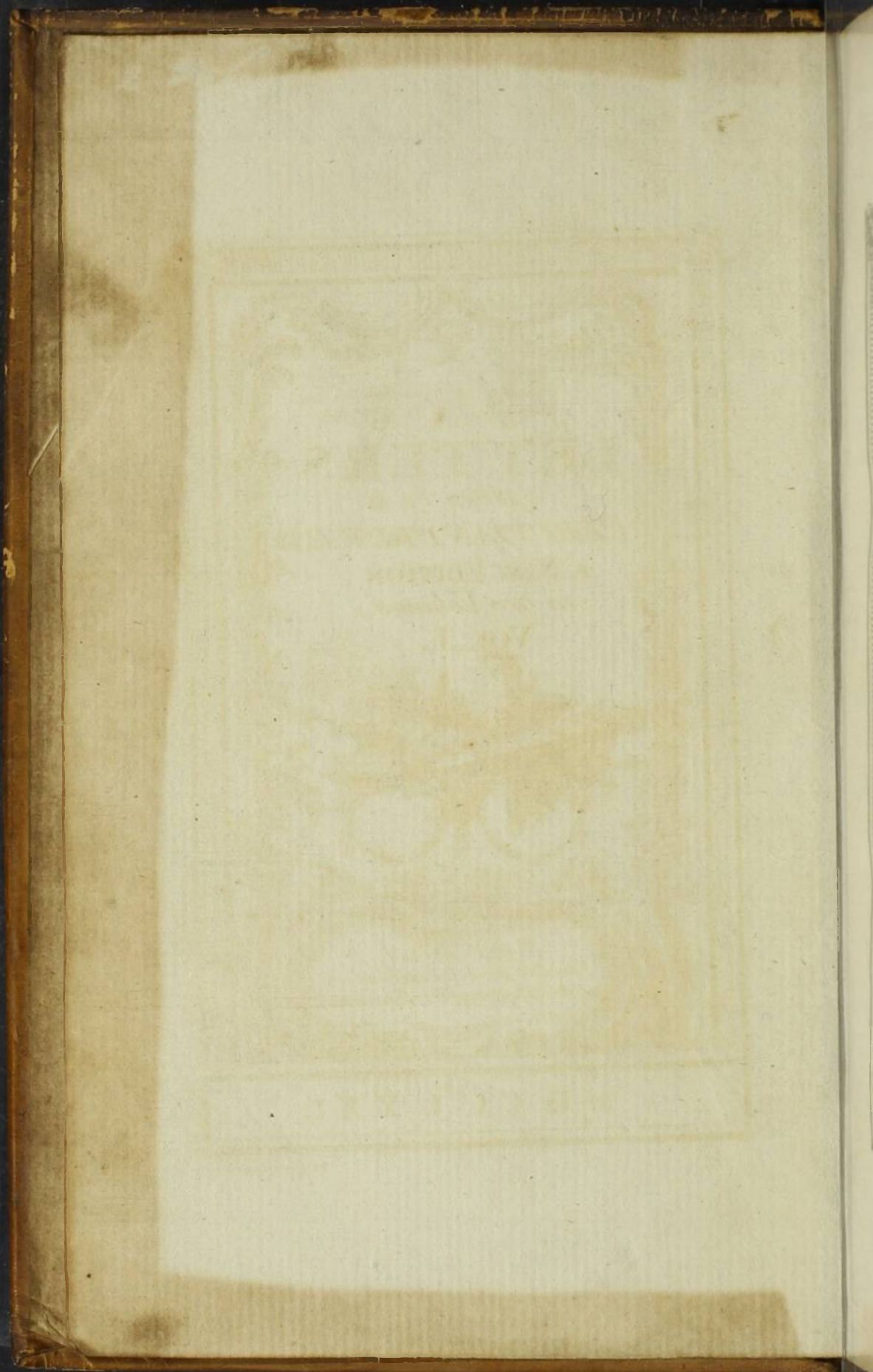
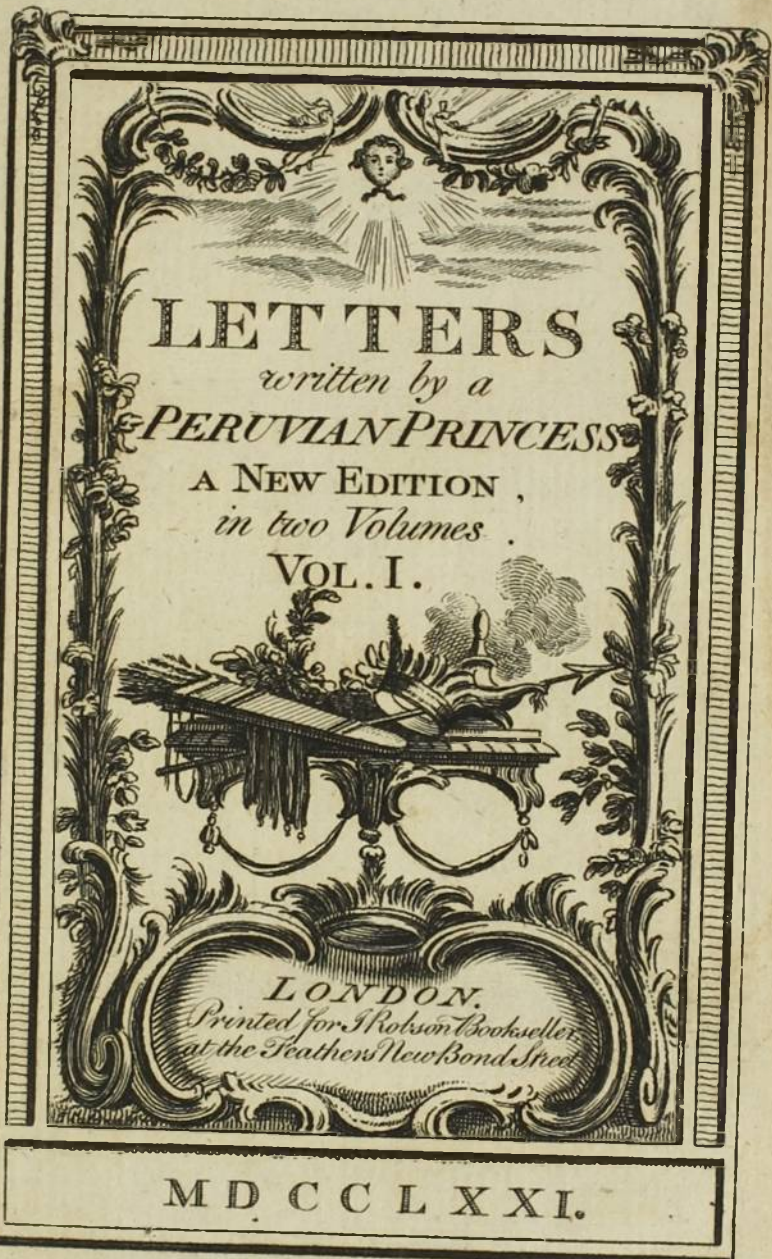


2 Vols

890.4

M. Sewell





LETTERS

*written by a*

PERUVIAN PRINCESS

A NEW EDITION,

*in two Volumes.*

VOL. I.

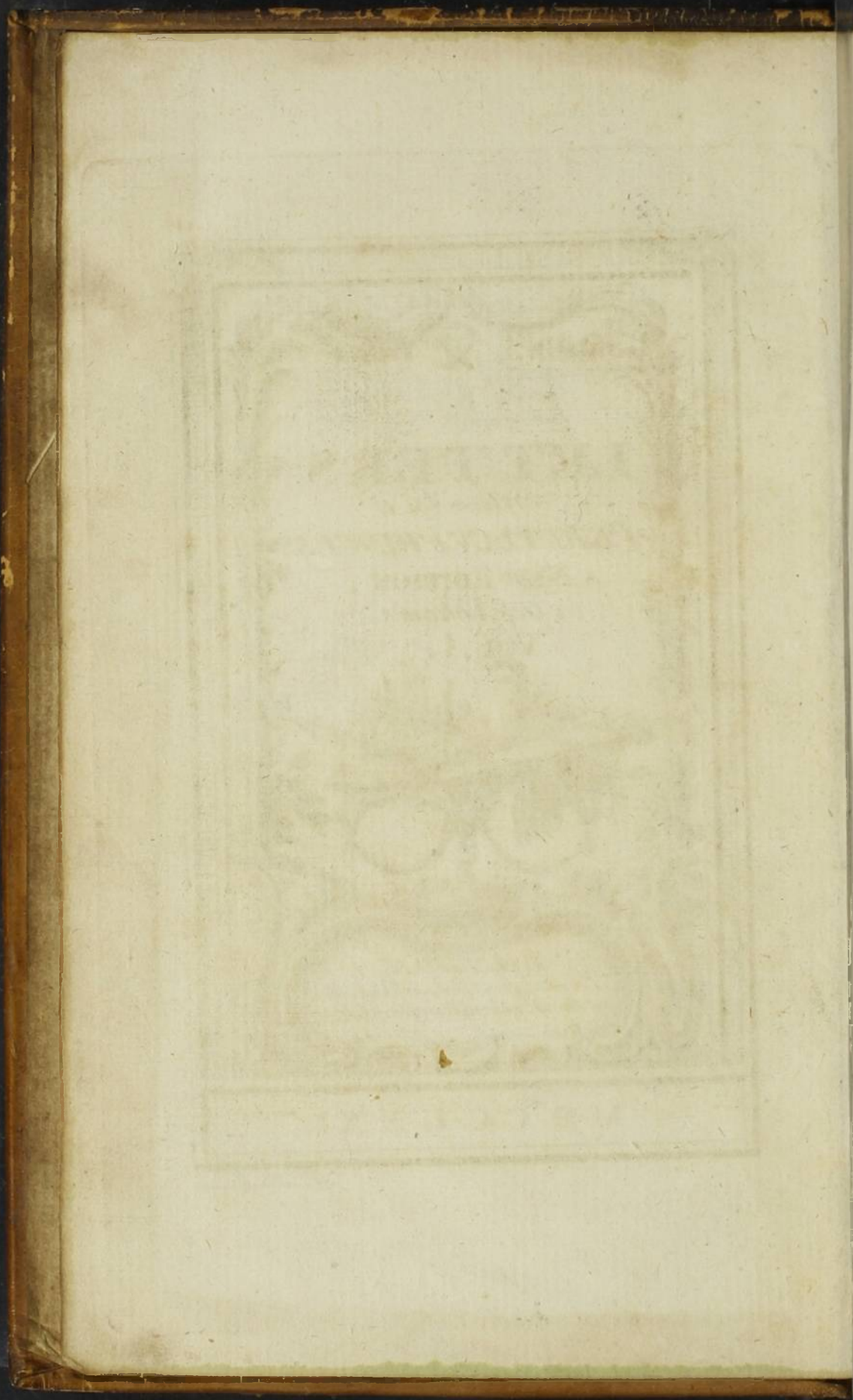


LONDON,

*Printed for Robson Bookseller,  
at the Feathers New Bond Street*

M D C C L X X I.

*J. Caldwell sculp*



MA  
M  
5  
M  
in  
Sh  
co  
Fr  
H  
of  
to  
of

L I F E O F

MADAM De GRAFIGNY,

*Member of the Academy of Florence.*

*Taken from different periodical publica-  
tions.*

**M**ADAM De Grafigny was born in Lorrain, December 12, 1695, and died at Paris, in the sixty fourth year of her age. She was called Frances D'Happoncourt; and was the only daughter of Francis Henry of Issemburg, lord of Happoncourt, Greux, &c. lieutenant of the light-horse; major of the gaurds to his royal highness Leopold I. duke of Lorrain; and governor of Boulay  
a and

and Larre. Her mother was Margaret de Seaureau, daughter of Anthony de Seaureau, baron of Houde-moure Vandœuvre, and first steward of the household to the same duke Leopold. The father of Madam de Grafigny, who by descent was of the house of Iffemburg in Germany, in his younger days served in the French army. He was aid de camp to marshal Boufflers at the siege of Namur. Lewis the XIV. in recompense for his services, made him a gentleman of France, as he was before of Germany; and confirmed all his titles. He afterwards attached himself to the court of Lorraine.

His daughter was married to Francis Huguet of Grafigny, exempt of the body guards, and chamberlain to the duke of Lorraine.



rain. Much did she suffer from the treatment of her husband: and after many years of heroic patience, was juridically separated from him. She had some children by him, who all died young, before their father.

Madam Grafigny was of a grave disposition; her conversation did not display those talents which she had received from nature. A solid judgment, a heart tender and benevolent, and a behaviour affable, uniform and ingenuous, had gained her many friends, a long time before she had any prospect of having literary admirers.

Mademoiselle de Guise coming to Paris to celebrate her nuptials with the duke de Richelieu, brought with her madam de Grafigny; and but for this incident perhaps she

would never have seen that city : at least her situation in life by no means gave her reason to think of it : neither had she, nor any of her friends, at that time, the least prospect of the reputation which attended her in that capital. Several persons of wit, who were united into a society, of which she also became a member, insisted on her giving them something for their *Recueil*, which was printed in duodecimo, in the year 1745. The piece which she gave is the most considerable in that collection. It is called, *Nouvelle Espagnole ; le mauvais exemple produit autant de vertus que de vices* : \* The title itself, we see, is a maxim, and the novel is full of them. This little

\* A Spanish novel : bad examples produce as many virtues as vices.

the piece was not relished by some of the associates. Madam de Grafigny, piqued at the pleasantries of those gentlemen on her Spanish novel, without saying any thing to the society, composed the *Letters of a Peruvian*, which had the greatest success. A short time after she gave the French theatre, *Cénie*, a piece of five acts in prose, which was received with an applause that has continued to the present day. This play is one of the best we have of the sentimental kind.

*La Fille d'Aristide*, another comedy in prose, had not, on the representation, the same success with *Cénie*. It was published after the death of madam Grafigny: they say that the author corrected the last proof on the very day  
of

of her death. It is also confidently reported, that the ill success of this piece on the stage, contributed not a little to the disorder of which she died. Madam de Grafigny had that laudable regard for her reputation which is the parent of many talents: a censorious epigram had given her great chagrin; and which she freely acknowledged.

Besides these two printed dramas, madam de Grafigny wrote a little fairy tale of one act, called *Azor*, which was performed at her own apartments; and which she was persuaded not give to the comedians. She also composed three or four pieces of one act that were represented at Vienna, by the children of the emperor: these are of the simple and moral kind, on account of the  
the

the august characters who were to be instructed by them.

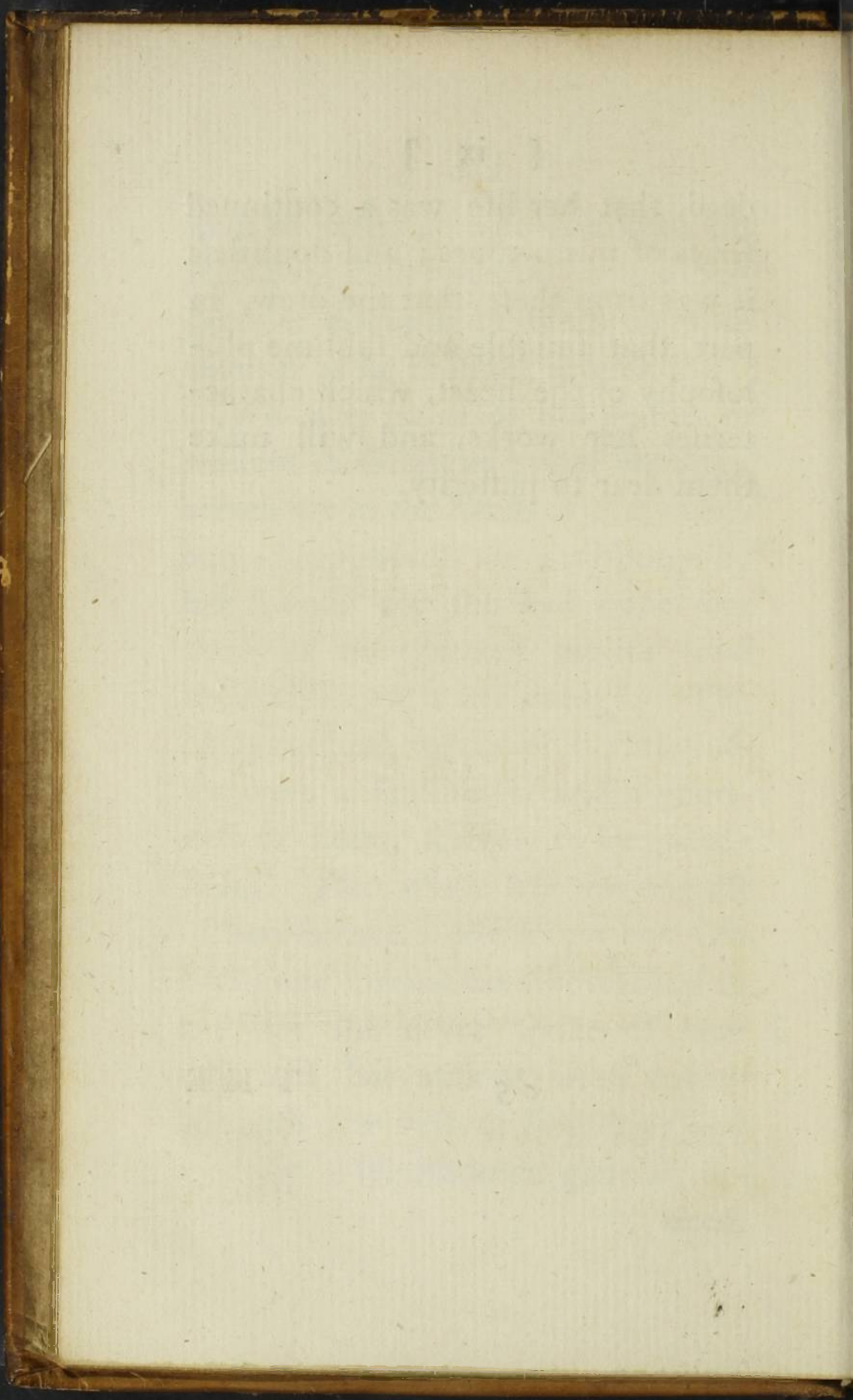
Their imperial majesties, the emperor, and empress, queen of Hungary and Bohemia, honoured our author with a particular esteem, and made her frequent presents: as did also their royal highnesses prince Charles, and the princess Charlotte of Lorrain, with whom she had moreover the distinguished honour of a literary correspondence.

Madam de Grafigny left her books to the late M. Guymont de la Touche, author of the modern tragedy of Iphigenia en Tauride, and of the Epistle to Friendship. He enjoyed this donation but little more than a year, for he died himself in the month of February, 1760. She left all her papers to the care of a  
man

man of letters ; who had been her friend for thirty years ; with the liberty of disposing of them in such manner as he thought proper.

We may judge of the genius of madam de Grafigny by her writings, which are in the hands of every one : and of her morals we may judge by her friends, for she had none but those of the greatest merit : and their affliction is her eulogy. The distinguishing marks of her character were a sensibility, and a goodness of heart, scarcely to be paralleled. Her whole life was one act of beneficence. We know but few particular circumstances relating to it ; for she never spoke of herself, and her actions were covered with the veil of simplicity and modesty. We know in general, indeed,

deed, that her life was a continued series of misfortunes ; and doubtless it was from these that she drew, in part, that amiable and sublime philosophy of the heart, which characterises her works, and will make them dear to posterity.





T H E

*French* EDITOR'S

ADVERTISEMENT.

I F truth, when it strays  
from probability, usual-  
ly loses its credit in the  
eye of reason, it is for a  
short

short time only; but, let it contradict prejudice ever so little, and seldom shall it find grace before that tribunal.

What then ought not the editor of this work to fear, in presenting to the public the letters of a young *Peruvian*, whose stile and thoughts so little agree with the mean idea which an unjust prejudice has caused us to form of that nation.

Enriched

Enriched by the precious spoils of *Peru*, we ought, at least, to regard the inhabitants of that part of the world as a magnificent people; and the sentiment of respect is not very remote from the idea of magnificence.

But so prejudiced are we always in our own favour, that we rate the merit of other nations not only in proportion as their manners imitate ours, but in  
propor-

proportion as their tongues approach nearer to our idiom. *How can any one be a Persian ?\**

We despise the *Indians*, and hardly grant a thinking soul to those unhappy people : yet their history is in every

\* The translator apprehends this sentence to be a satirical repetition after some other *French* author. There were a few strokes marked in the same manner in one or two of the letters, which he did not take notice of, as he supposed they would be unintelligible to the *English* reader.

every one's hands, and abounds with monuments of the sagacity of their minds, and the solidity of their philosophy.

The apologist of humanity, and of beautiful nature \*, has traced the outlines of the *Indian* manners in a dramatic poem, the subject of which divides the glory with the execution.

With so much light given us into the characters of these

\* M. de VOLTAIRE.

these people, there should seem no room to fear that original letters, which only exhibit what we already know of the lively and natural wit of the *Indians*, are indanger of passing for a fiction. But hath prejudice any eyes? There is no security against its judgment, and we should have been careful not to submit this work to it, if its empire had been without bounds.

It seems needless to give notice, that the first letters of

*Zilia*

*Zilia* were translated by herself: every one must easily judge, that, being composed in a language, and traced in manner equally unknown to us, this collection could never have reached us, if the same hand had not writ them over in our tongue.

We owe this translation to *Zilia's* leisure in her retreat: her complaisance in communicating to them the chevalier *Deterville*, and the permission

permission he at last obtained to keep them, were the means that conveyed them into our hands.

It will easily be seen, by the faults of grammar and negligence of stile, that we have been scrupulously careful not to take away any thing of the genuine spirit that reigns in this work. We have been content with suppressing (especially in the first letters) a great num-



number of *Oriental* \* terms and comparifons, which escaped *Zilia*, though ſhe knew the *French* tongue perfectly well when ſhe tranſlated them : we have only left ſo many of them as may ſhew the neceſſity of retrenching the reſt.

We thought it poſſible alſo to give a more intelligible turn to certain metaphyſical

\* The *French* editor here uſes *Oriental* for *lofty* and *ſwelling*, though the *Peruvians*, with reſpect to us, are certainly an *Occidental* people.

cal strokes, which might have appeared obscure; but this we have done without changing the thought itself. This is the only part that the editor has had in this singular work.



**T**O what the editor hath  
already said, the trans-  
lator begs leave just to add,  
that, as he went thro' his  
task with peculiar pleasure,  
he hopes he has done jus-  
tice to a work which ap-  
pears to him to have great  
beauty in the original. The  
*Peruvian* character, as far as  
we know it from history,  
joined to that of good sense,  
inflexible virtue, tender  
sentiments, and unchange-  
able

able affections, cannot be more strongly and naturally painted than in the letters of *Zilia*; nor do we often see the progress of the human mind so correctly and expressively drawn as in these letters.

To this edition are now first added the letters of *Aza*; the advertisement prefixed to them by the *French* editor shows by what means they were obtained. We shall only add here,

here, that by these letters the history of *Aza* and *Zilia* is rendered complete.

We presume, moreover, that in the force and turns of passion, in delicacy of sentiment, in the variety of incidents, in pertinent reflections, and in dignity, propriety, and elegance of expression, they will be found nothing inferior to the most admired among the letters of *Zilia*.

here, that by these letters  
 the history of New and Old  
 is related complete.  
 We presume, moreover,  
 that in the face and form  
 of the present, in the  
 manner, in the variety of  
 incidents, in pertinence to  
 actions, and in dignity  
 property, and elegance of  
 expression, they will be  
 found nothing inferior to  
 the most admired among  
 the letters of Asia.

A N

A N

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION,

T O T H E

PERUVIAN LETTERS.

**T**HERE is no people the knowledge of whose origin and antiquities is more confined than that of the Peruvians. Scarce do their annals contain the history of four centuries.

*Mancocapac*, according to the tradition of these people, was their legislator and their first Inca. The sun, whom they call their father, and regard as a god, touched they  
*b* say,

say, with that barbarity in which they had for a long time lived, sent them from heaven two of his children, a son and a daughter, who were to give them laws, and to induce them, by cultivating the earth and raising of cities, to become rational beings.

It was therefore to *Mancocapac*, and to his wife *Coya Mama Oello Huaco*, that the Peruvians owed those principles, those manners and arts, by which they were made a happy people: before avarice, issuing from a world of whose existence they had no idea, brought tyrants to their land, whose barbarity was a disgrace to human nature, and the peculiar infamy of the age in which they lived.

The



The particular situation of the Peruvians at the time the Spaniards made their descent, was the most favourable to the latter that can be conceived. There had been for some time past a report of an oracle which had declared, “ That after a certain number of kings reigns, their should arrive in that country a wonderful sort of men, such as had never yet been seen, who should usurp their government, and destroy their religion.”

Though astronomy was one of the chief sciences among the Peruvians, they were yet as much frightened by prodigies as other nations. Three circles that were seen round the moon; but especially certain comets which then appeared; an eagle pursued by other birds; the

sea that overflowed its bounds; all made the predictions of the oracle to appear as infallable as they were fatal.

The eldest son of the seventh Incas, whose name\*, in the Peruvian language, declared the fatality of his speech, had formerly seen a figure quite different from that of the Peruvians. A robe covered the spectre quite to the feet; he had a long beard, and was seated on an unknown animal, which he governed. All this astonished the young prince, to whom the phantom declared that he was descended from the sun, was the brother of Manco-capac, and that he was called Viracocha.

This

\* *Yahuarhuocat*, which literally signifies, *Bloody tears*.

This ridiculous story had been unluckily preserved among the Peruvians, and when they saw the Spaniards with long beards, their limbs covered, and mounted on animals they had never before seen, they took them to be the children of Viracocha, who called himself the offspring of the sun; and from thence it came, that the usurper assumed, by the ambassadors he sent among them, the title of the descendant from the God they adored.

All things bowed before the conquerors. Mankind are every where the same. The Spaniards were almost generally acknowledged as a kind of gods, whose wrath was not to be appeased by the most profuse offerings, nor the most abject humiliations.

The

The Peruvians perceiving that the horses of the Spaniards champed their bits, imagined that those tractable monsters, who partook of their respect, and perhaps their worship, were nourished by that metal. They therefore daily brought a vast quantity of gold and silver and laid it before them, by way of offering. We mention this circumstance merely to shew the credulity of the Peruvians, and the facility with which the Spaniards were enabled to subdue them.

Whatever homage the Peruvians might render the tyrants, they had displayed too much of their riches ever to have any sort of indulgence from them. A whole people, submissive and supplicating mercy, were put to the sword. By the violation

violation of every law of humanity, the Spaniards became absolute masters of all the treasures of one of the richest dominions of the earth. *Despicable victories!* exclaimed Montagne, on recollecting the vile object of these conquests. *Never did ambition, adds he, never did public animosities urge mankind to persecute each other with such horrible hostilities, or such deplorable calamities.*

Thus did the Peruvians become the woeful victims of an avaritious people, who at first gave no signs but those of peace and even friendship. An ignorance of our vices, and the simplicity of their own manners, threw them into the arms of a base enemy. In vain had immense tracts of land and water separated the cities of the sun from our world,

world, for they became our prey, and even the most precious part of our dominions.

What a sight to the Spaniards were the gardens of the temple of the sun! where the trees, fruits and flowers were of solid gold, and worked with an art unknown to Europeans. The walls of the temple itself lined with the same metal: an infinite number of statues covered with precious stones, and an immense quantity of other treasures, till then unknown, dazzled the conquerors of that unhappy people, and made them forget, in the midst of their cruelties, that the Peruvians were men.

An analysis of the manners of these unfortunate people, equally concise with that we have here given

given of their calamities, shall finish that introduction which was thought necessary to the subsequent letters.

The Peruvians were in general of an ingenuous and humane disposition; the attachment which they had to their religion, made them rigid observers of the laws, for they regarded them as the work of Manco Capac, the son of that luminary which they adored.

Though the sun was the only god to whom they erected temples, yet they acknowledged, as superior to him, a God the Creator, whom they called Pachacamac; and this was with them the supreme appellation, was rarely pronounced, and always accompanied with signs of the most awful admiration. They

had moreover a great veneration for the moon, which they regarded as the wife and sister of the sun. They considered her also as the mother of all things; but they believed, as do all the Indians, that she would cause the dissolution of the world, by falling upon the earth, and thereby destroying it. The thunder, which they called Yalpor, and the lightening, passed among them as ministers of justice to the sun; and this idea contributed not a little to inspire them with that awful respect they had for the first Spaniards, whose fire arms they took to be the instruments of thunder.

The opinion of the immortality of the soul was established among the Peruvians. They supposed, as do the greatest part of the Indians, that



that the soul went into some unknown regions, where it was rewarded or punished according to its merit.

Gold, and all that was the most precious among them, composed the offerings which they made to the sun. The *Raymi* was the principal feast of that god, to whom they presented a cup of *mays*, a kind of strong liquor, which they were skilful in extracting from one of their plants, and of which they drank even to intoxication after their sacrifices.

To the Temple of the Sun there were a hundred doors. The reigning Inca, whom they called Capa Inca, had the sole right of opening these doors: and also to him alone belonged the right of penetrating  
into

into the interior parts of the temple.

The virgins, who were devoted to Sun, were there educated, almost from their birth; and they there preserved a perpetual virginity, under the conduct of their *mamas*, or governors; unless when the law had ordained any one of them to espouse the Inca, who was always to marry his sister, or when he had no sister, the first princess of the blood, who was a virgin of the Sun. One of the principal occupations of these virgins was to prepare the diadems for the Incas, of which a sort of fringe composed the only ornament.

This temple was decorated with the different idols of nations who had submitted to the Incas, after they had been made to embrace  
the

the worship of the sun. The richness of the metals, and of the precious stones with which it was embellished, gave it a magnificence and splendor worthy of that divinity to whom it was consecrated.

The obedience and reverence of the Peruvians for their king, was founded on the belief that the Sun was the father of their monarchs; but their fidelity and affection for them was the fruit of the virtue and equitable government of the Incas themselves.

The youths of the country were educated with all that care which the happy simplicity of their morals inspired. Subordination was there submitted to with alacrity, because they were early accustomed to it, and tyranny and pride had there

no place. Modesty and mutual affection were the first principles of their education. Careful to correct each error in its infancy, they who had the charge of their youth, either suppressed a rising passion, or turned it to the advantage of society. There are some virtues which necessarily include many others. To give an idea of those of the Peruvians, it is sufficient to say, that before the descent of the Spaniards, it passes for an indisputable fact, that no Peruvian was ever known to utter a falsity.

The *Amutas*, or philosophers of that nation, taught their youths the discoveries they had made in the sciences. The Peruvians were yet in the infancy of that sort of knowledge:

ledge: they were however in the full vigor of happiness.

This people had less information, less knowledge, fewer arts than we have, and yet they had sufficient to provide them with every necessary of life. The quapas or quipos\* served them instead of our writing. Strings of cotton or of guts, with which other strings of different colours were united, reminded them, by means of knots placed at certain distances, of things they desired to remember. By the help of these they preserved their annals, their codes, their rituals &c. They had also public officers whom they called *Quipocamaios*, to the care of whom

\* The quipos of Peru were also in use with many other nations of South America.

whom their quipos were committed. The finances, the disbursements, the tributes, all matters, all combinations, were as easily regulated by quipos, as they could have been by writing.

The sage legislator of Peru, Manco Capac, had instituted the culture of the earth as a sacred right; they enjoyed their lands in common, and the days of their labour were the days of festivity. Canals of a prodigious extent, distributed every where refreshment and fertility; and what is scarce credible, without any instrument of iron or steel, but by the mere force of labour, these people were able to overthrow rocks, and cut through the highest mountains, in order to carry their stupendous aqueducts, or their public roads,

roads, through every part of their dominions.

The Peruvians knew as much of geometry as was necessary to measure and divide their lands. Physick was there unknown as a science, though they had some medical secrets which were practised on particular occasions.

*Garcilasso* reports, that they had a sort of music, and even some kinds of poetry. Their poets, whom they called *Hafavec*, composed a species of tragedy and comedy, which the sons of the caciques\*, or the curacast† represented, during their festival

\* The caciques were a sort of governors of provinces.

† Sovereigns of a small territory. These never appeared before the incas and the queens, without offering them a tribute of the curiosities which the province where they commanded produced.

val times, before the incas and the court.

Morality, and the knowledge of the laws necessary to the welfare of society, were therefore the only sciences in which the Peruvians appear to have been well skilled. "It must be allowed (says an historian\*) that they have made such great advances in the science of policy, and have established so solid an œconomy, that there will be found but few nations who can boast of having excelled them in these matters."

\* Puffendorff. Introduction to history.



# CONTENTS

O F

## VOLUME FIRST.

- Letter I. *To Aza: account of her being taken out of the temple of the Sun by the Spaniards* Page 1
- Letter II. *To Aza: history of her first sight of, and engagement to him* 9
- Letter III. *To Aza: her being put on ship-board, sickness, and capture by the French* 19
- Letter IV. *To Aza: account of her treatment during her sickness* 25
- Letter V. *To Aza: she describes the behaviour of the French captain and his crew* 31
- Letter

xliv      C O N T E N T S.

Letter VI. <i>To Aza: she discovers where she is; her despair on the occasion</i>	36
Letter VII. <i>To Aza: she repents of her desperate purpose</i>	39
Letter VIII. <i>To Aza: she is shewn the land</i>	43
Letter IX. <i>To Aza: she learns some French names, and repeats other words, without knowing their meaning</i>	46
Letter X. <i>To Aza: her arrival in France</i>	52
Letter XI. <i>To Aza: several remarks on what she sees</i>	55
Letter XII. <i>To Aza: her French dress, and account of captain Deterville's behaviour to her</i>	61
Letter XIII. <i>To Aza: she comes to Paris; Deterville's and her reception by his relations</i>	69
Letter XIV. <i>To Aza: she is affronted in public company</i>	78
Letter XV. <i>To Aza: characters of Deterville,</i>	

C O N T E N T S. xlv

<i>ville, and his sifter Celina, and mother ; presents made her</i>	—	82
Letter XVI. <i>To Aza : laments that her Quipos are almost used, and begins to learn to read ; sees a French tragedy</i>		87
Letter XVII. <i>To Aza: an opera described, with reflections on speech and music, &amp;c.</i>		92
Letter XVIII. <i>To Aza : she begins to write her observations</i>	————	97
Letter XIX. <i>To Aza : she writes more of her discoveries ; she and Celina shut up in a nunnery</i>	———— —	100
Letter XX. <i>To Aza : remarks on the French customs</i>	———— —	107
Letter XXI. <i>To Aza : her first conversation with a religious man</i>	————	112
Letter XXII. <i>To Aza : the priest's second visit disgusts her simplicity</i>	—	117
Letter XXIII. <i>To Aza : Deterville returns from a long absence, and explains to her his love in French, which she now speaks</i>		122
		Letter

xlvi      C O N T E N T S.

- Letter XXIV. *To Aza : she falls sick ; account of madame Deterville's death* 135
- Letter XXV. *To Aza : Deterville discovers to her that Aza is in Spain, and expostulates for himself in vain* — 139
- Letter XXVI. *To Aza : she declares her resolution of waiting for him in France* 148
- Letter XXVII. *To Aza : Celina's tenderness ; Deterville sends her all the spoils of the temple of the Sun* ——— 154
- Letter XXVIII. *To Aza : she is in the country, at Celina's wedding* 168

C O N.

# CONTENTS

O F

## VOLUME SECOND.

- Letter XXIX. *TO Aza : she has another interview with Deter-ville, and suspects Aza's infidelity* Page 1
- Letter XXX. *To Aza : impatience for his coming ; description of French visits* 11
- Letter XXXI. *To Aza : injustice of the French to women* — 17
- Letter XXXII. *To Aza : she is conducted by surprize to her country-house ; what passes there* ——— 23
- Letter

xlviiii      C O N T E N T S.

Letter XXXIII. <i>To Aza : interrupted by his arrival</i>	— —	38
Letter XXXIV. <i>To the chevalier Deter-ville, at Malta : she reproaches him for his sudden departure, and relates the coldness of Aza</i>	— —	43
Letter XXXV. <i>To the chevalier Deter-ville, at Malta : farther account of Aza's infidelity, and and her own passion</i>		48
Letter XXXVI. <i>To the chevalier Deter-ville, at Malta : excuses herself for not writing : farther complaints to him</i>		53
Letter XXXVII. <i>To the chevalier Deter-ville : she grows somewhat pacified</i>		57
Letter XXXVII. <i>To the chevalier Deter-ville, at Paris : declares her resolution to live free, and comforts and exhorts Deter-ville</i>	— —	62
Letter XXXIX. <i>Deterville to Zilia ; in answer to the thirty-eighth letter</i>		68
Letter XL. <i>Zilia to Celina : concerning Aza and Deterville</i>	————	79
		Letter

C O N T E N T S. xlix

Letter XLI. *Celina to Zilia: in answer to the preceding; expostulates for her brother* 84

Letter XLII. *Deterville to Celina: states his own case* ——— — 91

Letter XLIII. *Celina to Deterville: gives him advice, and expatiates on the case of Zilia* ——— ——— 95

Letter XLIV. *Zilia to Deterville: complains of Celina's letter* — 106

Letter XLV. *Deterville to Zilia: he accepts her simple friendship* 112

L E T T E R S O F A Z A

T H E

P E R U V I A N.

**A**dvertisement ——— ——— 119

Letter I. *To Zilia: Aza informs Zilia of the hope he entertains of soon beholding her again; and of the efforts that he made to oppose the brutal violence of the Spaniards* ——— ——— 123

c

Letter

# I      C O N T E N T S.

- Letter II. *To Zilia : Aza's despair in being deceived by the promises of the Spaniards, he flatters himself with avenging the cause of Zilia*      ———      ———      132
- Letter III. *To Kanhuiscap. From Madrid. Aza describes to his friend the distracted situation of his heart*      136
- Letter IV. *To the same : Alarms of Aza for the fate of Zilia ; of whom he has had frightful presages*      ———      140
- Letter V. *To the same : Aza conceives hope of receiving from Kanhuiscap some account of Zilia*      ———      —      143
- Letter VI. *To the same : the inquietudes of Aza are calmed by the news which his friend gives him of Zilia*      146
- Letter VII. *To the same : Aza with Alonzo, who instructs him in the manners of the Spaniards*      ———      ———      149
- Letter VIII. *To the same : Aza paints to his friend the character of Alonzo*      154
- Letter IX. *To the same : the manners and customs of the Spaniards are totally different*      154



C O N T E N T S. li

- ent in their own country from what they  
are in Mexico* — — 158
- Letter X. *To the same : Aza's reflections on  
the diversity of tastes among the Spaniards*  
162
- Letter XI. *To the same : Aza continues his  
reflections on the vices of the Spaniards*  
169
- Letter XII *To the same : continuation of  
the same subject* — 173
- Letter XIII. *To the same : Aza describes  
his embarrassment and imperfect ideas con-  
cerning the principal doctrines of the Chris-  
tian religion* — — 177
- Letter XIV. *To the same : Zilia is conti-  
nually present to the mind of Aza, in the  
midst of all his reflections. An account of  
the intrigues and hypocrisy of the Spanish  
women* — — 183
- Letter XV. *To the same : Aza, better in-  
structed in the nature of the stars, and of  
thunder, is divested of the ancient preju-  
dices of his nation* — — 189

iii            C O N T E N T S.

Letter XVI. <i>To the same: account of the hypocritic and superstitious practices in religion among the Spaniards. Judicious reflections of Aza on the Auto da Fè</i>	192
Letter XVII. <i>To the same: Aza communicates to his friend his ideas relative to the philosophic knowledge he had acquired</i>	197
Letter XVIII. <i>To the same: some customs of the Spaniards with regard to their women. Amours of their nuns</i>	202
Letter XIX. <i>To the same: Reflections of Aza on the futility of metaphysical knowledge</i>	210
Letter XX. <i>To the same: the despair of Aza, who imagines Zilia to have been swallowed up by the sea</i>	214
Letter XXI. <i>To the same: Aza recovers from a dangerous illness by the cares of Alonzo and Zulmira</i>	217
Letter XXII. <i>To the same: Alonzo and Zulmira endeavour to dissipate the grief of Aza</i>	219
Letter	

C O N T E N T S. lii

- Letter XXIII. *To the same* : Zulmira is  
*in love with Aza; the incidents that at-*  
*tended it*                    ——— —                    221
- Letter XXIV. *To the same* : Zulmira is  
*restored to her health*                    ———                    225
- Letter XXV. *To the same* : Aza conceives  
*the design of espousing Zulmira. He gives*  
*the reasons that induce him to it*                    228
- Letter XXVI. *To the same* : Aza is divest-  
*ed of those religious prejudices in which he*  
*had been educated*                    ———                    231
- Letter XXVII. *To the same* : the distraction  
*of Aza, who is on the point of marrying*  
*Zulmira*                    ———                    235
- Letter XXVIII. *To the same* : Aza, in-  
*formed of the arrival of Zilia in France,*  
*leaves Alonzo and Zulmira to go to her*  
237
- Letter XXIX. *To the same* : Aza is jea-  
*lous of Deterville; and from what motive*  
240
- Letter XXX. *To the same* : Aza's jealousy  
in-

liv CONTENTS.

- increases : he believes Zilia to be unfaithful* ————— 244
- Letter XXXI. *To the same : Aza reproaches himself with the effects of his jealousy* 246
- Letter XXXII. *To the same : Aza falls again into suspicions of Zilia. Zulmira meditates a signal vengeance* 248
- Letter XXXIII. *To the same : innocence of Zilia. Generosity of Zulmira. Despair of Aza* ————— 252
- Letter XXXIV. *To Zilia : Aza forces himself to a submission, and acknowledges his injustice to Zilia* ————— 255
- Letter XXXV. and last. *To Kanhuiscap : Zilia gives up her heart to Aza. Their approaching return to their native country* 261

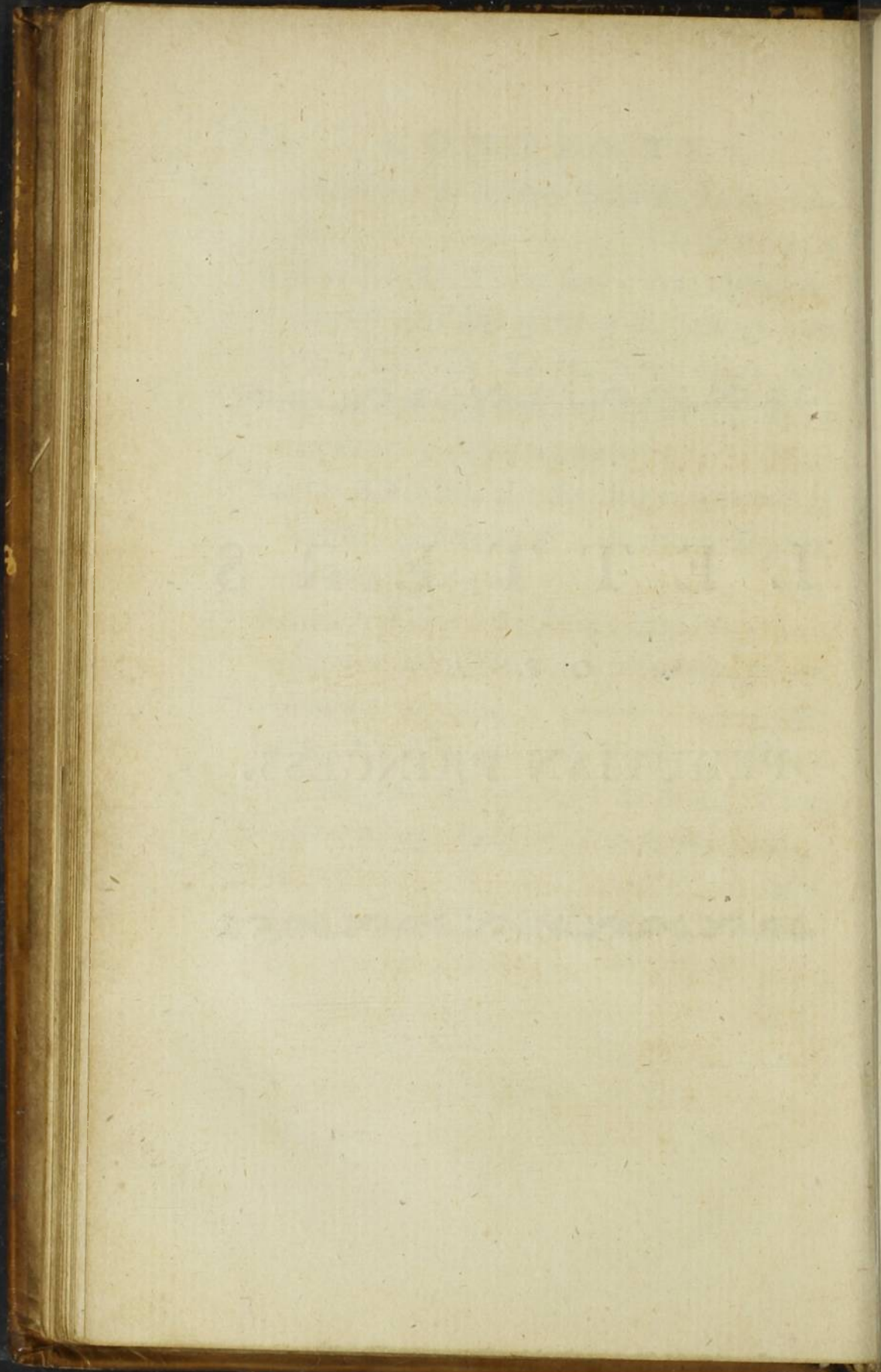


L E T T E R S

O F A

PERUVIAN PRINCESS.





L.

PE

A

exhib

in the

fuco

and

per

of a

sup

T

fu

# LETTERS

WRITTEN BY A

PERUVIAN LADY.

---

## LETTER I.

*AZA!* my dear *Aza!* the cries of thy tender *Zilia*, like a morning vapour, exhale and are dissipated before they arrive in thy presence: in vain I call thee to my succour; in vain I expect thy love to come, and break the chains of my slavery: alas! perhaps the misfortunes I am yet ignorant of are the most terrible! perhaps thy woes surpass even mine!

The city of the Sun, delivered to the fury of a barbarous nation, should make

B

my

my eyes overflow with tears ; but my grief, my fears, my despair, are for thee alone.

Dear soul of my life, what wert thou doing in that frightful tumult ? Was thy courage fatal or useless to thee ? Cruel alternative ! distracting anxiety ! O my dear *Aza*, mayest thou yet live in safety, and may I sink, if it be needful, under the ills that oppress me.

Since the terrible moment (which should have been snatched out of the chain of time, and replunged into the eternal ideas) since the moment of horror wherein these impious savages bore me away from the worship of the sun, from myself, from thy love ; retained in close captivity, deprived of all communication, ignorant of the language of these fierce men ; I experience only the effects of misfortune, without being able to discover the cause of it. Plunged in an abyss of obscurity, my days resemble the most dreadful nights.

Far from being affected with my complaints, my ravishers are not touch'd even  
with



with my tears; equally deaf to my language, and to the cries of my despair.

What people are there so savage as to be unmoved at the signs of anguish? What dreary desert could produce human beings insensible to the voice of groaning Nature? O the barbarians, savage masters of the thunder\*, and of the power to exterminate; cruelty is the sole guide of their actions. *Aza!* how wilt thou escape their fury? Where art thou? in what situation? If my life is dear to thee, inform me of thy destiny.

Alas! how is mine changed. Whence can it be, that days, in themselves so like one another, should, with respect to me, have such fatal differences? Time rolls on, darkness succeeds light, nothing in nature appears out of order; but I, of late supremely happy, lo I am fallen into the horror of despair! nor was there an interval to prepare me for this fearful change.

B 2

Thou

\* Alluding to the cannon.

Thou knowest, O delight of my heart, that on that terrible day, that day for ever dreadful, the triumph of our union was to have shone forth. Scarce did it begin to appear, when impatient to execute a project which my tenderness had inspired me with in the night, I ran to my *Quipos* \*, and, taking advantage of the silence which then reigned in the temple, hastened to knot them, in hopes that by their assistance I might render immortal the history of our love and our felicity.

As I proceeded in my work, the undertaking appeared to me less difficult: the clue of innumerable threads by degrees grew under my fingers a faithful painting of our actions and our sentiments; as it was heretofore the interpreter of our thoughts during

\* A great number of strings of different colours, which the *Indians* use for want of writing, in accounting the pay of their troops, and the number of their people. Some authors pretend, that they make use of them also to transmit to posterity the memorable actions of their *Inca's*.

during the long intervals of our absence from each other. Wholly taken up with my employment, I forgot how time passed, when a confused noise awakened my spirits, and put my heart in a flutter. I thought the happy moment was arrived, and that the hundred gates \* were opening to give a free passage to the sun of my days: precipitately I hid my *Quipos* under a lappet of my robe, and ran to meet thee.

But how horrible was the spectacle that appeared before my eyes? The fearful idea of it will never be effaced out of my memory.

The pavement of the temple stained with blood; the image of the sun trodden under foot; our affrighted virgins flying before a troop of furious soldiers, who massacred all that opposed their passage; our *Mamas* † expiring under their wounds, their garments  
still

\* In the temple of the Sun were a hundred gates, which the *Inca* only had power to have opened.

† A kind of Governantes over the virgins of the Sun.

still burning with the fire of the thunder; the groans of dismay, the cries of rage, spreading dread and horror on every side, brought me at last to a sense of my misery.

Being returned to myself, I found that by a natural, and almost involuntary motion, I was got behind the altar, which I embraced. There I saw the barbarians pass by: I did not dare to give free passage to my panting breath, for fear it should cost me my life. I remarked, however, that the effects of their cruelty abated at the sight of the precious ornaments that overspread the temple; that they seized those whose lustre struck them most sensibly; and that they even plucked off the plates of gold that lined the walls. I judged that theft was the motive of their barbarity, and that, to avoid death, my only way was to conceal myself from their sight. I designed to have got out of the temple, to have been conducted to thy palace, to have demanded succour of the *Capa Inca* \*, and an asylum

\* The general name of the reigning *Incas*.

afylum for my companions and me : but no sooner did I attempt to stir, than I was arrested. Oh my dear *Aza* ! then did I tremble ! these impious men dared to lay their hands upon the daughter of the sun.

Torn from the sacred abode, dragged ignominiously out of the temple, I saw for the first time the threshold of the celestial gate, which I ought not to have passed but with the ensigns of royalty \*. Instead of the flowers which should have been strewed under my feet, I saw the ways covered with blood and carnage : instead of the honours of the throne, which I was to have partaken of with thee ; I find myself a slave under the laws of tyranny, shut up in an obscure prison, the place that I occupy in the universe is bounded by the extent of my being. A mat, bathed with tears, receives my body fatigued by the torments of my soul : But dear support of my life,  
how

\* The virgins consecrated to the Sun entered the temple almost as soon as born, and never came out till the day of their marriage.

how light will all these evils be to me, if I can but learn that thou yet breatheſt.

In the miſt of this horrible deſolation, I know not by what happy chance I have preſerved my *Quipos*. I have them in poſſeſſion, my dear *Aza*; they are the treaſure of my heart, as they ſerve to interpret both thy love and mine: the ſame knots which ſhall inform thee of my exiſtence, changing their form under thy hands, will inſtruct me alſo in my deſtiny. Alas! by what way ſhall I convey them to thee? By what addreſs can they be reſtored to me again? I am ignorant at preſent: but the ſame underſtanding which taught us their uſe, will ſuggeſt to us the means to deceive our tyrants. Whoever the faithful *Chaqui*\* may be that ſhall bring thee this precious deposit, I ſhall envy his happineſs. He will ſee thee, my dear *Aza*; and I would give all the days allotted me by the ſun to enjoy thy preſence one moment.

LET.

\* Meſſenger.

## L E T T E R II.

**M**AY the tree of virtue, my dear *Aza*, for ever spread its shadow over the pious citizen who received under my window the mysterious tissue of my thoughts, and delivered it into thy hands. May *Paca-Camac* † prolong his years, as the recompence of his address in conveying to me divine pleasures with thy answer.

The treasures of love are open to me ; I draw from thence a delicious joy that inebriates my soul. While I unravel the secrets of thy heart, my own bathes itself in a sea of perfumes. Thou livest, and the chains that were to unite us are not broken. So much felicity was the object of my desires, but not of my hopes.

Whilst I abandoned all thought of myself, my fears for thee deprived me of all

B 5

plea-

† The Creator God, more powerful than the Sun.

pleasure. Thou restorest to me all that I had lost. I taste deep draughts of the sweet satisfaction of pleasing thee, of being praised by thee, of being approved by him I love. But, dear *Aza*, while I swim in these delights, I do not forget that I owe to thee what I am. As the rose draws his brilliant colours from the rays of the sun, so the charms which please thee in my spirit and sentiments are the benefits of thy luminous genius; nothing is mine, but my tenderness.

If thou hadst been an ordinary man, I had remained in that ignorance to which my sex is condemned; but thou, not the slave of custom, hast broken the barrier, in order to elevate me to thyself. Thou didst not suffer a being like thy own, to be confined to the humble advantage of only giving life to thy posterity: it was thy pleasure that our *Amutas*\* should adorn my understanding with their sublime intelligences. But O light of my life, could I have re-

solved

\* *Indian Philosophers.*



solved to abandon my tranquil ignorance, and engage in the painful occupation of study, had it not been for the desire of pleasing thee? Without a desire to merit thy esteem, thy confidence, thy respect, by virtues which fortify love, and which love renders voluptuous, I had been only the object of thy eyes; absence would already have effaced me out of thy remembrance.

But, alas! if thou lovest me still, why am I in slavery? Casting a look upon the walls of my prison, my joy disappears, horror seizes me, and my fears are renewed. They have not robbed thee of liberty, yet thou comest not to my succour: Thou hast been informed of my situation, and it is not changed. No, my dear *Aza*, among those savage people, whom thou callest *Spaniards*, thou art not so free as thou imaginest thyself. I behold as many signs of slavery in the honours which they render thee, as in my own captivity.

Thy goodness seduces thee; thou thinkest the promises, which those barbarians make thee

thee by their interpreters, sincere, because thy own words are inviolable ; but I, who understand not their language, whom they think not worthy to be deceived, behold their actions.

Thy subjects take them for gods, and join their party. O my dear *Aza*, wretched the people who are determined by fear ! Extricate thyself from thy error, and suspect the false goodness of these foreigners. Abandon thy empire, since the *Incha Viracocha* \* has predicted its destruction.

Redeem thy life and thy liberty at the price of thy power, thy grandeur, and thy treasures : the gifts of nature alone will then remain to thee, and our days shall pass in safety.

Rich in the possession of our hearts, great by our virtues, powerful by our moderation,

\* *Viracocha* was looked upon as a God, and the *Indians* firmly believe that at his death he predicted that the *Spaniards* should dethrone one of his descendants.

tion, we shall in a cottage enjoy the heaven, the earth, and our mutual tenderness.

Thou wilt be more a king in reigning over my soul, than in doubting of the affection of a people without number: my submission to thy will shall cause thee to enjoy, without tyranny, the undisputed right of commanding. While I obey thee, I will make thy empire resound with my joyous songs; thy diadem \* shall be always the work of my hands, and thou shalt lose nothing of royalty but the cares and fatigues.

How often, dear soul of my life, hast thou complained of the duties of thy rank? How have the ceremonies, which accompanied thy visits, made thee envy the lot of thy subjects? Thy wish was to live for me only. Art thou now afraid to lose so many constraints? Shall I be no more that *Zilia*, whom thou preferredst to thy empire? I cannot entertain the thought:

\* The diadem of the *Inca's* was a kind of fringe wrought by the virgins of the Sun.

thought: my heart is not changed, and why should there be a change in thine?

I love; the same *Aza* who reigned in my heart the first moment I saw him, is for ever before me: continually do my thoughts recall that happy day, when thy father, my sovereign lord, gave thee for the first time a share of that power, reserved for him only, of entering the inner part of the temple\*. Fancy still figures to me the agreeable spectacle of our virgins, who, being there assembled, received a new lustre from the admirable order that reigns among them: so in a garden we see the arrangement of the finest flowers add a brilliancy to their beauty.

Thou appearedst in the midst of us like a rising sun, whose tender light prepares the serenity of a fine day: the fire of thy eyes overspread our cheeks with the blushes of modesty, and our looks were held captive in sweet confusion: thy eyes, at the  
same

\* The reigning *Inca* alone has a right to enter into the temple of the Sun.

same time, shot forth a brilliant joy ; for never before had they met so many beauties together. The *Capa-Inca* was the only man we had till then seen. Astonishment and silence reigned on every side. I know not what were the thoughts of my companions : but the sentiments that attacked my own heart, who can express ? For the first time I had the united sense of trouble, inquietude, and pleasure. Confused with the agitations of my soul, I was going to hide myself from thy sight : but thou turnedst thy steps towards me, and I was retained by respect. O my dear *Aza*, the remembrance of this first moment of my happiness will be always dear to me. The sound of thy voice, like the melodious chanting of our hymns, conveyed into my veins that soft tremor, and holy respect, which is inspired by the presence of the divinity.

Trembling, dismay'd, my timidity had taken from me even the use of my speech : but, embolden'd at last by the softness of thy words, I dared to lift up my looks to-  
wards

wards thee, and meet thine. No, death itself shall never efface from my memory the tender movements of our souls at this meeting, and how in an instant they were blended together.

If we could doubt of our original, my dear *Aza*, this glance of light would have destroyed our uncertainty. What other principle, but that of fire, could have transmitted betwixt us this lively intelligence of hearts, which was communicated, spread, and felt with an inexplicable rapidity?

I was too ignorant of the effects of love, not to be deceived by it. With an imagination full of the sublime theology of our *Cucipatas* \*, I took the fire which animated me for a divine agitation; I thought the Sun had manifested to me his will by thee his organ, that he chose me for his selected spouse! I sighed in rapture:—but after thy departure, examining my heart, I found there nothing but thy image.

What

\* Priests of the Sun.

What a change, my dear *Aza*, did thy presence make in me! All objects appeared to me new, and it seemed as if I now saw my fellow virgins the first time. How did their beauty brighten! I could not bear their presence, but, retiring aside, gave way to the anxiety of my soul, when one of them came to waken me out of my reverie, by giving me fresh matter to heighten it: she informed me, that, being thy nearest relation I was destined to be thy wife, as soon as my age would permit that union.

I was ignorant of the laws of thy empire\*; but, after I had seen thee, my heart was too much enlightened not to have the idea of happiness in an union with thee. Far, however, from knowing the whole extent of this union, and accustomed to the sacred name of Spouse of the Sun, my hopes were bounded to the seeing of thee daily,  
the

\* The laws of the *Indians* obliged the *Incas* to marry their sisters; and when they had none, to take the first princess of the blood of the *Incas* that was a virgin of the Sun.

the adoring of thee, and offering my vows to thee, as to that divinity.

Thou, my amiable *Aza*, thou thyself filledst up the measure of my delight, by informing me that the august rank of thy wife would associate me to thy heart, to thy throne, to thy glory, to thy virtues; that I should incessantly enjoy those so precious conversations, those conversations so short in proportion to our desires, which would adorn my mind with the perfections of thy soul, and add to my felicity the delicious hope of being hereafter a happiness to thee.

O my dear *Aza*, how flattering to my heart was that impatience of thine, so often expressed on account of my youth, which retarded our union! How long did the course of two years appear to thee, and yet how short was their duration! Alas! the fortunate moment was arrived! What fatality rendered it so woeful? What God was it who punished innocence and virtue in this manner? or, what infernal power separated



rated us from ourselves? Horror seizes me,  
—my heart is rent,—my tears bedew my  
work. *Aza!* my dear *Aza!*

---

### L E T T E R III.

**I**T is thou, dear light of my soul, it is  
thou who callest me back to life. Would  
I preserve it, if I was not sure that death,  
by a single stroke, would mow down thy  
days and mine? I touched the moment in  
which the spark of divine fire, wherewith  
the sun animates our being, was going to  
expire. Laborious nature was already pre-  
paring to give another form to that portion  
of matter which belonged to her in me: I  
was dying; thou wast losing for ever half  
of thyself, when my love restored my life,  
which I now sacrifice to thee. But how can  
I inform thee of the surprising things that  
have happened to me? How shall I call  
back ideas that were confused even when I  
received them, and which the time that is  
since passed renders still less intelligible?

Scarcely,

Scarcely, my dear *Aza*, had I entrusted our faithful *Chaquí* with the last tiffue of my thoughts, when I heard a great motion in our habitation : about midnight two of my ravishers came to hurry me out of my gloomy retreat, with as much violence as they had employed in snatching me from the temple of the Sun.

Though the night was very dark, they made me travel so far, that, sinking under the fatigue, they were obliged to carry me into a house, which I could perceive, notwithstanding the obscurity, it was exceeding difficult to get into.

I was thrust into a place more strait and inconvenient than my prison had been. Ah, my dear *Aza*! could I persuade thee of what I do not comprehend myself, if thou wert not assured that a lie never sullied the lips of a child of the Sun \* ?

This house, which I judged to be very great by the quantity of people it contained, was not fixed to the ground, but being  
as

\* It passes for certain that no *Peruvian* ever lied.

as it were suspended, kept in a continual balancing motion.

O light of my mind, *Ticairviracocha* should have filled my soul like thine with his divine science, to have enabled me to comprehend this prodigy. All that I know of it is, that this dwelling was not built by a being friendly to mankind: for some moments after I had entered it, the continual motion of it, joined to a noxious smell, made me so violently ill, that I am surprized I did not die of the malady. This was the beginning only of my pains.

A pretty long time passed, and I had no considerable suffering, when one morning I was frightened out of sleep by a noise more hideous than that of *Yalpa*. Our habitation received such shocks as the earth will experience, when the moon by her fall shall reduce the universe to dust\*. The cries of human voices, joined to this wild uproar, rendered

\* The *Indians* believe that the end of the world will be brought about by the fall of the moon upon the earth.

rendered it still more frightful. My senses, seized with a secret horror, conveyed to my soul nothing but the idea of destruction, not of myself only, but of all nature. I thought the peril universal; I trembled for thy life: my dread grew at last to the utmost excess, when I saw a company of men in fury, with bloody countenances and cloaths, rush tumultuously into my chamber. I could not support the terrible spectacle; my strength and understanding left me: still am I ignorant of the consequence of this terrible event. But when I recovered, I found myself in a pretty handsome bed, surrounded by several savages, who were not, however, any of the cruel *Spaniards*.

Canst thou imagine to thyself my surprize, when I found myself in a new dwelling, among new men, without being able to comprehend how this change could be brought about? I shut my eyes, the better to recollect myself, and be assured whether I was  
alive,

alive, or whether my soul had not quitted my body to pass into unknown regions \*.

I confess to thee, dear idol of my heart, that, fatigued with an odious life, disheartened at suffering torments of every kind, pressed down under the weight of my horrible destiny, I regarded with indifference the end of my being which I felt approaching: I constantly refused all the sustenance that was offered me, and in a few days was on the verge of the fatal term, which I beheld without regret.

The decay of my strength annihilated my sentiments: already my enfeebled imagination received no images but like those of a slight design traced by a trembling hand; already the objects which had most affected me, excited in me only that vague sensation which we feel when we indulge to an indeterminate reverie: almost I was no more. This state, my dear *Aza*, is not so uneasy  
as

\* The *Indians* believe that the soul, after death, goes into unknown places, to be there recompensed or punished according to its deserts.

as it is thought. At a distance it frightens us, because we think of it with all our powers: when it is arrived, enfeebled by the gradations of pain which conduct us to it, the decisive moment appears only as the moment of repose. A natural propensity which carries us towards futurity, even that futurity which will never exist for us, re-animates my spirit, and transported it into thy palace. I thought I arrived there at the instant when thou hadst received the news of my death. I represented to myself thy pale disfigured image, such as lily appears when scorched by the burning heat of noon. Is the most tender love then sometimes barbarous? I rejoiced at thy grief, and excited it by sorrowful adieus. I found a sweetness, perhaps a pleasure, in diffusing the poison of regret over thy days; and the same love which rendered me cruel, tore my heart by the horror of thy pains. At last, awaken'd as from a profound sleep, penetrated with thy agony, trembling for thy  
life,

life, I called for help, and again beheld the light.

Shall I see thee again, thou, the dear arbiter of my existence? Alas! who can assure me of it. I know not where I am: perhaps it is far distant from thee! But should we be separated by the immense spaces inhabited by the children of the Sun, the light cloud of my thoughts shall hover incessantly about thee.

---

#### L E T T E R IV.

**W**HATEVER the love of life be, my dear *Aza*, pains diminish, despair extinguishes it. The contempt in which nature seems to hold our being, by abandoning it to despair, shocks us at first: afterwards, the impossibility of working our deliverance proves such an humbling circumstance, that it leads us to a disgust of ourselves.

I live no longer in, nor for, myself: every instant in which I breathe, is a sacri-

C

fice

face which I make to thy love, and from day to day it becomes more painful. If time bring some solace to the ills that consume me, far from clearing up my present condition, it seems to render it more obscure. All that surrounds me is unknown, all is new, all engages my curiosity, and nothing can satisfy it. In vain I employ my attention and efforts to understand or be understood; both are equally impossible to me. Wearied with so many fruitless pains, I thought to dry up the source of them, by depriving my eyes of the impressions they receive from objects. I persisted for some time in keeping them shut: but the voluntary darkness, to which I condemned myself, served only to relieve my modesty: offended continually at the presence of these men, whose officious kindnesses are so many torments, my soul was not the less agitated: shut up in myself, my inquietudes were not the less sharp, and the desire to express them was the more violent. On the other hand, the impossibility

of



of making myself understood, spread an anguish over my organs, which is not less insupportable than the pains which a more apparent reality would cause. How cruel is this situation ?

Alas ! I thought I had begun to understand some words of the savage Spaniards ; I found some agreement with our august language ; I flattered myself that in a short time I should come to explain myself with them. Far from finding the same advantage among my new tyrants, they express themselves with so much rapidity that I cannot even distinguish the inflexions of their voice. All circumstances make me judge that they are not of the same nation ; and by the difference of their manners and apparent character, one easily divines that Pachacamac has distributed to them in great disproportion the elements of which he formed human kind. The grave and fierce air of the first shews that they are composed of the same matter as the hardest metals. These seem to have slipped out of the hands

of the creator the moment he had collected together only air and fire for their formation. The scornful eyes the gloomy and tranquil mein of the former, shewed sufficiently that they were cruel in cold blood; which the inhumanity of their actions has too well proved. The smiling countenance of the latter, the sweetness of their looks, a certain haste in all their actions, which seems to be a haste of good-will, prevents me in their favour, but I remark contradictions in their conduct which suspends my judgment.

Two of these savages seldom quit the sides of my bed: one, which I guess to be the *Cacique* \* by his air of grandeur, seems to shew me, in his way, a great deal of respect: the other gives me part of the assistance which my malady requires; but his goodness is severe, his succours are cruel, and his familiarity imperious.

The moment when, recovered from my fit, I found myself in their power, this latter

\* *Cacique* is a kind of governor of a province.

ter (for I have observed him well) more bold than the rest, would take me by the hand, which I drew away with inexpressible confusion. He seemed to be surprized at my resistance, and without any regard to my modesty, took hold of it again immediately. Feeble, dying, and speaking only such words as were not understood, could I hinder him? He held it, my dear *Aza*, as long as he thought proper; and since that time, I am obliged to give it him myself several times every day, in order to avoid such disputes as always turn to my disadvantage.

This kind of ceremony\* seems to me a superstition of these people: they imagine they find something there which indicates the nature of a distemper; but it must doubtless be their own nation that feel the effects of it: for I perceive none; I suffer continually by an inward fire that consumes me, and have scarce strength enough left to knot my *Quipos*. In this occupation I employ as much time as my  
weakness

\* The *Indians* have no knowledge of physick.

weakness will permit me : the knots, which strike my senses, seem to give more reality to my thoughts : the kind of resemblance which I imagine they have with words, causes an illusion which deceives my pain : I think I speak to thee, tell thee of my love, assure thee of my vows and my tenderness : the sweet error is my support, and my life. If the excess of my burthen obliges me to interrupt my work, I groan at thy absence. Given up thus intirely to my tenderness, there is not one of my moments which belongs not to thee.

Alas ! what other use can I make of them ? O my dear *Aza* ! if thou wert not the master of my soul ; if the chains of love did not bind me inseparably to thee ; plunged in an abyſs of obscurity, could I turn my thoughts away from the light of my life ? Thou art the sun of my days ; though enlightenest them ; thou prolongest them, and they are thine. Thou cherishest me, and I suffer myself to live. What wilt

wilt thou do for me? Thou lovest me,  
and I have my reward.

---

L E T T E R V.

**W**HAT have I suffered, my dear  
*Aza*, since I consecrated to thee  
my last knots! The loss of my *Quipos* was  
yet wanting to complete my pains: but  
when my officious persecutors perceived  
that work to augment my disorder, they  
deprived me of the use of them.

At last they have restored to me the  
treasure of my tenderness; but with many  
tears did I purchase it. Only this expres-  
sion of my sentiments had I remaining, the  
mere sorrowful consolation of painting my  
grief to thee: and could I lose it, and not  
despair?

My strange destiny has snatched from  
me even the relief which the unhappy find  
in speaking of their pains. One is apt to  
think there is pity when one is heard, and  
from the participation of sorrow arises some

com-

comfort : I cannot make myself understood, and am furrounded with gaiety.

I cannot even enjoy that new kind of entertainment to which the inability of communicating my thoughts reduces me. Environed with importunate persons, whose attentive looks disturb the composed sollicitude of my soul, I forget the fairest present which nature has made us, the power to render our ideas impenetrable without the concurrence of our will. I am sometimes afraid that these curious savages discover the disadvantageous reflections with which I am inspired by the odness of their conduct.

One moment destroys the opinion which another had given me of their character : for if I am swayed by the frequent opposition of their wills to mine, I cannot doubt but they believe me their slave, and that their power is tyrannical.

Not to reckon up an infinite number of other contradictions, they refuse me, my dear *Aza*, even the necessary aliments for the sustenance of life, and the liberty of  
 chusing

chusing what place I would lie in: they keep me, by a kind of violence, in the bed, which is become insupportable to me.

On the other side, if I reflect on the extreme concern they have shewn for the preservation of my days, and the respect with which the services they render me are accompanied, I am tempted to believe that they take me for a species superior to human kind.

Not one of them appears before me without bending his body, more or less, as we used to do in worshiping the Sun. The *Cacique* seems to attempt to imitate the ceremonial of the *Incas* on the days of *Raymi*\*: he kneels down very nigh my bed side, and continues a considerable time in that painful posture: sometimes he keeps silent, and, with his eyes cast down, seems to think profoundly: I see in his countenance that

C 5 re-

\*The *Raymi* was the principal feast of the Sun, when the *Incas* and priests adored him on their knees.

respectful confusion which the great name\* inspires us with when spoken aloud. If he finds an opportunity of taking hold of my hand, he puts his mouth to it with the same veneration that we have for the sacred diadem†. Sometimes he utters a great number of words, which are not at all like the ordinary language of his nation: the sound of them is more soft, more distinct, and more harmonious. He joins to this that air of concern which is the forerunner of tears, those sighs which express the necessities of the soul, the most plaintive action, and all that usually accompanies the desire of obtaining favours! Alas! my dear *Aza*, if he knew me well, if he was not in some error with regard to my being, what prayer could he have to address to me?

Must

\* The great name was *Pachacamac*, which they spoke but seldom, and always with great signs of adoration.

† They kissed the diadem of *Mancocapac* in the same manner as the Roman Catholics kiss the relics of their saints.



Must they not be an idolatrous nation ? I have not yet seen any adoration paid by them to the Sun : perhaps they make women the object of their worship. Before the great *Manco-capac*\* brought down to earth the will of the Sun, our ancestors deified whatever struck them with dread or pleasure : perhaps these savages feel these two sentiments with regard to women.

But if they adore me, would they add to my misfortunes the hideous constraint in which they keep me ? No ; they would endeavour to please me ; they would obey the tokens of my will : I should be free, and released from this odious habitation : I should go in search of the master of my soul, one of whose looks would efface the memory of all these misfortunes.

\* The first Legislator of the *Indians*. See the *history of the Incas*.

## LETTER VI.

**W**HAT an horrible surprize, my dear *Aza!* how are our woes augmented! how deplorable is our condition! our evils are without remedy: I have only to tell thee of them, and to die.

At last they have permitted me to get up, and with haste I availed myself of the liberty. I drew myself to a small window, which I opened with all the precipitation that my curiosity inspired. What did I see? Dear love of my life, I shall not find expressions to paint the excess of my astonishment, and the incurable despair that seized me, when I discovered round me nothing but that terrible element, the very sight of which makes me tremble.

My first glance did but too well inform me what occasioned the troublesome motion of our dwelling. I am in one of those floating houses which the *Spaniards* made  
use

use of to arrive at our unhappy countries, and of which a very imperfect description had been given me.

Conceive, dear *Aza*, what dismal ideas entered my soul with this fatal knowledge. I am certain that they are carrying me from thee: I breathe no more the same air, nor do I inhabit the same element. Thou wilt ever be ignorant where I am, whether I love thee, whether I exist; even the dissolution of my being will not appear an event considerable enough to be conveyed to thee. Dear arbiter of my days, of what value will my life be to thee hereafter? Permit me to render to the divinity an insupportable benefit, which I can no more enjoy: I shall not see thee again, and I will live no longer.

In losing what I love, the universe is annihilated to me: it is now nothing but a vast desert, which I fill with the cries of my love. Hear them, dear object of my tenderness; be touched with them, and suffer me to die!

What

What error seduces me? My dear *Aza*, it is not thou that makest me live: it is timid Nature, which shuddering with horror, lends this voice, more powerful than its own, to retard an end which to her is always formidable:—but it is over;—the most ready means shall deliver me from her regrets.——

Let the sea for ever swallow up in its waves my unhappy tenderneſs, my life, and my deſpair.——

Receive, moſt unfortunate *Aza*, receive the laſt ſentiments of my heart, which never admitted but thy image, was willing to live but for thee, and dies full of thy love. I love thee, I think it, I feel it ſtill, and I tell it thee for the laſt time——

LET.

## L E T T E R VII.

**A** *Z A*, thou hast not lost all: I breathe, and thou reignest still in one heart. The vigilance of those who watch me defeated my fatal design, and I have only the shame left of having attempted its execution. It would be too long to inform thee of the circumstances of an enterprize that failed as soon as it was projected. Should I have dared ever to lift up my eyes to thee, if thou had been a witness of my passion?

My reason, subjected to despair, was no longer a succour to me: my life seemed to me worth nothing: I had forgot thy love.

How cruel is a cool temper after fury! how different are the points of sight on the same objects! In the horror of despair ferocity is taken for courage, and the fear of suffering for firmness of mind. Let a look,  
a sur-

a surprize call us back to ourselves, and we find that weakness only was the principle of our heroism; that repentance is the fruit of it, and contempt the recompence.

The knowledge of my fault is the most severe punishment of it. Abandoned to the bitterness of repentance, buried under the veil of shame, I hold myself at a distance, and fear that my body occupies too much space: I would hide it from the light: my tears flow in abundance; my grief is calm, not a sigh expires, though I am quite given up to it. Can I do too much to expiate my crime? It was against thee.

In vain, for two days together, these beneficent savages have endeavoured to make me a partaker of the joy that transports them. I am in continual doubt what can be the cause of this joy; but, even if I knew it better, I should not think myself worthy to share in their festivals. Their dances, their jovial exclamations, a red liquor

quor like *Mays*\*, of which they drink abundantly, their eagerness to view the sun wherever they can perceive him, would fully convince me that their rejoicings were in honour of that divine luminary, if the conduct of the *Cacique* was conformable to that of the rest.

But, far from taking part in the publick joy, since the fault I committed, he interests himself only in my sorrow. His zeal is more respectful, his cares are more assiduous, and his attention is more exact and curious.

He understood that the continual presence of the savages of his train about me, was an addition to my affliction; he has delivered me from their troublesome officiousness, and I have now scarcely any but his to support.

Wouldst

\* *Mays* is a plant whereof the *Indians* make a very strong and salutary drink, which they offer to the Sun on festival days, and get drunk with after the sacrifice is over. See *History of the Incas*. Vol. II.

Wouldst thou believe it, my dear *Aza*, there are some moments in which I feel a kind of sweetness in these mute dialogues; the fire of his eyes recalls to my mind the image of that which I have seen in thine: the similitude is such that it seduces my heart. Alas that this illusion is transient, and that the regrets which follow it are durable! they will end only with my life, since I live for thee alone.

LET-



## LETTER VIII.

WHEN a single object unites all our thoughts, my dear *Aza*, we interest ourselves no farther in events than as we find them assimilated to our own case. If thou wast not the only mover of my soul, could I have passed, as I have just done, from the horror of despair to the most flattering hope? The *Cacique* had before several times in vain attempted to entice me to that window, which I now cannot look at without shuddering. At last, prevailed on by fresh solicitations, I suffered myself to be conducted to it. Oh, my dear *Aza*, how well was I recompenced for my complaisance!

By an incomprehensible miracle, in making me look through a kind of hollow cane, he shewed me the earth at a distance; whereas, without the help of this wonderful machine, my eyes could not have reached it.

At

At the same time, he made me understand by signs, (which begin to grown familiar to me) that we were going to that land, and that the sight of it was the only cause of those rejoicings which I took for a sacrifice to the sun.

I was immediately sensible of all the benefit of this discovery : Hope, like a ray of light, glanced directly to the bottom of my heart.

They are certainly carrying me to this land which they have shewn me, and which is evidently a part of thy empire, since the Sun there sheds his beneficent rays\*. I am no longer in the fetters of the cruel *Spaniards* : Who then shall hinder my returning under thy laws ?

Yes, my dear *Aza*, I go to be reunited to what I love : my love, my reason, my desires, all assure me of it. I fly into thy arms ;

\* The *Indians* know not our hemisphere, and believe that the sun enlightens only the land of his children.

arms; a torrent of joy overflows my soul; the past is vanished; my misfortunes are ended, they are forgotten: Futurity alone employs me, and is my sole good.

*Aza*, my dear hope, I have not lost thee; I shall see thy countenance, thy robes, thy shadow, I shall love thee, and tell thee of it with my own mouth: Can any torments efface such a felicity?

LET-

## L E T T E R IX.

**H**OW long are the days, my dear *Aza*, when one computes their passage! Time, like space, is known only by its limits. Our hopes seem to me the hopes of time; if they quit us, or are not distinctly marked, we perceive no more of their duration than of the air which fills the vast expanse.

Ever since the fatal instant of our separation, my heart and soul, worn with misfortune, continued sunk in that total absence, that oblivion which is the horror of nature, the image of nothing: The days passed away without my regarding them, for not a hope fixed my attention to their length. But hope now marks every instant of them; their duration seems to me infinite; and what surprizes me most of all is, that, in recovering the tranquillity of my spirit, I  
recover

recover at the same time a facility of thinking.

Since my imagination has been opened to joy, a crowd of thoughts present themselves, and employ it even to fatigue: Projects of pleasure and happiness succeed one another alternately; new ideas find an easy reception, and some are even imprinted without my search, and before I perceive it.

Within these two days, I understand several words of the *Cacique's* language, which I was not before acquainted with. But they are only terms applicable to objects, not expressive of my thoughts, nor sufficient to make me understand those of others: They give me some lights however, which were necessary for my satisfaction.

I know that the name of the *Cacique* is *Deterville*; that of our floating house, a *Ship*; and that of the country we are going to, *France*.

The latter at first frightened me, as I did not remember to have heard any province  
of

of thy kingdom called so: But reflecting on the infinite number of countries under thy dominion, the names of which I have forgot, my fear quickly vanished. Could it long subsist with that solid confidence which the sight of the Sun gives me incessantly? No, my dear *Aza*, that divine luminary enlightens only his children. To doubt this would be criminal in me: I am returning into thy empire; I am on the point of seeing thee; I run to my felicity.

Amidst the transports of my joy, gratitude prepares me a delicious pleasure. Thou wilt load with honour and riches the beneficent *Cacique*, who shall restore us one to the other: He shall bear into his own country the remembrance of *Zilia*; the recompence of his virtue shall render him still more virtuous, and his happiness shall be thy glory.

Nothing can compare, my dear *Aza*, to the kindness he shews me. Far from treating me as his slave, he seems to be mine.

He



gayety quite contrary to that gravity which accompanies divine adoration.

Easy as I am on the head of religion, I am not quite so with regard to the country from whence he comes. His language and his apparel are so different from ours, that they sometimes shock my confidence: uneasy reflections sometimes cloud over my dear hope; I pass successively from fear to joy, and from joy to inquietude.

Fatigued with the confusion of my thoughts, sick of the uncertainties that torment me, I had resolved to think no more on the subject: But what can abate the anxiety of a soul deprived of all communication, that acts only on itself, and is excited to reflect by such important interests? I cannot express my impatience, my dear *Aza*; I search for information with an eagerness that devours me, and yet continually find myself in the most profound obscurity. I know that the privation of a sense may in some respects deceive; and yet I see with  
sur-



surprize, that the use of all mine drag me on from error to error. Would the intelligence of tongues be a key to the soul? O my dear *Aza*, how many grievous truths do I see through my misfortunes! But far from me be these troublesome thoughts: we touch the land: the light of my days shall in a moment dissipate the darkness which furrounds me.

D 2

LET:

## L E T T E R. X.

I Am at last arrived at this land, the object of my desires: but my dear *Aza*, I do not yet see any thing, that confers the happiness I had promised myself: every object strikes, surprizes, astonishes, and leaves on me only a vague impression, and stupid perplexity, which I do not attempt to throw off. My errors destroy my judgment; I remain uncertain, and almost doubt of what I behold.

Scarce were we got out of the floating house, but we entered a town built on the sea shore. The people, who followed us in crowds, appeared to be of the same nation as the *Cacique*: and the houses did not at all resemble those of the cities of the Sun: but if these surpass in beauty, by the richness of their ornaments, those are to be preferred, on account of the prodigies with which they are filled.

Upon

Upon entering the room assigned me by *Deterville*, my heart leaped: I saw fronting the door, a young person dressed like a virgin of the Sun, and ran to her with open arms. How great was my surprize to find nothing but an impenetrable resistance where I saw a human figure move in a very extended space!

Astonishment held me immoveable, with my eyes fixed upon this object, when *Deterville* made me observe his own figure on the side of that which engaged all my attention: I touched him, I spoke to him, and I saw him at the same time very near and very far from me.

These prodigies confound reason, and blind the judgment. What ought we to think of the inhabitants of this country? Should we fear, or should we love them? I will not take upon me to come to any determination upon so nice a subject.

The *Cacique* made me understand, that the figure which I saw was my own! But what information does that give me? Does it

Fit make the wonder less great? Am I the less mortified to find nothing but error and ignorance in my mind? With grief I see it, my dear *Aza*; the least knowing in this country are wiser than all our *Amutas*.

The *Cacique* has given me a young and very sprightly *Cbina*\*, and it affords me great pleasure to see a woman again, and to be served by her. Many others of my sex wait upon me; but I had rather they would let it alone, for their presence awakens my fears. One may see, by their manner of looking on me, that they have never been at *Cuzco* †. However, as my spirit floats continually in a sea of uncertainties, I can judge of nothing. My heart, alone unshaken, desires, expects, waits for one happiness only, without which all the rest is pain and vexation.

\* A maidservant or chambermaid.

† The capital of *Peru*.

## L E T T E R XI.

**T**HOUGH I have taken all the pains in my power to gain some light with respect to my present situation, I am no better informed at this instant than I was three days ago. All that I have been able to observe is, that the other savages of this country appear as good and as humane as the *Cacique*. They sing and dance, as if they had lands to cultivate every day\*. If I was to form a judgment from the opposition of their customs to those of our nation, I should not have the least hope: but I remember that thy august father subjected to his obedience provinces very remote, the people of which had nothing in common with us. Why may not this be one of those provinces? The sun seems pleased

\* The lands in *Peru* are cultivated in common, and the days they are about this work, are always days of rejoicing.

pleased to enlighten it, and his beams are more bright and pure than I ever saw them \*. This inspires me with confidence, and I am uneasy only to think how long it must be before I can be fully informed of what regards our interests: for, my dear *Aza*, I am very certain that the knowledge of the language of the country will be sufficient to teach me the truth, and allay my inquietudes.

I let slip no opportunity of learning it, and avail myself of all the moments wherein *Deterville* leaves me at liberty, to take the instructions of my *Cbina*. Little service indeed they do me; for, as I cannot make her understand my thoughts, we can hold no conversation, and I learn only the names of such objects as strike both our sights. The signs of the *Cacique* are sometimes more useful to me: custom has made it a kind of language betwixt us, which serves us at least to express our wills. He conducted me yesterday into a house, where, without  
this

\* The sun never shines clear in *Peru*.

this knowledge, I should have behaved very ill.

We entered into a larger and better furnished apartment than that which I inhabit, and a great many people were there assembled. The general astonishment shewn at my appearance displeas'd me, and the excessive laughter which some young women endeavoured to stifle, but which burst out again, when they cast their eyes on me, gave me such uneasiness of mind, that I should have taken it for shame, if I could have found myself conscious of any fault: but, finding nothing within me but a repugnance to stay in such company, I was going to return back, when I was detained by a sign of *Deterville*.

I found that I should commit a fault by going out, and I took great care not to deserve the blame that was thrown on me without cause. As I fixed my attention, during my stay, upon those women, I thought I discovered that the singularity of my dress occasioned the surprize of some, and the

laughter of others. I pitied their weakness, and endeavoured to persuade them by my countenance, that my soul did not so much differ from theirs, as my habit differed from their ornaments.

A young man, whom I should have taken for a *Curaca* \*, if he had not been dressed in black, came and took me by the hand with an affable air, and led me to a woman, whom, by her haughty mien, I took for the *Pallas* † of the country. He spoke several words to her, which I remember by having heard *Deterville* pronounce the same a thousand times. *What a beauty!—What fine eyes!* *Aye*, answered another man, *she has the graces and the shape of a nymph.*

Except the women, who said nothing, they all repeated almost the same words: I do not yet know their signification; but surely they express agreeable ideas, for the countenance is always smiling when they are pronounced.

The

\* The *Curacas* were petty sovereigns of a country, who had the privilege of wearing the same dress as the *Incas*.

† A general name of the *Indian* princesses.



The *Cacique* seems to be extremely well satisfied with what they say. He keeps close to me, or, if he steps a little from me to speak to any one, his eyes are constantly upon me, and he shews me by signs what I am to do. For my part, I observe him very attentively, as I would not offend against the customs of a people who know so little of ours.

I believe, my dear *Aza*, I can scarcely make thee comprehend how extraordinary the manners of these savages appear to me. They have so impatient a vivacity, that words do not suffice them for expression; but they speak as much by the motion of the body as by the sound of the voice. What I see of their continual agitation, has fully convinced me how little importance there was in that behaviour of the *Cacique* which caused me so much uneasiness, and upon which I made so many false conjectures.

Yesterday he kissed the hands of the *Pal-las*, and of all the other women: nay, what I never saw before, he even kissed their cheeks.

cheeks. The men came to embrace him : some took him by the hand ; others pulled him by the clothes ; all with a sprightliness of which we have no idea.

To judge of their minds by the vivacity of their gestures, I am sure that our measured expressions, the sublime comparisons which so naturally convey our tender sentiments and affectionate thoughts, would to them appear insipid. They would take our serious and modest air for stupidity, and the gravity of our gait for mere stiffness. Would'st thou believe it, my dear *Aza* ? If thou wert here, I could be pleased to live amongst them. A certain air of affability, spread over all they do, renders them amiable ; and, if my soul was more happy, I should find a pleasure in the diversity of objects that successively pass before my eyes : but the little reference they have to thee effaces the agreeableness of their novelty : thou alone art my good, and my pleasure.

## L E T T E R XII.

I Have been long, my dear *Aza*, without being able to bestow a moment on my favourite occupation: yet I have a great many extraordinary things to communicate to thee, and avail myself of this first short leisure to begin thy information.

The next day after I had visited the *Pallas*, *Deterville* caused a very fine habit, of the fashion of the country, to be brought me. After my little *China* had put it on according to her fancy, she led me to that ingenious machine which doubles objects. Though I should be now habituated to its effects, I could not help being surprized at seeing my figure stand as if I was over-against myself.

My new accoutrements did not displease me. Perhaps I should have more regretted those which I left off, if they had not made every body troublesome by their staring at me.

The

The *Cacique* came into my chamber, just as the girl was adding some trinkets to my dress. He stopped at the door, and looked at me for some time without speaking. So profound was his reverence, that he stepped aside to let the *China* go out, and inadvertently put himself in her place. His eyes were fixed upon me, and he examined all my person with such a serious attention as a little discomposed me, though I knew not the reason of what he did.

However, to shew him my acknowledgment for his new benefactions, I offered him my hand, and, not being able to express my sentiments, I thought I could not say any thing more agreeable to him than some of those words which he amused himself with teaching me to repeat: I endeavoured even to give them the same tone as he did in pronunciation.

What effect they instantaneously had on him I know not: but his eyes sparkled, his cheeks reddened, he approached me trembling, and seemed to have a desire to snatch  
me

me into his arms : then stopping suddenly he pressed my hand, and pronounced in a passionate tone—*No—respect—her virtue—* and many other words which I understood no better than these. Then throwing himself upon his seat, on the other side of the room, he leaned his head upon his hand, and sat mopeing with all the symptoms of afflictive pain.

I was alarmed at his condition, not doubting but I had occasioned him some uneasiness : I drew near him to testify my repentance ; but he gently pushed me away without looking at me, and I did not dare say any thing more. I was in the greatest confusion when the servants came in to bring us victuals : he then rose, and we eat together in our usual manner, his pain seeming to have no other consequence but a little sorrow : yet he was not less kind and good to me, which seemed to me inconceivable.

I did not dare to lift up my eyes upon him, or make use of the signs which commonly served us instead of conversation :  
but

but our meal was at a time so different from the usual hour of repast, that I could not help shewing some tokens of surprize. All that I could understand of his answer was, that we were soon to change our dwelling. In effect, the *Cacique*, after going in and out several times, came and took me by the hand. I let him lead me, still musing with myself on what had passed, and considering whether the change of our place was not a consequence of it.

Scarce was I got without the outward door of the house, before he helped me up a pretty high step, and I advanced into a chamber so low that one could not stand upright in it: but there was room enough for the *Cacique*, the *China* and myself all to sit at ease. This little apartment is agreeably decorated, has a window on each side that enlightens it sufficiently; but it is not spacious enough to walk in.

While I was considering it with surprize, and endeavouring to divine what could be *Deterville's* reason for shutting us up so close

(O my dear *Aza*! how familiar prodigies are in this country) I felt this machine, or cabin, I know not what to call it, move and change its place. This motion made me think of the floating house. The *Cacique* saw me frightened, and, as he is attentive to my least uneasiness, pacified me by making me look out of one of the windows. I saw, not without extreme surprize, that this machine, suspended pretty near the earth, moved by a secret power which I did not comprehend.

*Deterville* then shewed me that several *Hamas* \*, of a species unknown to us, went before us, and drew us after them. O light of my days! these people must have a genius more than human that enables them to invent things so useful and singular: but there must be also in this nation some great defects that moderate its power, otherwise it must needs be mistress of the whole world.

For four days we were shut up in this wonderful machine, leaving it only at night  
to

\* A general name for beasts.

to take our rest in the first house we came to; and then I always quitted it with regret. I confess, my dear *Aza*, that, notwithstanding my tender inquietudes, I have tasted pleasures, during this journey, that were before unknown to me. Shut up in the temple from my most tender infancy, I was unacquainted with the beauties of the universe, and every thing that I see ravishes and enchants me.

The immense fields, which are incessantly changed and renewed, hurry on the attentive mind with more rapidity than we pass over them.

The eyes, without being fatigued, rove at once over an infinite variety of admirable objects, and at the same time are at rest. One seems to find no other bounds to the sight than those of the world itself; which error flatters us, gives us a satisfactory idea of our own grandeur, and seems to bring us nearer to the creator of these wonders.

At the end of a fine day, the heavens present to us a spectacle not less admirable than



than that of the earth. Transparent clouds assembled round the sun, tinged with the most lively colours, shew us mountains of shade and light in every part, and the majestic disorder attracts our admiration till we forget ourselves.

The *Cacique* has had the complaisance to let me every day step out of the rolling cabin, in order to contemplate at leisure the wonders which he saw me admire.

How delicious are the woods, my dear *Aza*! If the beauties of heaven and earth transport us far from ourselves by an involuntary rapture, those of the forests bring us back again by an inward incomprehensible bias, the secret of which is in nature only. When we enter these delightful places, an universal charm overflows all the senses, and confounds their use. We think we see the cooling breeze before we feel it. The different shades in the colour of leaves, soften the light that penetrates them, and seem to strike the sentiment as soon as the sight. An agreeable, but indeterminate odour,

odour, leaves it difficult for us to discern whether it affects the taste or the smell. Even the air, without being perceived, conveys to our bodies a pure pleasure, which seems to give us another sense, though it does not mark out the organ of it.

O, my dear *Aza*! how would thy presence embellish those pure delights! how have I desired to share them with thee! wert thou the witness of my tender thoughts, I should make thee find, in the sentiments of my heart, charms more powerful than all those of the beauties of the universe.

LET-

## L E T T E R XIII.

**A**T last, my dear *Aza*, I am got into a city called *Paris*: Our journey is at an end; but, according to all appearances, so are not my troubles.

More attentive than ever, since my arrival here, to all that passes, my discoveries produce only torment, and presage nothing but misfortunes. I find thy idea in the least curious of my desires, but cannot meet with it in any of the objects that I see.

As well as I can judge by the time we spent in passing through this city, and by the great number of inhabitants with whom the streets are filled, it contains more people than could be got together in two or three of our countries.

I reflect on the wonders that have been told me of *Quito*, and endeavour to find  
here

here some strokes of the picture which I conceive of that great city : But alas ! what a difference ?

This place contains bridges, rivers, trees, fields : it seems to be an universe, rather than a particular seat of habitation. I should endeavour in vain to give thee a just idea of the height of the houses. They are so prodigiously elevated, that it is more easy to believe nature produced them as they are, than to comprehend how men could build them.

Here it is that the family of the *Cacique* resides. Their house is almost as magnificent as that of the Sun : the furniture and some parts of the walls are of gold, and the rest is adorned with a various mixture of the finest colours, which prettily enough represent the beauties of nature.

At my arrival, *Deterville* made me understand that he was conducting me to his mother's apartment. We found her reclined upon a bed of almost the same form with

that

that of the *Incas*, and of the same metal\*. After having held out her hand to the *Cacique*, who kissed it bowing almost to the ground, she embraced him; but with a kindness so cold, a joy so constrained, that, if previous information had not been given me, I should not have known the sentiments of nature in the caresses of this mother.

After a moment's conversation, the *Cacique* made me draw near. She cast on me a disdainful look, and, without answering what her son said to her, continued gravely to turn round her finger a thread, which hung to a small piece of gold.

*Deterville* left us to go and meet a stately bulky man, who had advanced some steps towards him. He embraced both him and a woman who was employed in the same manner as the *Pallas*.

As soon as the *Cacique* had appeared in the chamber, a young maiden, of about my age, ran to us, and followed him with a  
timed

\* The beds, chairs, and tables of the *Incas* were of massy gold.

timed eagerness that seemed remarkable. Joy shone upon her countenance, yet did not banish the marks of a sorrow that seemed to affect her. *Deterville* embraced her last, but with a tenderness so natural, that my heart was moved at it. Alas! my dear *Aza*, what would our transports be, if after so many misfortunes, fate should reunite us?

During this time I kept near the *Pallas*, whom I durst not quit, nor look up at \*, out of respect. Some severe glances, which she threw from time to time upon me, completed my confusion, and put me under a constraint that affected my very thoughts.

At last, the young damsel, as if she had guessed at my disorder, as soon as she had quitted *Deterville*, came and took me by the hand, and led me to a window where we both sat down. Though I did not understand any thing she said to me, her eyes full of goodness spoke to me the universal language

\* Young damsels, though of the blood royal, show a profound respect to married women.

language of beneficent hearts; they inspired me with a confidence and friendship which I would willingly have expressed to her? but not being able to utter the sentiments of my mind, I pronounced all that I knew of her language.

She smiled more than once, looking on *Deterville* with the most tender sweetness. I was pleasing myself with this conversation, when the *Pallas* spoke some words aloud, looking sternly on my new friend; whose countenance immediately falling, she thrust away my hand which she before held in hers, and took no farther notice of me.

Some time after that, an old woman, of gloomy appearance, entered the room, went up towards the *Pallas*, then came and took me by the arm, led me to a chamber at the top of the house, and left me there alone.

Though this moment could not be esteemed the most unfortunate of my life, yet my dear *Aza*, I could not pass it without much concern. I expected, at the end of my

E                      journey,

journey, some relief to my fatigues, and that in the *Cacique's* family I should at least meet with the same kindness as from him. The cold reception of the *Pallas*, the sudden change of behaviour in the damsel, the rudeness of this woman in forcing me from a place where I had rather have staid, the inattention of *Deterville*, who did not oppose the violence shewn me; in a word, all circumstances that might augment the pains of an unhappy mind, presented themselves at once with their most rueful aspects! I thought myself abandoned by all the world, and was bitterly deploring my dismal destiny, when I beheld my *China* coming in. Her presence, in my situation, seemed to me an essential good: I ran to her, embraced her with tears, and was more melted when I saw her touched with my affliction. When a mind is reduced to pity itself, the compassion of another is very valuable. The marks of this young woman's affection softened my anguish: I related to her my griefs, as if she could understand



derstand me : I asked her a thousand questions, as if it had been in her power to answer them. Her tears spoke to my heart, and mine continued to flow, but with less bitterness than before.

I thought, at least, that I should see *De-terville* at the hour of refreshment; but they brought me up victuals, and I saw him not. Since I have lost thee, dear idol of my heart, this *Cacique* is the only human creature that has shewn me an uninterrupted course of goodness: so that the custom of seeing him became a kind of necessity. His absence redoubled my sorrow. After expecting him long in vain, I laid me down; but sleep had not yet sealed my eyes before I saw him enter my chamber, followed by the young woman whose brisk disdain had so sensibly afflicted me.

She threw herself upon my bed, and by a thousand caresses seemed desirous to repair the ill treatment she had given me.

The *Cacique* sat down by my bedside, and seemed to receive as much pleasure in see-

ing me again, as I enjoyed in perceiving I was not abandoned. They talked together with their eyes fixed on me, and heaped on me the most tender marks of affection.

Insensibly their conversation became more serious. Though I did not understand their discourse, it was easy for me to judge that it was founded on confidence and friendship. I took care not to interrupt them: but, as soon as they returned to my bedside, I endeavoured to obtain from the *Cacique* some light with regard to those particulars which had appeared to me the most extraordinary since my arrival.

All that I could understand from his answers was, that the name of the young woman before me was *Celina*; that she was his sister; that the great man, whom I had seen in the chamber of the *Pallas*, was his elder brother, and the other young woman, that brother's wife.

*Celina* became more dear to me, when I understood she was the *Cacique's* sister, and  
the

the company of both was so agreeable, that I did not perceive it was day light before they left me.

After their departure, I spent the rest of the time, destined to repose, in thus conversing with thee. This is my happiness, my only joy : It is to thee alone, dear soul of my thoughts, that I unbosom my heart ; thou shalt ever be the sole depositary of my secrets, my passions, and my sentiments.

LET-

## L E T T E R   X I V .

**I**F I did not continue, my dear *Aza*, to take from my sleep the time that I give to thee, I should no more enjoy those delicious moments in which I exist for thee only. They have made me resume my virgin habits, and oblige me to remain all day in a room full of people, who are changed and renewed every moment without seeming to diminish.

This involuntary dissipation, in spite of me, often causes a suspension of my tender thoughts: but if, for some moments, I lose that lively attention which unites our hearts, I always find thee again in the advantageous comparisons I make of thee with whatever surrounds me.

In the different countries that I have passed through, I have not seen any savages so haughtily familiar as these. The women,  
men,

men, in particular, seem to have a kind of disdainful civility that disgusts human nature, and would perhaps inspire me with as much contempt for them, as they shew for others, if I knew them better.

One of them caused an affront to be given me yesterday, which still afflicts me. Just when the assembly was most numerous, after she had been speaking to several persons without perceiving me; whether by chance, or that somebody made her take notice of me; as soon as she cast her eyes on me, she burst out a laughing, quitted her place precipitately, came to me, made me rise, and, after having turned me backwards and forwards, as often as her vivacity prompted, after having handled all the parts of my dress with a scrupulous attention, she beckoned to a young man to draw near, and began again with him the examination of my figure.

Though I shewed a dislike to the liberty which both of them took, as the richness of the woman's dress made me take her for a

*Pallas*

*Pallas*, and the magnificence of the young man, who was all over plated with gold, made him look like an *Anqui* \*, I dared not oppose their will: but this rash savage, emboldened by the familiarity of the *Pallas*, and perhaps by my submission, having had the impudence to put his hand upon my neck, I pushed it away with a surprize and indignation that shewed him I understood good manners better than himself.

Upon my crying out, *Deterville* came up, and after he had spoke a few words to the young savage, the latter, clapping one hand upon his shoulder, set up such a laugh as quite distorted his figure.

The *Cacique* disengaged himself, and, blushing, spoke to him in so cold a tone, that the young man's gaiety vanished: he seemed to have no more to say, and retired without coming near us again.

O my

\* A prince of the blood. There must be leave from an *Inca* for a *Peruvian* to wear gold upon his apparel, and the *Inca* gives this permission only to the princes of the blood royal.

O my dear *Aza*, what a respect do the manners of this country make me have for those of the children of the Sun! How does the temerity of the young *Anqui* bring back to my mind thy tender respect, thy sage reserve, and the charms of decency that reigned in our conversations! I perceived it the first moment I saw thee, dear delight of my soul, and I shall think of it all the days of my life. Thou alone unitest in thyself all the perfections which nature has shed upon mankind; as my heart has collected within it all the sentiments of tenderness and admiration that will attach me to thee till death.

## L E T T E R XV.

**T**HE more I see the *Cacique* and his sister, my dear *Aza*, the more difficulty I have to persuade myself that they are of this nation: they alone know what virtue is, and respect it.

The simple manners, the native goodness, and the modest gaiety of *Celina*, would make one think she had been bred up among our virgins. The honest sweetness, the serious tenderness of her brother, would easily persuade me that he was born of the blood of the *Incas*. They both treat me with as much humanity as we should shew them, if like misfortunes had brought them among us.

I do not doubt but the *Cacique* is a good tributary\*.

He

\* The *Caciques* and *Curacas* were obliged to furnish the dress and provisions of the *Inca* and the queen.

They



He never enters my apartment but he makes me a present of some of the wonderful things with which this country abounds. Sometimes they are pieces of that machine which doubles objects, enclosed in little frames of curious matter. At other times he brings me little stones of surprising lustre, with which it is the custom here to adorn almost all the parts of the body: They hang them to their ears, put them on the stomach, the neck, the knees, and even the shoes; all which has a very agreeable effect.

But what I am most amused with are certain small utensils of a very hard metal, and most singular use. Some are employed in the works which *Celina* teaches me to make: others, of a cutting form, serve to divide all sorts of stuffs, of which we make as many bits as we please without  
trouble,

They never came into the presence of either, without offering them some tribute of the curiosities of the province they commanded.

trouble, and in a very ingenious, diverting manner.

I have an infinite number of other rarities still more extraordinary: which not being in use with us, I cannot find words in our tongue to give thee an idea of them.

I keep all these gifts carefully for thee, my dear *Aza*: besides the pleasure thy surprize will give me when thou seest them, they undoubtedly belong to thee. If the *Cacique* was not subject to thy obedience, would he pay me a tribute which he knows to be due only to thy supreme rank? The respect he has always shewn me, made me think from the first, that my birth was known to him; and the presents he now honours me with convince me that he knows I am to be thy spouse, since he treats me already as a *Mama Oella* \*.

This

\* This is the name the queens take when they ascend the throne.

This conviction revives me, and calms a part of my inquietudes. I conceive that nothing is wanting, but the power of expressing myself, for me to be informed what are the *Cacique's* reasons for keeping me, and to determine him to deliver me into thy power: but, till that can be, I have a great many pains to suffer.

The humour of *Madame* (so they call *Deterville's* mother) is not near so amiable as that of her children. Far from treating me with so much goodness, she shews me on all occasions a coldness and disdain that mortifies me, though I can neither remedy nor discover the cause of it; and yet, by an opposition of sentiments that I understand still less, she requires to have me continually with her.

This gives me insupportable torture; for constraint reigns wherever she is, and it is only by stealth that *Celina* and her brother give me signs of their friendship. They do not themselves dare to speak freely before

fore her : for which reason they spend part of the nights in my chamber, which is the only time we enjoy in peace the pleasure of seeing one another. Though I cannot partake of their conversation, their presence is always agreeable to me. It is not for want of care in either of them that I am not happy. Alas! my dear *Aza*, they are ignorant that I cannot bear to be remote from thee, and that I do not think myself to live, except when the remembrance of thee, and my tenderneis employ me entirely.

L E T.

## L E T T E R X V I :

**I** Have so few *Quipos* left, my dear *Aza*, that I scarce dare use them. When I would go to knotting them, the dread of seeing an end of them stops me; as if I could multiply by sparing them. I am going to lose the pleasure of my soul, the support of my life: nothing can relieve the weight of thy absence, which must now weigh me down.

I tasted a delicate pleasure in preserving the remembrance of the most secret motions of my heart to offer thee its homage. My design was to preserve the memory of the principal customs of this singular nation, to amuse thy leisure with in more happy times. Alas! I have little hopes now left of executing my project.

If I find at present so much difficulty in putting my ideas into order, how shall I  
here-

hereafter recall them without foreign assistance? 'Tis true they offer me one; but the execution of it is so difficult, that I think it impossible.

The *Cacique* has brought me one of this country savages, who comes daily to give me lessons in his tongue, and to shew me the method of giving a sort of existence to thoughts. This is done by drawing small figures, which they call *Letters*, with a feather upon a thin matter called *Paper*. These figures have names, and those names put together represent the sound of words. But these names and sounds seem to me so little distinct from one another, that, if I do in time succeed in learning them, I am sure it will not be without a great deal of pains. This poor savage takes an incredible deal to teach me, and I give myself more to learn: yet I make so little progress, that I would renounce the enterprize, if I knew any other way to inform myself of thy fate and mine.

There is no other, my dear *Aza*; therefore my whole delight is now in this new and singular

gular study. I would live alone : all that I see displeases me, and the necessity imposed on me of being always in *Madame's* apartment, gives me great torment.

At first, by exciting the curiosity of others, I amused my own : but, where the eyes only are to be used, they are soon to be satisfied. All the women are alike, have still the same manners, and I think they always speak the same words. The appearances are more varied among the men : some of them look as if they thought : but, in general, I suspect this nation not to be what it appears : for affectation seems to be its ruling character.

If the demonstrations of zeal and earnestness, with which the most trifling duties of society are here graced, were natural, these people, my dear *Aza*, must certainly have in their hearts more goodness and humanity than ours : and who can think this possible ?

If they had as much serenity in the soul as upon the countenance, if the propensity

to joy, which I remark in all their actions, was sincere, would they chuse for their amusement such spectacles as they have carried me to see?

They conducted me into a place, where was represented, almost as in thy palace, the actions of men who are no \* more. But as we revive only the memory of the most wise and virtuous, I believe only madmen and villains are represented here. Those who personated them raved and stormed as if they were wild; and I saw one of them carry his fury so high as to kill himself. The fine women, whom seemingly they persecuted, wept incessantly, and shewed such tokens of despair, that the words they made use of were not necessary to shew the excess of their anguish.

Could one think, my dear *Aza*, that a whole people, whose outside is so humane, should be pleased at the representation of those

\* The *Incas* caused a kind of comedies to be represented, the subjects of which were taken from the brightest actions of their predecessors.



those misfortunes or crimes, which either overwhelmed or degraded creatures like themselves ?

But perhaps they have occasion here for the horror of vice to conduct them to virtue. This thought starts upon me unfought ; and if it were true, how should I pity such a nation ? Ours, more favoured by nature, cherishes goodness for its own charms : we want only models of virtue to make us virtuous ; as nothing is requisite but to love thee in order to become amiable.

LET

## LETTER XVII.

I Know not what farther to think of the genius of this nation, my dear *Aza*. It runs through the extremes with such rapidity, that it requires more ability than I possess to sit in judgment upon its character.

They have shewn me a spectacle intirely opposite to the former. That, cruel and frightful, made reason revolt, and humbled humanity : this, amusing and agreeable, imitates nature, and does honour to good sense. It was composed of a great many more men and women than the former : they represented also some actions of human life ; but whether they expressed pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow, the whole was done by songs and dances.

The intelligence of sounds, my dear *Aza*, must be universal : for I found it no more difficult to be affected with the different passions that were represented, than if they had been expressed in our language. This seems to me very natural.

Human speech is doubtless of man's invention, because it differs according to the difference of nations. Nature, more powerful, and more attentive to the necessities and pleasures of her creatures, has given them general means of expressing them, which are well imitated by the songs I heard.

If it be true that sharp sounds express better the need of help, in violent fear, or acute pain, than words understood in one part of the world, and which have no signification in another ; it is not less certain that the tender sighs strike our hearts with a more efficacious compassion than words, the odd arrangement of which sometimes produces just a contrary effect.

Do not lively and light sounds inevitably excite in our soul that gay pleasure, which the recital of a diverting story, or a joke properly introduced, can but imperfectly raise.

Are there expressions in any language that can communicate genuine pleasure with so much success as the natural sports of animals? Dancing seems an humble imitation of them, and inspires much the same sentiment.

In short, my dear *Aza*, every thing in this last show was conformable to nature and humanity. Can any benefit be conferred on man, equal to that of inspiring him with joy?

I felt it myself, and was transported by it in spite of me, when I was interrupted by an accident that happened to *Celina*.

As we came out, we step'd a little aside from the crowd, and lean'd on one another for fear of falling. *Deterville* was some paces before us leading his sister-in-law; when a young savage, of an amiable figure,  
came

came up to *Celina*, whispered a few words to her very low, gave her a bit of paper, which she scarce had strength to take, and retired.

*Celina*, who was so frightened at his approach as to make me partake of her trembling, turned her head languishingly towards him when he quitted us. She seemed so weak, that, fearing she was attacked by some sudden illness, I was going to call *Deterville* to her assistance: but she stop'd me, and, by putting her finger on her mouth, required me to be silent. I chose rather to be uneasy, than to disobey her.

The same evening, when the brother and sister came into my chamber, *Celina* shewed the *Cacique* the paper she had received. By the little I could guess at in their conversation, I should have thought she loved the young man who gave it her, if it had been possible for one to be frightened at the presence of what one loves.

I have made other remarks, my dear *Aza*, which I would have imparted to thee:  
but

but alas ! my *Quipos* are all used ; the last threads are in my hands, and I am knotting the last knots. The knots, which seemed to me a chain of communication betwixt my heart and thine, are now only the sorrowful objects of my regret. Illusion quits me ; frightful truth takes her place ; my wandering thoughts, bewildered in the immense void of absence, will hereafter be annihilated with the same rapidity as time. Dear *Aza*, they seem to separate us once again, and snatch me afresh from thy love. I lose thee ! I quit thee ! I shall see thee no more ! *Aza*, dear hope of my heart, how distant indeed are we now to be removed from each other !

LET.

## LETTER XVIII.

**H**OW much of my time has been effaced, my dear *Aza*! The Sun has run half his course since I last enjoyed the artificial happiness of believing I conversed with thee. How tedious has this double absence appeared! What courage did I want to support it! I lived in futurity only, and the present time did not seem worthy to be computed. All my thoughts were nothing but desires, my reflections but so many projects, and my sentiments but a series of hopes.

Scarce have I learned to form these figures, and yet I will try to make them the interpreters of my passion.

I feel myself reanimated by this amiable employment: restored to myself, I begin to live again. *Aza*, how dear art thou! what delight do I take in telling thee so, in

F

paint-

painting these sentiments, and giving them all possible means of existence! I would trace them upon the hardest metal, upon the walls of my chamber, upon my garments, upon all that surrounds me, and express them in all languages.

How fatal, alas, has the knowledge of the language I now use been to me! How deceitful was the hope that prevailed on me to learn it! Scarce had I got acquainted with it but a new universe opened to my eye; objects took another form, and every light I gained discovered to me a new misfortune.

My mind, my heart, my eyes, the Sun himself has deceived me. He enlightens the whole world, of which thy empire, and the various kingdoms that own thy supremacy, are a portion only. Do not think, my dear *Aza*, that they have imposed upon me in these incredible facts, which they have but too well proved.

Far from being among people subjected to thy obedience, I am not only under foreign



reign dominion, but so prodigiously remote from thy empire, that our nation had still been unknown here, if the avarice of the *Spaniards* had not made them surmount the most hideous dangers to come at us.

Will not love do as much as a thirst of riches has done? If thou lovest me, if thou desirest me, if thou only thinkest yet of the unhappy *Zilia*, I have every thing to expect from thy tenderness and thy generosity. Let them teach me the roads that lead to thee, and the perils to be surmounted, or the fatigues to be borne, shall be so many pleasures to my passionate heart.

## LETTER XIX.

**I** Am as yet so very imperfect in the art of writing, that it takes me up abundance of time to form only a few lines. Often it happens, my dear *Aza*, that, after having written much, I cannot myself divine what I have endeavoured to express. This perplexity confounds my ideas, and makes me forget what I had with pain revolved in my memory. I begin again, do no better, and yet I proceed.

The task would be more easy to me, if I had nothing to give thee but expressions of my tenderness: the vivacity of my sentiments would then surmount all difficulties.

But I would also render thee an account of all that has passed during the long interval of my silence. I would not have thee ignorant of any of my actions; and yet of so little importance, so little uniform have they

they

they a long time been, that it would be impossible for me to distinguish one from another.

The principal event of my life has been *Deterville's* departure.

As long ago as they call here *six months*, he has been gone to war for the interest of his sovereign. When he sat out, I did not then know his language: but, by the lively grief he discovered at parting from his sister and me, I understood that we were going to lose him for a long time.

I shed many tears; a thousand fears filled my heart, lest the kindness of *Celina* should wear off. In him I lost the most solid hope of seeing thee again. To whom could I have had recourse, if any new misfortunes had happened to me? Nobody understood my language.

It was not long before I felt the effects of this absence. *Madame*, his mother, whose contempt I had but too justly guessed at (and who had not kept me so much in her chamber, but to indulge the vanity she

con-

conceived on account of my birth, and the power she had over me) caused me to be shut up with *Cetina* in a house of virgins, where we now are. The life that we lead here is so very uniform, that it can produce but inconsiderable events.

This retreat would not displease me if it had not deprived me (just as I began to be initiated) of the instructions I wanted to carry on my design of coming to thee. The virgins that live here are so profoundly ignorant, that they cannot satisfy my most trifling enquiries.

The worship which they render to the divinity of the country requires that they should renounce all his benefits, all intelligence of the mind, all the sentiments of the heart, and I think even reason itself, if one may judge from their discourse.

Though shut up like ours, these virgins have one advantage that is not to be found in the temple of the Sun. The walls are open here in several places, and secured only by cross bars of iron, so close that they  
can-

cannot be got between. By these places, which are called *Parlours*, they have the liberty of conversing with persons who are without.

It is through one of these convenient places that I continue to have my writing lessons. I speak to nobody but the master who gives them to me; and his ignorance, in every thing but his art, is not like to rescue me out of mine. *Celina* seems no better informed than the rest: In the answers she gives to my questions, I observe a certain perplexity, which can proceed from nothing but either aukward dissimulation, or profound ignorance. Which soever it be, her conversation is always confined to the affairs of her own heart, and those of her family.

The young *Frenchman*, who spoke to her as we came out from the singing entertainment, is her lover, as I guessed before.

But madame *Deterville*, who will not let them come together, forbids her seeing him; and, the more effectually to hinder her,

her, will not permit her to speak to any person whatsoever without.

Not that the choice is unworthy of her, but this vain and unnatural mother, taking advantage of a barbarous custom established among the great in this country, obliges *Celina* to put on the virgin's habit, in order to make her eldest son the richer.

From the same motive she has obliged *Deterville* to enter into a particular order, from which he cannot be disengaged after he has pronounced certain words called *Vows*.

*Celina*, with all her power, opposes the sacrifice they would make of her: Her courage is supported by her lover's letters, which I receive from my writing master, and deliver to her. Yet her vexation so alters her character, that, far from shewing me the same kindness she did before I spoke her tongue, she spreads such a founess over all our conversation, as renders my sorrows the more acute.

Her

Her troubles, of which I am the perpetual confidante, I hear without disgust: I bewail them without art, and comfort her with friendship: but if my tenderness, awakened by the picture of hers, drives me to seek ease to my oppressed heart by only pronouncing thy name, impatience and contempt are immediately painted in her countenance; she disputes thy understanding, thy virtues, and even thy love.

My very *China* (I have no other name for her, this having so pleased that it has been continued) my *China*, who seemed to love me, who obeyed me in all things, takes the liberty to exhort me to think no more of thee, or leaves me, if I bid her be silent. *Celina* then comes in, and I must hide my resentment.

This tyrannical constraint heightens all my misfortunes. I have nothing left but the painful satisfaction of covering this paper with expressions of my tenderness, it

being the only docile witness of the sentiments of my heart.

Alas ! perhaps the pains I take are useless ; perhaps thou wilt never know that I lived for thee alone. This horrible thought enfeebles my courage, yet does not interrupt my design of continuing to write to thee. I preserve my illusion, that I may preserve my life for thee. I banish the cruel reason that would inform me. If I did not hope to see thee again, I am sure, my dear *Aza*, I should perish ; for life without thee is a torment to me.

LET



## LETTER XX.

**H**ITHERTO, my dear *Aza*, intent only about the afflictions of my heart, I have said nothing to thee concerning those of my understanding: yet these are not the less cruel, because I have omitted them. I experience one of a kind unknown among us, and which nothing but the equivocal genius of this nation could invent.

The government of this empire, quite opposite to that of thine, must needs be defective. Whereas the *Capa Inca* is obliged to provide for the subsistence of his people, in *Europe* the sovereigns subsist only on the labours of their subjects: whence it is that most of the crimes and misfortunes proceed here from unsatisfied necessities.

The misfortunes of the nobles in general, arise from the difficulties they are under to recon-

recon-

reconcile their apparent magnificence with their real misery.

The common people support their condition by what is called commerce or industry, the least evil arising from which is insincerity.

Part of the people, in order to live, are obliged to depend on the humanity of others; and that is so bounded, that scarce have those wretches sufficient to keep them alive.

Without gold, it is impossible to acquire any part of that land which nature has given in common to all men. Without possessing what they call wealth, it is impossible to have gold; and, by a false consequence, repugnant to reason and natural light, this senseless people, thinking it a shame to receive from any other than the sovereign the means of life, and the support of dignity, give that sovereign an opportunity of showering down his liberalities on so small a number of his subjects, in comparison with those that are miserable,  
that

that there would be as much folly in pretending to any share in them, as there would be ignominy in obtaining deliverance by death from the impossibility of living without shame.

The knowledge of these woful truths excited in my heart at first only pity for the miserable wretches, and indignation against the laws. But alas! how many cruel reflections does the contemptuous manner, in which I hear them speak of those that are not rich, cause me to make on myself! I have neither gold, nor land, nor address, and yet I necessarily make a part of the citizens of this place. O heaven! in what class must I rank myself?

Though I am a stranger to all sentiment of shame, which does not arise from a fault committed; though I perceive how foolish it is to blush for causes independent of my power and my will; I cannot help suffering from the idea which others have of me. This pain would be insupportable to me, if I did not hope that thy  
generosity

generosity will one day put me in a condition to recompense those, who, in spite of me, humble me by benefits with which I once thought myself honoured.

Not that *Celina* omits any thing in her power to calm my inquietudes in this respect: but what I see, what I learn of this country, gives me a general diffidence of their words. Their virtues, my dear *Aza*, have no more reality than their riches. The moveables, which I thought were of gold, have only a thin superficies of that metal, their true substance being wood. In like manner what they call *politeness* has all the outward forms of virtue, and lightly veils over their faults: but, with a little attention, the artifice of this is discovered, as well as their false riches.

I owe part of this knowledge to a sort of writing they call *books*. Though I found it very difficult to comprehend what they contain, they have been of great use to me: I extract notions from them; *Celina* explains

plains to me what she knows, and I form such ideas as I think are just.

Some of these *books* teach me what men have done, and others what they have thought. I cannot explain to thee, my dear *Aza*, the exquisite pleasure I should take in reading them, if I did but understand them better; nor the extreme desire I have to know some of those divine men who compose them. As they are to the soul what the sun is to the earth, I should with them find all the lights, all the helps I want: but I see no hope of ever having that satisfaction. Though *Celina* reads pretty often, she is not knowing enough to satisfy me. As if she had never reflected that books were made by men, she is ignorant of their very names, and seem not to have reflected that such men ever lived.

I will convey to thee, my dear *Aza*, all that I can collect from their wonderful works: I will explain them in our language, and shall taste supreme felicity in giving a new pleasure to him I love.

Alas!

Alas! shall I ever be able to perform my promise?

---

### LETTER XXI.

I Shall not for the future want matter to entertain thee, my dear *Aza*: they have let me speak to a *Cucipata*, whom they call a *religious man*, who knows every thing, and has promised to leave me ignorant of nothing. As polite as a great lord, as learned as an *Amutas*, he knows as well the customs of the world as the tenets of his religion. His conversation, more useful than a book, has given me a satisfaction which I had not tasted since my misfortunes separated me from thee.

He came to teach me the religion of *France*, and exhort me to embrace it: which I would willingly have done, if I had been well assured that he gave me a true picture of it.

Accord.

According to what he said to me of the virtues it prescribes, they are drawn from the law of nature, and not less pure in fact than ours: but I have not penetration enough to perceive here that agreement, which the manners and customs of a nation should have with their religion: on the contrary, I find such a want of connexion betwixt these, that my reason absolutely refuses to believe my instructor.

With regard to the origin and principles of this religion, they did not appear to me either more incredible, or more incompatible with good sense, than the history of *Manca-capac* and the lake *Tificaca* \*: I should therefore have been ready to embrace it, if the *Cucipata* had not indignantly despised the worship which we render to the Sun. Partiality of any kind destroys confidence.

I might have applied to his arguments what he opposed to mine: but if the laws of humanity forbid to strike another, because

\* See the history of the *Incas*.

cause it is doing him an injury, there is more reason why one should not hurt the soul of another by a contempt of his opinions. I contented myself with explaining to him my sentiments, but did not attempt to contradict his.

Besides, a more dear concern pressed me to change the subject of our conversation. I interrupted him as soon as possible, to ask how far the city of *Paris* was from that of *Cuzco*; and whether it was possible to get from one to the other. The *Cucipata* satisfied me kindly; and though the distance he told me there was betwixt the two cities was enough to make me despair; though he made me look on the difficulty of performing this voyage as almost insurmountable; it was sufficient for me to know that the thing was possible, in order to confirm my courage, and give me confidence to communicate my design to the good father.

He seemed astonished, and endeavoured to divert me from my project with such tender words, that I was affected myself at hear-



hearing the dangers I was to be exposed to: but my resolution however was unshaken, and I prayed the *Cucipata*, in the warmest manner, to teach me the means of returning into my country. He would not enter into particulars, and only told me that *Deterville*, by his high birth and personal merit, being in great credit, might do what he would for me; and that having an uncle all powerful at the court of *Spain*, he could more easily than any man procure me news from our unhappy country.

The better to determine me to wait for his return (which he assured me to be near at hand) he added, that, after the obligations I had to this generous friend, I could not honourably dispose of myself without his consent. I agreed with him, and heard with pleasure the encomium he made of those rare qualities, which distinguish *Deterville* from those of his rank. The weight of acknowledgment is very light, my dear *Aza*, when one receives favours only from the hands of virtue.

The

The learned man informed me also how chance had conducted the *Spaniards* to thy unfortunate empire, and that the thirst of gold was the sole cause of their cruelty. He then explained to me in what manner the rights of war had caused me to fall into the hands of *Deterville*, by a fight in which he was victorious, after having taken several ships from the *Spaniards*, and among them that in which I was embarked.

In fine, my dear *Aza*, if he has confirmed my misfortunes, he has at least drawn me out of that cruel darkness, in which I lived with regard to all those extraordinary events. This is no small solace to my pains, and for the rest I wait the return of *Deterville*. He is humane, noble, virtuous, and I may depend upon his generosity. If he restores me to thee, what a benefit! what joy! what happiness!—

L E T.

## L E T T E R XXII.

I Trusted, my dear *Aza*, upon making me a friend of the learned *Cucipata*: but a second visit he has made me, has destroyed the good opinion I formed of him in the first: in short, we have already differed.

If at first he appeared to me gentle and sincere, this time I found nothing but rudeness and falshood in all that he said to me.

My mind being easy with regard to the object of my tenderness, I desired to satisfy my curiosity concerning the wonderful men who make books: I began by enquiring what rank they held in the world, what veneration was paid to them; in short, what were the honours and triumphs decreed to them for so many benefits bestowed on society.

I know

I know not what pleasantry the *Cucipata* found in my questions, but he smiled at each of them, and answered me only by such broken sentences, that it was not difficult for me to see he deceived me.

In fact, ought I to believe that persons, who know and paint so well the subtle delicacies of virtue, should not have more, nay should sometimes have less of it in their hearts than other men? Can I believe that interest is the guide of a labour more than human; and that so many pains are rewarded only by railleries, or at best by a little money?

Can I persuade myself that, in so haughty a nation, men who are indisputably above others by the light of their understanding, are reduced to the woful necessity of selling their thoughts, as people sell for bread the meanest productions of the earth?

Fallhood, my dear *Aza*, does not less displease me when under the transparent  
mask

mask of pleasantry, than when under the thick veil of seduction: that of the father provoked me, and I did not deign to give him an answer.

Not being able to satisfy myself in this respect, I turned the conversation again to the project of my voyage; but, instead of dissuading me from it with the same gentleness as before, he opposed such strong and convincing reasons against me, that I had nothing but my passion for thee to combat them with, and I made no scruple of confessing as much.

At first he assumed a gay air; and, seeming to doubt the truth of my words, answered only by jokes, which, insipid as they were, did not fail of offending me. I laboured to convince him of my truth; but, in proportion as the expressions of my heart proved its sentiments, his countenance and words grew severe. He dared to tell me that my love for thee was incompatible with virtue; that I must re-  
 nounce

nounce one or the other ; in short, that I could not love thee without a crime.

At these senseless words the most violent wrath took possession of my soul : I forgot the moderation I had prescribed myself : I loaded him with reproaches : I told him what I thought of the falsity of his words : I protested to him a thousand times that I would love thee always ; and, without waiting for his excuses, quitted him, and ran and shut myself up in my chamber, whither I was sure he could not follow me.

O my dear *Aza* ! how whimsical is the reason of this country ! Always in contradiction with itself, I cannot understand how I am to obey some of its precepts without thwarting many others.

It agrees in general that to do good is the first virtue : it approves acknowledgment, and yet preserves ingratitude.

It would be laudable in me if I could re-establish thee upon the throne of thy fathers : but I am criminal in preserving for thee

thee something more precious than the empires of the world.

They would commend me if I could recompense thy benefits by the treasures of *Peru*. Stripped of all, dependent for all, I possess only my love; that they would have me tear from thee, and become ungrateful, because I have virtue. Ah my dear *Aza*! I should deceive them, if I promised a moment to cease loving thee. Faithful to their laws, I shall be so to my love also; I shall live for thee alone.

LET.

## L E T T E R XXIII.

I Believe, my dear *Aza*, that nothing but the joy of seeing thee can surpass that which I felt upon the return of *Deterville*: but, as if I was never more to taste pleasures unmixed, it was very soon followed by a sorrow which still endures.

*Celina* was yesterday morning in my chamber, when somebody came and whispered her out, and she had not been long gone, before I was bid to come to the parlour. I ran thither; and how was I surprized to find her brother there with her!

I did not dissemble the pleasure I received at seeing him to whom I owe so much



much esteem and friendship. As sentiments of this kind border on virtue, I expressed them with as much truth as I felt them.

I saw my deliverer, the only support of my hope: I began to speak without constraint of thee, of my love, of my designs, and my joys swelled up to transports.

As I did not speak *French* when *Deter-*  
*ville* went away, how many things had I to tell him? how many questions to ask him, and how many thanks to give him? Desirous to tell him all at once, I spoke bad *French*, and yet continued to talk on.

During this time I perceived that *Deter-*  
*ville* changed his countenance: the gloom which I remarked on his face when I entered, disappeared; joy took its place; and I, pleased that I could give him delight, endeavoured to heighten it still more. Alas! ought I to have feared giving too much pleasure to a friend to whom I owe all, and from whom I expect all?

Yet my sincerity threw him into an error which at present costs me a great many tears.

*Celina* went out at the same time that I came in : perhaps her presence might have hindered so cruel an explanation.

*Deterville*, attentive to my words, seemed to take pleasure in hearing them without aiming to interrupt me. I know not what trouble seized me, when I would have demanded of him instructions relative to my journey, and explained to him the motive of it : but I wanted expressions, and searched them in vain. He availed himself of a moment of silence, and bowing one knee to the ground before the grate, which he held with both his hands, he said to me in a passionate tone ; To what sentiments, divine *Zilia*, must I ascribe the pleasure which I see so artlessly expressed in your fair eyes, as well as in your discourse ? Am I the happiest of men, at the very instant when my sister

described

described me as the greatest object of compassion? I know not, answered I, what uneasiness *Celina* can have given you; but I am very sure you shall never receive any from me. She has told me, replied he, that I ought not to hope for your love.

Mine! cried I, interrupting him, could she say that you have not my love? Ah! *Deterville*, how could your sister blacken me with such a crime? I abhor ingratitude, and should hate myself if I thought I could ever cease loving you.

While I spoke these few words, he seemed by the eagerness of his looks, as if he would have read my very soul.

You love me then, *Zilia*, said he, and you tell it me yourself! I would have given my life to have heard so charming a confession: but alas! now I hear it, I cannot believe. *Zilia*, my dear *Zilia*, is it true that you love me? Do you not deceive yourself? Your tone, your eyes, my heart, every thing seduces me. Perhaps I am  
only

only to be plunged again into the despair from which I have just escaped.

You astonish me, replied I. Whence arises your diffidence? Since I have known you, if I could not make myself understood by words, ought not all my actions to have proved that I loved you? No, resumed he, I cannot yet flatter myself of this: you are not yet mistress enough of *French* to destroy my just fears. I know you do not endeavour to deceive me: but tell me what sense you affix to these adorable words, *I love you*. Let my lot be decided; let me die at your feet, either with grief or pleasure.

These words, I said to him (a little intimidated by the vivacity with which he concluded his speech) these words, I think, ought to let you know that you are dear to me; that I interest myself in your fortune; that friendship and gratitude attach me to you: these sentiments please my heart, and ought to satisfy yours.

Ah

Ah *Zilia*! answered he, how your expressions grow more feeble, and your tone more cold! Did *Celina* then tell me truth? Is it not for *Aza* that you feel all that you say? No, said I; the sentiments I have for *Aza* are quite different from those I have for you: they are what you call *love* in another sense. What pain can this give you? added I (seeing him grow pale, leave the grate, and look sorrowfully up to heaven :) I have this tender love for *Aza*, because he has the same for me, and we were to be united. There is nothing in this that at all concerns you. There should be the same ties, said he, betwixt you and me, as you own betwixt him and you, since I have a thousand times more love than he ever felt.

How can that be? said I interrupting. You are not of my nation. Far from having chosen me for your wife, it was chance only that brought us together, and  
we

we could never till this day freely communicate our ideas to each other. What reason could you have to entertain for me such sentiments as you mention?

Was any other reason wanting, he replied, than your charms, and your character, to attach me to you till death? Tenderly educated, indolent, an enemy to artifice, the pains it must have cost me to engage the hearts of women, and the dread of not finding there that frankness I desired, gave me only a vague and transient relish for the sex. I lived without passion till the moment I saw you, when your beauty struck me: but its impression, perhaps, had been as light as that of many others, if the sweetness and simplicity of your character had not made you appear to me the very object which my imagination had so often formed. You know *Zilia*, whether I have shewn respect to this object of my adoration.

What

What has it cost me to resist the seducing occasions which the familiarity of a long voyage offered me? How many times must your innocence have surrendered to my transports, if I had listened to them? But, far from offending you, I carried my discretion even to silence: I even required my sister not to say a word to you of my love, willing to owe nothing but to yourself alone. Ah *Zilia*, if so tender a respect does not move you, I will fly: but I perceive that my death will be the price of the sacrifice.

Your death! cried I (affected at the sincere grief which I saw press him down) fatal sacrifice indeed! I know not whether the apprehension of my own would be more frightful to me.

Well then, *Zilia*, said he, if my life is dear to you, order me to live. What must I do, said I. Love me, answered he, as you love *Aza*. I love him always

the same, replied I, and shall love him till death. I added, Whether your laws permit you to love two objects in the same manner, I know not; but our customs and my heart forbid it. Be content with the sentiments I promise you; I can have no other. Truth is dear to me, and I tell it you without disguise.

How you assassinate in cold blood! cried he. Ah *Zilia*! how do I love you, since I adore even your cruel frankness. Well, continued he (after some moments silence) my love shall surpass your cruelty. Your happiness is dearer to me than my own. Speak to me unreservedly with all this torturing sincerity: what hopes have you with regard to the love you still cherish for *Aza*.

Alas! said I, my hopes are in you only. I then told him, I had learned that a communication with the Indies was not a thing impossible: that I flattered myself  
 he



he would procure me the means of returning thither ; or at least, that he would have the goodness to get my knots conveyed to thee, which would inform thee of my condition, and procure me an answer to them, that I might know thy destiny also, and conduct myself accordingly.

I am going, said he (with an affected coldness) to take the necessary measures for discovering the fate of your lover : you shall be satisfied on that head : but in vain do you flatter yourself with seeing the happy *Aza* again, who is separated from you by invincible obstacles.

These words, my dear *Aza*, were a mortal wound to my heart : my tears flowed in abundance, and long hindered me from answering *Deterville*, who kept on his side a melancholy silence. If it be so, said I at last, that I shall see him no more, yet will I not live for him the less. If your friendship be generous enough to procure

us some correspondence, that satisfaction shall suffice to render my life less insupportable ; and I shall die content, provided you promise to inform him that I loved him dying.

Oh ! this is too much, cried he, rising up briskly. Yes, if it is possible, I will be the only one unhappy. You shall know this heart which you disdain : you shall see of what efforts a love like mine is capable, and I will force you at least to lament me. As he spoke these words he sprung away, and left me in a condition which I do not yet well comprehend. I continued standing, my eyes fixed on the door by which *Deterville* went out, plunged in a confusion of thoughts, which I strove in vain to reduce to order. I should have continued there longer, if *Celina* had not come into the parlour.

She asked me, sharply, why her brother was gone so soon, and I did not conceal from her what had passed betwixt us.

At

At first she seemed to grieve for what she called her brother's misfortune: then turning her sorrow into rage, she loaded me with the hardest reproaches, to which I dared not answer a single word. What could I have said to her? My trouble did not leave me the liberty of thinking. I went out, and she did not follow me. Retiring into my chamber, I staid there a whole day without daring to appear, without speaking to any person, and in such a disorder of mind that did not permit me even to write to thee.

*Celina's* wrath, her brother's despair, and his last words, to which I dared not give a favourable sense, alternately tormented my soul, and gave me the most cruel uneasiness.

At last I thought, that the only way to soften my inquietudes, was to paint them to thee, and to search in thy love for those counsels which I have so much need of. This error supported me whilst I was writing:

ing: but how short a time did it last? My letter is written, and the characters are drawn for myself only.

Thou art ignorant of what I suffer, thou dost not even know whether I exist, whether I continue to love thee. *Aza*, my dear *Aza*, thou wilt never know these things.

LET

## LETTER XXIV.

I May justly call that time an absence, my dear *Aza*, which is elapsed since the last time I wrote to thee.

Some days after the conversation I had with *Deterville*, I fell into a sickness which they call a *fever*. If, as I believe, it was caused by the dolorous passions which then agitated me, I doubt not but it has been lengthened by the sorrowful reflections that have since employed me, and by my regret for having lost the friendship of *Celina*.

Though she seemed to be concerned for my malady, and took of me all the  
 01 care

care that was in her power, it was with so cold an air, and so little sympathy in the affliction of my soul, that I cannot doubt but her sentiments towards me are altered. The extreme friendship she has for her brother sets her against me, and she continually reproaches me for having rendered him unhappy. The shame of appearing ungrateful intimidates me: the affected kindnesses of *Celina* torture me: she is constrained by my perplexity, and the soft and agreeable are banished from our conversation.

In spite of so much contrariety and pain from the brother and sister, I am not unaffected with the events which have changed their destiny.

Madame *Deterville* is dead. This unnatural mother has not belied her character; she has left her whole fortune to her eldest son. There are hopes that the lawyers may hinder the effects of this injustice. *Deterville*, disinterested with regard

to himself, takes infinite pains to redeem *Celina* from oppression. Her misfortune seems to redouble his friendship for her: besides that he comes to see her every day, he writes to her night and morning: his letters are full of tender complaints against me, and such lively solicitude for my health, that, though *Celina* affects, in reading them to me, to inform me only of the progress of their affairs, I can easily discover the motive of this pretence.

I do not doubt but *Deterville* writes them on purpose that they may be read to me: and yet I am persuaded he would not do it, if he knew the heavy reproaches that always follow these lectures. They make their impression upon my heart, and sorrow consumes me.

Hitherto, in the midst of storms, I have enjoyed the weak satisfaction of living in peace with myself. Not a spot sullied the purity of my soul, nor a remorse troubled it. But now I cannot think, without a  
 sort

sort of contempt for myself, that I should make two persons unhappy to whom I owe my life. How do I interrupt the repose which but for me they would enjoy! and yet, though I do them all the harm in my power, I am not, nor will I cease to be in this respect criminal. My tenderness for thee triumphs over my remorse. *Aza*, how do I love thee!

LET-



## LETTER XXV.

**H**OW hurtful, my dear *Aza*, may prudence sometimes be! I have a long time resisted the powerful instances which *Deterville* had caused to be made to me, that I would grant him a moment's conversation. Alas! I shunned my own happiness. At length, less through complaisance than because I was weary of *Celina's* importunity, I suffered myself to be led to the parlour. At sight of the frightful change in *Deterville*, which makes him scarce to be known, I stood confounded, repented already the step I had taken,  
and

and waited trembling, for the reproaches which I thought he had a right to lay on me. How could I divine that he was going to fill my soul with pleasure?

Pardon me, *Zilia*, said he, the violence I put on you. I should not have obliged you to see me, if I had not brought you as much joy as you inflict torment on me. Is a moment's sight of you too much to require, in recompence for the cruel sacrifice I am going to make you? Then, without giving me time to answer, Here, says he, is a letter from that relation you was speaking of. This will inform you of *Aza's* situation, and, in so doing, prove, better than all my oaths, how great is the excess of my love. He then read the letter through. Oh! my dear *Aza*, could I hear it, and not die for joy? It informed me that thy days are preserved, that thou art free, that thou livest out of dan-  
ger

ger at the court of *Spain*. What an un-  
hoped-for happiness!

This admirable letter was writ by a  
man who knows thee, who sees thee, who  
converses with thee. Perhaps thy looks  
were fixed a moment upon this precious  
paper. I could not take mine from off it.  
It was with pain I suppressed the joyous  
exclamations that were ready to escape,  
and tears of love overflowed my counte-  
nance.

If I had followed the motions of my  
heart, a hundred times should I have in-  
terrupted *Deterville*, to tell him all that  
my gratitude inspired: but I did not for-  
get that my felicity would augment his  
pain, and so concealed my transports, that  
only my tears were visible.

You see, *Zilia*, said he, after he had  
done reading, that I have kept my word:  
you are informed of *Aza's* situation: What  
is there more to be done? Give your or-  
ders without reserve; there is nothing that  
you

you have not right to exact of my love, provided it contributes to your felicity.

Though I might have expected this excess of goodness, it nevertheless surprized and affected me.

I was some moments perplexed for an answer, fearing to aggravate the grief of so generous a man. I sought for terms that might express the truth of my heart, without offending the sensibility of his: I could not find them, and yet was obliged to speak.

My happiness, said I, will never be without mixture, since I cannot reconcile the duties of love with those of friendship. I would regain the friendship both of you and *Celina*; would never leave you; would for ever admire your virtues, and through my whole life pay the tribute of gratitude which I owe for your goodness. I know that, in removing to a distance from two persons so dear, I shall carry with me eternal regret. But——

How,

How, *Zilia*, cried he, would you leave us then? Alas! I was not prepared for this fatal resolution, and want courage to support it. I had strength enough to see you here in the arms of my rival: the efforts of my reason, and the delicacy of my love, had confirmed me to bear that mortal blow which I had contrived for myself; but I cannot be separated from you, I cannot renounce the sight of you. No, you shall not depart, continued he with warmth: do not think of it: you abuse my tenderness, and tear, without pity, a heart distracted with love. *Zilia!* cruel *Zilia!* see my despair: it is your work. Alas! what return do you make for the most pure love!

It is you, answered I (frightened at his resolution) it is you that ought to be blamed. You blast my very soul by forcing it to be ungrateful; you lay waste my heart by a fruitless sensibility!

In

In the name of friendship, do not tarnish a generosity without example, by a despair which would cause the bitterness of my life, and not render you happy. Do not condemn in me the same sentiment which you cannot surmount, and force me to complain of you unwillingly. Let me cherish your name, bear it to the utmost limits of the world, and make it revered by people who are the adorers of virtue.

I know not how I pronounced these words ; but *Deterville*, fixing his eyes upon me, and yet not seeming to look, but shut up, as it were, in himself, continued a long time in profound meditation. I did not dare to interrupt him, and we kept an equal silence till he resumed his speech, and with a sort of tranquillity said to me : Yes, *Zilib*, I know, I feel my own injustice : but can one coolly renounce the sight of so many charms ? You will have it so, and you shall be obeyed. O

heaven !



fence to my mind. I saw thee, I spoke to thee, dear *Aza* ! What had been wanting to my happiness, if thou hadst joined to that precious letter some tokens of thy tenderness ? why didst thou not do it ? They spoke to thee concerning me ; thou knowest my situation, and I heard not a word of thy love. But can I doubt of thy heart ? Mine is answerable for it. Thou lovest me ; thy joy is equal to mine : thou burnest with the same fire, and the same impatience devours thee. Let fear be far from my soul, and joy reign there without mixture. Yet—thou hast embraced the religion of that savage people. What is that religion ? Does it require the same sacrifices of affection as that of *France* ? No : thou wouldst not then have submitted to it.

However that be, my heart is under thy laws : submitted to thy understanding, I will blindly adopt whatever may  
render



render us inseparable. - How can I fear?  
Soon re-united to my bliss, to my being,  
to my all, I shall hereafter think for thee  
only, and live for nothing but to love  
thee.

H 2

L E T.

## L E T T E R XXVI.

**I**T is here, my dear *Aza*, that I shall see thee again: my felicity increases every day by its particular circumstances. The interview assigned me by *Deterville* is just over, and whatever pleasure I promised myself in surmounting the difficulties of a long journey, of preventing thee, of meeting thy footsteps, I sacrifice it without regret to the happiness of seeing thee sooner.

*Deterville* has proved to me, with such strong evidence, that thou mayest be here in less time than I can travel into *Spain*, that, though he generously left to me the choice,

choice, I did not hesitate to wait for thee here; time being too precious to be wasted without necessity.

Perhaps I should have examined this advantage with more care, if, before I had chosen, I had not gained such lights with respect to my journey as determined me in secret what party to take, and that secret I can trust only to thee.

I remember that, in the long route which brought me to *Paris*, *Deterville* gave pieces of silver, and sometimes of gold, at all the places where we stopped. I desired to know if this was required of him, or if he did it of mere generosity: and was informed, that, in *France*, travellers pay not only for their food, but even for their repose\*. Alas! I have not the least portion of that which would be necessary

\* The *Incas* established large houses upon the road, where all travellers were entertained without expence.

cessary to satisfy the cravings of this greedy people: all must come from *Deterville*. Thou knowest what I owe him, and how shameful would it be to contract fresh obligations! I should accept his favour with a repugnance, which nothing but absolute necessity could vanquish. Can I voluntarily make myself a greater debtor to him who has already done and suffered so much for me? I could not resolve on it, my dear *Aza*, and this reason alone would have determined me to remain here. The pleasure of seeing thee sooner only confirmed my former resolution.

*Deterville* has writ in my presence to the *Spanish* minister: he presses him to let thee come, and points out to him the means of getting thee conducted hither, with a generosity that warms at once my gratitude and admiration.

How pleasant were the moments that passed while *Deterville* was writing! how delightful to plan out the dispositions for  
thy

thy journey, to settle the preparations for my happiness, of which I can no longer doubt!

If at first it cost me dear to renounce the design of preventing thy journey, I confess, my dear *Aza*, I have found in so doing the source of a thousand pleasures, which I had not before perceived.

Many circumstances, which at first appeared not considerable enough either to hasten or retard my journey, become to me interesting and agreeable. I followed blindly the bias of my heart; and forget that I was coming in search of thee among those cruel *Spaniards*, the very idea of whom strikes me with horror. The certainty of not seeing them any more gives me infinite satisfaction. Though the voice of love at first suppressed that of friendship, I now taste without remorse the sweetness of uniting them. *Deterville* has assured me, that it will be impossible for us ever to visit the city of the sun: and, af-

ter

ter our own country, can there be a more agreeable place of residence than this of *France*? It will please thee, my dear *Aza*, though sincerity is banished from it. Here are so many agreeable things, that they make one forget the dangers of the society.

After what I have said to thee of gold, it is unnecessary to caution thee to take some of it with thee: thou wilt have no other merit. A small part of thy treasures would amaze and confound the pride of the magnificent indigents of this kingdom: thy virtues and thy sentiments will be cherished by me only.

*Deterville* has promised to transmit to thee my knots, and my letters, and assured me that thou wilt find interpreters to explain the latter. They are come to demand my packet, and I must have done. Farewell, dear hope of my life: I will continue to write to thee, and, if I cannot send my letters, will keep them for thee.

How

How should I support the length of thy journey, if I were to deprive myself of the only means I have of conversing with my joy, my transports, my felicity?

## L E T T E R   X X V I I .

S I N C E I know my letters to be upon the road, my dear *Aza*, I enjoy a tranquillity to which I was before a stranger. I think for ever of the pleasure thou wilt have in receiving them; I see and partake thy transports: my soul admits only agreeable ideas, and, to complete my joy, peace is again established in our little society.

The judges have restored to *Celina* the effects of which her mother had deprived her: she sees her lover every day, and her marriage is retarded only by the necessary



cessary preparations that are making for it. Thus happy to her wishes, she thinks no more of quarreling with me; and I have as much obligation to her, as if the kindnesses she begins again to shew me were owing to her friendship. Whatever the motive be, we are always in debt to those who help us to the enjoyment of agreeable sentiments.

This morning she made me fully sensible of it by an act of complaisance, which at once transported me from tiresome anxiety to the most calm tranquillity.

They had bought her a prodigious quantity of stuffs, garments, and toys of all kinds. She ran and fetched me into the chamber, and, after having consulted me upon the different beauties of so many ornaments, she put together a heap of those which had most attracted my attention, and hastily commanded our *Chinas* to carry them into my apartment, though I  
opposed

opposed it with all my power. My refusal at first diverted her only; but perceiving that the more I declined the present, the more she persisted in making it, I could no longer dissemble my resentment.

Why, said I to her (with my eyes full of tears) why will you humble me more than I am? I owe to you my life, and all that I have: but so much bounty is not necessary to keep my misfortunes in remembrance. I know that, according to your laws, when benefits are of no advantage to those who receive them, the shame is effaced. It is not without repugnance, added I in a more moderate tone, that I conform to sentiments which have so little of nature in them. Our customs are more humane: he that receives is honoured as much as he that gives. You have taught me to think otherwise; and is not this, therefore, to offer me an outrage?

This

This amiable friend, melted by my tears more than irritated by my reproaches, answered in the most kind and gentle tone: Both my brother and I, my dear *Zilia*, would be far from offending your delicacy. It would ill become us as you shall know presently, to affect magnificence in our behaviour to you. I only desired that you would partake with me the presents of a generous brother; and I knew this was the most certain method of shewing him my gratitude. Custom, in my situation, authorises me to offer you these things: but, since you are offended, I will say no more to you upon the subject. You promise me then? said I. Yes, answered she with a smile; but give me leave to write a word or two to *Deterville*.

I let her do as she desired, and freedom was restored betwixt us. We began to examine her dress more particularly, till she was called into the parlour. She would

would have had me go with her: but, my dear *Aza*, can I have any amusement comparable to that of writing to thee? Far from seeking any other, I am apprehensive before-hand of the diversions intended for me.

*Celina* is going to be married, and she talks of taking me with her: she would have me quit this religious house, and live in hers. But, if I may be believed - - - -

-----  
----- *Aza*, my dear *Aza*, by what an agreeable surprize was my letter interrupted! I believed I had for ever lost this precious monument of our antient splendor; I had even left off thinking of it: but now I am surrounded with the magnificence of *Peru*; I see it, I feel it, and scarce can I believe my eyes or my hands.

Whilst I was writing to thee, *Celina* came into my chamber, followed by four men crouching under the weight of hea-

vy chests which they had on their backs. They sat them down and retired, and I imagined they had brought some new presents from *Deterville*. I already murmured to myself, when *Celina*, giving me some keys, said, Open, *Zilia*, open without being angry: it comes from *Aza*.

Truth, which I fix inseparably to the idea of thee, did not leave me in the least doubt. I opened hastily, and my surprize confirmed my error, when I saw that all which I beheld were the ornaments of the temple of the Sun.

A confusion of thoughts, mixed up of sorrow and joy, of pleasure and regret, filled all my heart. I threw myself prostrate before these sacred remains of our worship and our altars, covered them with respectful kisses, watered them with my tears, and could not be disengaged from them: I even forgot that *Celina* was present, till she roused me from my trance by  
giving

giving me a letter, which she desired me to read.

Still given up to my error, I thought it came from thee, and my transports redoubled: but, though I made it out with pain, I soon perceived that it was *Deterville's* writing. It will be easier for me to copy it, my dear *Aza*, than to explain to thee the sense of it.

*DETERVILLE'S BILLET.*

“ These treasures are yours, fair *Zilia*,  
 “ since I found them in the ship that car-  
 “ ried you. Some disputes that arose  
 “ among the crew, hindered me from dis-  
 “ posing of them freely till now. I would  
 “ have presented them to you myself;  
 “ but the uneasiness you discovered to  
 “ my sister this morning would not per-  
 “ mit me to follow my inclination. I  
 “ could not too soon dissipate your fears,  
 “ and

“and I will all my life long prefer your  
“satisfaction to mine.”

I confess with a blush, my dear *Aza*, that I was at that instant less sensible of *Deterville's* generosity, than of my own pleasure that I was able to give him proofs of mine.

Immediately I set apart a vase, which chance, rather than avarice, had caused to fall into the hands of the *Spainards*. It was the same (my heart knew it) which thy lips touched on that day when it was thy pleasure to taste some *Aca* \* prepared by my hand. Richer in this treasure than in all the rest that was restored to me, I called the men who brought the chests, and would have had them take the whole back again as a present to *Deterville*: but *Celina* opposed my design.

How unjust you are, *Zilia*! said she. What, would you, who were offended at

\* A drink of the Indians.

the offer of a trifle, desire my brother to accept of immense riches? Observe equity in your own actions, if you would inspire others with it.

These words struck me, and I perceived there was more of pride and vengeance than of generosity in my action. How near do the vices and virtues approach each other! I confessed my fault, and asked *Celina's* pardon: but what afflicted me the most was, the constraint she laid me under, not to endeavour to repair what I had done. Do not punish me said I, with a timid air, as much as I deserve: disdain not to accept of a few specimens of the workmanship of our unfortunate countries: you have no need of them, and my request ought not to give you offence.

While I spoke, I observed that *Celina* looked attentively at some golden shrubs, with birds and insects on them of excellent workmanship: I instantly made her  
a pre-



a present of them, together with a small silver basket, which I filled with flowers and shells most curiously imitated. She accepted it with a goodness that transported me.

I afterwards chose out several idols of the nations \* conquered by thy ancestors, and a small statue † representing a virgin of the Sun: to these I added a tyger, a lion, and other courageous animals, and besought her to send them to *Deterville*. Write to him then, said she with a smile: without a letter from you, the presents will not be well received.

I was

\* The *Incas* caused the idols of the people they subdued to be deposited in the temple of the Sun, after they had conformed to the worship of that luminary. They had idols also themselves, the *Inca Huayna* having consulted that of *Rimace*. See the history of the *Incas*.

† The *Incas* adorned their houses with statues of gold of all magnitudes, even to gigantic sizes.

I was too well satisfied to refuse any thing; and wrote all that my gratitude dictated: and when *Celina* was gone out, I distributed small presents to her *China* and mine, and put others aside for my writing-master. Then it was that I enjoyed the delicious pleasure of being able to give.

I did not do this without choice, my dear *Aza*. All that came from thee, whatever thou wilt particularly remember, has not gone out of my hands.

The golden chair \*, which was kept in the temple for the visiting days of the *Capa-Inca*, thy august father, placed in a corner of my apartment, in form of a throne, represents to me thy grandeur, and the majesty of thy rank. The great figure of the Sun, which I myself saw  
torn

\* The *Incas* never set but upon seats of massy gold.

torn from the temple by the perfidious *Spaniards*, suspended over it, excites my veneration. I fall down before it, and adore it in mind, while my heart belongs all to thee.

The two palm-trees, which thou gavest to the Sun as an offering, and a pledge of the faith thou hadst sworn to me, placed on the two sides of the throne, continually revive in my mind thy tender and affectionate oaths.

Flowers, birds \*, disposed with symmetry in all the corners of my apartment, form in miniature the image of those magnificent gardens, where I have so often entertained myself with thy idea.

My

\* The gardens of the temple, and those of the royal palaces, were filled with various kinds of imitations in gold and silver. The *Peruvians* made images even of the plant *Mays*, with which they would fill whole fields.

My satisfied eyes can fix in no part  
without calling to mind thy love, my  
joy, my blifs, in a word, all that will  
ever constitute the life of my life.

LET-

## L E T T E R XXVIII.

I T was in vain, my dear *Aza*, that I endeavoured by prayers, complaints, and remonstrances, to avoid quitting my retreat: I have been obliged to give way to *Celina's* importunities, and we have been now three days in the country, where her marriage was celebrated at our first arrival.

What pain, what regret, what grief did I not feel at abandoning the dear and precious ornaments of my solitude! Alas! scarce had I had time to enjoy them, and I see nothing here to make amends for what I have lost!

The

The joys and pleasures with which every one here seems intoxicated, are so far from diverting and amusing me, that they make me remember with greater regret the peaceable days I spent in writing to, or at least in thinking of, thee.

The diversions of this country appear to me as affected and unnatural as the manners: they consist of a violent gaiety, express'd by loud laughter, in which the soul seems to take no part; of insipid games, in which money makes all the pleasure; or else in conversations so frivolous, in which the same things are continually repeated, that they resemble rather the chattering of birds than the discourse of thinking beings.

The young men, who are here in great number, were at first very busy in following and seeming to oblige me: but whether the coldness of my conversation has disgusted them, or that my little relish for their entertainments has made them

them



other such interesting subjects, that I cannot pardon while I am forced to approve his conduct. I desire violently to oblige him to speak to me; but the dread of reviving his complaints and regrets prevents my doing it.

*Celina*, intirely taken up with her new spouse, affords me no relief, and the rest of the company are not agreeable to me. Thus, alone in the midst of a tumultuous assembly, I have no amusement but my thoughts, which are all addressed to thee. My dear *Aza*, thou shalt ever be the sole confident of my heart, my pleasures, my felicity.


END of VOLUME FIRST.



BOOKS printed for J. ROBSON, Book-  
seller to her Royal Highness the Prin-  
cess Dowager of Wales, in New Bond-  
street.

I. Baron Beilfeld's ELEMENTS of UNI-  
VERSAL ERUDITION ; containing an analyti-  
cal abridgment of the sciences, polite arts  
and belles lettres, translated by Dr. Hooper,  
3 vols. in boards, 15s.

The Reviews, after giving many large and inte-  
resting extracts from this work, concludes thus :

 This book well deserves the perusal of the  
most learned of our readers. Its author's great  
learning is uninfected with pedantry ; his mind  
is penetrating, judicious, divested of prejudice, fraught  
with humanity, intent on the inforcement and disco-  
very of important truth. It is particularly calculated  
to direct the studies of young scholars, and to pre-  
vent a hasty and inconsiderate search of knowledge,  
the result of which is, much reading, and little solid  
information. In the language of metaphor it may  
be stiled,

A KEY TO INTELLECTUAL TREASURES.

---

2. Baron Beilfeld's LETTERS, 4 vols, 12 mo.,  
containing anecdotes of the Prussian court  
for the last twenty years.

*This day is published, price 2l. 8s. neatly bound*  
The Works of HENRY FIELDING, Esq; a  
new and complete edition in 8 vols. octavo

---

*Just published in 4 vols. quarto, or 11 vols.*  
octavo,

The ROMAN HISTORY from the building of  
Rome to the ruin of the Commonwealth.

By N. Hooke, Esq;

---

*Just published, price 3s. bound, an elegant*  
*edition, being the seventh,*

POEMS and TRANSLATIONS, with the Sophy,  
By Sir John Denham.

---

*Just published,*

A new edition with additions, price 2s.  
bound,

Mrs. MARY EALES'S Receipts;  
Confectioner to her late Majesty Queen Ann.

---

*This day is published, price 1s. 6d. bound in*  
*sheep, or 2s. in calf,*

GRAMMATICAL OBSERVATIONS on the  
English language, drawn up, particularly  
with a view to practice.

By the Rev. Mr. Fleming.

use/  
a  
no  
nk.  
g of  
alth.  
ent  
ochy,  
23.  
Ann.  
in  
the  
cularly

25056

