all their ſtrokes. It is they that have robbed me of *Aza*'s heart; it is their cruel religion that renders me odious in his eyes. That religion approves, it ordains infidelity, perfidy, ingratitude: but it forbids the love of one's near relations. If I were a ſtranger, unknown, *Aza* might love me: but, being united to him by the ties of blood, he muſt abandon me, he muſt take away my life without ſhame, without regret, without remorſe.

Alas! contradictory as this religion is, if nothing had been neceſſary but to em-

brace it, in order to recover the good it had deprived me of, I could have ſubmitted my mind to its illuſions, without corrupting my heart by its principles. In the bitterneſs of my ſoul I demanded to be inſtructed in it. My tears were not regarded. I cannot be admitted into a ſociety ſo pure, without abandoning the motive which determines me to deſire it ——without renouncing my love; that is to ſay, without changing my exiſtence.

This extreme ſeverity, I muſt confeſs, ſtruck me with awe at the ſame time that my heart revolted againſt it: I cannot refuſe a ſort of veneration to laws that kill me: But is it in my power to adopt them? And if I ſhould adopt them, what advantage would reſult from it? *Aza* loves me not: Oh! wretch that I am!——

The cruel *Aza* has preſerved nothing of the candour of our manners, except that reſpect for truth of which he makes

ſo

ſo cruel an uſage. Seduced by the charms of a young *Spaniard*, ready to be united with her, he conſented to come into *France* only to diſengage himſelf from the faith he had ſworn to me, and to leave me without any doubt of his real ſentiments; only to reſtore to me a liberty which I deteſt, or, rather, to take away my life.

Yes, it is in vain that he reſtores me to myſelf, my heart is with him, and will be ſo till death.

My life belongs to him: let him take it from me;—but, let him love me.—

You knew my misfortune: why then did you only half inform me of it? Why did you give me room for ſuſpicions only, which made me unjuſt to you? Alas! why do I impute this to you as a crime? I ſhould not have believed you: blind and prepoſſeſſed, I ſhould have fled to meet my fatal deſtiny, have conveyed her victim to my rival, and have now been—O ye Gods, ſave me from this horrible image!

Deterville, too generous friend! am I worthy to be heard? Am I worthy of your pity? Forget my injuſtice: lament a wretch whoſe eſteem for you is ſtill ſuperior to her weakneſs for an ingrate.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To the Chevalier Deterville *at* Malta.

BY your complaining of me, Sir, I know you are ignorant of the ſtate from which I am juſt drawn by the cruel cares of *Celina*. How could I write to you? I thought no more. If any ſentiment had remained in me, doubtleſs it would have been that of confidence in you. But environed by the ſhadows of death, the blood frozen in my veins, I was a long time ignorant of my own exiſtence. I forgot even my misfortunes.

Why,

Why, O ye Gods, in calling me back to life, have you alſo recalled to me that fatal remembrance ?

He is gone ! I ſhall ſee him no more ! He flies me ! He does not love me ! He has told me ſo ! Every thing with regard to me is at an end. He takes another wife, and honour condemns him to abandon me. It is well, cruel *Aza !* Since the fantaſtic humour of *Europe* has charms for thee, why doſt thou not alſo imitate the art that accompanies it ?

Happy *French* women, you too are betrayed ; but you long enjoy that error, which would now be my only good. I am killed by the mortal blow, while it is only preparing for you. Fatal ſincerity of my nation, doſt thou ceaſe then to be a virtue ? Courage, firmneſs, are you then crimes when occaſion ſo requires ?

Thou haſt ſeen me at thy feet, barbarous *Aza !* thou haſt ſeen thoſe feet

bathed

bathed with my tears———and thou art fled———Horrible moment! why does not this remembrance deprive me of life?

If my body had not ſunk under the weight of my grief, *Aza* ſhould not have triumphed over my weakneſs ——— he ſhould not have gone alone. I would have followed thee, ingrate, I would have ſeen thee, I would have died at leaſt before thy eyes.

Deterville, what fatal weakneſs has removed you to ſuch a diſtance from me? You would have ſuccoured me: what the diſorder of my deſpair could not have done, your reaſon, capable to perſuade, would have obtained: perhaps *Aza* might ſtill have been here. But, Oh Gods! ——already arrived in *Spain* at the height of his bliſs!———Uſeleſs regrets, fruitleſs deſpair, boundleſs grief overwhelm me!

Seek

Seek not, Sir, to ſurmount the obſtacles which retain you at *Malta*, in order to return hither. What would you do here? Fly a wretch who is no longer ſenſible of your kindneſs, who is a torment to herſelf, and wiſhes only to die.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

TAKE courage again, too generous friend: I would not write to you till my days were in ſafety, and till, leſs agitated myſelf, I could calm your inquietudes. I live: fate will have it ſo, and I ſubmit to the laws of deſtiny.

The cares of your amiable ſiſter reſtored my health, and ſome returns of reaſon have ſupported it. The certainty that my misfortune is without remedy, has done the reſt. I know that *Aza* is arrived in *Spain*, and that his crime is complete: my grief is not extinct, but the cauſe of it is no longer worthy of my

regret. If any regret now remains in my heart, it is due only for the pains I have caufed you—for my error—for the wanderings of my reafon.

Alas! in proportion as this reafon enlightens me, I difcover its impotence. What power has it in a defolate foul? The excefs of grief throws us back to the weaknefs of childhood. As in that firft age, fo in this, prefent objects only have power over us; the fight feems to be the only fenfe that has an intimate communication with the foul: of this I have had woful experience.

As I recovered from the long and fenfelefs lethargy, into which I was plunged by the departure of *Aza*, the firft defire that nature infpired me with, was to retire into that folitude which I owe to your providential goodnefs. It was not without difficulty that I obtained leave of *Celina* to be conducted thither. There I found helps againft defpair, which neither

the

the world, nor friendſhip itſelf, could ever afford me. In your ſiſter's houſe, even her converſation could never prevail over the objects which inceſſantly renewed in my mind the perfidy of *Aza*.

The door by which *Celina* brought him into my chamber, on the day of your departure and his arrival; the ſeat on which he ſat; the place in which he denounced my miſery, and reſtored me my letters; even the remembrance of his ſhadow on the wainſcot, where I had obſerved the proportions of it; all gave every day freſh wounds to my heart.

Here I ſee nothing but what recalls the agreeable ideas I received at the firſt ſight of the place: I find nothing but the image of your friendſhip, and that of your amiable ſiſter.

If the remembrance of *Aza* preſents itſelf to my mind, it is under the ſame aſpect which I then beheld him. I think myſelf waiting for his arrival. I give way to this illuſion as long as it is agreeable to me:

if

if it quits me, I have recourſe to books, and read greedily at the firſt. Inſenſibly new ideas veil over the horrid truth that environs me, and, at the end, give ſome relaxation to my ſorrow.

Shall I confeſs, that the ſweets of liberty ſometimes preſent themſelves to my imagination, and that I liſten to them? Amuſed by agreeable objects, their propriety has charms which force me to reliſh them. I confide in my own taſte, and rely but little on my reaſon. I give way to my weakneſſes, and combat thoſe of my heart only by indulging to thoſe of my mind. The maladies of the ſoul will not bear violent remedies.

Perhaps the faſtidious decency of your nation does not permit to one of my age that independency and ſolitude in which I live: whenever *Celina* comes to ſee me, ſhe at leaſt endeavours to perſuade me ſo; but ſhe has not yet given me ſufficient reaſons to convince me that I am to blame. True decency is in my heart. It is not to

the

the image of virtue that I pay homage, but to virtue itſelf. Yet I will always take her for the judge and guide of my actions. To her will I conſecrate my life, and to friendſhip my heart. Alas! when will it have the undivided and uninterrupted poſſeſſion and ſway?

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the Chevalier Deterville, *at* Paris.

IT was almoſt at the ſame time, Sir, that I read the news of your departure from *Malta*, and that of your arrival at *Paris*. Whatever the pleaſure will be that I ſhall taſte at ſeeing you again, it cannot overcome my concern, occaſioned by the billet you wrote to me at your arrival.

How, *Deterville*, after having taken upon you to diſſemble your ſentiments in all your letters, after having given me room to hope that I ſhould no longer

have

have a paſſion that afflicts me to combat, do you deliver yourſelf up more than ever to its violence?

To what purpoſe do you affect a deference towards me, which you contradict at the ſame inſtant? You aſk leave to ſee me, you aſſure me of a blind ſubmiſſion to my will; and yet you endeavour to convince me of ſentiments the moſt oppoſite to ſuch a ſubmiſſion. This gives me diſpleaſure, and, I aſſure you, I ſhall never approve of ſuch conduct.

But ſince a falſe hope ſeduces you, ſince you give a wrong turn to my confidence, and the ſtate of my ſoul, it is proper I ſhould tell you what are my reſolutions, which are not to be ſhaken, like yours.

You flatter yourſelf in vain that you ſhall cauſe my heart to put on new chains. The treachery of another does not diſengage me from my oaths. Would to heaven it could make me forget the ingrate: but, if I could forget him, yet, true to myſelf,

myſelf, I would not be perjured. The cruel *Aza* abandons that which once was dear to him: his rights over me are not the leſs ſacred: I may be healed of my paſſion, but never can have any except for him. All the ſentiments that friendſhip inſpires are yours, and I ſhall be faithful to them. You ſhall enjoy my confidence and ſincerity in the ſame degree, and both ſhall be without bounds. All the lively and delicate ſentiments, which love has diſcovered in my heart, ſhall turn to the advantage of friendſhip. I will let you ſee, with equal openneſs of ſoul, my regret that I was not born in *France*, and my invincible inclination towards *Aza*; how grateful it would have been to me that I had owed to you the advantage of thinking, and my eternal acknowledgment to him who procured me that bleſſing. We will read in each others ſouls: confidence, as well as love, can give rapidity to time: there are a

thou-

thouſand ways to make friendſhip inſtructing, and baniſh from it all ſatiety.

You ſhall teach me ſome knowledge of your arts and ſciences, and, in ſo doing, taſte the pleaſure of ſuperiority: I will make repriſal on you, by diſcovering virtues in your heart which you did not know to be there. You ſhall adorn my mind with what may render it amuſing, and enjoy the fruit of your own work: I will endeavour to make the native charms of ſimple friendſhip agreeable to you, and ſhall find myſelf happy in ſucceeding.

Celina, by dividing her love betwixt us, ſhall throw that gaiety into our converſations which they might otherwiſe want. What more ſhall we have to deſire?

Your fears that ſolitude may be hurtful to my health are groundleſs. Believe me, *Deterville*, ſolitude is never dangerous but through idleneſs. But I, con-

I, continually employed, can ſtrike out to myſelf new pleaſures from every thing that inaction would elſe render inſipid.

Without ſearching deep into the ſecrets of nature, is not the ſimple examination of its wonders ſufficient to vary and renew inceſſantly occupations that are always agreeable? Does life itſelf ſuffice to acquire a ſlight, but intereſting knowledge of the univerſe, of what ſurrounds me, and of my own exiſtence?

The pleaſure of being; that forgotten, unknown pleaſure to ſo many mortals; this thought ſo ſweet, this happineſs ſo pure, *I am, I live, I exiſt*; is alone enough to convey bliſs, if we remember it, if we enjoy it, if we know the value of it.

Come, *Deterville*, come, and learn of me to huſband the reſources of our ſouls, and the benefits of nature. Renounce thoſe tumultuous ſentiments, the imperceptible

ceptible deſtroyers of our being. Come, and learn to know innocent and durable pleaſures: come, and enjoy them with me. You ſhall find in my heart, in my friendſhip, in my ſentiments, all that is wanting to indemnify you for the loſs of love.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

Deterville's *Answer to* Zilia.

OH *Zilia!* on what conditions am I permitted to ſee you again? Have you thought well on that which you require of me? I was able, it is true, to keep ſilence in your preſence; but that ſituation was at the ſame time the joy and the misfortune of my life. I could take pains for *Aza*'s return; I paid a deference to your paſſion for him, cruel as it was to me. Even when I ſuſpected his change, without giving myſelf up to the flattering hopes which I might from

thence

thence have conceived, I wrought so far upon my mind as to be afflicted, because it would make you unhappy. But *Aza* came, and had a fresh view of your charms. He found you faithful, tender, wholly occupied with his idea, and your desire to crown his flame. How triumphant was it for him to see those fortunate knots, the precious monuments of your tenderness! What other heart but his would not have resumed his antient chains? Or rather, what other heart but his had been capable ever to break them?

Not being able to foresee his ingratitude, nothing remained for me but to die. I formed a design of leaving you for ever, and flying from my country and my family: I could not, however, refuse myself the doleful consolation of imparting to you this resolution. *Celina*, sensibly touch'd with my unhappy lot, took

upon

upon her to deliver to you my letter. The time ſhe choſe for this, *Zilia*, as yourſelf have wrote me word, was the inſtant in which the faithleſs *Aza* appeared in your ſight. Doubtleſs the tender compaſſion of *Celina* for an unfortunate brother, made her taſte a ſecret pleaſure in embittering the moments which were to have been ſo very ſweet: ſhe was not deceived; you were ſenſible to my deſpair, and even deigned to ſignify as much to me by ſoothing expreſſions, proper to ſatisfy a heart which had no higher ambition than to engage your pity.

I was ſoon informed of *Aza*'s crime, and then, I confeſs it, my heart firſt gave way to hope. The illuſion prevailed on me ſo far, that I even flaettered myſelf with the glory of giving you comfort. That was the firſt moment of my life wherein I preſaged to myſelf a happy futurity. To theſe ſentiments, at once ſo

ſoft

ſoft and ſo new to me, ſucceeded the moſt afflicting circumſtance. Your life was in danger, and my ſoul was torn in pieces by the fear of loſing you. I laboured ardently to ſurmount the obſtacles which oppoſed my return. At laſt I overcame them; and flew towards you. My reſpect impos'd on me the neceſſity of waiting for your orders to appear in your preſence. I petitioned for leave in ſuch expreſſions as are natural to a heart in the condition of mine. But, is it poſſible to expreſs what I felt upon reading your anſwer? No, it is not poſſible. How many different notions agitated my ſoul! how many ſenſeleſs projects! That of removing from you, *Zilia*, I had the courage to form; but, too feeble to put it in execution, I gave way to my deſtiny by remaining near you. My reſpect, my admiration, and my ſervices, ſhall be all that I will permit the ardour of my love

to

to expreſs. Shall I be forbidden, divine *Zilia*, to hope in ſilence, that you will one day be touched with a paſſion, which ſhall always be as great in reſpect as in vivacity?

LET-

LETTER XL.

Zilia *to* Celina.

MY dear *Celina*, how unhappy am I? You leave me, alas! to myſelf, and I have not a more cruel enemy. Inceſſantly haunted by the moſt grievous reflections, upon misfortunes that I could not foreſee, and deſtitute of experience, I can by no means enjoy the repoſe which this charming ſolitude ſeems to offer me. It ſerves only to bring back the remembrance of the cruel *Aza*, with all his charms. In vain I call reaſon to my ſuccour; in vain think of my inſulted love,

rewarded with ingratitude. I ſee plainly, that it is from time only I muſt expect the calm I deſire. Why was it not the pleaſure of love that ſuch tender and delicate ſentiments ſhould be reſerved for *Deterville*, who would have better known their value? But could I foreſee events, of which I had not the leaſt idea? *Aza* the firſt time preſented himſelf to my eyes with all poſſible advantages: birth, merit, a charming figure, and the warmeſt love, authorized by duty: what more was wanting to engage a young heart, naturally ſenſible and tender? This heart was accordingly given up without reſerve; I breathed only for him; my beauty was pleaſing, and I deſired new charms, only that I might be more worthy of him, and, if poſſible, render him more amorous. Our felicity was perfect, till the fatal revolution which ſeparated us one from the other.

Long

Long abſence, dependence on others, and the loſs of his riches, have doubtleſs determined him to forget me, in order to enjoy the real advantages that are offered him, and which he cannot now hope to obtain by an union with me. Beſides, how ſhould he continue faithful to me, when he has not been ſo even to his religion? One error naturally draws on another.

But I perceive, with regret, that I entertain you only on the ſubject of this ungrateful man. How weak am I, my dear *Celina!* What need have I of your councils to fortify my reaſon againſt an involuntary love!—It ſhall be ſo.—I will make new efforts to ſurmount it.

Is *Deterville* at *Paris?* Has he accepted the tender friendſhip which I offered him? You two are all that remains dear to me. Come, and ſweeten my ſolitude! Walking, reading, and reflection ſhall divide our time; and I begin to

think I ought to ſtudy your religion. *Aza*, whoſe knowledge is ſublime, who, as a ſon of the celeſtial luminary, ought to have a more lively and penetrating wit than I, has acknowledged defects in ours, which I cannot yet ſee. I may deceive myſelf in my opinion of its perfection. When I left *Peru*, I was perſuaded that was the only country favoured by the ſun; that our horizon alone was enlightened by it, and that all other people were involved in darkneſs. I ſoon diſcovered my error in this reſpect. It ſeems probable therefore, that the inſtructions which may be given me by *Deterville*, whoſe character is formed of rectitude, candour, moderation and generoſity, may make ſome farther impreſſion upon me.

I will add this obligation to all thoſe which I already have to him; on this condition only, that he ſhall employ nothing but reaſon and ſolid proofs to perſuade me. I am willing to be inſtructed, but not con-

ſtrained.

ſtrained. This ſerious ſtudy ſhall be intermixed with innocent amuſements, which you, *Celina*, ſhall partake with us. But be ſure to make *Deterville* ſenſible, that he will crown my gratitude, if he baniſhes love entirely from our converſation. Such an union will be charming, if I hear not a word of this enemy of my repoſe. Eſteem and confidence ſhall reign betwixt us, and what would he deſire more?

Come both of you, and breathe this amiable liberty, which is taſted in the country with perſons that are dear to us. You will ſupport my weakneſs with goodneſs; you will fortify my reaſon, and time ſhall do the reſt.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

Celina's *Answer to* Zilia.

I Should not have left you to yourself, my dear *Zilia*, if I had not imagined you more confirmed with regard to a misfortune without remedy; I should even have thought it an insult to you, to believe that the inconstant *Aza* still occupies your heart alone. In truth he does not deserve it. Could he be acquainted with your worth, and yet shake off his chains?

It is plain, that love still pleads warmly for him in your heart: But does that justify him? You are ingenious in searching

ing out whatever may make him appear leſs culpable; that is an effect of the goodneſs of your heart, and the tenderneſs you ſtill bear to that ungrateful man. But, my dear *Zilia*, do not deceive yourſelf: He never, in his love to you, felt any of thoſe little tribulations, which warm and heighten that paſſion; jealouſy, caprice, coldneſs, never entered into your engagements. Sure of your heart, he found nothing but tenderneſs, and equality of humour; a paſſion, perhaps too warm on your ſide, and in which there was at leaſt no trial. Hence aroſe your mi-fortune; he ceaſed to love you, becauſe he had been too happy. It is not eaſy to decide, my dear *Zilia*, which it was that prevailed with him; whether religion, or the beauty of the fair *Spaniard*. If it was the firſt motive only, he is excuſable; but the two objects united together, make me very much ſuſpect him. You are to blame,

my

my dear friend, to think ſo inceſſantly of this perfidious man: It is entertaining an idea fatal to your repoſe. Let us not talk any more, I beſeech you, of one ſo faithleſs; let us forget, if it be poſſible, his very name. I will come and ſee you; I will do my utmoſt to direct you. How paſſionately do I wiſh myſelf able to contribute to the return of your tranquillity, and the aſſurance of your felicity!

I reproach myſelf much for having left you alone, abandoned to your reflections; but I thought your heart cured. I doubt not but agreeable company will ſweeten your ſolitude, and I will bring with me two of my friends, with whom I am ſure you will be ſatisfied.

My brother is returned, and I have ſhewn him your letter. He is grieved to the heart to ſee you ſtill ſo full of the perjured *Aza*. You owe to his delicacy, and that conduct, of which he alone is capable,

ble, the violence he puts on himſelf in keeping at a diſtance from you. But, entirely taken up with a paſſion equally tender and reſpectful, he does not find himſelf capable to ſuppreſs all the teſtimonies of it. He is afraid of offending you, becauſe he is afraid that, in ſpite of himſelf, ſome expreſſions may eſcape him in your preſence, which you have forbid with the utmoſt rigour. He laments without ceaſing, that ſentiments ſo conſtant, ſo tender, ſo delicate, to which he thinks he has a juſt title, ſhould be the recompence of one that is perjured.

You offer him your friendſhip, and preſs him to come and ſee you: Is not this a real cruelty? What! ſhall he every moment behold an enchanting object, for whom alone he ſighs, who, by her beauty, her ſweetneſs, and a thouſand other charms, muſt enſlave him more and more daily; and yet will you have the ſeverity

to forbid him to ſpeak of that paſſion, which intereſts him more than any thing beſides?

He accepts, however, with grateful acknowledgments, the tender friendſhip which you offer him, ſince more he cannot obtain. He is extremely ſenſible, that this friendſhip would have a thouſand charms for a leſs amorous heart: but for himſelf, his paſſion is too ſtrong to be confined to that ſimple ſentiment. Being unable to recal his own reaſon, I ſee how difficult it will be for him to ſatisfy yours. Is it not, my dear *Zilia*, almoſt the want of reaſon, ſtill obſtinately to love a perſon, who neither can, nor ought to make a ſuitable return for the ſame?

If you deſire to be enlightened with regard to your religion, be not afraid that *Deterville* will inſtruct you with tyranny: He will give you ſuch helps and ſuch coun-

counſels, as ſhall be in your choice either to follow or reject. You know his integrity and moderation: I am ſure he will act under their direction, though at the ſame time it will give him the pureſt joy if he can ſucceed. But, my dear *Zilia*, in order to this great work, it is neceſſary to be diveſted of all prejudice.

We promiſe ourſelves much enjoyment of your converſation, and will endeavour to make ours as agreeable as we are capable. This will be eaſy for us to do, as our hearts are free from love, and filled only with tranquil friendſhip. *Deterville* himſelf, whom we have at laſt engaged to be of the party, has promiſed me ſincerely, that he will not appear amorous, but obſerve all the rules of diſcretion you preſcribe to him; but he beſeeches you, in return, never to ſpeak to him of the faithleſs and happy *Aza*. He has a right, methinks,

methinks, to require this complaiſance of you. I know not whether it will be very difficult to you; but it is neceſſary there ſhould be an uniſon betwixt your two hearts, in order to form a perfect concert amongſt us.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

Deterville *to* Celina.

AT my return from *Malta* to *Paris*, my dear ſiſter, I received with a tranſport of joy, mixed with fear, the fair *Zilia*'s letter, which was delivered to me by your order. In fact, this letter confirms, at the very beginning of it, her deſign to forget *Aza*: But, O painful and cruel tidings! it proclaims to me afreſh her reſolution never to replace him by another. She even forbids me to have the leaſt idea of that nature. What a mortal blow, my dear *Celina*, was this!

Have

Have you a thorough ſenſe of it? Whilſt *Zilia* could depend on the fidelity of one ſo beloved, I had no room either to hope or to complain: I could not be ignorant, being myſelf a melancholy proof of it, that a heart truly ſmitten cannot entertain more than one love. That of *Zilia* belonged of right to the faithful *Aza:* but when this ſame *Aza* became faithleſs and perjured, had not my hopes a right to revive? Yet in that very inſtant how cruelly were they deceived! Dear ſiſter, how hard is my fate! What is the compoſition of theſe *Peruvian* ſouls? How! Is not *Zilia* ſuſceptible of that lively pleaſure, which all women, may I not ſay, which all hearts enjoy in vengeance? Why does ſhe not efface from her heart the very image of this ingrate, if it were for no other reaſon than to ſhew her horror of ingratitude! Happy, if amidſt the diverſity of her ſentiments, a ſpark of love for me could

enter.

enter. I am ſenſible that my delicacy would ſuffer by thoſe means; but no matter, if ſhe does but love me. I ſhall owe my happineſs to ſpite; but perhaps I may owe it to gratitude likewiſe. Shall I not be a thouſand times happy? I cannot help for a moment enjoying the idea.

It is true, that this beauty, whom I adore, offers me the moſt conſtant friendſhip, and expreſſes it even with paſſion: ſhe particulariſes all the charms of it with ſo much grace and delicacy, that if any other than *Zilia* had offered me ſuch a friendſhip, I ſhould have been enchanted with it. But can the moſt tender friendſhip on her part repay the moſt paſſionate love on mine? Feeble image of a paſſion, how will it anſwer to the vivacity of that which I feel! How great will be my misfortune, if, while *Zilia* renders for the moſt tender love the ſimple ſentiment of tranquil friendſhip, her heart,

forget-

forgetting at laſt the faithleſs *Aza*, ſhould melt in favour of ſome other than me! I ſhudder with dread and horror at the thought. Alas! ſuch a new engagement would torment me for ever. To be always near the object, in which alone my felicity conſiſts, and always far from felicity itſelf, is a ſituation, that inſtead of curing the evils I ſuffer, would ſerve only to augment them.

Pity me, my dear *Celina*, deplore ſincerely thy brother's condition, if thou haſt any idea of what love is without hope.

LETTER XLIII.

Celina *to* Deterville.

I Do indeed commiſerate a diſtracted heart, which finds no relief either in itſelf or elſewhere. Such is your ſituation, my dear *Deterville*; you love *Zilia*, the moſt amiable, the moſt virtuous virgin that ever was, and you love her almoſt without meaſure. The purity of her ſoul, the natural delicacy of her converſation, her beauty for ever new to your eyes, her candour, even her very tenderneſs for *Aza*, contrary as it is to your hopes, all contribute to nouriſh in you a paſſion,

a paſſion, which taſte and eſteem augment daily; a paſſion ſo much the more lively, as it is the firſt you have ever experienced. I would endeavour to cure you of it, if it were of ſuch a nature as you could ever repent it; but I am not ignorant, that being maſter of this fair *Indian*, by the laws of war, you have reſpected her beauty, her ſentiments, and her misfortunes: I know it was not your fault, that the only good, which could render her happy, was not reſtored to her, and that even at the expence of your wealth. I admired you as a prodigy, when I ſaw you call out of the heart of *Spain* the happy *Aza*, in order to return to him, with his other treaſures, the only jewel which you could not be happy without. This was the very height of generoſity.

In the mean time, by an unexampled turn of fortune, when the infidelity of *Aza* rendered your benefits uſeleſs, and

you

you had more right than ever to hope, the unforeſeen conſtancy of *Zilia* for an ungrateful man, adds the laſt and ſevereſt ſtroke to your misfortunes.

But, my dear brother, while I indulge your grief, and lament the fatality of your ſtars, ſuffer me to inform you, that you make your caſe worſe than it really is. The anxiety of your heart, doubtleſs, prevents your ſeeing the leaſt glimpſe of hope: but perhaps the indifference, in which you formerly lived, keeps you ignorant of the reſources which are ſtill left you by fortune. As a woman, I ſhould be tempted ſtill to leave you partly in ignorance; but as a ſiſter, I cannot take ſuch an unkind reſolution. Hear me then, my dear *Deterville*. *Aza* was naturally the only object that *Zilia* could be attached to. A prince, tender, young and charming, and *Zilia* in all the force and ſweetneſs of her firſt fires, united by taſte and by duty, and by the virtue

which

enobled both. A hideous mishap, a cruel revolution separates them, and enlivens the image of that felicity of which they see themselves fatally deprived. Represent to yourself how much force even despair must add to a passion before so warm and so legitimate. It was a heart new in love, full of fire, given up for the first time, and which did not know a more sensible pleasure, than that of adhering to the object it had chosen; in short, it was a heart, amorous to excess, inflamed by difficulty, and which, at the very brink of felicity, saw itself in that instant snatched from the expected enjoyment. My dear brother, put yourself for a moment in the place of *Zilia:* Is it possible that any other lover could make her so soon forget a bridegroom that was so dear to her, and restore her tranquillity? Reflect on the nobleness of her soul, and you will conceive that a heart so generous, may be capable of carrying her

attachment

attachment beyond the bounds of ordinary ſenſibility, and of continuing to love an object which it is ſure never to poſſeſs. This is ſuch a muſical ſtring, as ſounds a long time after it has been once briſkly touched.

But do you not ſee, my dear *Deterville*, that this ſentiment is too contrary to nature to be durable? Do you doubt whether *Zilia*, when ſhe comes to reflect more quietly, will perceive the injuſtice of *Aza*, the weight of his indifference, and the inutility of loving without return? Maintained hitherto in her tenderneſs, by a kind of ſorcery, the illuſion ſhe puts on herſelf will ſoon diſſipate, the image of *Aza* will in a ſhort time become burthenſome, and then her heart, void of intereſt and employment, will with difficulty ſupport itſelf in ſuch a ſtate of inaction. A tireſome ſtate of languor is an inſupportable burthen for an active ſoul. *Zilia* will wiſh for ſome pretence to get rid of

it,

it, and what pretence will be more happy for you both, than that of gratitude? *i lia* profeſſes her acknowledgments to you, and is fully ſenſible how much ſhe owes to your generous proceedings.

I come now to the friendſhip which ſhe offers you. By your refuſing this friendſhip, it ſhould ſeem to be offenſive, or at leaſt unpleaſant to you. You look upon it as a ſentiment too weak to anſwer to the vivacity of your love. It ſeems like a payment in counterfeit coin; and you reject it becauſe it is not abſolute and complete love: But, pray dear brother, is it the name only that you would obtain? For my part, I cannot help thinking ſo: for the friendſhip of *Zilia* ought to inſpire you with leſs repugnance. Let me tell you, even this ought to charm you. Why do you oblige me here to diſcloſe the great ſecrets of the fair ſex? Know, that this ſentiment of friendſhip, ſo ſweet among men, ſo rare among women,

men, is always the moſt lively betwixt perſons of different ſexes. Men love one another with cordiality, women love each other with diffidence; but two perſons of the two ſexes add to the taſte of friendſhip, a ſpark of that fire which nature never fails to inſpire. A ſprout of paſſion will attend the very birth of this friendſhip, ſo pure in appearance; as ſuch ſort of friends are fully enough ſenſible. Let them both keep mutually upon their guard, it matters not: All their precautions will make no change in the imperceptible progreſs of nature, and they will ſoon be ſurprized, that they are fallen in love with each other without perceiving it.

The friendſhip offered you then, my dear *Deterville*, is, in my opinion, the firſt act of that intereſting play, of which you ſo much deſire to ſee the unravelling; it is the firſt diſcovery of the heart, and

ſince

ſince that is favourable to you, have you any room to complain?

It is true, that the name of friendſhip ſpreads a veil, which hides a part from your ſight: but it is a veil wrought by the hands of love, made only to deceive jealous eyes, but which hides nothing from eyes that can penetrate, nor long conceals the truth from him who is the object of it. Do you not now confeſs, my dear brother, that I had room to be ſurprized, when I heard you complain ſo bitterly of the only part that *Zilia* ought to have taken? Reflect upon it well, and you will be of my ſentiment. Can there be a more happy method, a method better adapted to the delicacy of you both?

Would you not always have the better opinion of a lady, who chuſes to be the more reſerved, to make your happineſs the more complete? Who, by giving your paſſion a reaſonable character, intends

tends to refine and increaſe your pleaſure?

Indeed, my brother, you are obliged to *Zilia*, who in the way of friendſhip is preparing for you pleaſures more extatic than you propoſed for yourſelf: She neither dared, nor ought to make you a return of paſſion in the manner that you deſired. You muſt conſult the fair ſex for ſentiments of this nature; and be not aſhamed that the women are here beforehand with you; ſince without them, the men would perhaps be ignorant in the fineſſes of the art of love. Women are allowed, as a natural conſequence of the temper of their hearts, to have more ſuppleneſs of genius than men. I do not ſuppoſe any artifice to enter into this art of love, of which I am ſpeaking; theſe two characters, as much as they reſemble one another, ought to be diſtinguiſhed. All the women of wit love with art, but not all with artifice. As to

your dear *Zilia*, her heart is honeſt, noble, and elevated; but ſhe is ingenuous in the moſt fine and ſubtle manner of any woman I know. That heart of her's, which is at preſent wholly taken up with the moſt tender and virtuous paſſion, but a paſſion cruelly deceived, you will at laſt find to be reſerved for you. Allow only a reaſonable term to *Zilia* for grief, and, without complaining, leave time to deſtroy in her that idea of glory which flatters her hitherto.

That ſingular honour of remaining faithful to her firſt ties, even when they are broken without poſſibility of a reunion, is a ſentiment which certainly ſhe has not learned among us: ſhe will therefore at laſt give way to our example. Being then free, fearing liberty thro' a habitude of not enjoying it, and ſenſible at the ſame time of your generous cares; the friendſhip, which ſhe now regards only as a ſweet ſympathy, will want but one advance

advance farther to become love; and that miracle will be accomplifhed without her perceiving it.

My dear *Deterville*, what a charming prospect lies here before you! I think you must see enough of it to engage you, without the least difficulty, to accept the party which *Zilia* proposes to you with so good a grace. From your solicitudes, disinterested in appearance, and more still from the nature of a female heart, expect the felicity of which you began to despair:

LETTER XLIV.

Zilia *to* Deterville.

AFTER the loſs of *Aza*, I could never have thought, Sir, that new troubles would have reached my heart. But now, by fatal experience, I perceive the contrary, from a diſcovery I made accidentally, and which plunges me again into the moſt cruel perplexity. Your ſiſter came to ſee me yeſterday. After her departure I found a paper in my chamber. I opened it; but how great was my ſurprize to know her hand, in a letter addreſſed

dreſſed to you, in which, after blaming you for not accepting my offers, ſhe undertakes to perſuade you by motives very different from mine! Who could have thought that the ever-tender, the ever-generous *Celina*, my only conſolation in the bitterneſs of my ſoul, would have proved perfidious? After I have given myſelf up entirely to the ſweetneſs of her friendſhip, and had not the leaſt reſerve in my ſincere love to her, I learn that ſhe does not love me without diſtruſt. If your ſiſter, at the beginning of this fatal letter, loads me with praiſes, doubtleſs they do not flow ſo much from her own ſentiments, as from her fear of diſpleaſing you: For on what does ſhe pretend to found your hope, if not upon the want of ſolidity in theſe virtues which ſhe attributes to me? In revealing to you the ſecrets of her ſex, her art, or rather artifice, does not turn to the advantage of her

heart.

heart. Miſtaken notion! does ſhe think the virgins devoted to the Sun, and educated in his temple, are to be judged of by the general diſtinction ſhe gives of the character of women? Is there but one model, one rule to form a judgment by? The creator, who diverſifies his works in a thouſand manners, who imparts to every country ſome particular property, who gives to us all phyſiognomies ſo various and different, has he decreed that the characters of the mind ſhould be every where alike, and that all reaſonable beings ſhould think in the ſame manner? For my part, I cannot eaſily be perſuaded of this. Beſides, what reaſon has ſhe to give to the men ſuch happy prerogatives? Does ſhe believe they have a more ample portion of the breath of the divinity? We have, in *Peru*, ſuch an opinion of the divine *Amutas*, whoſe ſublime knowledge and habitudes, conſecrated to virtue, elevate them

them above ordinary men; but for other men, if they have paſſions which are common to them, we acknowledge in them virtues alſo which conduct and rectify thoſe paſſions; and we judge of them from their actions, and not from any preſuppoſed weakneſſes.

How could ſhe undertake to perſuade you, that there was ſo little firmneſs in my ſentiments? Certainly ſhe has not learned this from what is paſſed. My heart, formed to frankneſs from my infancy, never ſtrove to perſuade the unfaithful *Aza* of the ſincerity of my fires, any other way than by the vivacity with which they were expreſſed.

I am ignorant, and would ever be ignorant of that art, which degrades women much more than it ſets off their charms: It only proves their weakneſs, their vanity, and their diffidence of the object they would enſlave. Nature knows

not

not this art, nor ever ſtrives to adorn the graces, and add charms to virtue.

Vainly doth *Celina* pretend to diſtinguiſh art from artifice: I am not impoſed upon by that idea. Does ſhe ſeek for diſguiſe when it is her intereſt to hide nothing? Could one dare to confeſs, without a bluſh, that one had taken great pains to lead another into error?

I hope all from the generoſity of your heart. Worthy as you are to have been born among us, I am ſure no injurious ſuſpicion has yet entered your ſoul; and I ſhould be very ſorry to have you ſee this wicked letter, leſt it ſhould induce you to ſuſpect. But ſhould I, *Deterville*, be worthy your goodneſs, if the too credulous *Celina* thought juſtly?

As you are too virtuous to think I aim at glory in performing my duty, do not expect that either time, or the weakneſs of my ſex will make any change in me?

United

United with *Aza*, in ties which death only ſhould have diſſolved, no object can diſengage me from him. Yet come, Sir, enjoy the tranquil fruits which gratitude offers you; come, and at once enlighten and adorn my underſtanding.

Diſengaged from tumultuous paſſions, you will find that friendſhip alone is worthy to fill our hearts, and alone able to make our deſtiny perfectly happy.

LETTER XLV.

Deterville *to* Zilia.

I Was ſet out, adorable *Zilia*, in the firm reſolution to forget you, as the only relief to my pains I could think of. A long abſence, I preſumed, might work this miracle. But alas! the anger inſpired by a tender ſentiment is ſoon ſtifled by its own principle. I am here returned, more amorous and as ill treated as ever, in ſpite of the glimmerings of hope which the infidelity of *Aza* had kindled in my mind. My ſituation gives me more right than ever to complain: but how cruel

ſoever

ſoever your manner of thinking be to me, it ſtill deprives me of liberty. You bind me to you in ſo engaging a manner, by the tender friendſhip you offer me, that though the bounds you preſcribe to it appear to me a ſpecies of ingratitude, I perceive that my complaints, ſhould I now make them, would become unjuſt.

While I ſubmit to the rigour of your laws, my heart dares ſtill to preſerve the hope of molifying that rigour. Pardon my diſorder and my ſincerity: I expreſs the ſimple notions of my heart; I am pleaſed with theſe illuſions, and ſorry when my reaſon returns to convince me of my raſhneſs: then I bluſh for a moment; but ſoon the ideas of a happy futurity triumph. Such is my weakneſs! a mortifying reflection for me, but a reflection that raiſes ſo much the more the glory of the daughter of the ſun.

In

In your preſence, fair *Zilia*, one of your looks will recal the reſpect that is due to you: My ardour to pleaſe you will raiſe me above ſenſe, and you ſhall be the rule of my manners. Bound and united together only by the ſentiments of the ſoul, and ſimilitude of genius, we ſhall have nothing to fear from thoſe diſguſts, which the anxiety of the paſſions drag along with them. Our quiet and unweary days, like a perpetual ſpring, when all ſeems to ſtart freſh out of the hands of nature, ſhall flow in perfect felicity; we ſhall enjoy mutually the benefits of this nature, and crown with it our innocence. If we at any time ſpeak of *Aza*, it ſhall be only to recal and complain of his ingratitude. Perhaps deſtiny alone was culpable of his change. But however that may be, he was no longer worthy of the virgin of the ſun, after he had breathed the native air of the cruel enemies of *Peru*.

Let

Let me beg you to bear no ill will to my ſiſter; her tenderneſs for me, and her ſenſe of my ſituation, have made her imagine all the reaſons that you have ſeen, in order to comfort me, and give a new birth to my hope: This motive ought to be her excuſe. Promiſe me to pardon her, divine *Zilia*: There ſhould be nothing to embitter the ſweets of that charming ſociety, which we propoſe to form in your company.

In this hope, I ſet out to come and throw myſelf at your feet: I will look upon this new habitation as the temple of the ſun: I will there reſpectfully adore the luminary that enlightens it, and the object of all my cares ſhall be, to render you inceſſantly the moſt pure and moſt ſubmiſſive homage.

LETTERS

OF

A Z A

THE

PERUVIAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reading of the Peruvian Letters made me recollect that I had ſeen in Spain, ſome years ſince, a collection of letters by a Peruvian, whoſe hiſtory has ſince appeared to me ſtrongly to reſemble that of Zilia. I procured that manuſcript, and I found that they were the very letters of Aza, tranſlated into Spaniſh. We are, doubtleſs, obliged to Kanhuiſcap, the friend of

of Aza, to whom the principal part of theſe letters are addreſſed, for their tranſlation from the Peruvian.

I found a concern for Aza excited in me by reading theſe letters, that engaged me to undertake their tranſlation. I perceived with joy, thoſe odious ideas effaced from my mind, which Zilia had given me, of a prince more unfortunate than inconſtant. I imagine that others will experience the ſame pleaſure: for to ſee virtue juſtified is at all times pleaſing.

There are many who will, perhaps, think it a crime in Aza, to have deſcribed, under the name of Spaniſh manners, thoſe failings, and even vices, that are peculiar to the French nation. How ſpecious ſoever this charge may appear, it will be

be eaſily liquidated, if we properly conſider, with M. Fontenelle, that a native of England and of France, are countrymen at Pekin.

I dare not flatter myſelf with having painted in their proper colours, thoſe noble images, thoſe grand and beautiful ideas, that are to be found in the Spaniſh original: I might impute it to the difference of the two languages, and to the common lot of tranſlations; the reader, perhaps, will impute it to me; and we may both of us be right in our ſentiments.

LET-

LETTERS

OF

AZA the PERUVIAN.

LETTER I.

To Zilia.

MAY thy tears be diſſipated like the dew before the riſing ſun! May thy fetters, changed into flowers, fall at thy feet! and by the vivacity of their colours expreſs the ardency of my love, more glowing than that divine luminary which gave it birth. *Zilia*, diſmiſs thy fears

fears —*Aza* ſtill lives: that is, forever loves thee.

Our miſeries have an end. The happy moment approaches that ſhall unite us forever. O divine felicity! Why do we yet pant for thy enjoyment?

The predictions of *Viracocha* are ſtill unaccompliſhed. I am now on the auguſt throne of *Manco-Capa*, and *Zilia* is not by my ſide. I reign, and thou art loaded with fetters! Be comforted, thou tender object of my ardent affections. The ſun has too fully proved our love; he now prepares to crown it with felicity. Theſe knots, the weak interpreters of our ſentiments: theſe knots, whoſe uſe I bleſs, but whoſe fate I envy, ſhall behold thee free. From out thy frightful priſon thou ſhalt fly to my arms. As the dove, eſcaped from the talons of the vulture, flies to participate of happineſs with her faithful companion, ſo ſhalt thou repoſe in my heart, yet trembling with agitation,

thy

thy paſt afflictions; thy tenderneſs and my felicity. What joy, what tranſport! To drown thy miſeries in bliſs! Thou ſhalt ſee at thy feet thoſe brutal maſters of the thunder: and even thoſe hands which have loaded thee with fetters, ſhall aid in ſeating thee on the throne.

But why ſhould the remembrance of my misfortunes pollute ſo pure a happineſs? Why muſt I remind thee of miſeries that are no more? Do we not depreciate the favours of the gods, when we neglect to enjoy them in their full extent? Not to forget our misfortunes is in a manner to merit them. Yet you deſire, my dear *Zilia*, that I ſhould add to my afflictions the diſgrace of having deſerved them. I love thee—I can tell it thee—I ſoon again ſhall behold thee: what new eclairciſſement can I give thee of my fate? Can I deſcribe what is paſt, when I am not able to expreſs the ſentiments that at this moment agitate my ſoul!

ſoul!———But what do I ſay? *Zilia*, you will have it ſo.

Remember then, if you can do it and yet live, that day, that horrid day, whoſe Aurora was reſplendent with joy.

The ſun, in the fulneſs of his glory, ſpread over my viſage the ſame rays with which he illuminated thine. Tranſports of joy, and flames of love, enrapt my heart. My ſoul was loſt in that divinity from whom it derives its being. My eyes ſparkled with the fires they received from thine, and ſpoke a thouſand deſires. Reſtrained by the decorum of ceremonies, I went to the temple: my heart flew thither. There I beheld thee; more fair than the morning ſtar, more blooming than the new blown roſe; accuſing the *Cucipatas* of delay; and to me tenderly lamenting the obſtacle by which we were yet ſeparated. When in a moment, O dreadful remembrance! The lightenings flaſhed, the thunder roared. At the tremenduous alarm

larm all around me I fell to the earth. Proſtrate I adored the ſovereign *Yalpor.* I implored for thee. The peals were redoubled——they relented——they ceaſed. I roſe, trembling for thy ſafety. What horror! what a dreadful proſpect! ſurrounded by a cloud of ſulphur, by flames and by blood; in a frightful confuſion, my eyes ſaw nothing but death; my ears heard nothing but ſcreams; my heart ſought nothing but thee; and every object told it thou wert loſt. I ſtill hear the thunder that ſtruck thee: I ſee thee pale, disfigured; thy boſom ſmeared with blood and duſt: a cruel fire devours thee.

The clouds diſappear: the obſcurity is diſperſed. Can you believe it, *Zilia?* It was not the great *Yalpor.* The Gods are not ſo cruel. Thoſe barbarians, the uſurpers of their power, had uſed it to our deſtruction. No ſooner did I diſcover the deteſted crew, than I ſprang a-

midſt them. Love, and the Gods whoſe powers they had profaned, lent me their aid. Thy preſence augmented it. I bore down all before me. Yet a moment and I had ſecured thee: but they bore you through the ſacred portal, and you vaniſhed from my ſight. Grief ſeized my ſoul: diſpair drew tears from my eyes. Diſtracted with rage, I darted on them. They ſurrounded me. By the fury of the aſſault, my very arms were deſtroyed. Exhauſted by the violence of my efforts, and overpowered by numbers, I fell upon the profaned bodies of my anceſtors *. There my blood and my tears were ignominiouſly ſhed amidſt thy expiring companions; even on thoſe garlands which thy hands had woven, and with which thou ſhouldſt have crowned my head. A mortal coldneſs ſeized my ſenſes. My

* The *Peruvian* place the embalmed bodies of their kings in their temples.

ſight

ſight grew dim, it vaniſhed. I ceaſed to live, but could not ceaſe to love thee.

Doubtleſs it was love, and the hopes of avenging thy injuries, my dear *Zilia*, that reſtored me to life. I found myſelf in my palace, ſurrounded by my attendants. Fury was ſucceeded by deſpondency: I ſent forth the moſt bitter lamentations. Then ſeized my arms, and urged my guards to vengance. Periſh! I cryed, periſh! thoſe impious wretches, who have violated our moſt ſacred aſylums! Arm! attack! deſtroy the inhuman monſters! Nothing could calm my tranſports; till *Capa Inca*, my father, informed of my fury, aſſured me that I ſhould again behold thee; that you were in ſafety; and that we ſhould yet enjoy each other. What new tranſport, what extaſies then poſſeſſed my ſoul. O my dear *Zilia*, can the heart that has once known ſuch pleaſure ever exiſt without it?

A baſe avidity for a deſpicable metal, was the ſole motive that brought theſe barbarians to our coaſts. My father knew their deſigns, and has prevented their demands. No ſooner ſhall they have reſtored thee to my vows, than they will depart, loaded with preſents. This people, whom gold has armed againſt us, and has made our friends, are now diveſted of their ferocity, and give us inceſſant marks of their gratitude and reſpect. They bow down before me, as our *Cucipatas* do before the ſun. Is it poſſible that a wretched maſs of matter can thus change the heart of man; and of barbarians, as they were, make them the inſtruments of my felicity. Is it in the power of a metal, and of monſters, to retard, and at laſt to complete our happineſs.

Adorable *Zilia!* Light of my ſoul! What agitations has thy deſcription of our direful ſeparation given me? I have been preſent with thee in every danger. My

fury

fury was renewed: but the aſſurances of thy love, like a potent balm, has appeaſed that wound which you gave my heart. No, *Zilia*, life has no joy to be compared with thy love: all my powers are loſt in that paſſion: my impatience increaſes every moment: it devours me; I burn; I die.

Zilia! give me back my life. O that *Lhuama* * would lend you his wings—that the ſwifteſt lightning could bear you to my arms—while my heart, yet more ſwiftly, flies to meet thee.

* The great eagle of *Peru*.

LETTER II.

To Zilia.

DOES this earth yet exiſt, O *Zilia?* * Do we ſtill behold the light of the ſun, while falſhood and treaſon are in his empire! Even the virtues themſelves are baniſhed from my diſtracted heart. Deſpair and fury have taken their place.

Thoſe brutal *Spaniards*, who had the audacity to load thee with fetters, but were too baſe, too inhuman to free thee from

* This letter was not ſent to her.

from them, have dared to deceive me. In violation of their promiſes you are not yet reſtored to me.

Yalpor, why doſt thou withhold thy hand? Dart, againſt theſe perfidious wretches, deſtructive thunders, like thoſe they have purloined from thee. May ſome noxious flame, after a thouſand torments, reduce them to aſhes. Cruel monſters! whoſe crime the blood of thy lateſt poſterity can alone expiate.* Perfidious nation, whoſe cities ſhould be laid waſte, the land ſowed with ſtones, and deluged with blood. What horrors do you join to an infamous perjury!

Already has the ſacred rays of the ſun twice enlightened his children, and my beloved *Zilia* is not yet reſtored to my impatient

* The *Peruvians* extend the puniſhment of crimes to the deſcendants of the tranſgreſſor: and where any great offence is committed, the city is treated as here deſcribed.

impatient wiſhes. Thoſe eyes, in which I ought to place my felicity, are at this moment drowned in floods of grief! It is, perhaps, through the moſt bitter tears thoſe fires are darted, which ought to inflame my heart. Thoſe arms in which the gods ſhould have crowned the moſt ardent love, are, perhaps, at this moment loaded with baſe fetters. O baneful grief! O diſtracting thought!

Tremble, vile mortals! The ſun has lent me his avenging powers. My injured love ſhall render them ſtill more deſtructive.

It is by thee I ſwear, thou animating fire, from whom we have received our being, and by whom we exiſt.* It is by thy pure flames, with whoſe divine ardor I am now poſſeſſed; O ſun! may I never more behold thy genial rays: plunged

* The *Peruvians* ſuppoſe the ſoul to be an emanation from the ſun.

plunged in horrid night, may the pleaſing Aurora never again proclaim thy return; if *Aza* do not deſtroy that atrocious race who have dared to pollute theſe ſacred regions with falſhood. Thou, my beloved *Zilia*, the unhappy object of all my tranſports, dry up thy tears. Thou ſhalt ſoon behold thy lover overthrow his enemies, break thy fetters, and caſt them on his foes. Every moment augments my fury and their puniſhment. A cruel joy is already in poſſeſſion of my heart. At this moment I ſeem to bathe in the blood of thoſe perfidious monſters. My rage is equal to my love.

I go to ſurpaſs them in barbarity: that ſhall be my guide; I haſte to the purſuit. *Zilia*, my deareſt *Zilia*, be aſſured of victory, for it is thy wrongs I go to avenge.

LETTER III.

From Madrid.

To Kanhuiſcap.

WHAT divinity, ſenſible of my wrongs, generous friend, has preſerved thee to be the comforter of my diſtreſs? Is it true then, that in the midſt of the moſt horrid afflictions, we can taſte ſome pleaſure? and that how unfortunate ſoever in ourſelves we can contribute to the happineſs of others? Thy hands are loaded with fetters, and yet they afford me comfort: thy mind is loſt in grief, but ſtill you diminiſh my infelicity.

A ſtranger,

A ſtranger, and a captive, in theſe barbarous regions, you make me ſtill enjoy my country, though ſo far diſtant from it. Dead to the reſt of mankind, I would live alone for you. It is only to you that my diſtracted mind is able to expreſs itſelf, and that my feeble hands can ſometimes form thoſe knots which unite us in defiance of our cruel enemies.

You will forgive me, if the moſt tender and ardent love does more frequently preſent itſelf, than friendſhip and revenge. The pleaſures of the one are a conſolation, the violence of the other has its charms: but all things yield to love.

It is not, that ſubdued by the ſtrokes of fortune, my afflictions have diminiſhed my courage. A king, I think as a king: though a ſlave, I ſuffer no ſentiments of ſlavery to approach me. I thirſt for vengeance, though without hope. Fain would I change both thy lot and my own. Alas! I can only deplore them.

From

From our native land we were transported to a new world; and in spite of my prayers, we were separated. Our friendship became an object of fear to our conquerors: accustomed to crimes, could they do otherwise than dread our virtues? Was it thus, *Kanhuiscap*, that the day should have ended, on which thy courage and mine, and what is more, my love, ought to have rendered me, by victory, worthy of the power that had armed me; of that bright star which gave me birth; and worthy of thy applause: when the Sun, the foe to perjury, should have avenged his children; should have feasted them with the smoaking flesh of those detested monsters, and have drenched them with their blood?

Is it thus that I must revenge the wrongs of *Zilia?* while she, consumed by the most ardent love, still burns in those fetters which I cannot break. *Zilia!* whom the infamous ravishers . . . . O ye Gods, hide from

me

me thoſe dreadful images . . . . What do I ſay, *Kanhuiſcap*, the Gods themſelves cannot baniſh them from my mind. I can no longer behold my *Zilia*; a cruel element divides us. Perhaps her griefs —our enemies—the waves . . . . a mortal ſtroke now pierces my heart. My friend I ſink under the weight of my diſtreſs. My *Quipos* fall from my hands. *Zilia* . . . . my beloved *Zilia!*

LET-

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

FAithful *Anqui*, thy *Quipos* have for a moment ſuſpended my alarms, but they cannot diſperſe them. To that healing balm which thy friendſhip ſpreads over my woes, conſtantly ſucceeds a dreadful remembrance. At every inſtant I ſee my *Zilia* in fetters; the Sun diſgraced; his temples profaned: I behold my father bending under the weight of chains, as well as years: I ſee my country deſolated. I exiſt by miſeries alone; and every circumſtance ſerves to increaſe them. The

ſhades

ſhades of the night preſent me with nought but frightful images. In vain do I ſeek for tranquillity in the arms of ſleep; there I find nothing but torments. This very night *Zilia* again preſented herſelf before me. The horrors of death were painted on her countenance. My name ſeemed to eſcape from her dying lips: I ſaw it traced on the *Quipos* that fell from her hands. Unknown barbarians, their arms ſtained with blood, in the midſt of flames and tumult, took her from one of thoſe enormous machines in which we were tranſported. They ſeemed to preſent her in triumph to their hideous chief: when, in an inſtant, the ſea mounting to the clouds, offered nothing to my ſight but waves of blood, floating carcaſes, large logs of wood partly conſumed, fires, and devouring flames.

In vain would I diſſipate theſe melancholy ideas; they continually return, and fix themſelves in my mind. Nothing alleviates

leviates my diſtreſs: every thing augments it. I hate even the air I breathe. I reproach the waves with not having ſwallowed me up. I complain to the Gods that they ſtill ſuffer me to exiſt. If their bounty, leſs cruel, permitted me to forſake this light; if I could diſpoſe of this ſpark of divinity which they have communicated to me; if it were not a horrible crime for a mortal to deſtroy the work of the divinity; could my weakneſs be condemned, *Kanhuiſcap?* Ought my ſpirit to wander in the air? My miſeries would have an end. But what do I ſay? Each day increaſes them. Participate with me, O *Kanhuiſcap!* my piercing griefs: learn, if it be poſſible, ſome news of *Zilia*; while my diſtracted heart demands her of the Gods—of all nature—of myſelf.

LET-

LETTER V.

To the ſame.

MAY thoſe divine rays which give us life, comfort thee with their moſt benignant warmth. *Kanhuiſcap*, thou haſt kindled in my heart the moſt flattering hopes. The progreſs you have made in the *Spaniſh* language has already enabled you to learn, that the firſt veſſels which are expected to arrive on the coaſt where you dwell, will come from the empire of the Sun. By them you will know the fate of her for whom alone I exiſt. Judge therefore with what impatience I

attend

attend your informations. I already launch forth into the regions of happineſs. The ſituation of *Zilia* is laid open to my ſight. Already do I ſee her reſtored to the temple of the Sun; void of all grief but that of my diſtance from her. There ſhe decks the altars of the God, and adorns them as much by her charms as by the works of her hands. As ſome beauteous flower after a ſtorm, but ſtill agitated by the winds, receives the freſh rays of the Sun, while the water that covers it ſerves only to augment its luſtre; ſo does *Zilia* ſeem more blooming, and more dear to my heart. Now ſhe appears to me like the Sun after a long obſcurity, whoſe bright beams dazzle the ſight, and declare the return of a pleaſing ſeaſon. Then I ſeem to be at her feet. There I experience concern, emotion, pleaſure, reſpect, tenderneſs, and all thoſe ſentiments with which I was affected, when in reality I enjoyed her preſence.

Even

Even thoſe, *Kanhuiſcap*, with which her heart was agitated, I then prove. How ſtrong are the chains of illuſion! but yet how delightful! My real evils are deſtroyed by imaginary pleaſures. I behold *Zilia* happy; and my felicity is complete.

O my dear *Kanhuiſcap*, do not fruſtrate a hope in which my happineſs conſiſts, and which may be deſtroyed by impatience alone. Do not let the leaſt retardment, my generous friend, delay my happineſs. May thy *Quipos*, knotted by the hands of gladneſs, be borne to me upon the wings of the wind; and in return for thy friendſhip, may the moſt exquiſite perfumes be continually diffuſed over thy head.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

OF what delicious waters haſt thou made uſe, my dear friend, to quench that cruel fire which devoured my heart? To inquietudes that diſtracted me unceaſingly, and to griefs by which I was totally overwhelmed, you have made to ſucceed tranquillity and joy. I ſoon ſhall again behold my *Zilia*. O happineſs almoſt unhoped for! But yet ſhe is withheld from me. O cruel procraſtination! In vain does my heart go forth to meet her.

her. In vain does my whole ſoul attempt to mix with hers; there is ſtill enough left to tell me that I am far from her.

Soon ſhall I again behold her; and that delightful thought, far from calming, increaſes my inquietude. Separated from my life itſelf, judge what torments I endure. At each moment I die; and recover but to deſire in vain. Like the hunter who in running to quench, augments the thirſt that devours him, ſo does my hope render more fierce the flame that conſumes me. The nearer I approach to an union with *Zilia*, the more I fear to loſe her. How often, my faithful friend, has one moment already ſeparated us: and that cruel moment, at the height of my felicity, I ſtill fear.

An element, cruel as inconſtant, is the depoſitory of my happineſs. Say you not, that *Zilia* abandons the empire of the ſun, to come to theſe horrid climates? A long time wandering on the ſea before

ſhe

ſhe can reach theſe coaſts, what dangers has ſhe not to experience? And how much more have I not to fear for her? But whether does my paſſion carry me! I am talking of miſery, when all things promiſe happineſs; joys of which the thought alone! . . . . Ah! *Kanhuiſcap*, what tranſports, what feelings hitherto unknown!—Every ſenſe ſeparately enjoys the ſame pleaſure—*Zilia* is before my eyes. I hear the tender accents of her voice. I embrace her: I die.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

AS ſubject to viciſſitude, as accident can prevent my felicity, *Kanhuiſcap*, ſo the term to which you refer its completion muſt neceſſarily diminiſh it.

Before the ſun can make me happy, he muſt a hundred times enlighten the world! Before that immenſity of time, *Zilia* cannot be reſtored to me!

In vain does friendſhip endeavour to ſoften the rigours of my lot: it can by no means diveſt me of anxiety.

Alonzo,

Alonzo, whom the unjuſt *Capa Inca* of the *Spainiards* has appointed to ſet, with my father, on the throne of the ſun: *Alonzo*, to whom the *Spainiards* have given me in charge, in vain attempts to free me from my diſtreſs. The friendſhip which he ſhows me; the cuſtoms of his countrymen which he points out to me; the amuſements that he endeavours to procure me: the reflections to which I abandon myſelf, are not able to make me forget my misfortunes.

That piercing grief into which the ſeparation from *Zilia* had thrown me, has hitherto prevented me from giving any attention to the objects that ſurround me. I ſaw, I breathed nothing but miſery. I ſeemed to find pleaſure, ſo to ſay, in my misfortunes: ſcarce could I be ſaid to live, how then could I form reflections? But no ſooner had I given to joy thoſe moments that love aſſigned it, then I began to open my eyes. What objects

then

then ſtruck my ſight! I cannot deſcribe to you how much they yet ſurpriſe me. I found myſelf alone, in the midſt of a world that I never thought had exiſted. I there ſaw beings whom I reſemble. We each appeared to be ſeized with an equal ſurpriſe: my eager looks were loſt in theirs. A numberleſs people are continually agitated in the ſame circle, and in which they ſeem to be confined. Others that are ſeldom ſeen, and who are diſtinguiſhed from the former by their idleneſs alone. Tumults, cries, quarrels, combats, a frightful uproar and one continued confuſion. This at firſt, was all that I could diſcern.

At the beginning my mind embracing too many objects, could not diſtinguiſh any one of them. It was not long before I was ſenſible of this; I therefore determined to preſcribe bounds to my obſervations, and to begin with reflecting on thoſe objects that were neareſt to me: the houſe of *Alonzo* therefore is become

the center of my thoughts. The *Spaniards*, I there ſee ſeem to be ſubjects ſufficient to employ me for a long time; and by their diſpoſitions I ſhall be enabled to judge of thoſe of their fellow countrymen. *Alonzo*, who has dwelt a conſiderable time in our country, and conſequently is converſant in our language and cuſtoms, aids me in the diſcoveries I would make. This ſincere friend, uninfected with the prejudices of his countrymen, frequently points out to me the ridiculous part of their conduct. Behold that grave man, ſaid he to me, the other day, who by his haughty mien, his curled muſtachoes, his high crowned cap and numerous train, you would take for another *Huayna Capac* *; but he is a *Cucipatas*, who has ſworn to our *Pachacamac* to be humble, meek, and poor. He that you ſaw drink thoſe large draughts of liquors, that have left

* The name of the great conqueror of *Peru*.

left him ſcarce any remains of reaſon, is a judge; who within an hour, is to decide on the lives or fortunes of a number of citizens. That man you ſee who is more amorous of himſelf, than of the lady to whom he ſeems to pay ſo much regard: he who can ſcarce ſupport the heat of the weather, and of that perfumed habit which he wears: who talks with ſo much emotion on the leaſt trifle: whoſe debaucheries have ſunk his eyes, paled his viſage, and even deſtroyed his voice; that is a general, who is to lead thirty thouſand men to battle.

It is thus, *Kankuiſcap*, by the aid of *Alonzo*, that I diſſipate, for ſome moments, the anxieties that conſumes me. But, alas! they ſoon return: for the amuſements of the mind muſt forever give place to the affections of the heart.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

THE obſervations which *Alonzo* has enabled me to make of the characters of his countrymen, have not prevented me from ſometimes reflecting on his own. Though I am an admirer of the virtues of this ſincere friend, I do not forbear to remark his defects. Wiſe, generous, and brave, he is notwithſtanding weak, and ſubject to thoſe very follies he condemns. Behold that reſpectable and dreadful warrior, he ſaid, that firm defender of our country, that man who by a ſingle glance of his eye can make thouſands obey him: yet he is a ſlave in his

his own houſe, and ſubject to every little caprice of his wife. So does *Alonzo* appear to me when his daughter *Zulmira* enters. From the imperious air ſhe conſtantly affects when her father tenderly embraces her, I am convinced that *Alonzo* is, with regard to his daughter, what the warrior is to his wife: and do not imagine that he is the only *Spaniard* who does not ſpare in others the faults of which he is himſelf guilty. I was walking the other day in a public garden, where I diſtinguiſhed among the crowd, a little monſter, about the ſize of a *Vicunna* *, his legs were contorted like the *Amaruc* †, and his head ſo ſunk between his ſhoulders, that ſcarce could he move it. I could not reſtrain from commiſerating the lot of this unfortunate creature, when I was ſurpriſed by loud peals of laughter. I turned toward

* A kind of *Indian* goat.

† The adder of the *Indians*.

toward the part from whence they came: But what was my ſurpriſe! when I found that they were cauſed by a man, almoſt as deformed as the other, and who was pointing out to the company, the diſtortions of his brother. Is it poſſible we can be ſo blind to our own faults, when we are ſo ſenſible of them in others? Does the exceſs of virtue then become a vice?

Alonzo, though ſubject to his daughter, would be inexcuſable not to love her. The vivacity of her wit, the beauty and the graces which the creator has given her: her ſtately port, and the tender language of her eyes, in ſpite of the fire with which they ſparkle; convince me that ſhe has a heart ſenſible, but vain; that ſhe is tender, but impetuous, even in the moſt trifling purſuits. What a difference, my dear friend, between her and *Zilia*! *Zilia*, who almoſt inſenſible to her beauty, would hide it from every one

but

but her conqueror: ſhe who is conducted by candour and modeſty, and whoſe heart, the pureſt and moſt tender love alone poſſeſſes; in whom the movements of pride have no place, who deſpiſes all the turns of art; ſhe who knows of no means to pleaſe but by love; ſhe who ..... Ah! how fierce the flame that now conſumes my heart? *Zilia!* my beloved *Zilia!* Shall I never again behold thee? What can yet retard our felicity? Are the gods themſelves jealous of the happineſs of a mortal? O my dear friend, if it be to them alone that belong the joys of love, why are we made ſenſible to the power of beauty? Or why, when maſters of our hearts, do they ſuffer us to aſpire after a happineſs, which they are unwilling we ſhould poſſeſs?

LET-

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

WITHOUT the aſſiſtance of the *Spaniſh* language, the reflections which *Alonzo* communicates to me could not extend beyond certain bounds, and thoſe which I made myſelf could be but ſuperficial. Deſirous of diverting my impatience, I have ſought a maſter who could inſtruct me in this language. The informations he has given me, have already enabled me to profit by converſation, and to examine more nearly, the genius and taſte of a people who ſeem to have been created ſolely for the deſtruction of mankind; of whom, however, they

they appear to think themſelves the ornament. At firſt I imagined that theſe ambitious barbarians, who employ themſelves in contriving miſeries for nations of whom they are ignorant; drank nothing but blood: beheld the ſun through a thick ſmoak only, and were ſolely employed in forging inſtruments of death: for you know (as well as myſelf) that the thunder with which they ſmote us, was formed by them. I expected to have found in their cities nothing but makers of thunder: ſoldiers exerciſing in the courſe, or combat: princes ſtained with the blood they had ſhed, and braving, in order to enable them to ſhed more, the heats of the day, the rigours of winter, fatigue, and death itſelf.

You will eaſily conceive my ſurpriſe, when inſtead of that theatre of blood which I had formed in my imagination, I here found the throne of mercy.

This people, who, I believe, are cruel toward us only, appear to be governed by benevolence. The inhabitants ſeem to be united by a cloſe friendſhip. They never meet without giving marks of eſteem, amity, and even reſpect. Theſe ſentiments ſparkle in their eyes, and govern their bodies. They bow down before each other. In a word, by their continual embraces, they appear to be rather one family, happily united, than a collection of people.

Thoſe warriors, who to us appeared ſo formidable, are here no other than old men, who are ſtill more amiable than the reſt; or youths, gay, gentle and officious to pleaſe. That urbanity which governs them, that eaſe with which they perform all actions, thoſe pleaſures which are their only ſtudies, and thoſe ſentiments of humanity which they diſcover, induces me to think that they have two ſouls, one for ſociety, the other for war.

In

In fact, what a difference! You have ſeen them, my friend, bring within our walls deſolation, horror, and death. The groans of our women expiring by their wounds; the venerable age of our fathers, the piercing cries ſent forth by the tender organs of our children, the majeſty of our temples, the ſacred awe that ſurrounds them; all things ſerved to augment their barbarity.

And now I behold them adoring thoſe virtues they then deſtroyed: giving honour to age; ſtretching forth a benignant hand to infancy, and venerating the temples they profaned: can theſe therefore be the ſame men?

LETTER X.

To the ſame.

THE more I reflect on the variety of diſpoſitions among the *Spaniards*, the leſs able am I to determine the principle from whence they proceed. This nation ſeems to have but one that is general, and it is that which leads to idleneſs. There is here, however, a divinity that nearly reſembles it, and this is called *Taſte*. A large ſelect number of adorers ſacrifice all things to this; even their tranquillity. There is, however, a party (and that party is the moſt ſincere) who acknowledge that they know not who this divinity is. The others, more preſuming,

ſuming, give definitions of it, which are as unintelligible to themſelves as to the reſt of mankind. According to many, it is a divinity that is not the leſs real for being inviſible. Every one ought to feel its inſpirations. We are to agree with the ſculpture, that it is concealed under a figure of a hideous ſhape, which appears to flutter with the two wings of a bat, and which an infant holds elegantly enchained with a garland of flowers. One of thoſe ſort of men, whom they call here *petit maîtres*, will oblige you to believe that this divinity is to be found in his waiſtcoat, and not in that of his companion, and the proof he brings (which you cannot refute) is that the button holes of his waiſtcoat are either greater or leſs than thoſe of the other.

Some day ſince I ſaw an edifice of which I had heard very unintelligible accounts. When I approached it, I found at the gate two troops of *Spaniards*, who ſeem-

ed

ed to be at open war with each other. I aſked of one who accompanied me, what was the cauſe of their contention. It is, he replied, a matter of great conſequence. They are about to determine the reputation of this temple, and the rank it ſhall hold with poſterity. Theſe people you here ſee are connoiſſeurs. The one ſide aſſerts, that it is a mere heap of ſtones, remarkable for nothing but its enormity: The other maintains that it is by no means enormous, but is conſtructed in true taſte.

Leaving theſe connoiſſeurs, I entered the temple. I had gone but a few paces, when I ſaw painted againſt the wall, the figure of a venerable old man, the ſerenity and dignity of whoſe features inſpired reſpect. He appeared to be borne upon the winds, and was ſurrounded by winged infants whoſe eyes were directed to the earth. Whom does that picture repreſent? I ſaid: It is, replied an old

Cuci-

Cucipatas, after ſeveral inclinations of his body, the repreſentation of the Lord of the univerſe, who by the breath of his noſtrils, produced all things out of nothing. But have you examined, he cried with precipitation, thoſe precious ſtones which cover this altar? He had ſcarce finiſhed thoſe words, when the beauty of one of thoſe diamonds had ſtruck me. It repreſented a man whoſe head was incircled with laurels. I immediately aſked who the man was, that had merited a place by the ſide of the Creator. It is, replied the *Cucipatas* with a ſmile, the head of the moſt cruel and moſt deſpicable prince that ever exiſted. That anſwer threw me into a ſeries of reflections which the want of expreſſions prevents me from communicating. When I had recovered from my firſt aſtoniſhment, with reſpectful ſteps I was quiting the temple, when another object ſtruck me. In an obſcure place I diſcovered, amidſt the duſt, the

head

of an old man, who had neither the majeſty nor the benignity of the other. But what was my aſtoniſhment, when they would have perſuaded me that it was the portrait of the ſame divinity, the Creator of all things. The little reſpect which the *Cucipatas* appeared to have for this head prevented me from believing it, and I came away, offended with the impoſition. For in fact, what appearance is there, *Kanhuiſcap*, that the ſame men, in the ſame place, ſhould adore a God, and tread him under their feet.

This is not the only contradiction that is to be found among the *Spaniards*. Nothing is more common than thoſe inconſiſtancies which time produces in this country.

Why do they deſtroy that palace, whoſe ſolidity promiſes at leaſt another century of duration? Becauſe, they reply, it is not in taſte. When firſt erected, it was conſidered as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and was built

at

at a great expence. But in these days it appears ridiculous.

Though this nation is so much a slave to this pretended taste, yet it is not necessary that every particular person have it. There are here people of taste, who sell it dearly to those who by caprice imagine them to be in possession of it. *Alonzo* made me remark, the other day, one of those men who have the reputation of dressing themselves with a certain elegance, in which, according to him, they place great merit. As a contrast to that man, he showed me at the same another who was regarded as having no taste. I am unable to decide between them, seeing the public, before whom they appear, agrees in laughing at both of them. From whence the only real difference that I can discover between him who has taste, and them who has none, is, that they both depart from nature, but by different ways; and that the God they call *Taste*, fixes his abode some-

ſometimes at the end of one of theſe paths, and ſometimes at that of the other. Unhappy therefore is the man who takes the wrong path : he is diſgraced and deſpiſed ; till the God, changing his abode at the moment he leaſt thinks of it, puts it in his power, to treat others with equal ſeverity.

However, *Kanhuiſcap*, if you will believe the *Spaniards*, nothing is more invariable than taſte, and the reaſon of its having ſo often changed, is becauſe their anceſtors were ignorant of that in which it truly conſiſts. But much I fear that the ſame reproach will be made by their lateſt poſterity.

LET-

LETTER XI.

CAN I expreſs my ſurprize, *Kanhuiſcap*, when I find that in this country, which I imagined to have been inhabited by virtue itſelf, that it is only by force that men are here virtuous. It is the fear of puniſhment and of death, that alone inſpire men here with thoſe ſentiments that I thought nature had engraved in their hearts. There are, in this country, whole volumes, which are filled with the prohibitions of vice. There is no crime ſo horrid but what has here its proper puniſhment aſſigned it; nay, that has not an example. In fact, it was not ſo much a wiſe precaution, as the models of vices, that have dictated the decrees by which they

they are prohibited. To judge by these laws, what crimes are there that the *Spaniards* have not committed? They have a God, and have blasphemed him; a king and have rebelled against him; a faith which they have violated. They love and respect, yet murder each other. They are friends, yet betray; they are united by religion, yet detest their brethren. Where then, I am continually asking myself, is that union which I at first remarked among this people? That pleasing chain by which friendship seemed to have united their hearts? Can I imagine that it was formed of nothing but fear or interest? But what I find most astonishing, is the continuance of these laws. What? can a people who have violated the most sacred laws of nature, and have stifled her voice, suffer themselves to be governed by the feeble voice of their ancestors! Can this people, like their *Hamas*, open the mouth to a bit, which is offered them by

a man

a man whoſe equal they have already deſtroyed! Ah! *Kankuiſcap*, how unhappy is the prince who reigns over ſuch a people! How many ſnares has he to avoid? If he would preſerve his authority, he muſt be virtuous; yet he has conſtantly vice before his eyes: Perjury ſurrounds him; Pride goes before him; Perfidy, with downcaſt looks, follows his footſteps; and never can he behold Truth, but by the falſe glare of the torch of Envy.

Such is the true picture of that throng which ſurrounds the prince, and which they call the court. The nearer we approach the throne, the further we recede from virtue. We there ſee a vile flatterer by the ſide of the defender of his country; a buffoon linked with the moſt conſummate miniſter; Perjury, eſcaped from its juſt puniſhment, there uſurps the rank of Probity. Yet from the midſt of this crowd of criminals it is, that the king pronounces juſtice. There it ſhould ſeem as if the

laws

laws are only taught by thoſe who are the violators. The judgment that condemns one criminal, is frequently ſigned by another. For how rigorous ſoever theſe laws may be, they are not made for every one. In the cloſet of the judge, a fine woman in tears falling at his feet; or a man who brings with him a conſiderable quantity of pieces of gold; eaſily exculpates the moſt atrocious criminal, while the innocent expire in tortures.

O *Kanhuiſcap !* how happy are the children of the Sun, who are guided by rectitude alone ! Ignorant of vice, they fear no puniſhment; and as Virtue is their judge, Nature is their law.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the ſame.

IT rarely happens, that the firſt point of view from which we behold any object, is that from which it appears in the trueſt light. What difference, *Kanhuiſcap*, between this people and thoſe I thought I firſt ſaw. All their virtue is nothing but a ſlender veil, through which we diſtinguiſh the features of thoſe who would ſcreen themſelves from our view. Under the dazzling eclat of the moſt virtuous actions, you may conſtantly diſcern the ſeeds of ſome vice. Like the rays of the Sun, which, while they ſeem to give a luſtre

luſtre to the colour of the roſe, diſcover the thorns that are hid beneath it.

An inſupportable pride is the ſource of that amiable union with which I was at firſt ſo highly charmed. The tender embrace, the affected reſpect, proceed from the ſame ſource. The leaſt inflexion of the body is here regarded as an acknowledgment that is due to rank or friendſhip. The moſt deteſtable characters in the nation, and they who have the greateſt averſion, mutually render each other this falſe homage.

A great man paſſes by you, and uncovers his head; that is an honour: he ſmiles upon you; that is a favour. But it is not remembered, that the purchaſe of this honourable ſalute, and of this flattering ſmile, is attended with a thouſand ſubmiſſions and mortifications. To ſpeak more juſtly, in order to obtain theſe honours, it is neceſſary to become a ſlave.

Pride

Pride has ſtill another vail, and that is gravity: that varniſh which gives an air of reaſon to the moſt ſenſeleſs actions. He who, though poſſeſſed of great wit and ſenſe, is regarded as a fool, would have been held in the higheſt eſteem, though totally deſtitute of both thoſe accompliſhments, if he had but concealed his love of pleaſure. To be wiſe is nothing; the only thing neceſſary is to appear ſo.

That man, whoſe ſagacity and accompliſhments correſpond with the benignity of his countenance, ſaid *Alonzo* the other day; that man of an almoſt univerſal genius, has been excluded from the moſt important employments, for having once laughed inconſiderately.

You will not be ſurprized therefore, *Kanhuiſcap*, that they here perform actions in themſelves the moſt ſottiſh, with the utmoſt ſolemnity. This affected gravity, however, makes no great impreſſion on

me. I perceive the pride of him by whom it is uſed, and the more he eſteems himſelf, the more I deſpiſe him. Are merit and mirth by nature antipathies? No; for reaſon never ſuffers by thoſe pleaſures which the mind alone enjoys.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To the ſame.

I Cannot avoid again repeating to you, *Kanhuiſcap*, that there ſeems to me to be ſomething undefineable in the character of the *Spaniards*. Every day produces ſome freſh contradiction. What do you think, for example, of the following? This people have a divinity whom they adore *; but far from making him any offerings, it is their God who nouriſhes them. You ſee in their temples no *Cu-*

* We muſt remember here, that it is a *Peruvian* who ſpeaks, and one who has but a very imperfect notion of our religion.

raccas †, as ſymbols of their wants. In a word, there are certain times of the day, when you would take theſe temples for deſerted palaces.

Certain ancient women, however, remain there almoſt the whole day. The air of devotion which they affect, and the tears which they ſhed, attracted at firſt my regard; and the diſdain with which they were treated, excited my compaſſion; till I was undeceived by *Alonzo*. Thoſe women, ſaid he, who have acquired your eſteem, are but little known to you. One of thoſe you ſee is paid by proſtitutes, to procure them traffic for their charms. That other ſacrifices her fortune and her repoſe to the deſtruction of her family.

Unnatural mothers truſt their children to thoſe they would not truſt a trifling jewel, in order to come here and adore a God,

† Theſe *Curaccas* were ſtatues of different metals, and in different habits, which they placed in their temples; and were a ſort of *ex voto*, to expreſs the ſeveral wants of thoſe that offered them.

God, who, according to their own confeſſion, has given them no ſtronger commandment than that of properly educating thoſe children.

Others, having forſaken the pleaſures of the world becauſe they can no longer enjoy them, here make a virtue of depreciating vices which they have obſerved in other ſinners.

How difficult are theſe barbarous nations, *Kanhuiſcap*, to reconcile with themſelves. Their religion is not more difficult to reconcile with that of nature.

They acknowledge with us a God, the creator, who differs, it is true, from ours, as he is entirely a pure ſubſtance; or to ſpeak more properly, an aſſemblage of all perfections. No limits can be preſcribed to his power; his being can ſuffer no variation. Wiſdom, juſtice and mercy, omnipotence and immutability, compoſe his eſſence. This God has ever exiſted, and forever will exiſt. Such is the definition

which

which one of the *Cucipatas* of this empire have given me : for they are ignorant of nothing that has happened ſince, nor even before the creation of the world.

It was this God who placed mankind upon the earth, as in a garden of pleaſure : but they were ſoon plunged into an abyſs of pains and miſeries ; after which they were deſtroyed. One man, however, was exempted from this general deſtruction, and repeopled the earth ; with men ſtill more wicked than the former. God, notwithſtanding, far from puniſhing them, choſe from among them a certain number, to whom he dictated his laws, and promiſed to ſend his Son. But this ungrateful people, forgetting the goodneſs of God, ſacrificed his Son, the moſt dear pledge of his paternal tenderneſs. Rendered by this crime the object of God's hatred, that nation was viſited by his vengeance. Wandering inceſſantly from country to country, the whole univerſe was a witneſs of

their

their chaſtiſement. It was on other men, until that time leſs worthy of the divine favour, that the Son, ſo long promiſed, beſtowed his munificence. It was for them that he inſtituted new laws, which differed but in a few things from thoſe that were before.

Such, my ſagacious friend, was the conduct of their God toward mankind. Now, how will you reconcile this with his eſſence * ? He is almighty and immutable. He created theſe people to make them happy; and yet they were not rendered by any means free from the infirmities of human nature. He would have them happy, yet their laws forbid them that pleaſure which he has made for them, as they for pleaſure. He is juſt, and does not puniſh in the children thoſe crimes which he has ſo ſeverely puniſhed in the fathers.

* We ſhould ſtill remember, that it is an unlearned *Peruvian* who ſpeaks.

fathers. He is merciful, and his clemency is not ſooner exhauſted than his ſeverity.

Perſuaded as they are of the goodneſs, wiſdom, and power of God, you will perhaps imagine, *Kanhuiſcap*, that the *Spaniards* are faithful to his laws, and follow them with preciſion: but if you think ſo, your error is great. Abandoned inceſſantly, and without reſerve, to vices prohibited by his laws, they prove, that either the juſtice of God is not ſufficiently ſevere; that he does not puniſh thoſe actions which he forbids: or that his laws are too rigid, as they prohibit thoſe actions which his goodneſs prevents him from puniſhing.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To the ſame.

PErhaps you may have thought, my faithful friend, that ſoftened by time, the impatience which devoured my heart, began to be exhauſted. I pardon thy error; for I myſelf have been the cauſe of it. The reflections you have ſeen me give myſelf up to, for ſome time paſt, could not proceed, as you thought, but from a heart that was at eaſe. No longer perſiſt in an error that is injurious to me. Impatience frequently borrows from a ſeeming tranquillity the moſt cruel arms. This I have but too much experienced. My mind contemplated with a wandering eye,

the different objects that presented themselves: my heart was not the less devoured by impatience. Constantly present to my sight, *Zilia* perpetuated my anxiety, even in those moments when my philosophy seemed to you to secure my tranquillity.

An application to the sciences may divert, but it can never make us forget our passions: and even if it had that power, what could it effect on an inclination that is founded on reason. My love, you know, is not one of those transient vapours, which raised by caprice, are soon dissipated. Reason, that taught me to know my heart, told me that it was made for love. It was by the light of his torch I first perceived I loved. Could I refrain from following his steps? He showed me beauty in the eyes of *Zilia:* he made me feel its power, her charms, and my felicity: and far from opposing my happiness, reason taught me that it frequently

quently alone consisted in the art of raising and preserving pleasures. You will judge then, *Kanhuiscap*, if philosophy has been able to diminish my love. The reflections I have made on the *Spanish* women cannot but increase it. That great disparity of virtue, of beauty and sentiment, which I have remarked between them and *Zilia*, makes me more sensible of my misery in being separated from her.

That pure candor, that amiable freedom, those soft transports in which her soul delights, are here mere veils to cover licentiousness and perfidy. To conceal the most ardent passion, in order to display one that they do not feel, far from being punished as a vice, is here regarded as an accomplishment. To attempt to please any particular person is a crime; not to please all is a disgrace. Such are the principles of Virtue that they here engrave on the hearts of their women. When any

one

one of them has the happineſs, if it be a happineſs, to be eſteemed beautiful, ſhe muſt prepare to receive the homage of a crowd of adorers, whoſe worſhip ſhe is to reward, by at leaſt one glance of the eye each day. When a woman of this ſort is what they call a coquette, the firſt ſtep ſhe takes is to find out among the crowd, him who is the moſt opulent. This diſcovery being made, all her actions, all her arts tend to captivate him: ſhe ſucceeds, and marries him: then ſhe conſults her heart. Her beauty now is employed to another purpoſe; ſhe goes daily to the temples, and to the public places: there, through a vail that prevents her bluſhes, ſhe regards, with a ſteady eye, the faithful troop that paſſes before her.

Alvarez and *Pedro* ſoon divide her heart. She balances between them, and decides for the former; but concealing her choice from both, leaves them to

ſigh.

ſigh. Without diſcouraging *Pedro*, ſhe makes *Alvarez* happy: grows tired of him, and returns to *Pedro*, whom ſhe ſoon abandons for another. This is not the moſt difficult of her enterprizes. She is to perſuade all the world that ſhe loves her huſband, and to convince him of his happineſs, in having a wife who ſcrupulouſly performs her duty.

The public has alſo a duty to perform, which it does with great punctuality; and that is to remind the huſband that he is married to a fine woman.

Theſe contagious examples appear to have extended even to *Zulmira*, whoſe heart they have infected. I think I diſcover, that though yet a child, ſhe is poſſeſſed with the dangerous paſſion of deſiring to pleaſe. Every trifling action, her moſt indifferent regards, have conſtantly ſomething that ſeems to come from the heart. Her flattering diſ-

courſes,

courſes, her expreſſive looks, the affecting tone of her voice, which is frequently loſt in tender ſighs, all declare it. Thus it is, *Kanhuiſcap*, that by different arts, Virtue here has frequently the outward appearance of Vice, while Vice is concealed under the maſk of Virtue.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

O That truth at which I am ſtill aſtoniſhed ! O amazing depth of knowledge ! *Kanhuiſcap*, the Sun, that maſterpiece of nature, the earth, the prolific ſea, are not Gods. A Creator different from ours has produced them ; and by a ſingle look he can deſtroy them. From the midſt of a vaſt chaos, envelloped by lifeleſs matter, from the boſom of confuſion, he called forth the reſplendent ſtars, and the people who adore them. To every part of matter he gave a productive virtue. The Sun, at his voice, poured forth its

its light; the Moon received its rays, and tranſmitted them to us. The earth produced, and nouriſhed by its juices, thoſe trees, thoſe animals which we adore. The ſea, whom a God alone could rule, affords us ſuſtenance by the fiſhes it contains: and man, created maſter of the univerſe, reigns over all other creatures. It was the ignorance of thoſe myſteries, my dear friend, that has cauſed all our misfortunes. Had we been inſtructed, like the *Spaniards*, in the ſecrets of nature, we ſhould have known, that the thunder they darted on us was nothing but a maſs of matter which is to be found in our own country: that *Yalpor* himſelf, that terrible God, is no more than a vapour which the earth produces, and whoſe courſe is directed by chance: that thoſe furious *Hamas*, which fly before us, we might make ſubſervient to our uſe: had we known theſe things, could we have calmly reflected on the dignity of our anceſtors, and ſuffered our-

ſelves

ſelves to ſerve as a triumph to theſe barbarians!

In effect, *Kanhuiſcap*, it ſeems as if nature ſtood full expoſed before their eyes. Her moſt ſecret actions are known to them. They diſcover what is doing in the higheſt heavens, and in the moſt profound abyſs. It ſeems, moreover, as if it were no longer in the power of nature to change what they have once foreſeen.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame.

COULD I have imagined, *Kanhuiſcap*, that this people, who ſeem to enjoy the light of reaſon in its higheſt perfection, ſhould be ſlaves to the opinions of their anceſtors? How falſe ſoever it may be, a notion once received muſt here be conſtantly followed: it cannot be controverted without riſk of being taxed, at leaſt, with ſingularity.

The judgment of nature, her voice ſo diſtinct, which we inceſſantly hear, is drowned; her blazing torch is extinguiſhed by prejudice: a tyrant, who, though hated,

is

is nevertheleſs powerful; a cheat, who, though well known, is, notwithſtanding, dangerous. This tyrant, however, might eaſily be overcome, if he were not allied with one ſtill more potent than himſelf; that is, ſuperſtition. It is by this falſe light that moſt men are here guided, and which makes them miſtake fabulous accounts for real matters of fact. A man who frequents the temples ſeveral times a day, who appears with an hypocritical and diſtorted countenance, what vice ſoever he may be a ſlave to, or whatever crimes he may commit, will be generally eſteemed; while the moſt virtuous, if he throw off the yoke of prejudice, will be treated with contempt. The man void of prejudice, is here ſaid to be void of piety. It is not ſufficient to be what is called *wiſe*; to this muſt be added the title of *devote*, or elſe you muſt expect that of profligate. The diſpenſers of the public eſteem, thoſe men who are ſo deſpicable in

in themſelves, will never admit of an intermediate claſs. To be neither devote nor a libertine, is to them a paradox. Such a man appears to their deluded ſight like an amphibious monſter.

The *Spaniards* have two divinities, one who preſides over virtue, and the other over vice. If without affectation you content yourſelf with ſacrificing to the former only, you will ſoon be taxed with being a worſhipper of the latter. The empire of virtue is by no means abſolute; its ſubjects have much to fear from the divinity of vice. They are conſtantly obliged to appear in public with arms proper to encounter him, and with which, however, they are not always able to defend themſelves. They ſeized, the other day, a man who had committed many crimes, and they publicly declared that the devil muſt have led them to that exceſs of abomination. He had, however, about his neck a ſort of cord that had been con-

ſecrated

ſecrated by the *Cucipatas* of the God of Virtue. In one hand he held another cord, on which were ſtrung a number of beads, that had the power of driving away the author of his crimes; and in the other the dagger with which he had committed them.

I was yeſterday carried to a ſpacious place, where a prodigious number of people expreſſed the higheſt joy, on beholding ſeveral of their fellow-mortals burned to death. The ſtrange habits in which they were dreſs'd, and that air of ſatisfaction which appeared in the ſacrificers, as if at a triumph, made me take them for victims that thoſe ſavages were offering to their Gods. But what was my aſtoniſhment, when I learned that the God of theſe barbarians beholds the ſhedding of blood, not only of men, but of beaſts, with abhorrence! With what horror was I ſeized, when I reflected that it was to the God of mercy theſe licentious

priests

prieſts made thoſe deteſted offerings. Can theſe *Cucipatas* mean to appeaſe their divinity by ſuch ſacrifices? Muſt not the expiation be even more offenſive to him than the crimes of the offenders? Ah, *Kanhuiſcap*, how deplorable an error.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To the ſame.

THE deſire of information you appear to have, my faithful friend, at once pleaſes and perplexes me. You aſk for eclarciſſement; proofs of thoſe diſcoveries, I have imparted to you. Your doubts are excuſeable: but I cannot anſwer your demands. I could have done it a ſhort time ſince. I conceive matters more eaſily than I can deſcribe them: and my mind, more docile than my hand, found evidence where it now finds only uncertainty. Two days ſince I was convinced that the earth was round; at preſent I am perſuaded that it is flat. Of

thoſe

thoſe two ideas my mind can form but one that is indubitable; which is, that it cannot be at the ſame time both round and flat. It is frequently thus that error leads to evidence.

The ſun turns round the earth, one of thoſe men they call philoſophers ſaid to me a few days ſince. I believed it, for he convinced me that it was true. Another came and told me the contrary. I ſent for the former and determined to be the judge between them. By what I could learn from their diſputes, it is poſſible that either the one, or the other planet, may make the revolution *: and that the anceſtor of one of the diſputants was an *Alguaſil.*

You

* Our author was either ignorant of this matter, or repreſents it badly; for that the earth moves round the ſun is as demonſtrable to any man of common ſenſe, how unlearned ſoever you may ſuppoſe him to be, as that either of them move at all.

You here ſee all that I have learned from my acquaintance with this rank of men, whoſe ſcience at firſt aſtoniſhed me. The particular regard with which they are treated, is one of thoſe things that ſurpriſe me. Is it poſſible that a people ſo enlightened, can hold a ſet of men in ſuch high eſteem, for having no other merit than that of thinking? Certainly they muſt look upon reaſon as ſomething very wonderful.

A man has a ſingular way of thinking; ſpeaks little; laughs never; reaſons always; is proud, though poor; unable to purchaſe fine cloaths, he diſtinguiſhes himſelf by his rags. That man is a philoſopher, and has a right to be inſolent.

Another, who is young, would turn philoſophy into a court lady. He dreſſes her in gorgeous apparel, and tricks her up with paint and powder: ſhe is a laughing coquet, and perfumes announce her approach. They who have been uſed to

judge by appearances no longer know her. The philoſopher appears to them to be a fool. To ſuſpect him of thought would be to ſuppoſe that philoſophy was not conſtantly one and the ſame thing.

Zais had the vapors, ſaid *Alonzo*. She muſt aſſign a pretext for it. Philoſophy appeared a plauſible one to *Zais*. She omitted nothing that might make her paſs for a philoſopher. She ſoon began to think herſelf qualified. Caprice, miſanthropy, and pride, juſtified her right to that title. Nothing now was wanting, but to find a lover who was as ſingular as herſelf. She has ſucceeded.

Zias and her lover compoſe an academy. Their caſtle is an obſervatory. Though already far advanced in life, *Zais*, when in her garden, is *Flora*; in her balcony ſhe is *Urania*. Of her lover, awkward as well as whimſical, ſhe has made a *Celadon*. What is there wanting to ſo ridiculous a ſcene? Spectators.

Philo-

Philoſophy, *Kanhuiſcap*, is here leſs the art of thinking, than a ſingular way of thinking. All the world are philoſophers. To appear to be ſo, however, is not, as you ſee, a very eaſy matter.

LETTER XVIII.

To the ſame.

OF all that ſtrikes my wondering ſight, *Kanhuiſcap*, nothing ſurpriſes me more, than the behaviour of the *Spaniards* toward their wives. The great care they take to conceal them under an immenſe heap of cloaths, almoſt inclines me to think that they are rather raviſhers than huſbands. By what other motive can they be influenced, but by a fear leaſt the lawful owners ſhould reclaim what they have ſtolen from them? For what ſhame can men find in poſſeſſing the gifts of love?

Theſe barbarians are ignorant of the pleaſure of being ſeen in the company of

thoſe they love: of ſhowing to the whole univerſe the delicacy of their choice, or the value of their conqueſt: to burn in public thoſe fires which were kindled in private; and to communicate to a thouſand hearts, that homage due to beauty which one alone can never ſufficiently pay. *Zilia!* O my deareſt *Zilia!* Ye Gods, unjuſt and cruel! Why do you yet deprive me of her ſight? My looks, united with her's by tenderneſs and delight, ſhould teach theſe unfeeling mortals, that there are no ornaments more precious than the chains of love.

I believe however that jealouſy is the motive that induces the *Spaniards* ſo to conceal their wives; or rather that it is the perfidy of the women, that forces their huſbands to this tyrrany. The conjugal oath is that which is the moſt readily ſworn; can we then be ſurpriſed that it is ſo little regarded? There are every day to be ſeen here, two rich heirs, who unite

unite without affection, live together without love, and ſeparate without regret. Though this ſtate may appear to you to be attended with little anxiety, it is, however, in itſelf unfortunate. To be loved by a wife is not a happineſs, but it is an unhappineſs to be hated by her.

Virginity, which is enjoined by their religion, is not more ſcrupulouſly regarded than conjugal fidelity, or at moſt it is only ſo in appearance. There are here, as in the city of the ſun, virgins who devote themſelves to the Deity. They converſe with the men, however, in a familiar manner. A grate only ſeparates them. Now the uſe of this ſeparation I am not able to comprehend. For if they have ſtrength enough to preſerve their virtue in the midſt of the continual intercourſe they have with the men, of what uſe is the grate: and if love takes poſſeſſion of their hearts, what a weak obſtacle is ſuch

an

an exciting ſeparation, which give the eyes leave to act, and the heart to ſpeak!

A ſort of *Cucipatas* are aſſiduous in their attendance on thoſe virgins, whom they call nuns; and under pretence of inſpiring them with a pure worſhip, they excite and encourage in them, thoſe ſentiments of love, to which they become a prey. Art, which appears to be baniſhed from their hearts, is not, however, from their looks and their geſtures. A certain manner which is to be aſſumed with the vail, an humble mien, and a ſtudied attitude, are ſufficient to employ, during the fourth part of a year, the time, the pains, and even the vigils, of a nun. The eyes of theſe religious are alſo more ſkilfull than thoſe of others. They are pictures in which we ſee painted all the ſentiments of the heart. Tenderneſs, innocence, languor, rage, grief, deſpair and pleaſure, are all there expreſſed: and if the curtain be droped over the painting for a moment,

ment, it is only to give time to ſubſtitute another picture in its place. What difference between the laſt look of a religious, and that which ſucceeds it! All this artifice is, however, nothing more than the work of one man. A *Cucipatas* has the direction of a manſion filled with nuns; who are all deſirous of pleaſing him. They become coquettes; and their director, how dull ſoever he may naturally be, is forced to aſſume an air of coquettry; gratitude obliges him to it. Sure to pleaſe, he contrives freſh means to make himſelf beloved; he ſucceeds, and becomes, in a manner, to be adored. You will judge by the following inſtances. I am informed that one of theſe virgins has adorned the head of the image of the god of the *Spaniards* with the hair of a monk. They have alſo ſhown me part of a letter wrote by a nun to father *T* . . . . of which the following is nearly the contents.

" O Jeſus!

" O Jeſus! my father, how unjuſt you
" are! God is my witneſs that father
" *Ange* does not occupy my thoughts one
" moment, and far from being elevated
" by his ſermon, even to an extaſy (as
" you reproach me) I was during his
" whole diſcourſe employed with think-
" ing of nothing but you. Yes, father,
" one ſingle word from you makes more
" impreſſion on my heart, on that heart
" which you ſo little know, than all that
" father *Ange* could ſay for whole years
" together; even though it were in the
" little parlour of our Abbeſs, and that
" he thought he was talking with her . . . .
" If my eyes ſeemed to ſparkle, it was
" becauſe I was with you when he preach-
" ed. O that you could penetrate to my
" heart, that you might better under-
" ſtand what I write to you. You came
" into the parlour likewiſe, and never in-
" quired after me. Have you forgot me
" then? Do you no longer remember

" that . . . . You never once regarded me
" yesterday during your whole visit. Will
" heaven so far increase my affliction as to
" deprive me of the consolations I receive
" from you? For mercy's sake, dear fa-
" ther, do not abandon me in that distress
" you have now plunged me. I deserve
" your pity; and if you have not com-
" passion on me, you will soon hear no
" more of the unfortunate *Theresa*.

" You will receive from the keeper of
" our turning box an almond cake of my
" making. I have inclosed, in this letter,
" a billet that sister *A*—— wrote to fa-
" ther don *X*—— I found means to in-
" tercept it; and I think it will afford
" you some entertainment. Oh! that
" . . . . The bell rings. Adieu."

After this, *Kanhuiscap*, you cannot refrain from allowing that the *Spaniards* are as ridiculous in their amours, as they are remorseless in their cruelties. It is only in the house of *Alonzo*, I believe, that justice

juſtice and reaſon prevail. I am not able to determine, however, what I ſhould think of the behaviour of *Zulmira* : it is too tender to be the effect of art alone, and too ſtudied to proceed from the heart.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To the ſame.

TO think is a profeſſion: to know oneſelf is an accompliſhment. It is not given to every man, *Kauhuiſcap*, to read his own heart. There is a certain rank of philoſophers here, who alone have that right, or rather that of confounding this knowledge. Far from endeavouring to correct the paſſions, their only concern is to know from whence they proceed: and this ſcience, which ought to make the bad man bluſh, ſerves only to make them ſee that they have one qualification the more; which is, the unfruitful talent of knowing their own imperfections.

The

The metaphyſicians, for that is the name of theſe philoſophers, diſtinguiſh in man three principles; the ſoul, the mind, and the heart: and all their ſcience only tends to know from which of theſe, ſuch or ſuch an action proceeds. This diſcovery once made, their arrogance becomes inconceiveable. Virtue is not, ſo to ſpeak, any longer made for them: they think it ſufficient to know what it is that produces it; and frequently reſemble thoſe who are diſguſted with a liquor that is excellent in itſelf, when they know that it comes from a country that is but little eſteemed.

From the ſame cauſe it is, that the metaphyſician, intoxicated with a ſcience that he thinks wonderful, omits no opportunity of diſplaying his knowledge. If he writes to his miſtreſs, his letter is nothing more than a precise analyſis of the minuteſt faculties of his ſoul. His miſtreſs thinks herſelf obliged to reply in the ſame ſtyle;

and

and they confound each other with chimerical diſtinctions and expreſſions, which cuſtom has authorized, though it has not rendered intelligible.

Your own reflections on the manners of the *Spaniards*, will eaſily lead you to thoſe which I have here made.

Would that my heart were free, my generous friend! I could then paint with more force theſe thoughts, which have here no other order than that which my preſent agitation will allow. The time approaches when my miſeries will have an end. *Zilia* will at length appear to my impatient ſight. The thought of that pleaſure diſorders my reaſon. I fly to to meet her. I behold her participate of my anxieties and my pleaſures: the tender tears flow from our eyes. Again united after our misfortunes . . . . How is my ſoul afflicted, *Kauhuiſcap!* in what a horrid ſtate will ſhe find me! The wretched ſlave of a barbarian, whoſe fet-

ters

ters perhaps ſhe bears, at the court of a haughty conqueror, Can ſhe remember her lover? Can ſhe think that he ſtill lives? She is in bondage; can ſhe imagine that obſtacles ſufficiently ſtrong, have been able . . . . *Kanhuiſcap*, what ought I to expect? What lot is reſerved for me? When I was worthy of her, cruel Gods, you ſnatched her from my arms. Shall I only find her again to be a freſh witneſs of my ignominy? And thou, barbarous element, which art to reſtore me the object of my love, canſt thou reſtore me to my glory?

LET-

LETTER XX.

To the ſame.

WHAT cruel power has ſnatched me from the darkneſs of the grave? What ungenerous pity has made me again behold the deteſted light? *Kanhuiſcap*, my misfortunes increaſe with my days, and my ſtrength augments with the exceſs of my miſery . . . *Zilia* is no more! . . . O horrid deſpair! O cruel remembrance! *Zilia* is no more! and I ſtill breath! and theſe hands, which grief ſhould bind, can ſtill form thoſe knots which miſery attends, with tears bedew, and which are conveyed to thee by deſpair.

In

In vain has the Sun performed a third part of his courſe, ſince you pierced my heart with that moſt fatal ſtroke. In vain has deſpondency, a total dejection, poſſeſſed my ſoul even to this day. My grief, ineffectually reſtrained, has become only the more violent. I have loſt my *Zilia*. An immenſe ſpace of time ſeemed to ſeparate us; and at this moment I loſe her for ever.

The dreadful ſtroke that ſnatched her from me; the perfiduous element that ſurrounds her, preſent themſelves to my diſtracted ſight. I ſee my *Zilia* borne on the hideous waves. . . . The Sun retires with horror behind the thickeſt clouds; the ſea opens to hide its crime from that God: but it cannot conceal her from me. Through the waters I behold the body of *Zilia*: her eyes . . . her boſom . . . a livid paleneſs . . . O my friend . . . inexorable death . . . death that flies from me . . . Ye Gods, more cruel in your indul-

indulgence than in your punishments! Why do ye still suffer me to live? Will you never unite those whom you cannot separate?

In vain, *Kanhuiscap*, do I call on death: he flies from me: the barbarian is deaf to my voice, and keeps his darts for those that would avoid them.

Zilia, my beloved *Zilia*, hear my cries; behold my flowing tears; thou hast none; I only live to shed them: O that I could drown myself in the torrent that flows from my eyes . . . why can I not? . . . Ah! you have none; soul of my soul! You . . . my hands will no longer lend me their aid . . . I sink under my affliction . . . horrid despair . . . tears . . . love . . . a strange coldness . . . *Zilia!* . . . *Kanhuiscap* . . . *Zilia!* . . .

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

WHAT will be your aſtoniſhment, *Kanhuiſcap*, when theſe knots which my hands are ſcarce able to form, ſhall tell you that I ſtill live. My grief, my deſpair, the time that has paſſed ſince you have heard from me, all muſt have convinced you that I no longer exiſted. Diſmiſs thoſe anxieties which are due to friendſhip, eſteem and misfortune; and let not my weakneſs make you deplore my preſent exiſtence: the loſs of *Zilia* ought to have finiſhed my being. The Gods who ſhould have pardoned me the crime of ſeeking my death, have taken from me the power of committing it.

Sub-

Subdued by grief, ſcarce did I perceive the approach of death, who came at laſt to put a period to my miſeries. A dangerous diſeaſe laid hold of me, and would have led me to the tomb, if the unfortunate interpoſitions of *Alonzo* had not protracted my duration.

I breathe: but it is only to be a prey to the moſt cruel anxieties. In that horrid ſtate I now am; all things diſguſt me. The friendſhip of *Alonzo*, the grief of *Zulmira*, their attention, their tears, all afflict me. Alone in the midſt of mankind, I only diſcern thoſe that ſurround me, to fly from them. May a friend leſs unfortunate, *Kanhuiſcap*, be the recompence of thy virtue! I am too diſtracted a lover to be a rational friend: for how can I taſte the ſweets of friendſhip, when I am oppreſſed by love with the moſt cruel torments?

LET-

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

FRiendſhip, at length, has reſtored me to thee, *Kanhuiſcap*; to myſelf. Too much concerned at my afflictions, *Alonzo* would diſſipate, or at leaſt ſhare with me. With this deſign he carried me to a country-ſeat he has a few miles from *Madrid*. There I found the ſatisfaction of meeting with nothing that did not anſwer to the dejection of my mind. A wood, in the neighbourhood of *Alonzo*'s villa, has been a long time the ſecret depoſitary of my woes. There I ſaw no objects but what were proper to nouriſh my deſpondency. Frightful rocks; enormous mountains, deſpoiled of their verdure;

dure; thick ſtreams ſlow pacing over their muddy beds; dark pines, whoſe mournful branches ſeem to touch the clouds; ſcorched graſs, and withered flowers; adders and croaking ravens; were the only witneſſes of my tears.

Alonzo ſoon took me, regardleſs of my entreaties, from theſe gloomy ſcenes. It was then that I found how much our misfortunes are alleviated by participation; and how much I owed to the tender cares of *Zulmira* and *Alonzo*. Where ſhall I find colours ſtrong enough, *Kanhuiſcap*, to paint the grief that my unhappineſs occaſioned them? *Zulmira*, the tender *Zulmira*, graced them with her tears: her affliction was but little leſs than my own. Pale and dejected, whenever her eyes met mine they flowed with grief; while *Alonzo* tenderly deplored my unhappy fate.

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

ZULMIRA, whoſe cares all centered in the unhappineſs of *Aza*; *Zulmira*, who participated my griefs, and trembled for my life; is now herſelf on thebrink of the grave: every moment augments her dangers, and threatens her diſſolution. Yielding at laſt to the tender intreaties of her father, who lay groaning at her feet, without hopes of affording her any relief; and perhaps ſtill more influenced by the emotions of her heart, *Zulmira* ſpoke. It is I, it is *Aza*, whom misfortune will never forſake; it is that wretch, whoſe diſtracted heart knows nothing but deſpair; and

and the maſs of whoſe blood is changed by love into a baneful poiſon, who is the cauſe of this misfortune.

It is I that have taken *Zulmira* from her father, from my friend. She loves me; ſhe dies. *Alonzo* follows her. *Zilia* is no more!

I have felt for thy griefs; come and partake of mine, (ſaid the diſtracted father to me). Come, and give me back my life, and my child. Wretched man, whoſe miſeries I lament at the very moment I entreat you to alleviate my own. Be ſenſible to friendſhip; for it is yet in your power. The moſt amiable of all virtues cannot injure your love. Come, follow me! At theſe words, which were accompanied by deep-fetch'd ſighs, he led me to the appartment of his daughter. With horror and dejection, I trembling entered. The paleneſs of death was ſpread over her countenance: but her darkened eyes were re-animated at the ſight of me:

my

my preſence ſeemed to give new life to the unfortunate *Zulmira*.

I die, ſhe ſaid to me with faultering accents. I never ſhall ſee you more: that is all my grief. At leaſt, *Aza*, while I yet live, ſuffer me to ſay . . . . I love you. I can . . . . Yes, remember that *Zulmira* carries with her to the grave that love which ſhe could not conceal: that which her looks, her actions have ſo often declared; and which your indifference has at laſt . . . . but I cannot reproach you: your ſenſibility would have proved your inconſtancy. Devoted to another, death alone can ſeparate you: it never ſhall diveſt me of the love I bear you. I prefer it to the cure of a miſery that I cheriſh: Of a miſery . . . *Aza* . . . She ſtretched her hand toward me: her ſpirits left her; ſhe fell; her eyes cloſed: but while I reproached myſelf with her death, and added my anxieties to thoſe of her deſpairing father; the cares of others had brought

her back to life. Her eyes opened again, and though ſtill darkened with deſpondency, ſhe fixed them on me, and expreſſed the moſt tender love. *Aza! Aza!* ſhe ſaid again, do not hate me. I fell at her feet, overcome by her diſtreſs. A ſudden joy ſhone in her countenance: but unable to bear the various emotions her mind ſuſtained, ſhe again fainted under them. They forced me away, to ſave her from a repetition of ſuch dangerous agitations.

What can you think, *Kanhuiſcap*, of theſe new misfortunes to which I am a prey: of that miſery which I cauſe to thoſe to whom I owe the greateſt obligations? This new grief is come to add itſelf to thoſe which attended me in the gloomy deſert, where love, deſpair, and death were my conſtant companions.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To the ſame.

MY friend, the lot of *Alonzo* is changed. The grief by which he was oppreſſed has given place to joy. *Zulmira*, ready to deſcend to the grave, is reſtored to life. It is no longer that *Zulmira* whom languor had reduced to the brink of diſſolution: her eyes, reanimated, now diſplay that beauty and thoſe graces, with which her youth is adorned.

Though I admire her reviving charms, Can you believe it? Far from talking to me of her love, ſhe ſeems, on the contrary, to be confounded by the confeſſion that has eſcaped her. Her looks are caſt

down when ever her eyes meet mine. My pains were ſuſpended; but, alas! how ſhort the ſuſpenſe. *Zilia*, my dearest *Zilia*, can I be diverted from my grief? Forgive thoſe moments that I have ſtolen from thee: all that yet remain ſhall be conſecrated to my misfortunes.

Do not imagine, *Kankuiſcap*, that the fears which *Alonzo* has ſhown me for *Zulmira*, can ſhake my conſtancy. In vain does he repreſent to me the empire of *Aza* over the heart of his daughter: the joy that our union would give him; and the death that muſt follow our ſeparation. I remain ſilent before that unhappy father. My heart, faithful to my paſſion, is firm, determined for *Zilia*. No; in vain does *Alonzo*, ready to depart for that unfortunate country, which ſhall never more behold my *Zilia*, offer me that power which his unjuſt king has given him over my people. It would be

be to acknowledge a tyrant, to avail myſelf of his power. My hands may be loaded with irons, but they ſhall never enchain my heart. Forever will I entertain for the barbarous chief of the *Spaniards*, that hatred which I owe to the firſt among a people who have been the cauſe of all my miſeries, and thoſe of my unhappy country.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

To the ſame.

MY eyes are opened, *Kanhuiſcap* : the flames of love yield, without being extinguiſhed, to the torch of reaſon.

O immortal flames that devour my boſom ! *Zilia !* thou of whoſe image nothing can deprive me : thou whom a fatal deſtiny has ſnatched from me for ever ; be not offended, if the deſire of ſeeking vengeance for you, excites me to betray you.

No longer tell me, *Kanhuiſcap*, of what I owe to my people and my father. I no longer

longer talk of the tyranny of the *Spaniards*. Can I forget my misfortunes and their crimes? They have coſt me too dear. That cruel remembrance rouſes my fury. It is done: I conſent: I go to unite myſelf with *Zulmira*. *Alonzo*, I have given thee that promiſe. Can it be a crime to leave *Zulmira* in poſſeſſion of an error that is pleaſing to her? She thinks that ſhe triumphs over my heart. Ah! far from undeceiving her, let her enjoy her imaginary happineſs: let her . . . . It is by this mean only that I can avenge my oppreſſed people and myſelf. No ſooner ſhall our union be accompliſhed, than I ſhall depart for the land of the Sun; that deſolated country whoſe miſeries you deſcribe to me. It is there that I ſhall purſue that vengeance whoſe violent tranſports I now ſuppreſs. It is on a perfidious people that I will hurl my fury. Reduced to the baſe condition of a wretched

ſlave;

ſlave; and for the firſt time forced to diſſemble, I go to puniſh the *Spaniards* for my deception, and for their offences; while the family of *Alonzo* ſhall enjoy all that a grateful heart can beſtow, and all thoſe homages which are due to virtue.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

To the ſame.

IF you were one of thoſe men who are conducted by prejudice, I ſhould imagine what would be your ſurprize, when you was told by an *Inca*, that he no longer adored the Sun. I ſhould hear you complain to that Star of the light which he ſtill afforded me; and to thyſelf for the trouble you took in communicating your ſentiments. You would be aſtoniſhed, that, perjured to my God, friendſhip, that virtue of which the vicious have no conception, could ſtill dwell in my breaſt.

But fortified againſt thoſe prejudices which were taught you as virtues, you require of a *Peruvian* nothing but the love of his country, of virtue, and of freedom. I expect from you more juſt reproaches. You will perhaps, be ſurprized, and with reaſon, to ſee me abandon a worſhip that appeared to me irrational, and at the ſame time appear zealous for a religion of which I have pointed out to you the contradictions. I have already made that objection to myſelf: but it preſently vaniſhed, when I was informed that the law which I have had the audacity to cenſure, was dictated by that God who was the author of our being! In fact, of what conſequence is the particular form of any worſhip, provided it be enjoined by him to whom it is rendered. On this principle it is, that I do not bluſh to conform to thoſe ceremonies which I have formerly condemned. How great,

great, how awful are the works of the Supreme Being! Could you read, *Kanhuiſcap*, thoſe divine books that have been communicated to me, what wiſdom, what power, what immenſity, would you there diſcover! You would there readily diſcern the hand of the Divinity. Thoſe unſurmountable contradictions which I at firſt found in the diſpenſations of that power, are here evidently juſtified. It is not the ſame, however, with regard to the conduct of theſe men toward their God.

Do not imagine, credulous as we commonly are, I wrote you this upon the report of a prieſt only. I have too much experienced the falſhood of our *Cucipatas*, to credit the fables of thoſe who reſemble them.

The high rank which they hold among all nations, induces them to practice deceit; for their grandeur is frequently

quently founded on nothing but the errors of ambitious people: it would be too dear a purchaſe for them, if the empire of the world was to be obtained by Virtue only: they are much better pleaſed to obtain it by impoſture.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

To the ſame.

IT is done, *Kanhuiſcap:* *Zulmira* now attends me. I go to the altar. You ſee me already there: but do you ſee the remorſe that attends me! Do you behold the altars tremble at the ſight of a perjurer? The ſhade of *Zilia*, bloody, and indignant, enlightens theſe nuptials with a mournful torch; and with a reproaching tone ſhe ſays, "Is this the faith that you "have ſworn to me? Perfidious! Is this "the love that ſhould reanimate my "aſhes? You love me, you ſay, and yet "you give your hand to *Zulmira*. You "love me, traitor, and yet you give to a-"nother that bleſſing which I could

"never

" never enjoy! Did I yet live . . . . ."
What tortures, *Kanhuiſcap*, rend my breaſt? I hear the injured *Zulmira* demand a heart to which ſhe has a lawful right. I behold my father and my people bending under a cruel yoke, and calling on me to be their deliverer. I then remember my promiſe . . . . . I go to fulfil it.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

To the ſame.

ZILIA ſtill lives! Where can I find a meſſenger ſwift enough to communicate to you the exceſs of my joy? *Kanhuiſcap*, you who have felt my griefs, participate of the tranſports of my ſoul. O that the flames which now glow in my breaſt, could fly and impart to thine the overflowings of my felicity.

The ſea; our enemies; death; no, nothing has taken from me the object of my love. She lives! ſhe loves me! think then what are my tranſports! Brought into

into a neighbouring ſtate, into *France*, *Zilia* has experienced no misfortune but that of our ſeparation, and of the incertainty of my ſtate. How do the Gods protect the virtuous! A generous *Frenchman* has delivered her from the barbarity of the *Spaniards*.

All things were ready to unite me with *Zulmira*; I was going, O ye Gods! . . . . when I heard that *Zilia* ſtill lived, and that ſhe would ſhortly be with me. No obſtacle can keep her from me. I ſhall again behold her. From her lips ſhall I hear thoſe tender ſentiments, which her hands have traced; and at her feet I ſhall . . . . . O Heavens, I tremble at the thought of that which is the cauſe of all my joy. My happineſs confounds me. *Zilia* is coming into the midſt of her enemies! New dangers! . . . . . She ſhall not come. I will fly to prevent her. What can hinder me? The Gods have diſſengaged me from *Alonzo* and *Zulmira*. *Zilia* ſtill lives. I receive her from the

hands

hands of virtue. In vain did gratitude, esteem, and friendship, espouse the cause of *Deterville* her deliverer; she opposed to them our love, and obliged them to yield to our flames. Glorious combat! How do I admire that effort! *Deterville* stifles his love: he forgets the rights which he had over her: And behold his generosity; he unites us for ever.

Zilia! Zilia! I go to drink deep of felicity. I fly to meet her, to behold her, and to die with pleasure at her feet.

LETTER XXIX.

To the ſame.

YOU muſt accuſe *Zilia* only, dear friend, for my ſilence. I have ſeen her; and I have ſeen nothing but her. Do not expect that I ſhould expreſs to you thoſe tranſports, thoſe raviſhing delights in which I was abſorbed the firſt moment ſhe appeared to my ſight. To conceive them it were neceſſary to love *Zilia* as I love her.

Muſt torments yet unknown invade a felicity ſo pure? Between the boſom of pleaſure and the den of grief is there then no interval? After ſuch voluptuous delights, a thouſand tortures tear my heart.

My

My tenderneſs is odious to me; and at the moment that I would not love, I am poſſeſſed with all its fury.

I have borne the grief that the loſs of *Zilia* occaſioned; I cannot bear that which I now feel. She loves me no more . . . . . O diſtracting thought! When I behold her, love pours into my ſoul, with one hand pleaſure, and with the other torture.

In the firſt tranſports a of happineſs ſo pure, that I cannot expreſs to you the ſweetneſs which attended it, *Zilia* ſtole from my arms to read a letter, which was given her by the young perſon who had conducted me hither. Diſordered, afflicted, melted, thoſe tears which ſhe had juſt given to joy, no longer flowed but for grief. She bathed that fatal letter with her tears. Her grief made me anxious for her welfare. The ingrate taſted pleaſures. The grief of which I had partaken was the triumph of my rival. *Deterville*, that deliver

liverer, whoſe praiſe the letters of *Zilia* had ſo frequently repeated, had wrote that. It was dictated by the moſt lively paſſion. By retiring from *Zilia*, after having given her up to his rival, he had completed his own generoſity and her affliction. She explained to me with vivacity, expreſſions that were more than acknowledgments. She forced me to admire thoſe virtues, which at that cruel moment gave me mortal wounds. My grief then ſought aid from a determined indifference. I ſoon abſented myſelf from *Zilia*. Filled with deſpair, from which nothing can deliver me, every reflection that I make is a new miſery. It takes from me my hope, my comfort. I have loſt the heart of *Zilia*. That heart . . . . I cannot bear the thought. My rival will be happy! Ah! It is too much to think that he deſerves that happineſs.

Frightful jealouſy? Thy cruel ſerpents have ſtolen upon my heart. A thouſand

fears:

fears: Black ſuſpicions .... *Zilia*, her virtues, her tenderneſs, her beauty: My injuſtice perhaps; all agitate, all torment me. I am loſt. It is in vain that my grief conceals itſelf under an apparent tranquillity. Fain would I ſpeak, complain, accuſe, and yet I am ſilent. What can I ſay to *Zilia*? Can I reproach her with having inſpired *Deterville* with a love that proceeds from virtue? She does not enjoy his tenderneſs. But why heap on him thoſe praiſes? Why inceſſantly repeating his eulogy? ..... Love, thou ſource of my pleaſures, oughteſt thou to be that of my miſeries.

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame.

WHERE am I, *Kanhuiſcap?* By what torments am I followed? My brain burns with the moſt cruel fury. *Zilia*, perfidious *Zilia*, pale and dejected, laments the abſence of my rival. *Deterville* by flying has gained the victory. Heavens! On whom ſhall my rage fall! He is beloved, *Kanhuiſcap*, all things tell it me. The inhuman does not attempt to conceal her infidelity. Precious remains of innocence; tho' ſhe knows her crime, ſhe deteſts hypocriſy. I read her perjury in her eyes. Her lips even dare to avow it, by repeating inceſſantly the name that I abhor. Whether ſhall I fly? When preſent with *Zilia* I ſuffer frightful torments, and abſent from her I die.

When, ſeduced by the ſweetneſs of her looks, ſhe ſpreads for an inſtant tranquil-

lity

lity over my mind, I think ſhe loves me. That thought throws me into a rapture that deprives me of reaſon. I recover myſelf, and would ſpeak. I begin; break off; am ſilent. The ſentiments that by turns poſſeſs my heart, trouble and confound me. I am unable to expreſs myſelf. A fatal remembrance; *Deterville*; a ſigh from *Zilia*, reanimate thoſe tranſports which in vain I would calm. Even the ſhades of night cannot ſcreen from their violence. If for a moment I give myſelf up to ſleep, the unfaithful *Zilia* ſnatches me from it. I ſee *Deterville* at her feet; ſhe hears him with pleaſure. Frighted ſleep flies far from me. The day offers me freſh griefs. For ever devoted to the fury of jealouſly, his fires have even dried up my tears. *Zilia! Zilia!* How great the evils that ſpring from ſo much love? I adore thee; I offend thee: O Heavens! I loſe thee!

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

To the ſame.

ZILIA, love, *Deterville*, fatal jealouſy! What deſtraction! A cloud hides from me the names I trace. *Kanhuiſcap*, I no longer know myſelf: In the fury of the blackeſt jealouſy, I have armed myſelf with darts, with which I have pierced the heart of *Zilia*. She had wrote to *Deterville*; the letter was ſtill in her hand. A fatal moment diſordered my reaſon. I formed the moſt raſh project . . . . My promiſe, the religion I have embraced, all things prompted me. The moſt trifling pretences appeared to me to be as laws of equity, for deſerting her.

I have

I have pronounced the inhuman ſentence. Cruel adieus . . . . What a moment . . . . Could I do it? Yes, *Kanhuiſcap*, I fled from *Zilia*. *Zilia* at my feet, with groans, to which mine were juſt ready to reply . . . *Deterville!* What a remembrance! Poſſeſſed with fury I flew from her arms. But ſoon, vainly perſiſting, I would return to them: all things oppoſe: I dare not reſiſt. Gods! What have I done? How ſhameful is the diſtreſs! How horrible the repentance!

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame.

CEASE to wonder at my long ſilence: Could the cruel ſtate of my heart permit me to inform you ſooner of my ſtate? Do not think, that deſtracted by remorſe, I ſtill reproach myſelf with unjuſt ſuſpicions. It is *Zilia*, it is her cruel heart, and not mine, that they ought to devour. Yes, *Kanhuiſcap*, her ſighs, her tears, and groans, were nothing but effects of ſhame: traces that virtue, when flying from us, ſtill leaves in our hearts. It is to efface them that ſhe cruelly refuſes to ſee me again. Her obſtinacy has forced me to a diſtance from her. Retired

tired to the extremity of the ſame city, unknown to any one, totally devoted to grief and misfortunes, I labour to forget the ingrate I adore. Uſeleſs cares! Love in our deſpite ſteals into our hearts, and in our deſpite there he cruelly dwells. In vain would I drive him thence. Jealouſy there ſupports him: and when I would baniſh jealouſy, love keeps him there. The wretched ſport of theſe two paſſions, my ſoul is divided between tenderneſs and rage. Sometimes I reproach my ſuſpicions, and ſometimes my love. Can I be charmed with an ungrateful woman? Can I forget her whom I adore? But whatever may be my love for her, nothing can excuſe her. Would ſhe had hated me! We can pardon hatred but never perfidy.

The ſolicitude and friendſhip of *Alonzo* have diſcovered that retreat, where grief, and all the deſtructive evils to which hu-

man nature is ſubject, has driven me. *Zulmira* loads me with reproaches. I have juſt received her letter. In her eyes I appear as an ungrateful wretch, whom neither promiſes nor tears can recall. I have only freed her from the arms of death to deliver her to more cruel torments. She will come, ſhe ſays, and ſignaliſe in France her fury and my perfidy; avenge her father and her love. Every word of her letter is a dart that pierces my boſom. I know too well the powers of deſpair not to fear the effects. *Zilia* is the unfortunate object of her rage. Bathed in her blood it is, that *Zulmira* will appear before me. Avenging gods! is it thus that you leave to crimes the care of their puniſhments?

Hold, *Zulmira*, on me pour all your fury. Let the apoſtate enjoy a life of which remorſe will be the chaſtiſement. Thus will you indeed ſignalize your vengeance.

But

But O heavens! *Zilia* in the arms of a rival. I groan, wretch that I am, and tremble for her, while the ingrate is betraying me. Oppreſſed by the weight of evils, my body ſinks under its weakneſs; while the perfidious, triumphing even over her remorſe, recalls my rival. Wretch that I am! I breathe . . . . . I ſtill exiſt! But what miſery to exiſt when we only live to ſuffer.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

To the ſame.

WHAT have I ſaid? What horror ſurrounds me? Learn my ſhame, *Kanhuiſcap*, and if it can be, my remorſe, before you know my crime. Odious to myſelf, I will now expoſe it to your ſight. Ceaſe to lament my misfortunes; and make them complete by your hatred.

Zilia is void of all guilt. To reflect on it is even an injury to her.

You know my ſuſpicions; their injuſtice will tell you my miſery, which can never have an end: ſomething unlooked for will for ever ariſe. After the perfidy of *Zilia*, could you have thought that

that heaven would have given me over to new torments? Could you have thought that her innocence, which ought to make me happy, would have been to me the fource of the moft bitter torments? To what errors have I been a prey! What clouds have obfcured my reafon? *Zilia* could deceive me! I could think it! She will fee me no more. My remembrance is odious to her. She loved me too much, not to hate me. Abandoned to my horrid mifery, friendfhip, confidence, nothing can alleviate my miferies. They will poifon thy heart with their venom, and mine will yet find no relief.

In vain does *Zulmira*, divefted of her fury, tell me that fhe has offered it as a facrifice to my repofe and felicity. Retired to a houfe of virgins, fhe has confecrated to her God, and to my happinefs, her life, and the flower of her days.

Zulmira, generous *Zulmira*, canft thou renounce thy vengeance? Ah! if thy heart

heart were cruel, what pleaſure would it find in my horrid miſeries!

It is then only to myſelf, to the baſeneſs of my ſentiments, that I owe the misfortunes which I endure. Nothing was wanting to make me completely miſerable, but to be myſelf the cauſe of it: and behold I am. *Zilia* loved me; I ſaw it; my happineſs was ſure. Her tenderneſs! her ſentiments! my felicity! ought they to have been ſacrificed to a baſe ſuſpicion? O frightful deſpair! I fled from *Zilia*. It was I . . . Generous friend, can you conceive the ſtate in which I now am? Can I conceive it myſelf? Remorſe, love, deſpair, contend for my heart, that they may devour it.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

To Zilia.

THE dread of diſpleaſing you ſtill keeps in my trembling hands the knots which I form. Thoſe knots which were once conſolation and joy to you, *Zilia*, are now twined by grief and deſpair.

Do not imagine that I would conceal my crime from your eyes. Diſtracted with anxiety for having believed you unfaithful, how ſhould I preſume to juſtify it? But am I not ſufficiently puniſhed? What remorſe! . . . . The remorſe of a lover who adores you. Ah! you would hate

hate me! Have I not rather merited your contempt than your hatred?

Reflect for a moment on all my misfortunes. Barbarians ſnatched thee from my love, at the moment it ſhould have been crowned with ſucceſs. Armed for thy defence, I fell, and was loaded with their baſe fetters. Carried to their country, the waves on which we floated, ſupported for a time, it is true, all my hopes. I lived only by them. My heart went with you. Thy raviſhers being ſwallowed up by the ſea, plunged me into the moſt cruel error. That which I thought had deſtroyed thee, could not deſtroy my love. Grief augmented my paſſion. I would have died to follow thee. I only lived to avenge thee. All things I eſſayed. Even my very oaths I would have ſacrificed, and have united myſelf, in defiance of a thouſand remorſes, with a *Spaniſh* woman, and and have purchaſed at that price, my liberty and my vengeance. When on a

ſud-

ſudden, O unhoped for felicity! I learned that you lived, and that you ſtill loved me. O too pleaſing remembrance! I flew to thee; to happineſs the moſt pure, the moſt extatic .... Ah! vain hope: cruel reverſe! Scarce had I enjoyed the firſt tranſports with which thy ſight inſpired me, than a fatal poiſon, of which thy heart is too pure to know the pangs; jealouſy ſeized my ſoul: his moſt rancorous ſerpents have devoured my heart; that heart which was only formed for the love of thee.

The moſt amiable of virtues, gratitude, was the object of my ſuſpicions. That which you owed to *Deterville*, I thought he had obtained: that your virtue had been confounded with your duty. I thought ... It was theſe fatal ideas that troubled our firſt tranſports. You was unable, even in the boſom of love, to forget friendſhip. I forgot virtue. The eulogies of *Deterville*; his letter; the ſentiments

ments it expreſſed: the concern it gave you: the grief you ſhewed for the loſs of your deliverer; all theſe I attributed to the ſentiment that I felt, and that I ſtill feel, to love.

I concealed in my boſom the fires that conſumed it. What was the conſequence? From ſuſpicion I ſoon paſſed to a certainty of your perfidity. I meditated even a puniſhment for it. I would not employ reproaches: I did not think you worthy of them. I will not endeavour to conceal my crimes from you: truth is even as dear to me as my love.

I would return to *Spain*, to perform a promiſe to which my former oath had engaged me. Repentance ſoon followed that rage which had declared to you my crime. I vainly endeavoured to undeceive you, with regard to a reſolution that love had deſtroyed almoſt as ſoon as it was formed. Thy determination not to ſee me relumined my fury. Again given up to

jealouſy

jealouſy; I fled from you: but far from going to *Madrid* to conſummate a crime that my ſoul deteſted; though you was induced to believe it: ſinking under the weight of my misfortunes, I ſought in ſolitude, in an eſtrangement with mankind, that peace which tranquillity of mind alone can afford. Overcome by my diſtreſs, the powers of life forſook me. A long time abſent from thee, ſhall I, in ſpite of myſelf, avow it to thee, *Zilia?* All my faculties were exerted in reviling thee. I thought I ſaw you, pleaſed with my flight, recall my rival. I thought I ſaw . . . . . Alas! you know my offence; but you do not know my puniſhment; it even ſurpaſſes my crime. Ah *Zilia*, if the exceſs of love could effect it: no, I can no more be guilty. Do not imagine that I intend to move thy pity; that were too little for my tenderneſs. *Zilia*, give me back your love, or give me nothing.

Liſten

Liſten to the love that ought ſtill to ſpeak in thy heart: ſuffer me in thy preſence again to relumine that fire which thy juſt reſentment has extinguiſhed. Some ſpark may yet be found in the aſhes of that love which you once nouriſhed for *Aza*.

Zilia! Zilia! thou director of my fate; I have confeſſed to thee my crime. If thy pardon doth not efface it, it muſt ſtill be puniſhed. My death ſhall be the chaſtiſement. Too happy, inexorable! if at leaſt I can expire at thy feet!

LET-

LETTER XXXV. and laſt.

To Kanhuiſcap.

WOULD that by ſtriking thy mind with ſurprize, I could communicate to thy heart that joy with which mine now pants. O happineſs! O tranſport! *Kanhuiſcap*, *Zilia* has given me up her heart. She loves me. Roving in the raviſhments of my love, I ſhed at her feet the moſt tender tears. Her looks, her ſighs, her tranſports, are the only interpreters of our love and our felicity.

Imagine, if you can, our joys: that moment conſtantly preſents to my ſight; that moment . . . No, ſuch love, anguiſh, and delight, are not to be expreſſed by words.

Her

Her eyes, her animated countenance, told me her love, her anger, my ſhame . . . She turned pale. Faint, and ſpeechleſs, ſhe ſunk into my arms. But as the flames excited by the winds, ſo my heart, agitated by fear, burnt with greater violence. My head reclining on her boſom, I breathed that fire of love which animated her life, and united it with mine. She died and inſtantly revived . . . . *Zilia*, my beloved *Zilia!* Into what intoxicating pleaſures haſt thou plunged the happy *Aza!* No, *Kanhuiſcap*, you can never conceive our happineſs; come and bear witneſs to it. Nothing ſhould be wanting to my felicity. The *Frenchman* who delivers you this letter will bring you hither. You will then behold my *Zilia*. My felicity will every moment increaſe.

The ſtory of our preſent happineſs, as well as that of our paſt misfortunes (far be they removed from us) has reached even to the throne. The generous monarch of the

French

French nation, has ordered certain ſhips that are going to encounter with the *Spaniards* in our ſeas, to carry us to *Guitto*. We ſoon again ſhall ſee our native land; that mournful country ſo dear to our deſires: thoſe abodes, O *Zilia!* where ſprang our firſt delights, thy ſighs and mine. May they be witneſſes! may they celebrate! may they augment! if it be poſſible, our preſent felicity . . . But I go to *Zilia*.

My dear friend, love cannot make me forget friendſhip, but friendſhip keeps me too long from love. Thoſe delightful tranſports that raviſh my ſoul, it is in thy enjoyments that I have again found life . . . I am loſt in the exceſs of happineſs; in extatic bliſs! *Zilia* is again my own; ſhe waits my coming; I fly to her arms!

FINIS.

BOOKS printed for J. ROBSON, Bookſeller to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Dowager of Wales, in New Bond-ſtreet.

This day is publiſhed, in one vol. 8vo price 5s. bound, ornamented with 5 copper plates,

The Lives of JOHN WICLIFF, and of the moſt eminent reformers his diſciples; lord COBHAM, JOHN HUSS, JEROME of PRAGUE, and ZISCA.

After the way which they call hereſy, ſo worſhip *we* the God of *our* fathers.

Acts xxiv. 14.

By William Gilpin, M. A.

The ſecond edition, corrected and improved.

This day is publiſhed, in one vol. 8vo. price 7s. neatly bound. The twelfth edition.

Medulla Hiſtoriæ Anglicanæ; the preſent ſtate of England; being a compendious hiſtory of all its monarchs from the time of Julius Cæſar to the acceſſion of his preſent Majeſty George III. By Dr. Howell.

This day is publiſhed, in 8vo, price 2s. 6d. ſewed, highly neceſſary to be read by every lover of his country, eſpecially at this criſis.

A General VIEW of ENGLAND, reſpecting its policy, finances, trade, commerce, taxes, debts, produce of lands, colonies, manners of inhabitants, &c. &c. argumentatively ſtated, from the year 1600 to 1762. In a letter to A. M. L. C. D. By M. N. D. M. Now tranſlated from the French; firſt printed in 1762.

This day is publiſhed, elegantly printed upon a ſuperfine paper, price 2s. 6d. ſewed;

POEMS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS, viz.

The Nunnery—The Magdalens—The Nun—Ruins of an abbey—Yarico to Inckle—Il Latte—Fugitive pieces.

By Mr. Jerningham.

The following poems have been publiſhed ſeparately ſince, price 1s.

Amabella—The Deſerter—The Funeral of Arabert, Monk of Le Trappe.