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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY A

PERUVIAN PRINCESS.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

Printed for William Colles, in Dame-street; and Rich. Moncrieffe, in Capel-street.

M.DCC.LXXIV.
LIFE OF

MADAM De GRAFIGNY,

Member of the Academy of Florence.

Taken from different periodical Publications.

MADAM De Grafigny was born in Lorrain, December 12, 1695, and died at Paris, in the 64th year of her age. She was called Frances D’Happoncourt; and was the only daughter of Francis Henry of Issenburg, lord of Happoncourt, Grieux, &c. lieutenant of the light-horse; major of the guards to his royal highness Leopold I. duke of Lorrain; and governor of Boulay and Larre. Her mother was Margaret de Seaureau, daughter of Anthony de Seaureau, baron of Houdemoure Vandœvre, 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 Issenburg in Germany, in his younger days served in the French army. He was aid de camp to marshal Bouflers at the siege of Namur. Lewis the XIV. in recompence 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 Lorrain.
His daughter was married to Francis Huguet of Grafigny, exempt of the body guards, and chamberlain to the duke of Lorrain. 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 piece was not relished by some of the associates. Madam de Grafigny, piqued at the pleasantry of those gentlemen on her Spanish novel,

* A Spanish novel: bad examples produce as many virtues as vices.
novel, without saying anything to the society, composed the Letters of a Peruvian, which had the greatest success. A short time after she gave the French theatre, Cenie, 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 Cenie. It was published after the death of madam Grafigny: they say that the author corrected the last proof on the very day 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 censo- rious 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 to 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 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.

A 3  Madam
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 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 her 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, 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 characterizes her works, and will make them dear to posterity.
If truth, when it strays from probability, usually loses it credit in the eye of reason, it is for a 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 style and thoughts so little agree with the mean idea, which an unjust prejudice has caused us to form of that nation.

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

* 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.

† M. de Voltaire.
We owe this translation to Zilia's leisure in her retreat: her complaisance in communicating them to the chevalier Deterville, and the 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 style, 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 number of Oriental* terms and comparisons, 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 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.

* The French editor here uses Oriental for lofty and swelling, though the Peruvians, with respect to us, are certainly an Occidental people.
To what the editor hath already said, the translator begs leave just to add, that, as he went through his task with peculiar pleasure, he hopes he has done justice to a work which appears 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 unchangeable 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, 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.
AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE PERUVIAN LETTERS.

There 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 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 decent, 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 infallible as they were fatal.

The eldest son of the seventh Inca, 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 Mancocapac, and that he was called Viracocha.

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

* Yahuarhuocac, which literally signifies, Bloody tears.
the ambassadors he sent among them, the title of the descendant from the God they adored.

All things bowed before the conquerers. Mankind are everywhere 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 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 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 Montague, 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 avaricious 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 lands and water separated the cities of the sun from our world, for
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 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 Mancocapac, 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 lightning, passed among them
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 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 the interior parts of the temple.

The virgins, who were devoted to the 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 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 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 falsehood.

The Anutas, 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: they were however in the full vigour 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

* The quipos of Peru were also in use with many other nations of South America.
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 Quipocamaioes, to the care of 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, Mancocapac, 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 everywhere where refreshment and fertility; and what is scarcely 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, through every part of their dominions.

The Peruvians knew as much of geometry as was necessary to measure and divide their lands. Phy-fick 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 Hasavec, composed a species of tragedy and comedy, which the sons of the caciques*, or the curacas † represented, during their festival times, before the incas and the court.

Morality,

* The caciques were a sort of governors of provinces.
† Sovereigns of a small territory. These never appeared
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 economy, that there will be found but few nations who can boast of having excelled them in these matters."

* Puffendorff. Introduction to history.
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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 slav-
ery: alas! perhaps the misfortunes I am yet igno-
orant 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 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 anxi-
eity! O my dear AZA, mayest thou yet live in safe-
ty, and may I sink, if it be needful, under the ills
that oppress me.

Since
Since the terrible moment (which should have been snatched out of the chain of time, and plunged 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 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. *Azal! 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, shoud, 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.

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

* Alluding to the cannon.
it begin to appear, when impatient to execute a pro-
ject which my tenderness had inspired me with in
the night, I ran to my Quipos*, and, taking advan-
tage of the silence which then reigned in the tem-
ple, 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 ap-
peared 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
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 hun-
dred 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 affright-
ed virgins flying before a troop of furious soldiers,
who massacred all that opposed their passage; our
Mamas‡ expiring under their wounds, their gar-
ments still burning with the fire of the thunder; the

* 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 tran-
im to posterity the memorable actions of their Incas.
† 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.
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 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.

* The general name of the reigning Incas.
† The virgins consecrated to the Sun entered the temple almost as soon as born, and never came out till the day of their marriage.
ranny, 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 light will all these evils
be to me, if I can but learn that thou yet breathest.

In the midst 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, chang-
ing their form under thy hands, will instruct me
also in my destiny. Alas! by what way shall I con-
vey 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 deposite, 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.

LETTER II.

MAY 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 recompense 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

* Messenger.
† The Creator God, more powerful than the Sun.
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 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 Amulas * should adorn my understanding with their sublime intelligences. But O light of my life, could I have resolved 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.

* Indian Philosophers.
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 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 Inca 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, we shall in a cottage enjoy the heaven, the earth, and our mutual tenderneis.

Thou wilt be more a king in a reigning over my soul, than in doubting of the affection of a people without

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*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.
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, has 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: 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 appearedf 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 diadem of the Incas was a kind of fringe wrought by the virgins of the Sun.
† 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 towards 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

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

Thou, my amiable Aza, thou thyself fillest 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

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

LETTER III.

It 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 preparing 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, my dear Aza, had I entrusted our faithful Chaqui with the last tissue 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
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 suffled 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 were suspended, kept in a continual balancing motion.

O light of my mind, Ticaiviracocha 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 surprised 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 Talpa. 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 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

* It passes for certain that no Peruvian ever lied.
† The Indians believe that the end of the world will be brought about by the fall of the moon upon the earth.
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, 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 express the is not ever

* The Indians believe that the soul, after death, goes into unknown places, to be there recompensed or punished according to its deserts.
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, reanimated 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, a-waken'd as from a profound sleep, penetrated with thy agony, trembling for thy 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.

LETTER IV.

WHATEVER the love of life be, my dear Aza, pains diminish, despair extinguishes it. Idea of desirous in which nature seems to hold our nature. I abandoning it to despair, shocks us at first: afterward, the impossibility of working our
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 sacrifice 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 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:
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 fliped 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 mien 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 hastfe in all their actions, which seems to be a hastfe 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 (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

* Cacique is a kind of governor of a province.
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 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 entirely 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; thou enlightenest them; thou prolongest them, and they are thine. Thou cherishest me, and I suffer myself to live. What wilt thou do for me? Thou lovest me, and I have my reward.

* The Indians have no knowledge of phyfick.
WAT 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 expression 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 comfort: I cannot make myself understand, and am surrounded 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 solicitude 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 oddness 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 choosing 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 worshipping 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 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

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

LETTER VI.

WHAT 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

* The first Legislator of the Indians. See the history of the Incas.
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 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 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,
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——

**LETTER VII.**

Aza, 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 hadst 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 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 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 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.

* 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.
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 recompensed 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 the same time, he made me understand by signs, (which begin to grow 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,

* The Indians know not our hemisphere, and believe that the sun enlightens only the land of his children.
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; a torrent of joy overflows my soul; the past is vanished; my misfortunes are ended, they are forgotten: Futuret
tiy 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?

LETTER IX.

HOW 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 surpries me most of all is, that, in recovering the tranquillity of my spirit, I 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 Derville; 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 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 light 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 is now altogether as complaisant to me, as he was contradictory during my sickness. My person, my inquietudes, my amusements, seem to make up his whole employment, and to engage all his care. I admit his offices with less confusion, since custom and reflection...
flexion have informed me that I was in an error with regard to the idolatry I suspected him guilty of.

Not that he does not continue to repeat much the same demonstrations which I took for worship: but the tone, the air, and manner he makes use of, persuade me that it is only a diversion in his country manner.

He begins by making me pronounce distinctly some words in his language, and he knows well that the Gods do not speak. As soon as I have repeated after him, oui, je vous aime, [yes I love you] or else, je promets d'être a vous, [I promise to be yours] joy expands over his countenance, he kisses my hands with transport, and with an air of 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 surprize, that the use of all mine drag me on from error to error. Would the intelli-
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 surrounds me.

LETTER 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, surprises, 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 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 immovable, with my eyes fixed upon this object, when Deterville made me
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 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 China*, 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.

LETTER XI.

THOUGH 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

* A maid servant or chambermaid.
† The capital of Peru.
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 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 inquiries.

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 China. 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 knowledge, I should have behaved very ill.

* The lands in Peru are cultivated in common, and the days they are about this work, are always days of rejoicing.
† The sun never shines clear in Peru.
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 displeased 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.

* 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.
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 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 Pallas, and of all the other women: nay, what I never saw before, he even kissed their 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.

The 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. Wouldst thou believe it, my dear Aza? if thou wert here, I could
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.

LETTER 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, De-terville 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 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 dif-

C 5 composed
composed 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 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 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
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

* A general name for beasts.
feeks 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 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 that of the earth. Transparent clouds assembled round the sun, tinctured 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 cabbin, 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 in-
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, 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.

LETTER XIII.

At 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 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 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 careffes 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 has advanced some steps towards him.

He

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

* Young damsels, though of the blood royal, show a profound respect to married women.
trust 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 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 stayed, 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 by 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 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 Deterville at the hour of refreshment; but they brought me up victuals,
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 seeing 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 company
ny 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 unbofom my heart; thou shalt ever be the sole depository of my secrets, my passions, and my sentiments.

LETTER XIV.

If I did not continue, my dear Azza, 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, 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
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, 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 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

* 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.
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.

LETTER XV.

The 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 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 Caciques and Curacas were obliged to furnish the dress and provisions of the Inca and the queen. They never came into the presence of either, without offering them some tribute of the curiosities of the province they commanded.
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 fluffs, of which we make as many bits as we please without 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 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)

* This is the name the queens take when they ascend the throne.
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 understood 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 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 tenderness employ me entirely.

LETTER XVI.

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
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 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 enterprise, 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 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 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 unsought; 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

* The Incas caused a kind of comedies to be represented, the subjects of which were taken from the brightest actions of their predecessors.
as nothing is requisite but to love thee in order to become amiable.

**LETTER XVII.**

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

They have shewn me a spectacle entirely 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 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
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 alas! my Quips 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 immence 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!

LETTER XVIII.

HOW 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
how dear art thou! what delight do I take in telling thee so, in 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 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 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 Azara, 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 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 set 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, left 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 conceived on account of my birth, and the power she had over me) caused me to be shut up with Celina 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 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 awkward
awkward dissimulation, or profound ignorance. Which ever 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, 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 sourness over all our conversation, as renders my sorrows the more acute.

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 dis-
putesthuyunderstanding, 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.

LETTER XX.

HITHERTO, my dear Aza, intent only about the affiictions 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
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 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 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.
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 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 superficial of that metal, their true substance being wood. In like manner what they call politeness has all the outward forms of virtue, and lightly vails 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 every difficult to comprehend what they contain, they have been of great use to me: I extract notions from them; Celina explains 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
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! 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.

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.
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 instructer.

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 Mancocapac and the lake Tistecaca*. 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 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

* See the history of the Incas.
vert me from my project with such tender words, that I was affected myself at 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 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
I may depend upon his generosity. If he restores me to thee, what a benefit! what joy! what happiness!—

LETTER 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 falsehood 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 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
people sell for bread the meanest productions of the earth?

Falseness, my dear Aza, does not less displease me when under the transparent mask of pleasant lay, than when under the thick vail 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 diffuading 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 renounce 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
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 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, dependant 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.

LETTER XXIII.

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 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 Deterville 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 Deterville 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 me as the greatest object of compassion? I know not,
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.

Whilst 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, everything seduces me. Perhaps I am 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
to you: these sentiments please my heart, and ought to satisfy yours.

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 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.
formed. You know, Zilia, whether I have shewn respect to this object of my adoration. 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 to 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
tion with the Indies was not a thing impossible: that I flattered myself 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
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 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 laid 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: 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.

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
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 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 intimates me: the affected kindneces 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
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 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!

LETTER XXV.

HOW 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 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 preferred, that thou art free, that thou livest out of danger at the court of Spain. What an unhoped 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 countenance.

If I had followed the motions of my heart, a hundred times should I have interrupted Deterville, to tell him all that my gratitude inspired: but I did not forget 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 orders without reserve; there is nothing that 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.
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, 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 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
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, Zilia, 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! what a sacrifice! My sorrowful days shall roll on, and end without seeing you. At least if death—Let us talk no more of it, added he, interrupting himself: my weakness betrayed me: give me two days to confirm myself, and I will wait upon you again, that we may together take the measures necessary for your journey. Adieu, Zilia. May the happy Aza taste all felicity. At saying these words he went out.

I confess to thee, my dear Aza, though Deterville is dear to me, though I was deeply affected with his grief, I had too much impatience to enjoy my felicity in peace not to be very well pleased with his retirement.

How delightful is it, after so much pain, to give one's self up to joy! I passed the rest of the day in the most tender raptures. I did not write to thee: a letter would have been too little for my heart, it would have recalled thy absence 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,
fituation, 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 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.

LETTER XXVI.

It is here, my dear Azur, that I shall see thee again: my felicity encreases 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, 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 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 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,

* The Incas established large houses upon the road, where all travellers were entertained without expense,
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, after 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 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?

LETTER XXVII.

Since 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 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 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 dissimulate 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 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 between us. We began to examine her dress more particularly, till she was called into the
the parlour. She 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 heavy chests which they had on their backs. They set 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:
them: I even forgot that Celina was present, till she roused me from my trance by 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 carried you. Some disputes that arose among the crew, hindered me from disposing 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 permit me to follow my inclination. I could not too soon dissipate your fears, 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 Spaniards. 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

* A drink of the Indians.
them take the whole back again as a present to De- 

terville: but Celina opposed my design.

How unjust you are, Zilia! said she. What, 

would you, who were offended at 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 generoso-

ty in my action. How near do the vices and vir-

tues 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 speci-

mens 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 in- 

stantly made her 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 na-

tions* 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,

* The Incas caused the idols of the people they sub-

dued 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 consult-

ed that of Rimaco. See the history of the Incas.

† The Incas adorned their houses with statues of gold 

of all magnitudes, even to gigantic sizes.
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 too well satisfied to refuse any thing; and wrote all that my grateful 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 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,

* The Incas never sat but upon seats of maffy gold.
† 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.
where I have so often entertained myself with thy idea.

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

LETTER XXVIII.

IT 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 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
to oblige me: but whether the coldness of my conversation has disgusted them, or that my little relish for their entertainments has made them weary of taking pains to recommend their services, two days only were sufficient to make them forget me, and deliver me from their importunate notice.

The propensity of the French is so natural to extremes, that Deterville, though exempt from a great part of the faults of his nation, does yet participate of this.

Not content with keeping the promise he has made, of not speaking his sentiments any more to me, he with remarkable caution avoids staying where I am present: so that though we are obliged to see one another continually, I have not yet found an opportunity of talking with him.

By the sorrow that oppresses him amidst the public joy, I can easily perceive that in this shyness he commits a violence on himself. Perhaps I ought to be obliged to him for it: but I have so many questions to ask him about thy departure from Spain, thy arrival here, and 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, entirely 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.
LETTERS

WRITTEN BY A

PERUVIAN PRINCESS.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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M.DCC.LXXIV.
LETTERS
WRITTEN BY A
PERUVIAN LADY.

LETTER XXIX.

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

I know not what sort of impatience was added yesterday to my usual melancholy: the world, and the noise of it, became to me more troublesome than ordinary. Except the tender satisfaction of Celina and her husband, every thing that I saw inspired me with an indignation bordering on contempt. Ashamed to find such unjust sentiments in my heart, I endeavoured to hide the perplexity they caused me in the most retired part of the garden.

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

Be not offended, *Zilia*, said he: it is chance
that has brought me to your feet, I was not look-
ing after you. Weary of the tumult, I was co-
ming to enjoy my sorrow in peace. I perceived
you, and struggled with myself to keep at a dis-
tance from you: but I am too unhappy to conti-
uue so without seeking relief. In pity to myself
I drew near; I saw your tears flow, and was no
longer master of my powers.—But, if you com-
mand me to fly from you, I will obey. Can you
do it, *Zilia*? Am I odious to you?—No, said I:
on the contrary, sit down, I am glad to have an
opportunity of speaking to you since the last benefits
your conferred on me.—Let us not talk of them,
interrupted he briskly.—But hear me, replied I:
to be entirely generous, you must listen to acknow-
ledgment. I have not spoken to you since you re-
stored to me the precious ornaments of the temple
in which I was educated. Perhaps in my letter I
badly expressed the sentiments that such an excess
of goodness inspired me with: but I meant—
Alas! interrupted he again, what comfort does ac-
knowledgment bring to a heart that is wretched?
Thanks are the companions of indifference, and
too often allied with hatred.

What is that you say? cried I. Why do you
thus wrong me in your thoughts? Ah! *Deter-
ville*, what a right should I have to reproach you, if you
were not so much to be pitied! Far from hating
you, ever since the first moment I saw you, I have
depended on you with less repugnance than on the
*Spaniards*. Your gentleness and kindness have
made me all along desire to gain your friendship,
in proportion as I saw farther into your character.

I am
I am confirmed in the opinion that you deserve all mine; and, without speaking of the extreme obligations I have to you (since my acknowledgment displeases) how could I help entertaining the sentiments which are so justly your due?

Your virtues alone I found worthy of the simplicity of ours: a son of the Sun would be honoured by your sentiments: your reason is like that of nature: How many motives then had I to esteem you? Even the nobleness of your figure, and every thing about you, pleases me: for friendship has eyes as well as love. Heretofore, after a short absence, you never came to me again but I felt a sort of serenity expand in my heart. Why have you changed those innocent pleasures into pains and anxieties?

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

My dear Zilia, cried he (kissing my hand with ardour) what an addition does your kindness and frankness of speech make to my regret! What a treasure would the possession of such a heart as yours be! But with what aggravated despair do you make me sensible of the loss of it!
Mighty Zilia, continued he, how great is your power? Was it not enough to convert me from the most careless indifference to love, from indolence to fury, but you must vanquish me too? Can I bear it?—Yes, said I; this effort is worthy of your noble heart: an action so just and generous elevates you above mortals.—But can I survive it? resumed he sorrowfully. Do not hope, however, that I shall serve for the victim of your love: I will continue still to adore your idea, which shall be the bitter nourishment of my soul. I will love you, and see you no more. Oh!—But at least do not forget.—

The rising sobs choked his speech, and he hastily endeavoured to hide the tears which overflowed his face. Affected equally with his generosity and his grief, I shed some myself, and pressed one of his hands in mine. No, said I, you shall not leave me. Let me still keep my friend, and be you satisfied with those sentiments which I shall have for you all my life long. I love you almost as much as I love Aza, but I cannot love you in the same manner as him.

Cruel Zilia, cried he with transport, will you always accompany your goodness with such piercing strokes? Must a mortal poison continually destroy the charm that you convey with your words? How senseless am I to be bewitched by their sweetness! to what a shameful humility do I degrade myself! But it is done, I recover myself, added he in a firm tone. Farewell; you shall soon see Aza; may he not make you feel torments like those which prey on me; may he be such as your desire makes him, and worthy of your heart!

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

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

However, reflections upon the inconstancy of men, the dangers of absence, and the facility with which thou hadst changed thy religion, remained deeply graven upon my mind.

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

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

Alas! was I less desperate than he? What torments did I not suffer, before I found again the repose of my heart? Is it yet well confirmed? Aza! I love thee so tenderly, canst thou forget me?

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

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

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

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

At my arrival in France, not understanding the language, I could judge of things only by their outside. As I had little instruction in the religious house, I found the country turned to no better account, where I saw only a particular society, with which I was too much tired to examine it. It is here only, that, by conversing with what they call the great world, I see the whole nation.

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

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

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

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

As the sincerity which the French use to one another is without exception, so their reciprocal confidence is without bounds. One need have neither eloquence to be heard, nor probity to obtain belief. Every thing is said, every thing is received, with the same levity.

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

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

A man of good sense speaks ill of the absent, because he would not be despised by those who are present: another would be honest, humane, and without pride, if he did not fear being ridiculous; and a third becomes ridiculous thro’ such qualities, as would make him a model of perfection if he dared to exert them, and assume his just merit.

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

Happy the nation which has nature only for its guide, truth for its mover, and virtue for its principle.
It is not surprizing, my dear Aza, that incoherence is a consequence of the airy character of the French: but I cannot be enough surprized that they, with as much or more penetration than any other nation, seem not to perceive the shocking contradictions which foreigners remark in them at the first sight.

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

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

If I was not assured that thou wilt soon be a judge of these things thyself, scarce should I dare paint to thee such contrasts as the simplicity of our minds cannot without pain conceive. Docile to the notions of nature, our genius proceeds no farther: we have found that the strength and courage of one sex indicates that it ought to be the support and defence of the other, and our laws are conformable to this discovery*. Here, far from compassionating...
onating the weakness of women, those of the common people, tied down to labour, have no relief either from the laws or their husbands. Those of more elevated rank, the prey either of the seduction or malice of men, have no recompence for the perfidies imposed on them, except a shew of merely imaginary outside respect, which is continually followed by the most stinging satire.

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

In all the houses we have entered for two days past, we have been told of the death of a young man killed by one of his friends, and the barbarous action is approved of for no other reason, but because the dead had spoken to the disadvantage of the living. This new extravagance seemed of so serious a character, as to deserve my exactest enquiry. Upon information, my dear Aza, I learned that a man is obliged to expose his life to take away that of another, if he hears that this other has been talking against him; or to banish himself from society, if he refuses to take so cruel a vengeance. I wanted to be told no more, in order to form a clear idea of what I sought. It is certain that the men, naturally cowards, without shame, and without remorse, are afraid only of corporal punishments. And if the women were authorised to punish the outrages offered them in the same manner, as the men are obliged to revenge the slightest insult offered to one another, such persons as we see now well received in society, would not be so any longer. The slanderer must retire
retire into a desert, and there hide his malice and his shame. But cowards have nothing to fear, and have too well founded this abuse to see it ever abolished.

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

O my dear Aza, let not the brilliant vices of a nation, otherwise charming, give us a disgust of the natural simplicity of our own manners! Let us not forget; thou, the obligation thou art under to be my example, my guide, and my support in the path of virtue; I, the duty that lies on me to preserve thy esteem and thy love, by imitating my model, even by surpassing it if possible, and meriting a respect founded on virtue, and not on a frivolous custom.

LETTER XXXII.

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

After two days rest, we set out yesterday morning from Paris, Celina, her brother, her husband, and I, to go, as she told me, and pay a visit to the best of her friends. The journey was not long, and we arrived early in the day at a country-house, the situation and avenues of which appeared to me admirable: but what astonished me at going in was, to find all the doors open, and not to meet a single person.
This house, too pretty to be abandoned, too small to hide the people which should inhabit it, seemed to me a kind of enchantment. I was diverted with the thought, and asked Celina, if we were in the dwelling of one of those fairies, of whom she had made me read the histories, where the mistress of the mansion and her domestics were all invisible.

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

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

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

I had no sooner pronounced these words, but I saw a man come in dressed in black, with a standish in his hand, and paper already writ upon. They placed it before me, and I wrote my name where I was directed.

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

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

The day was serene, and, with common consent, we agreed to walk when we rose from table. We found the gardens much more extensive than the house seemed to promise: art and symmetry made themselves admired, by uniting to render the charms of simple nature more transporting.

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

My astonishment was much greater, when the two companies being come up to us, the most distinguished man quitted his, kneeed down on one knee, and presented to me, in a large basin, several keys, with a compliment which my perplexity did not suffer me to understand: I only comprehended in it, that being the chief of the villagers in that country, he came to do me homage in qua-
lity of their sovereign, and present me with the keys of the house of which I was also the mistress.

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

I was too much confused, my dear Aza, to answer eulogies which I so little deserved; otherwise, every thing that passed had an air so resembling that of truth, that many times I could not help believing what nevertheless I thought incredible. This thought produced variety of others, and my mind was so engaged, that it was impossible for me to speak a word. If my confusion was diverting to the company, it was not so to myself.

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

To me? cried I. Ah Celina, whether it be an affront or a jest, you carry it too far. Hear me, said she, more seriously: If my brother has disposed of some parts of your treasure to purchase it, and, instead of the disagreeable formalities that would
would have been otherwise necessary, reserued to
you only the surprize when the thing was done,
ought you to hate us mortally for so doing? Can-
not you pardon us for having procured you, at all
events, such a dwelling as you have seemed to like,
and for having secured to you an independent life?
You, this morning, signed the authentic deed
that puts you in possession of both. Murmur at us
now as much as you please, added she, smiling
again, if nothing of all this be agreeable to you.
Oh my amiable friend! cried I, throwing my-
selp at her feet, I have too lively a sense of your
generous cares to express my acknowledgment.
These few words were all I was able to utter, my
secret wish having before been to have such an
independency. Melting in rapturous transports,
while I reflected on the pleasure I should have in
consecrating to thee this charming abode, the
multitude of my sentiments stifled the expressions
of them. I embraced Celina, who repayed my
carefnes with the same tenderness; and, after hav-
ning given me time to recover myself, we returned
to her brother and her husband.

Trouble seized me again when I came near De-
terville, and caused a fresh perplexity in my ex-
pessions. I gave him my hand, which he kissed
without speaking a word, and turned aside to hide
the tears he could not restrain; which I took for
signs of his satisfaction on seeing me so contented.
I was so moved myself as to shed some likewise.
Celina's husband, less concerned than we at what
had passed, soon turned the conversation again
into a pleasant vein: he complimented me on my
new dignities, and prevailed on me to return to
the house, in order, as he said, to examine the de-
fects of it, and shew Deterville that his taste was
not so good as he flattered himself.

F 4
Shall I confess to thee, my dear Axæ, that every thing on our way seemed now to put on a new form; that the flowers appeared more beautiful, the trees more verdant, and the symmetry of the garden more complete.

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

I ran through the apartments in such a rapture of joy, that I did not examine any thing minutely: the only place I stopped in was a room moderately large, surrounded with cases curiously wrought, and covered with gold, in which there were a great number of books of all colours, of all forms, and admirably neat. I was so enchanted, that I thought I could not have left them till I had read them all; but Celina pulled me away, putting me in mind of a golden key which Deterville had given me. We endeavoured to make use of it; but our endeavours would have been in vain, if he had not shewn us the door it was to open; which was so artificially concealed in the wainscot, that it had been impossible to discover it without knowing the secret.

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

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

Virgins were there seen represented in a thousand places, in the same dress that I wore when I came into France: and I was even told that they were like me.
The ornaments of the temple, which I had left in the religious house, supported by gilt pyramids, adorned all the corners of this magnificent cabinet. The figure of the Sun, suspended in the midst of a ceiling painted with the most beautiful colours of the heavens, completed, by its lustre, the embellishment of this charming solitude; and commodious moveable, suited to the paintings, rendered the whole delicious.

In examining more nearly what I was ravished to find again, I perceived that the golden chair was wanting: though I avoided speaking of it, Deterville guesst my thoughts, and feized that moment to express himself. "You search in vain, said he, fair Zilia: the chair of the Incas, by a magical power, is transformed into a house, a garden, and an estate: if I have not employed my own science in this metamorphosis, it was not without regret; but it was necessary to shew respect to your delicacy. See here, added he (opening a little buffet that was dexterously sunk into the wall) these are the remains of the magical operations. At the same time he shewed me a strong box full of pieces of gold, all of the French coin. "You know, continued he, that this is not one of the least necessary things among us, and I thought it my duty to preserve you a small provision of it.

I began to express my grateful thanks, and the admiration I was in of so many preventing cares, when Celina interrupted me, and pulled me into a room by the side of this marvellous closet. I would, said she, shew you the power of my art also. Large drawers were then opened, full of rich silks, linens, ornaments, in a word, of whatever is worn in the dress of women, all in such abundance, that I could not help laughing, and asking Celina how many years she desired me to live,
live, to make use of so many fine things? As long as I and my brother live, answered she. And for my part, replied I, I desire you may both live as long as I love you, then I am sure you will not die before me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Having gone thus far, Deterville did not hesitate telling me all the rest of his dispositions: he shewed me the appartment which he designed for thee; for thou wilt lodge here, till, united together, decency permits us to inhabit my delicious castle. I will not lose sight of thee any more; nothing shall separate us: Deterville has provided every thing, and convinced me more than ever of the excess of his generosity.

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

I dissemble even a part of the transports of my joy, that I may not irritate his pain. This is all I can do: but my own felicity engages me too much for me to keep it entirely hidden: therefore, though I believe thee very near me, though my heart leaps at the leaft noise, though I interrupt my letter almost at every word to run to the window, yet I continue writing to thee: finding this relief to the transports of my heart necessary. Thou art near me, it is true: but is thy absence less real than if we were still separated by the seas? I do not see thee: thou canst not hear me: why then should I cease to converse with thee by the only means in my power? But a moment more, and I shall see thee: but this moment does not yet exist. Can I better employ so much of thy absence, as I am yet to bear, than by painting to thee the vivacity of my tenderness? Alas! thou haft hitherto seen it breathing in sighs only! Let that time be far from me! with what transport will it be effaced from my memory! Aza, dear Aza! how sweet is that name to me! Very soon I shall no longer call thee in vain: thou wilt hear me, and fly to my voice. The most tender expressions of my heart shall be the reward of thy haste.—I am interrupted: it is not by thee, and yet I must quit this conversation with thee.
WERE you able, Sir, to foresee, without reluctance, the mortal chagrin you were going to join to the happiness you had prepared for me? How could you have the cruelty to cause your departure to be preceded by such agreeable circumstances, by such weighty motives of gratitude, unless it were to render me more sensible of your despair and your absence? Though but two days ago wrapt up in the sweets of friendship, I now feel the most bitter anxiety.

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

What! in recompence of so many benefits, shall I poison all your days, and those of your sister? shall I break so tender an union? shall I fix despair in your hearts, while I still enjoy your bounties? No, think not of it. I look on myself with horror in a house which I fill with mourning: I acknowledge
knowledge your cares in the good treatment I receive from Celina, at the very time when I could pardon her for hating me. But whatever those cares are, I renounce them all, and remove for ever from a place which I cannot bear, unless you return.

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

Alas! you would have found but too much delight in that interview which you dreaded as so very formidable! This Aza, the object of so much love, is no more the same Aza that I have painted to you in such tender colours. The coldness of his approach, the praises of the Spaniards, with which he a hundred times interrupted the soft overflowings of my soul, the offensive curiosity which snatched him from my transports to visit the rarities of Paris; all made me in dread of ills at which my heart shudders. Oh Deterville! perhaps you may not be long the most unhappy.

If compaffion of yourself can work nothing on you, let the duties of friendship call you back: friendship is the only asylum of unfortunate love. If the ills that I dread should overwhelm me, what will you not have to reproach yourself with? If you abandon me, where shall I find a heart sensible of my pains? Shall generosity, hitherto the most potent of your passions, give way at last to discontented love? No; I cannot believe it: such a weakness would be unworthy of you: you are incapable of delivering yourself up to it: but come and convince me, if you love your own glory, and my repose.
LETTER XXXV.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at Malta.

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

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

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

Alas! contradictory as this religion is, if nothing had been necessary but to embrace it, in order to recover the good it had deprived me of, I could have submitted my mind to its illusions, without corrupting my heart by its principles. In the bitterness of my soul I demanded to be instructed
ed in it. My tears were not regarded. I cannot be admitted into a society so pure, without abandoning the motive which determines me to desire it—without renouncing my love; that is to say, without changing my existence.

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

The cruel Aza has preserved nothing of the candour of our manners, except that respect for truth which he makes so cruel an usage. Seduced by the charms of a young Spnniard, ready to be united with her, he consented to come into France only to disengage himself from the faith he had sworn to me, and to leave me without any doubt of his real sentiments; only to restore to me a liberty which I detest, or, rather, to take away my life.

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

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

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

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

LETTER XXXVI.

To the Chevalier Deterville at Malta.

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

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

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

Thou hast seen me at thy feet, barbarous Aza! thou hast seen those feet bathed with my tears—and thou art fled—Horrible moment! why does not this remembrance deprive me of life?
If my body had not sunk under the weight of my grief, Aza should not have triumphed over my weakness—he should not have gone alone. I would have followed thee, ingrate, I would have seen thee, I would have died at least before thy eyes.

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

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

LETTER XXXVII.

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

The cares of your amiable sister restored my health, and some returns of reason have supported it. The certainty that my misfortune is without remedy, has done the rest. I know that Aza is arrived in Spain, and that his crime is compleat: my grief is not extinct, but the cause of it is no longer worthy of my regret. If any regret now remains in my heart, it is due only for the pains I have
have caused you—for my error—for the wanderings of my reason.

Alas! in proportion as this reason enlightens me I discover its impotence. What power has it in a desolate soul? The excess of grief throws us back to the weakness of childhood. As in that first age, so in this, present objects only have power over us; the sight seems to be the only sense that has an intimate communication with the soul: of this I have had woful experience.

As I recovered from the long and senseless lethargy, into which I was plunged by the departure of Aza, the first desire that nature inspired me with, was to retire into that solitude which I owe to your providential goodness. It was not without difficulty that I obtained leave of Celina to be conducted thither. There I found helps against despair, which neither the world, nor friendship itself, could ever afford me. In your sister's house, even her conversation could never prevail over the objects which incessantly renewed in my mind the perfidy of Aza.

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

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

If the remembrance of Aza presents itself to my mind, it is under the same aspect which I then beheld him. I think myself waiting for his arrival.
arrival. I give way to this illusion as long as it is agreeable to me: if it quits me, I have recourse to books, and read greedily at the first. Insensibly new ideas veil over the horrid truth that environs me, and, at the end, give some relaxation to my sorrow.

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

Perhaps the fastidious decency of your nation does not permit to one of my age that independency and solitude in which I live: whenever Celina comes to see me, she at least endeavours to persuade me so; but she has not yet given me sufficient reasons to convince me that I am to blame. True decency is in my heart. It is not to the image of virtue that I pay homage, but to virtue itself. Yet I will always take her for the judge and guide of my actions. To her will I confound my life, and to friendship my heart. Alas! when will it have the undivided and uninterrupted possession and sway?

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the Chevalier Deterville at Paris.

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

How, Deterville, after having taken upon you to dissemble your sentiments in all your letters, after having given me room to hope that I should no longer have a passion that afflicts me to combat, do you deliver yourself up more than ever to its violence?

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

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

You flatter yourself in vain that you shall cause my heart to put on new chains. The treachery of another does not disengage me from my oaths. Would to heaven it could make me forget the ingrate: but, if I could forget him, yet, true to myself, I would not be perjured. The cruel Azara abandons that which once was dear to him: his rights over me are not the least sacred: I may be healed of my passion, but never can have any except for him. All the sentiments that friendship inspires are yours, and I shall be faithful to them. You shall enjoy my confidence and sincerity in the same degree, and both shall be without bounds. All the lively and delicate sentiments, which love has discovered in my heart, shall turn to the advantage of friendship. I will let you see, with equal openness
openness of soul, my regret that I was not born in France, and my invincible inclination towards Aza; how grateful it would have been to me that I had owed to you the advantage of thinking, and my eternal acknowledgment to him who procured me that blessing. We will read in each other's souls: confidence, as well as love, can give rapidity to time: there are a thousand ways to make friendship instructing, and banish it all satiety.

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

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

Your fears that solitude may be hurtful to my health are groundless. Believe me, Deterville, solitude is never dangerous but through idlenesfs. But I, continually employed, can strike out to myself new pleasures from every thing that inaction would else render insipid.

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

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

Come, Deterville, come, and learn of me to husband the resources of our souls, and the benefits of nature. Renounce those tumultuous sentiments, the imperceptible destroyers of our being. Come, and learn to know innocent and durable pleasures: come, and enjoy them with me. You shall find in my heart, in my friendship, in my sentiments, all that is wanting to indemnify you for the loss of love.

LETTER XXXIX.

Deterville's Answer to Zilia.

Oh Zilia! on what conditions am I permitted to see you again? Have you thought well on that which you require of me? I was able, it is true, to keep silence in your presence; but that situation was at the same time the joy and the misfortune of my life. I could take pains for Aza's return; I paid a deference to your passion for him, cruel as it was to me. Even when I suspected his change, without given myself up to the flattering hopes which I might from thence have conceived, I wrought so far upon my mind as to be afflicted, because it would make you unhappy. But Aza came, and had a fresh view of your charms. He found you faithful, tender, wholly occupied with his idea, and your desire to crown his flame. How triumphant was it for him to see those fortunate knots, the precious monuments of your tenderness! What other heart but his would not have resumed his ancient chains? Or rather, what
what other heart but his had been capable ever to
break them?

Not being able to foresee his ingratitude, nothing
remained for me but to die. I formed a design of
leaving you for ever, and flying from my country
and my family: I could not, however, refuse
myself the doleful consolation of imparting to you
this resolution. Celina, sensibly touch'd with my
unhappy lot, took upon her to deliver to you my
letter. The time she chose for this, Zilia, as your-
self have wrote me word, was the instant in which
the faithless Aza appeared in your sight. Doubt-
less the tender compassion of Celina for an unfor-
tunate brother, made her taste a secret pleasure
in embittering the moments which were to have
been so very sweet: she was not deceived; you
were sensible to my despair, and even deigned to
signify as much to me by footing expressions, pro-
per to satisfy a heart which had no higher ambition
than to engage your pity.

I was soon informed of Aza's crime, and then,
I confess it, my heart first gave way to hope. The
illusion prevailed on me so far, that I even flatter-
ered myself with the glory of giving you comfort.
That was the first moment of my life wherein I
prefaged to myself a happy futurity. To these
timements, at once so soft and so new to me,
succeeded the most afflicting circumstance. Your
life was in danger, and my soul was torn in pieces
by the fear of losing you. I laboured ardently to
surmount the obstacles which opposed my return.
At last I overcame them; and flew towards you.
My respect imposed on me the necessity of wait-
ing for your orders to appear in your presence. I
petitioned for leave in such expressions as are natu-
ral to a heart in the condition of mine. But, is it
possible to express what I felt upon reading your
answer?
answer? No, it is not possible. How many different notions agitated my soul! how many senseless projects! That of removing from you, Zilia, I had the courage to form; but, too feeble to put it in execution, I gave way to my destiny by remaining near you. My respect, my admiration, and my services, shall be all that I will permit the ardour of my love to express. Shall I be forbidden, divine Zilia, to hope in silence, that you will one day be touched with a passion which shall always be as great in respect as in vivacity?

LETTER XL.

Zilia to Celina.

My dear Celina, how unhappy am I? You leave me, alas! to myself, and I have not a more cruel enemy. Incessantly haunted by the most grievous reflections, upon misfortunes that I could not foresee, and destitution of experience, I can by no means enjoy the repose which this charming solitude seems to offer me. It serves only to bring back the remembrance of the cruel Aza, with all his charms. In vain I call reason to my succour; in vain think of my insulted love, rewarded with ingratitude. I see plainly, that it is from time only I must expect the calm I desire. Why was it not the pleasure of love that such tender and delicate sentiments should be reserved for Deterville, who would have better known their value? But could I foresee events, of which I had not the least idea? Aza the first time presented himself to my eyes with all possible advantages: birth, merit, a charming figure, and the warmest love, authorized by duty: what more was wanting to engage a young heart, naturally sensible and tender?
This heart was accordingly given up without reserve! I breathed only for him; my beauty was pleasing, and I desired new charms, only that I might be more worthy of him, and, if possible, render him more amorous. Our felicity was perfect, till the fatal revolution which separated us one from the other.

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

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

Is Deterville at Paris? Has he accepted the tender friendship which I offered him? You two are all that remains dear to me. Come, and sweeten my solitude! Walking, reading, and reflection shall divide our time; and I begin to think I ought to study your religion. Aza, whose knowledge is sublime, who, as a son of the celestial luminary, ought to have a more lively and penetrating wit than I, has acknowledged defects in ours, which I cannot yet see. I may deceive myself in my opinion of its perfection. When I left Peru, I was persuaded that was the only country favoured by the sun; that our horizon alone was enlightened by it, and that all other people were involved in darkness. I soon discovered my error in this respect. It seems probable therefore, that the
the instructions which may be given me by Deterville, whose character is formed of rectitude, candour, moderation and generosity may make some farther impression upon me.

I will add this obligation to all those which I already have to him; on this condition only, that he shall employ nothing but reason and solid proofs to persuade me. I am willing to be instructed, but not constrained. This serious study shall be intermixed with innocent amusements, which you, Celina, shall partake with us. But be sure to make Deterville sensible, that he will crown my gratitude, if he banishes love entirely from our conversation. Such an union will be charming, if I hear not a word of this enemy of my repose. Esteem and confidence shall reign betwixt us, and what would he desire more?

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

LETTER XLI.

Celina's Answer to Zilia.

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

It is plain, that love still pleads warmly for him in your heart: But does that justify him? You are ingenious
ingenious in searching out whatever may make him appear less culpable; that is an effect of the goodness of your heart, and the tenderness you still bear to that ungrateful man. But my dear Zilia, do not deceive yourself: He never, in his love to you, felt any of those little tribulations, which warm and heighten that passion; jealousy, caprice, coldness, never entered into your engagements. Sure of your heart, he found nothing but tenderness, and equality of humour; a passion, perhaps too warm on your side, and in which there was at least no trial. Hence arose your misfortune; he ceased to love you, because he had been too happy. It is not easy to decide, my dear Zilia, which it was that prevailed with him; whether religion, or the beauty of the fair Spaniard. If it was the first motive only, he is excusable; but the two objects united together, make me very much suspect him. You are to blame, my dear friend, to think so incessantly of this pernicious man: It is entertaining an idea fatal to your repose. Let us not talk any more, I beseech you, of one so faithless; let us forget, if it be possible, his very name. I will come and see you; I will do my utmost to direct you. How passionately do I wish myself able to contribute to the return of your tranquillity, and the assurance of your felicity!

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

My brother is returned, and I have shewn him your letter. He is grieved to the heart to see you still so full of the perjured Aza. You owe to his
his delicacy, and that conduct, of which he alone is capable, the violence he puts on himself in keeping at a distance from you. But entirely taken up with a passion equally tender and respectful, he does not find himself capable to suppress all the testimonies of it. He is afraid of offending you, because he is afraid that, in spite of himself, some expressions may escape him in your presence, which you have forbid with the utmost rigour. He laments without ceasing, that sentiments so constant, so tender, so delicate, to which he thinks he has a just title, should be the recompence of one that is perjured.

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

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

If you desire to be enlightened with regard to your religion, be not afraid that Deterville will instruct you with tyranny: He will give you such
helps and such counsels, as shall be in your choice either to follow or reject. You know his integrity and moderation: I am sure he will act under their direction, though at the same time it will give him the purest joy if he can succeed. But, my dear Zilia, in order to this great work, it is necessary to be divested of all prejudice.

We promise ourselves much enjoyment of your conversation, and will endeavour to make ours as agreeable as we are capable. This will be easy for us to do, as our hearts are free from love, and filled only with tranquil friendship. Deterville himself, whom we have at last engaged to be of the party, has promised me sincerely, that he will not appear amorous, but observe all the rules of discretion you prescribe to him; but he beseeches you, in return, never to speak to him of the faithless and happy Aza. He has a right, me-thinks, to require this complaisance of you. I know not whether it will be very difficult to you; but it is necessary there should be an unison between your two hearts, in order to form a perfect concert amongst us.

LETTER XLII.

Deterville to Celina.

At my return from Malta to Paris, my dear sister, I received with a transport of joy, mixed with fear, the fair Zilia’s letter, which was delivered to me by your order. In fact, this letter confirms, at the very beginning of it, her design to forget Aza: But O painful and cruel tidings! it proclaims to me afresh her resolution never to replace him by another. She even forbids me to have the least idea of that nature. What
What a mortal blow, my dear Celina, was this! Have you a thorough sense of it? Whilst Zilia could depend on the fidelity of one so beloved, I had no room either to hope or to complain: I could not be ignorant, being myself a melancholy proof of it, that a heart truly smitten cannot entertain more than one love. That of Zilia belonged of right to the faithless Aza: but when this same Aza became faithless and perjured, had not my hopes a right to revive? Yet in that very instant how cruelly were they deceived! Dear sister how hard is my fate! What is the composition of these Peruvian souls? How! Is not Zilia susceptible of that lively pleasure, which all women, may I not say, which all hearts enjoy in vengeance? Why does she not efface from her heart the very image of this ingrate, if it were for no other reason than to shew her horror of ingratitude! Happy, if amidst the diversity of her sentiments, a spark of love for me could enter. I am sensible that my delicacy would suffer by those means, but no matter, if she does but love me. I shall owe my happiness to spite; but perhaps I may owe it to gratitude likewise. Shall I not be a thousand times happy? I cannot help for a moment enjoying the idea.

It is true, that this beauty whom I adore, offers me the most constant friendship, and expresses it even with passion: she particularizes all the charms of it with so much grace and delicacy, that if any other than Zilia had offered me such a friendship, I should have been enchanted with it. But can the most tender friendship on her part repay the most passionate love on mine? Feeble image of a passion, how will it answer to the vivacity of that which I feel! How great will be my misfortune, if, while Zilia renders for the
Do indeed commiserate a distracted heart, which finds no relief either in itself or elsewhere. Such is your situation, my dear Deterville; you love Zilia, the most amiable, the most virtuous virgin that ever was, and you love her almost without measure. The purity of her soul, the natural delicacy of her conversation, her beauty for ever new to your eyes, her candour, even her very tenderness for Aza, contrary as it is to you, hopes, all contribute to nourish in you a passion, which taste and esteem augment daily; a passion so much the more lively, as it is the first you have ever experienced. I would endeavour to cure you of it, if it were of such a nature as you could ever repent it; but I am not ignorant, that being master of this fair Indian, by the laws of war, you have respected her beauty, her sentiments, and her misfortunes: I know it was not your fault, that the only good, which could ren-
der her happy, was not restored to her, and that even at the expense of your wealth. I admired you as a prodigy, when I saw you call out of the heart of Spain the happy Aza, in order to return to him, with his other treasures, the only jewel which you could not be happy without. This was the very height of generosity.

In the mean time, by an unexampled turn of fortune, when the infidelity of Aza rendered your benefits useless, and you had more right than ever to hope, the unforeseen constancy of Zilia for an ungrateful man, adds the last and severest stroke to your misfortunes.

But, my dear brother, while I indulge your grief, and lament the fatality of your fars, suffer me to inform you, that you make your case worse than it really is. The anxiety of your heart, doubtless prevents your seeing the least glimpse of hope: but perhaps the indifference, in which you formerly lived, keeps you ignorant of the re-

sources which are still left you by fortune. As a woman, I should be tempted still to leave you partly in ignorance; but as a sister, I cannot take such an unkind resolution. Hear me then, my dear Deterville. Aza was naturally the only object that Zilia could be attached to. A prince, tender, young and charming, and Zilia in all the force and sweetness of her first fires, united by taste and by duty, and by the virtue which ennobled both. A hideous mishap, a cruel revolution se-

parates them, and enlivens the image of that fel-

licity of which they see themselves fatally depre-

ved. Represent to yourself how much force even despair must add to a passion before so warm and so legitimate. It was a heart new in love, full of fire, given up for the first time, and which did not know a more sensible pleasure, than that of adhering
adhering to the object it had chosen; in short, it was a heart amorous to excess, inflamed by difficulty, and which, at the very brink of felicity, saw itself in that instant, snatched from the expected enjoyment. My dear brother, put yourself for a moment in the place of Zilia: Is it possible that any other lover could make her so soon forget a bridegroom that was so dear to her, and restore her tranquillity? Reflect on the nobleness of her soul, and you will conceive that a heart so generous, may be capable of carrying her attachment beyond the bounds of ordinary sensibility, and of continuing to love an object which it is sure never to possess. This is such a musical string, as sounds a long time after it has been once briskly touched.

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

I come now to the friendship which she offers you. By your refusing this friendship, it should seem
seem to be offensive, or at least unpleasant to you. You look upon it as a sentiment too weak to answer to the vivacity of your love. It seems like a payment in counterfeit coin; and you reject it because it is not absolute and complete love. But, pray dear brother, is it the name only that you would obtain? For my part, I cannot help thinking so: for the friendship of Zilia ought to inspire you with less repugnance. Let me tell you, even this ought to charm you. Why do you oblige me here to disclose the great secrets of the fair sex? Know, that this sentiment of friendship, so sweet among men, so rare among women, is always the most lively betwixt persons of different sexes. Men love one another with cordiality, women love each other with diffidence; but two persons of the two sexes add to the taste of friendship, a spark of that fire which nature never fails to inspire. A sprout of passion will attend the very birth of this friendship, so pure in appearance; as such sort of friends are fully enough sensible. Let them both keep mutually upon their guard, it matters not: All their precautions will make no change in the imperceptible progress of nature, and they will soon be surprized, that they are fallen in love with each other without perceiving it.

The friendship offered you then, my dear Deterville, is, in my opinion, the first act of that interesting play, of which you so much desire to see the unravelling; it is the first discovery of the heart, and since that is favourable to you, have you any room to complain?

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

Would you not always have the better opinion
of a lady, who chooses to be the more reserved, to
make your happiness the more compleat? Who,
by giving your passion a reasonable character, in-
tends to refine and increase your pleasure?

Indeed, my brother, you are obliged to Zilia,
who in the way of friendship is preparing for you
pleasures more extatic than you proposed for your-
selv: She neither dared, nor ought to make you a
return of passion in the manner that you desired.
You must consult the fair sex for sentiments of this
nature; and be not ashamed that the women are
here beforehand with you; since without them,
the men would perhaps be ignorant in the finesses
of the art of love. Women are allowed, as a
natural consequence of the temper of their hearts,
to have more suppleness of genius than men. I
do not suppose any artifice to enter into this art of
of love, of which I am speaking; these two cha-
acters, as much as they resemble one another,
ought to be distinguished. All the women of wit
love with art, but not all with artifice. As to
your dear Zilia, her heart is honest, noble, and
elevated; but she is ingenuous in the most fine and
subtle manner of any woman I know. That
heart of hers, which is at present wholly taken
up with the most tender and virtuous passion, but
a passion cruelly deceived, you will at last find to
be
be reserved for you. Allow only a reasonable term to Zilia for grief, and, without complaining, leave time to destroy in her that idea of glory which flatters her hitherto.

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

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

LETTER XLIV.

Zilia to Deterville.

AFTER the loss of Aza, I could never have thought, Sir, that new troubles would have reached my heart. But now, by fatal experience, I perceive the contrary, from a discovery I made accidentally, and which plunges me again into the most cruel perplexity. Your sister came to see me yesterday. After her departure I found a paper in my chamber. I opened it; but how great was my
my surprize to know her hand, in a letter address-
ed to you, in which, after blaming you for not
accepting my offers, she undertakes to persuade
you by motives very different from mine! Who
could have thought that the ever-tender, the ever-
generous Celina, my only consolation in the bit-
terness of my soul, would have proved perfidious?
After I have given myself up entirely to the sweet-
ness of her friendship, and had not the least reserve
in my sincere love to her, I learn that she does not
love me without distrust. If your sister, at the
beginning of this fatal letter, loads me with praises,
doubtless they do not flow so much from her own
sentiments, as from her fear of displeasing you:
For on what does she pretend to found your hope,
if not upon the want of solidity in these virtues
which she attributes to me? In revealing to you
the secrets of her sex, her art, or rather artifice,
does not turn to the advantage of her heart.
Mistaken notion! does she think the virgins devot-
ed to the Sun, and educated in his temple, are to
be judged of by the general distinction she gives
of the character of women? Is there but one
model, one rule to form a judgment by? The
Creator, who diversifies his works in a thousand
manners, who imparts to every country some
particular property, who gives to us all physiogn-
omy so various and different, has he decreed
that the characters of the mind should be every
where alike, and that all reasonable beings should
think in the same manner? For my part, I can-
not easily be persuaded of this. Besides, what
reason has she to give to the men such happy pre-
rogatives? Does she believe they have a more
ample portion of the breath of the divinity? We
have, in Peru, such an opinion of the divine
Amutas, whose sublime knowledge and habitudes,
consecrated
consecrated to virtue, elevate them above ordinary men; but for other men, if they have passions which are common to them, we acknowledge in them virtues also which conduct and rectify those passions; and we judge of them from their actions, and not from any presupposed weaknesses.

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

I am ignorant, and would ever be ignorant of that art, which degrades women much more than it fets off their charms: It only proves their weakness, their vanity, and their diffidence of the object they would enslave. Nature knows not this art, nor ever strives to adorn the graces, and add charms to virtue.

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

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

As you are too virtuous to think I aim at glory in performing my duty, do not expect that either time, or the weakness of my sex will make any change
change in me? United with Aza, in ties which death only should have dissolved, no object can disengage me from him. Yet come, Sir, enjoy the tranquil fruits which gratitude offers you; come, and at once enlighten and adorn my understanding.

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

LETTER XLV.

Deterville to Zilia.

I was set out, adorable Zilia, in the firm resolution to forget you, as the only relief to my pains I could think of. A long absence, I presumed, might work this miracle. But alas! the anger inspired by a tender sentiment is soon stifled by its own principle. I am here returned more amorous and as ill treated as ever, in spite of the glimmerings of hope which the infidelity of Aza had kindled in my mind. My situation gives me more right than ever to complain: but how cruel soever your manner of thinking be to me, it still deprives me of liberty. You bind me to you in so engaging a manner, by the tender friendship you offer me, that though the bounds you prescribe to it appear to me a species of ingratitude, I perceive that my complaints, should I now make them, would become unjust.

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

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

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

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

A. A.

OF THE

PERUVIAN.
ADVERTISEMENT.

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

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

There are many who will, perhaps, think it a crime in Aza, to have described, under the name of Spanish manners, those failings, and even vices, that are peculiar to the French nation. How specious forever this charge may appear, it will be easily liquidated, if we properly consider, with M. Fontenelle, that a native of England and of France are countrymen at Pekin.

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

LETTER I.
To Zilia.

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

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

The predictions of Viracocha are still unaccomplished. I am now on the august throne of Manco-Capa, and Zilia is not by my side. I reign, and thou art loaded with fetters! Be comforted, thou tender object of my ardent affections. The
fun has too fully proved our love; he now prepares to crown it with felicity. These knots, the
weak interpreters of our sentiments: these knots, whose use I bless, but whose fate I envy, shall
behold thee free. From out thy frightful prison thou shalt fly to my arms. As the dove escaped
from the talons of the vulture, flies to participate of happiness with her faithful companion, so shalt
thou repose in my heart, yet trembling with agitation, thy past afflictions; thy tenderness and my
felicity. What joy, what transport! To drown thy miseries in bliss! Thou shalt see at thy feet
those brutal masters of the thunder: and even those hands which have loaded thee with fetters,
shall aid in seating thee on the throne.

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

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

The sun, in the fulness of his glory, spread over my visage the same rays with which he illu-
minated thine. Transports of joy, and flames of love, enrapt my heart. My soul was lost in that
divinity
divinity from whom it derives its being. My eyes sparkled with the fires they received from thine, and spoke a thousand desires. Restrained by the decorum of ceremonies. I went to the temple: my heart flew thither. There I beheld thee; more fair than the morning star, more blooming than the new blown rose; accusing the Cucipatas of delay; and to me tenderly lamenting the obstacle by which we were yet separated. When in a moment, O dreadful remembrance! the lightenings flashed, the thunder roared. At the tremendous alarm all around me I fell to the earth. Prostrate I adored the sovereign Valpor. I implored for thee. The peals were redoubled—they relented—they ceased. I rose trembling for thy safety. What horror! what a dreadful prospect! surrounded by a cloud of sulphur, by flames and by blood; in a frightful confusion, my eyes saw nothing but death; my ears heard nothing but screams; my heart fought nothing but thee; and every object told it thou wert lost. I still hear the thunder that struck thee: I see thee pale, disfigured; thy bosom smeared with blood and dust: a cruel fire devours thee.

The clouds disappear: the obscurity is dispersed. Can you believe it, Zilia? It was not the great Valpor. The Gods are not so cruel. Those barbarians, the usurpers of their power, had used it to our destruction. No sooner did I discover the detested crew, than I sprang amidst them. Love, and the Gods whose powers they had profaned, lent my their aid. Thy presence augmented it, I bore down all before me. Yet a moment and I had secured thee: but they bore you through the sacred portal, and you vanished from my sight. Grief seized my soul: despair drew tears from my eyes. Distraught with rage, I darted on them.
They surrounded me. By the fury of the assault, my very arms were destroyed. Exhausted by the violence of my efforts, and overpowered by numbers, I fell upon the profaned bodies of my ancestors.* There my blood and my tears were ignominiously shed amidst thy expiring companions; even on those garlands which thy hands had woven, and with which thou shouldst have crowned my head. A mortal coldness seized my senses. My sight grew dim, it vanished. I ceased to live, but could not cease to love thee.

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

A base avidity for a despicable metal, was the sole motive that brought these barbarians to our coasts. My father knew their designs, and has prevented their demands. No sooner shall they have restored thee to my vows, than they will depart, loaded with presents. This people whom gold

* The Peruvians place the embalmed bodies of their kings in their temples.
gold has armed against us, and has made our friends, are now divested of their ferocity, and give us incessant marks of their gratitude and respect. They bow down before me, as our Cucipatas do before the sun. Is it possible that a wretched mass of matter can thus change the heart of man; and of barbarians, as they were, make them the instruments of my felicity. Is it in the power of a metal, and of monsters, to retard, and at last to complete our happiness.

Adorable Zilia! light of my soul! what agitations has thy description of our direful separation given me? I have been present with thee in every danger. My fury was renewed: but the assurances of thy love, like a potent balm, has appeased that wound which you gave my heart. No, Zilia, life has no joy to be compared with thy love: all my powers are lost in that passion: my impatience increases every moment: it devours me; I burn; I die.

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

LETTER II.

To Zilia.

DOES this earth yet exist, O Zilia?† Do we still behold the light of the sun, while falsehood and treason are in his empire? Even the virtues themselves are banished from my distracted heart. Despair and fury have taken their place.
Those brutal Spaniards, who had the audacity to load thee with fetters, but were too base, too inhuman to free thee from them, have dared to deceive me. In violation of their promises you are not yet restored to me.

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

Already has the sacred rays of the sun twice enlightened his children, and my beloved Zilia is not yet restored to my impatient wishes. Those eyes, in which I ought to place my felicity, are at this moment drowned in floods of grief! It is, perhaps, through the most bitter tears those fires are darted, which ought to inflame my heart. Those arms in which the gods should have crowned the most ardent love, are, perhaps, at this moment loaded with base fetters. O baneful grief! O distracting thought!

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

It is by thee I swear, thou animating fire, from whom we have received our being, and by whom we exist.† It is by thy pure flames, with whose divine

* The Peruvians extend the punishment of crimes to the descendants of the transgressor: and where any great offence is committed, the city is treated as here described.
† The Peruvians suppose the soul to be an emanation from the sun.
divine ardor I am now possessed; O fain! may I never more behold thy genial rays: plunged in horrid night, may the pleasing Aurora never again proclaim thy return; if Aza do not destroy that atrocious race who have dared to pollute these sacred regions with falsehood. Thou my beloved Zilia, the unhappy object of all my transports, dry up thy tears. Thou shalt soon behold thy lover overthrow his enemies, break thy fetters, and cast them on his foes. Every moment augments my fury and their punishment. A cruel joy is already in possession of my heart. At this moment I seem to bathe in the blood of those perfidious monsters. My rage is equal to my love.

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

LETTER III.

From Madrid.

To Kanhuiscap.

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

H 3 A stranger,
A stranger, and a captive, in these barbarous regions, you make me still enjoy my country, though so far distant from it. Dead to the rest of mankind, I would live alone for you. It is only to you that my distracted mind is able to express itself, and that my feeble hands can sometimes form those knots which unite us in defiance of our cruel enemies.

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

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

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

Is it thus that I must revenge the wrongs of Zilia? while she, consumed by the most ardent love,
love, still burns in those fetters which I cannot break. Zilia! whom the infamous ravishers . . . O ye Gods, hide from me those dreadful images . . . What do I say, Kanhuiscap, the Gods themselves cannot banish them from my mind. I can no longer behold my Zilia; a cruel element divides us. Perhaps her griefs—our enemies—the waves . . . A mortal stroke now pierces my heart. My friend I sink under the weight of my distress. My Quipos falls from my hands. Zilia . . . my beloved Zilia!

LETTER IV.

To the same.

FAITHFUL Anqui, thy Quipos have for a moment suspended my alarms, but they cannot disperse them. To that healing balm which thy friendship spreads over my woes, constantly succeeds a dreadful remembrance. At every instant I see my Zilia in fetters; the Sun disgraced; his temples profaned: I behold my father bending under the weight of chains, as well as years: I see my country desolated. I exist by miseries alone; and every circumstance serves to increase them. The shades of the night present me with nought but frightful images. In vain do I seek for tranquillity in the arms of sleep; there I find nothing but torments. This very night Zilia again presented herself before me. The horrors of death were painted on her countenance. My name seemed to escape from her dying lips: I saw it traced on the Quipos that fell from her hands. Unknown barbarians, their arms stained with blood, in the midst of flames and tumult, took her from one of those enormous machines in which
we were transported. They seemed to present her in triumph to their hideous chief: when, in an instant, the sea mounting to the clouds, offered nothing to my sight but waves of blood, floating carcases, large logs of wood partly consumed, fires, and devouring flames.

In vain would I dissipate these melancholy ideas; they continually return, and fix themselves in my mind. Nothing alleviates my distress: every thing augments it. I hate even the air I breathe. I reproach the waves with not having swallowed me up. I complain to the Gods that they still suffer me to exist. If their bounty, less cruel, permitted me to forfake this light; if I could dispose of this spark of divinity which they have communicated to me; if it were not a horrible crime for a mortal to destroy the work of the divinity; could my weakness be condemned, Kanhuiscap? Ought my spirit to wander in the air? My miseries would have an end. But what do I say? Each day increases them. Participate with me, O Kanhuiscap! my piercing griefs: learn if it be possible, some news of Zilia; while my distracted heart demands her of the Gods—of all nature—of myself.

LETTER V.

To the same.

MAY those divine rays which give us life, comfort thee with their most benignant warmth. Kanhuiscap, thou hast kindled in my heart the most flattering hopes. The progress you have made in the Spanijh language has already enabled you to learn, that the first vessels which are expected to arrive on the coast where you dwell,
will come from the empire of the Sun. By them you will know the fate of her for whom alone I exist. Judge therefore with what impatience I attend your informations, I already launch forth into the regions of happiness. The situation of Zilia is laid open to my sight. Already do I see her restored to the temple of the Sun; void of all grief but that of my distance from her. There she decks the altars of the God, and adorns them as much by her charms as by the works of her hands. As some beauteous flower after a storm, but still agitated by the winds, receives the fresh rays of the Sun, while the water that covers it serves only to augment its lustre; so does Zilia seem more blooming, and more dear to my heart. Now she appears to me like the Sun after a long obscurity, whose bright beams dazzle the sight, and declare the return of a pleasing season. Then I seem to be at her feet. There I experience concern, emotion, pleasure, respect, tenderness, and all those sentiments with which I was affected, when in reality I enjoyed her presence. Even those, Kanhuiscap, with which her heart was agitated, I then prove. How strong are the chains of illusion! but yet how delightful! My real evils are destroyed by imaginary pleasures. I behold Zilia happy; and my felicity is complete.

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

To the same.

Of what delicious waters hast thou made use, my dear friend, to quench that cruel fire which devoured my heart? To inquietudes that distracted me unceasingly, and to griefs by which I was totally overwhelmed, you have made to succeed tranquillity and joy. I soon shall again behold my Zilia. O happiness almost unhoped for! But yet she is withheld from me. O cruel procrastination! In vain does my heart go forth to meet her. In vain does my whole soul attempt to mix with hers; there is still enough left to tell me that I am far from her.

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

An element, cruel as inconstant, is the depository of my happiness. Say you not, that Zilia abandons the empire of the sun, to come to these horrid climates? A long time wandering on the sea before she can reach these coasts, what dangers has she not to experience? And how much more have I not to fear for her? But whether does my passion
passion carry me! I am talking of misery, when all things promise happiness, joys of which the thought alone! ... Ah! Kanhuiscap, what transports, what feelings hitherto unknown!—Every sense separately enjoys the same pleasure—Zilia is before my eyes. I hear the tender accents of her voice. I embrace her: I die.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

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

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

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

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

That piercing grief into which the separation from Zilia had thrown me, has hitherto prevented me from giving any attention to the objects that surround me. I saw, I breathed nothing but misery.
fery. I seemed to find pleasure, so to say, in my misfortunes: scarce could I be said to live, how then could I form reflections? But no sooner had I given to joy those moments that love assigned it, than I began to open my eyes. What objects then struck my sight! I cannot describe to you how much they yet surprized me. I found myself alone, in the midst of a world that I never thought had existed. I there saw beings whom I resemble. We each appeared to be seized with an equal surprise: my eager looks were lost in theirs. A numberless people are continually agitated in the same circle, and in which they seem to be confined. Others that are seldom seen, and who are distinguished from the former by their idleness alone. Tumults, cries, quarrels, combats, a frightful uproar and one continued confusion. This at first, was all that I could discern. 

At the beginning my mind embracing too many objects, could not distinguish any one of them. It was not long before I was sensible of this; I therefore determined to prescribe bounds to my observations, and to begin with reflecting on those objects that were nearest to me: the house of Alonzo therefore is become the centre of my thoughts. The Spaniards, I there see seem to be subjects sufficient to employ me for a long time; and by their dispositions I shall be enabled to judge of those of their fellow countrymen. Alonzo, who has dwelt a considerable time in our country, and consequently is conversant in our language and customs, aids me in the discoveries I would make. This sincere friend, uninfluenced with the prejudices of his countrymen, frequently points out to me the ridiculous part of their conduct. Behold that grave man, said he to me, the other day, who by haughty mien, his curled mustachios, his
his high crowned cap and numerous train, you would take for another Huayna Capac;* but he is a Cucipatas, who has sworn to our Pachacamac to be humble, meek, and poor. He that you saw drink those large draughts of liquors, that have left him scarce any remains of reason, is a judge who within an hour, is to decide on the lives or fortunes of a number of citizens. That man you see who is more amorous of himself, than of the lady to whom he seems to pay so much regard: he who can scarce support the heat of the weather, and of that perfumed habit which he wears: who talks with so much emotion on the least trifle: whose debaucheries have sunk his eyes, paled his visage, and even destroyed his voice; that is a general, who is to lead thirty thousand men to battle. 

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

LETTER VIII.

To the same.

THE observations which Alonzo has enabled me to make of the characters of his countrymen, have not prevented me sometimes from reflecting on his own. Though I am an admirer of the virtues of this sincere friend, I do not forbear to remark his defects. Wise, generous, and brave, he is notwithstanding weak, and subject to those very follies he condemns. Behold that respectable

* The name of the great conqueror of Peru,
able and dreadful warrior, he said, that firm de-
defender of our country, that man who by a single
glance of his eye can make thousands obey him: yet he is a slave in his own house, and subject to
every little caprice of his wife. So does Alonzo
appear to me when his daughter Zulmira enters. From the imperious air she constantly effects when her father tenderly embraces her, I am convinced that Alonzo is, with regard to his daughter, what the warrior is to his wife: and do not imagine that he is the only Spaniard who does not spare in others the faults of which he is himself guilty. I was walking the other day in a public
garden, where I distinguished among the crowd, a
little monster, about the size of a Vicunna*, his
legs were contorted like the Amaruc†, and his
head so sunk between his shoulders, that scarce
could he move it. I could not restrain from com-
miserating the lot of this unfortunate creature, when I was surprised by loud peals of laughter.
I turned toward the part from whence they came: But what was my surprise! when I found that they were caused by a man, almost as deformed as the other, and who was pointing out to the company, the distortions of his brother. Is it possible we can be so blind to our own faults, when we are so sensible of them in others? Does the excess of virtue then become a vice?

Alonzo, though subject to his daughter, would be inexcusable not to love her. The vivacity of her wit, the beauty and the graces which the Creator has given her: her stately port, and the tender language of her eyes, in spite of the fire with which they sparkle; convince me that she has

* A kind of Indian goat.
† The adder of the Indians.
has a heart sensible, but vain; that she is tender, but impetuous, even in the most trifling pursuits. What a difference, my dear friend, between her and Zilia! Zilia, who almost insensible to her beauty, would hide it from every one but her conqueror: she who is conducted by candour and modesty, and whose heart, the purest and most tender love alone possesseth; in whom the movements of pride have no place, who despiseth all the turns of art; she who knows of no means to please but by love; she who . . . . . . Ah! how fierce the flame that now consumes my heart? Zilia! my beloved Zilia! Shall I never again behold thee? What can yet retard our felicity? Are the gods themselves jealous of the happiness of a mortal? O my dear friend, if it be to them alone that belong the joys of love, why are we made sensible to the power of beauty? Or why, when masters of our hearts, do they suffer us to aspire after a happiness, which they are unwilling we should possess?

LETTER IX.

To the same.

WITHOUT the assistance of the Spanish language, the reflections which Alonzo communicates to me could not extend beyond certain bounds, and those which I made myself could be but superficial. Desirous of diverting my impatience, I have sought a master who could instruct me in this language. The informations he has given me, have already enabled me to profit by conversation, and to examine more nearly, the genius and taste of a people who seem to have been created solely for the destruction of mankind;
mankind; of whom, however, they appear to think themselves the ornament. At first I imagined that these ambitious barbarians, who employ themselves in contriving miseries for nations of whom they are ignorant; drank nothing but blood: beheld the sun through a thick smoke only, and were solely employed in forging instruments of death: for you know (as well as myself) that the thunder with which they smote us, was formed by them. I expected to have found in their cities nothing but makers of thunder: soldiers exercising in the course, or combat: princes stained with the blood they had shed, and braving, in order to enable them to shed more, the heats of the day, the rigours of winter, fatigue, and death itself.

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER X.

To the same.

The more I reflect on the variety of dispositions among the Spaniards, the less able am I to determine the principle from whence they proceed. This nation seems to have but one that is general, and it is that which leads to idleness. There is here, however, a divinity that nearly resembles it, and this is called Taste. A large select number of adorers sacrifice all things to this; even their tranquillity. There is however, a party (and that party is the most sincere) who acknowledge that they know not who this divinity is. The others, more presuming, give definitions of it, which are as unintelligible to themselves as to the rest of mankind. According to many, it is a divinity that is not the less real for being invisible. Every one ought to feel its inspirations.
spirations. We are to agree with the sculpture, that it is concealed under a figure of a hideous shape, which appears to flutter with the two wings of a bat, and which an infant holds elegantly enchained with a garland of flowers. One of those sort of men whom they call here petit maitres, will oblige you to believe that this divinity is to be found in his waistcoat, and not in that of his companion, and the proof he brings (which you cannot refute) is that the button holes of his waistcoat are either greater or less than those of the other.

Some days since I saw an edifice of which I had heard very unintelligible accounts. When I approached it, I found at the gate two troops of Spaniards, who seemed to be at open war with each other. I asked of one who accompanied me, what was the cause of their contention. It is, he replied, a matter of great consequence. They are about to determine the reputation of this temple, and the rank it shall hold with posterity. These people you here see are connoisseurs. The one side asserts, that it is a mere heap of stones, remarkable for nothing but its enormity. The other maintains that it is by no means enormous, but is constructed in true taste.

Leaving these connoisseurs, I entered the temple. I had gone but a few paces, when I saw painted against the wall, the figure of a venerable old man, the serenity and dignity of whose features inspired respect. He appeared to be borne upon the winds, and was surrounded by winged infants whose eyes were directed to the earth. Whom does that picture represent? I said: It is, replied an old Cucipatas, after several inclinations of his body, the representation of the Lord of the universe, who by the breath of his nostrils, produced all
all things out of nothing. But have you examined, he cried, with precipitation, those precious stones which cover this altar? He had scarce finished those words, when the beauty of one of those diamonds had struck me. It represented a man whose head was incircled with laurels. I immediately asked who the man was, that had merited a place by the side of the Creator. It is, replied the Cucipatas with a smile, the head of the most cruel and most despicable prince that ever existed. That answer threw me into a series of reflections which the want of expressions prevents me from communicating. When I had recovered from my first astonishment, with respectful steps I was quitting the temple, when another object struck me. In an obscure place I discovered, amidst the dust, the head of an old man, who had neither the majesty nor the benignity of the other. But what was my astonishment, when they would have persuaded me that it was the portrait of the same divinity, the Creator of all things. The little respect which the Cucipatas appeared to have for this head prevented me from believing it, and I came away, offended with the imposture. For in fact, what appearance is there, Kanhubiscap, that the same men, in the same place, should adore a God, and tread him under their feet.

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

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

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

However, Kanhuiscap, if you will believe the Spaniards, nothing is more invariable than taste, and the reason of its having so often changed, is because their ancestors were ignorant of that in which it truly consists. But much I fear that the same reproach will be made by their latest posterity.
CAN I express my surprize, Kanhuiscap, when I find that in this country, which I imagined to have been inhabited by virtue itself, that it is only by force that men are here virtuous. It is the fear of punishment and of death, that alone inspire men here with those sentiments that I thought nature had engraved in their hearts. There are, in this country, whole volumes, which are filled with the prohibitions of vice. There is no crime so horrid but what has here its proper punishment assigned it; nay, that has not an example. In fact, it was not so much a wise precaution, as the models of vices, that have dictated the decrees by which they are prohibited. To judge by these laws, what crimes are there that the Spaniards have not committed? They have a God, and have blasphemed him; a king and have rebelled against him; a faith which they have violated. They love and respect, yet murder each other. They are friends, yet betray; they are united by religion, yet detest their brethren. Where then, I am continually asking myself, is that union which I at first remarked among this people? That pleasing chain by which friendship seemed to have united their hearts? Can I imagine that it was formed of nothing but fear or interest? But what I find most astonishing, is the continuance of these laws. What? can a people who have violated the most sacred laws of nature, and have stifled her voice, suffer themselves to be governed by the feeble voice of their ancestors! Can this people, like their Hamas, open the mouth to a bit, which is offered them by a man whose equal they have already destroyed! Ah! Kanhuiscap, how unhappy
is the prince who reigns over such a people! How many snares has he to avoid? If he would preserve his authority, he must be virtuous; yet he has constantly vice before his eyes: Perjury surrounds him; Pride goes before him: Perfidy, with downcast looks, follows his footsteps; and never can he behold Truth, but by the false glare of the torch of Envy.

Such is the true picture of that throng which surrounds the prince, and which they call the court. The nearer we approach the throne, the further we recede from virtue. We there see a vile flatterer by the side of the defender of his country; a buffoon linked with the most consummate minister; Perjury escapes from its just punishment, there usurps the rank of Probity. Yet from the midst of this crowd of criminals it is, that the king pronounces justice. There it should seem as if the laws are only taught by those who are the violators. The judgment that condemns one criminal, is frequently signed by another. For how rigorous soever these laws may be, they are not made for every one. In the closet of the judge, a fine woman in tears falling at his feet; or a man who brings with him a considerable quantity of pieces of gold; easily exculpates the most atrocious criminal, while the innocent expire in tortures.

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

To the same.

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

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

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

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

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

You will not be surprised therefore, Kanhuiscap that they here perform actions in themselves the most sottish, with the utmost solemnity. This affected gravity, however, makes no great impression on me. I perceive the pride of him by whom it is used, and the more he esteems himself, the more I despise him. Are merit and mirth by nature antipathies? No; for reason never suffers by those pleasures which the mind alone enjoys.
LETTER XIII.

To the same.

I cannot avoid again repeating to you, Kanhuiscap, that there seems to me to be something indefinable in the character of the Spaniards. Every day produces some fresh contradiction. What do you think, for example, of the following? This people have a divinity whom they adore*; but far from making him any offerings, it is their God who nourishes them. You see in their temples no Curaccas†, as symbols of their wants. In a word, there are certain times of the day, when you would take these temples for deserted palaces.

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

That

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

† These Curaccas were statues of different metals, and in different habits, which they placed in their temples; and were a sort of ex voto, to express the several wants of those that offered them.
That other sacrifices her fortune and her repose to the destruction of her family.

Unnatural mothers trust their children to those they would not trust a trifling jewel, in order to come here and adore a God, who, according to their own confession, has given them no stronger commandment than that of properly educating those children.

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

How difficult are these barbarous notions, Kan-huiscap, to reconcile with themselves. Their religion is not more difficult to reconcile with that of nature.

They acknowledge with us a God, the creator, who differs, it is true, from ours, as he is entirely a pure substance; or to speak more properly, an assemblage of all perfections. No limits can be prescribed to his power; his being can suffer no variation. Wisdom, justice and mercy, omnipotence and immutability, compose his essence. This God has ever existed, and for ever will exist. Such is the definition which one of the Cucipatas of this empire have given me: for they are ignorant of nothing that has happened since, nor even before the creation of the world.

It was this God who placed mankind upon the earth, as in a garden of pleasure: but they were soon plunged into an abyss of pains and miseries; after which they were destroyed. One man, however was exempted from this general destruction, and repopulated the earth; with men still more wicked than the former. God, notwithstanding, far from punishing them, chose from among them a certain
a certain number, to whom he dictated his laws, and promised to send his son. But this ungrateful people, forgetting the goodness of God, sacrificed his Son, the most dear pledge of his paternal tenderness. Rendered by this crime the object of God's hatred, that nation was visited by his vengeance. Wandering incessantly from country to country, the whole universe was a witness of their chastisement. It was on other men, until that time less worthy of the divine favour, that the Son, so long promised, bestowed his munificence. It was for them that he instituted new laws, which differed but in a few things from those that were before.

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

Persuaded as they are of the goodness, wisdom, and power of God, you will perhaps imagine, Kanhuiscap, that the Spaniards are faithful to his laws, and follow them with precision: but if you think so, your error is great. Abandoned incessantly, and without reserve, to vices prohibited by his laws, they prove, that either the justice of God

* We should still remember, that it is an unlearned Peruvian who speaks.
God is not sufficiently severe; that he does not punish those actions which he forbids: or that his laws are too rigid, as they prohibit those actions which his goodness prevents him from punishing.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

Perhaps you may have thought, my faithful friend, that softened by time, the impatience which devoured my heart, began to be exhausted. I pardon thy error; for I myself have been the cause of it. The reflections you have seen me give myself up to, for some time past could not proceed, as you thought, but from a heart that was at ease. No longer persist in an error that is injurious to me. Impatience frequently borrows from a seeming tranquillity the most cruel arms. This I have but too much experienced. My mind contemplated with a wandering eye, the different objects that presented themselves: my heart was not the least devoured by impatience. Constantly present to my sight, Zilia perpetuated my anxiety, even in those moments when my philosophy seemed to you to secure my tranquillity.

An application to the sciences may divert, but it can never make us forget our passions: and even if it had that power, what could it effect on an inclination that is founded on reason. My love, you know, is not one of those transient vapours, which railed by caprice, are soon dissipated. Reason,
son, that taught me to know my heart, told me that it was made for love. It was by the light of his torch I first perceived I loved. Could I refrain from following his steps? He showed me beauty in the eyes of Zilia: he made me feel its power, her charms, and my felicity: and far from opposing my happiness, reason taught me that it frequently alone consisted in the art of raising and preserving pleasures. You will judge then, Kanhuiscap, if philosophy has been able to diminish my love. The reflections I have made on the Spanish women cannot but increase it. That great disparity of virtue, of beauty and sentiment, which I have remarked between them and Zilia, makes me more sensible of my misery in being separated from her.

That pure candour, that amiable freedom, those soft transports in which her soul delights, are here mere veils to cover licentiousness and perfidy. To conceal the most ardent passion, in order to display one that they do not feel, far from being punished as a vice, is here regarded as an accomplishment. To attempt to please any particular person is a crime; not to please all is a disgrace. Such are the principles of Virtue that they here engrave on the hearts of their women. When any one of them has the happiness, if it be a happiness, to be esteemed beautiful, she must prepare to receive the homage of a crowd of adorers, whose worship she is to reward, by at least one glance of the eye each day. When a woman of this sort is what they call a coquette, the first step she takes is to find out among the crowd, him who is the most opulent. This discovery being made, all her actions, all her arts tend to captivate him: she succeeds, and marries him.
him: then she consults her heart. Her beauty now is employed to another purpose; she goes daily to the temples, and to the public places: there, through a veil that prevents her blushes, she regards, with a steady eye, the faithful troop that passes before her.

Alvarez and Pedro soon divide her heart. She balances between them, and decides for the former; but concealing her choice from both, leaves them to sigh. Without discouraging Pedro, she makes Alvarez happy: grows tired of him, and returns to Pedro, whom she soon abandons for another. This is not the most difficult of her enterprises. She is to persuade all the world that she loves her husband, and to convince him of his happiness, in having a wife who scrupulously performs her duty.

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

These contagious examples appear to have extended even to Zulmira, whose heart they have infected. I think I discover, that though yet a child, she is possessed with the dangerous passion of desiring to please. Every trifling action, her most indifferent regards, have constantly something that seems to come from the heart. Her flattering discourses, her expressive looks, the affecting tone of her voice, which is frequently lost in tender sighs, all declare it. Thus it is, Kanhuiscap, that by different arts, Virtue here has frequently the outward appearance of Vice, while Vice is concealed under the mask of Virtue.
LETTER XV.

To the same.

That truth at which I am still astonished! O amazing depth of knowledge! Kanhuiscap, the Sun, that masterpiece of nature, the earth, the prolific sea are not Gods. A Creator different from ours has produced them; and by a single look he can destroy them. From the midst of a vast chaos, enveloped by lifeless matter, from the bosom of confusion, he called forth the resplendent stars, and the people who adore them. To every part of matter he gave a productive virtue. The Sun, at his voice, poured forth its light; the Moon received its rays, and transmitted them to us. The earth produced, and nourished by its juices, those trees, those animals which we adore. The sea, whom a God alone could rule, affords us sustenance by the fishes it contains: and man, created master of the universe, reigns over all other creatures. It was the ignorance of those mysteries, my dear friend, that has caused all our misfortunes. Had we been instructed like the Spaniards, in the secrets of nature, we should have known, that the thunder they darted on us was nothing but a mass of matter which is to be found in our own country: that Talpor himself, that terrible God, is no more than a vapour which the earth produces, and whose course is directed by chance: that those furious Hamas, which fly before us, we might make subservient to our use:--
use: had we known these things, could we have calmly reflected on the dignity of our ancestors, and suffered ourselves to serve as a triumph to these barbarians!

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

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

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

The judgment of nature, her voice so distinct, which we incessantly hear, is drowned; her blazing torch is extinguished by prejudice: a tyrant, who, though hated, is nevertheless powerful; a cheat, who though well known, is, notwithstanding, dangerous. This tyrant, however, might easily be overcome, if he were not allied with one still more potent than himself; that is, superstition.
superstition. It is by this false light that most men are here guided, and which makes them mistake fabulous accounts for real matters of fact.

A man who frequents the temples several times a day, who appears with an hypocritical and distorted countenance, what vice soever he may be a slave to, or whatever crimes he may commit, will be generally esteemed; while the most virtuous, if he throw off the yoke of prejudice, will be treated with contempt. The man void of prejudice, is here said to be void of piety. It is not sufficient to be what is called wise; to this must be added the title of devote, or else you must expect that of profligate. The dispensers of the public esteem, those men who are so despicable in themselves, will never admit of an intermediate class. To be neither devote nor a libertine, is to them a paradox. Such a man appears to their deluded sight like an amphibious monster.

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

I was yesterday carried to a spacious place, where a prodigious number of people expressed the highest joy, on beholding several of their fellow mortals burned to death. The strange habits in which they were dress'd, and that air of satisfaction which appeared in the sacrificers, as if at a triumph, made me take them for victims that those savages were offering to their Gods. But what was my astonishment, when I learned that the God of these barbarians beholds the shedding of blood, not only of men, but of beasts, with abhorrence! With what horror was I seized, when I reflected that it was to the God of mercy these licentious priests made those detested offerings. Can these Cucipatas mean to appease their divinity by such sacrifices? Must not the expiation be even more offensive to him than the crimes of the offenders? Ah, Kanhuiscap, how deplorable an error.
LETTER XVII.

To the same.

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

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

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

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

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

Another, who is young, would turn philosophy into a court lady. He dresses her in gorgeous apparel, and tricks her up with paint and powder: she is a laughing coquet, and perfumes announce her approach. They who have been used to judge by appearances no longer known her. The philosopher appears to them to be a fool. To suspect him of thought would be to suppose that philosophy was not constantly one and the same thing.

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

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

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

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

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

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

I believe however that jealousy is the motive that induce the Spaniards so to conceal their wives; or rather that it is the perfidy of the women, that forces their husbands to this tyranny. The conjugal oath is that which is the most readily sworn; can we then be surprized that it is so little regarded? There are every day to be seen here, two rich heirs, who unite without affection, live together without love, and separate without regret. Though this state may appear to you to be attended with little anxiety, it is, however, in itself unfortunate. To be loved by a wife is not a happiness, but it is an unhappiness to be hated by her.

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

A sort
A sort of Cucipatas are assiduous in their attendance on those virgins, whom they call nuns; and under pretence of inspiring them with a pure worship, they excite and encourage in them, those sentiments of love, to which they become a prey. Art, which appears to be banished from their hearts, is not, however, from their looks and their gestures. A certain manner which is to be assumed with the vail, an humble mien, and a studied attitude, are sufficient to employ, during the fourth part of a year, the time, the pains, and even the vigils, of a nun. The eyes of these religious are also more skilful than those of others. They are pictures in which we see painted all the sentiments of the heart. Tenderness, innocence, languor, rage, grief, despair and pleasure, are all there expressed: and if the curtain be dropped over the painting for a moment, it is only to give time to substitute another picture in its place. What difference between the last look of a religious, and that which succeeds it! All this artifice is, however, nothing more than the work of one man. A Cucipatas has the direction of a mansion filled with nuns; who are all desirous of pleasing him. They become coquettes; and their director, how dull soever he may naturally be, is forced to assume an air of coquetry; gratitude obliges him to it. Sure to please, he contrives fresh means to make himself beloved; he succeeds, and becomes, in a manner, to be adored. You will judge by the following instances. I am informed that one of these virgins has adorned the head of the image of the god of the Spaniards with the hair of a monk. They have also shown me part of a letter wrote by a nun to father T... of which the following is nearly the contents.

"O Jesus!"
"O Jesus! my father, how unjust you are!

God is my witness that father Ange does not
occupy my thoughts one moment, and far
from being elevated by his sermon, even to an
extacy (as you reproach me) I was during his
whole discourse employed with thinking of no-	hing but you. Yes, father, one single word
from you makes more impression on my heart,
on that heart which you so little know, than all
that father Ange could say for whole years to-
gether; even though it were in the little par-
lour of our Abbefs, and that he thought he
was talking with her . . . . If my eyes seem-
ed to sparkle, it was because I was with you
when he preached. O that you could pene-
trate to my heart, that you might better un-
derstand what I write to you. You came into
the parlour likewise, and never enquired af-
ter me. Have you forgot me then? Do you
no longer remember that . . . You never once:
regarded me yesterday during your whole visit.
Will heaven so far increase my affliction as to
deprive me of the consolations I receive from
you? For mercy's sake, dear father, do not
abandon me in that distress you have now plung-
ed me. I deserve your pity; and if you have
not compassion on me, you will soon hear no
more of the unfortunate Theresa.

You will receive from the keeper of our
turning box an almond cake of my making.
I have inclosed, in this letter, a billet that sif-
ter A— wrote to father don X—. I found
means to intercept it; and I think it will afford
you some entertainment. Oh! that . . . .

The bell rings. Adieu."

After
After this, Kanhuiscap, you cannot refrain from allowing that the Spaniards are as ridiculous in their amours, as they are remorseless in their cruelties. It is only in the house of Alonzo, I believe that justice and reason prevail. I am not able to determine, however, what I should think of the behaviour of Zulmira: it is too tender to be the effect of art alone, and too studied to proceed from the heart.

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

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

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

From the same cause it is, that the metaphysician, intoxicated with a science that he thinks wonderful, omits no opportunity of displaying his knowledge. If he writes to his mistress, his letter is nothing more than a precise analysis of the minutest faculties of his soul. His mistress thinks herself obliged to reply in the same style; and they confound each other with chimerical distinctions and expressions, which custom has authorized, though it has not rendered intelligible.

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

Would that my heart were free, my generous friend! I could then paint with more force these thoughts, which have here no other order than that which my present agitation will allow. The time approaches when my miseries will have an end. Zilia will at length appear to my impatient sight. The thought of that pleasure disorders my reason. I fly to meet her. I behold her participate of my anxieties and my pleasures: the tender tears flow from our eyes. Again united after our misfortunes . . . . How is my soul afflicted, Kanhuiscap! in what a horrid state will she find me! The wretched slave of a barbarian, whose fetters perhaps she bears, at the court of a haughty conqueror. Can she remember her lover? Can she think that he still lives? She is in bondage; can she imagine that obstacles sufficient-
ly strong, have been able . . . Kanhuiscap, what ought I to expect? What lot is reserved for me? When I was worthy of her, cruel Gods, you snatched her from my arms. Shall I only find her again to be a fresh witness of my ignominy? And thou, barbarous element, which art to restore me the object of my love, canst thou restore me to my glory?

LETTER XX.

To the same.

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

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

The
The dreadful stroke that snatched her from me; the perfidious element that surrounds her, present themselves to my distracted sight. I see my Zilia borne on the hideous waves. . . . The sun retires with horror behind the thickest clouds; the sea opens to hide its crime from that God: but it cannot conceal her from me. Through the waters I behold the body of Zilia: her eyes . . . her bosom . . . a livid paleness . . . O my friend . . . inexorable death . . . death that flies from me. . . Ye Gods, more cruel in your indulgence than in your punishments! Why do you still suffer me to live? Will you never unite those whom you cannot separate?

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

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

To the same.

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

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

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

LE T T E R XXII.

To the same.

Friendship, at length, has restored me to thee, Kanhuiscap; to myself. Too much concerned at my afflictions, Alonzo would dissipate, or at least share with me. With this design he carried me to a country-seat he has a few miles from Madrid. There I found the satisfaction of meeting with nothing that did not answer to the dejection of my mind. A wood, in the neighbourhood of Alonzo's villa, has been a long time the secret depository of my woes. There I saw no objects but what were proper to nourish my despondency. Frightful rocks, enormous mountains, despoiled of their verdure; thick streams flow pacing over their muddy beds; dark pines, whose mournful branches seem to touch the clouds; scorched grass, and withered flowers; adders and croaking ravens; were the only witnesses of my tears.

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

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

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

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

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

I die, she said to me with faultering accents. I  
never shall see you more: that is all my grief.  
At least, Aza, while I yet live, suffer me to say  
. . . I love you. I can . . . Yes, remem-
ber that Zulmira carries with her to the grave  
that love which she could not conceal: that which  
her looks, her actions have so often declared; and  
which your indifference has at last . . . but I  
cannot reproach you: your sensibility would have  
proved your inconstancy. Devoted to another,  
death alone can separate you: it never shall  
divest me of the love I bear you. I prefer it to  
the cure of a misery that I cherish: Of a misery  
. . . Aza . . . She stretched her hand toward  
me; her spirits left her; she fell; her eyes clo-
sed: but while I reproached myself with her  
death, and added my anxieties to those of her  
despairing father; the cares of others had brought  
er back to life. Her eyes opened again, and  
though still darkened with despondency, she fixed  
them on me, and expressed the most tender love.  
Aza! Aza! she said again, do not hate me. I  
tumbled at her feet, overcome by her distress. A sud-
den joy shone in her countenance: but unable to  
bear the various emotions her mind sustained, she  
again
again fainted under them. They forced me away, to save her from a repetition of such dangerous agitations.

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

LETTER XXIV.

To the same.

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

Though I admire her reviving charms, Can you believe it? Far from talking to me of her love, she seems, on the contrary, to be confounded by the confession that has escaped her. Her looks are cast down whenever her eyes meet mine. My pains were suspended; but, alas! how short the suspense. Zilia, my dearest Zilia, can I be diverted from my grief? Forgive those moments that I have stolen from thee: all that yet remain shall be consecrated to my misfortunes.
Do not imagine, Kanhuiscap, that the fears which Alonzo has shown me for Zulmira, can shake my constancy. In vain does he represent to me the empire of Aza over the heart of his daughter: the joy that our union would give him; and the death that must follow our separation. I remain silent before that unhappy father. My heart, faithful to my passion, is firm, determined for Zilia. No; in vain does Alonzo, ready to depart for that unfortunate country, which shall never more behold my Zilia, offer me that power which his unjust king has given him over my people. It would be to acknowledge a tyrant, to avail myself of his power. My hands may be loaded with irons, but they shall never enchain my heart. For ever will I entertain for the barbarous chief of the Spaniards, that hatred which I owe to the first among a people who have been the cause of all my miseries, and those of my unhappy country.

LETTER XXV.

To the same.

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

O immortal flames that devour my bosom! Zilia! thou of whose image nothing can deprive me: thou whom a fatal destiny has snatched from me for ever; be not offended, if the desire of seeking vengeance for you, excites me to betray you. No
No longer tell me, Kanhuiscap, of what I owe to my people and my father. I no longer talk of the tyranny of the Spaniards. Can I forget my misfortunes and their crimes? They have cost me too dear. That cruel remembrance rouses my fury. It is done: I consent: I go to unite myself with Zulmira. Alonzo, I have given thee that promise. Can it be a crime to leave Zulmira in possession of an error that is pleasing to her? She thinks that she triumphs over my heart. Ah! far from undeceiving her, let her enjoy her imaginary happiness: let her... It is by this means only that I can avenge my oppressed people and myself. No sooner shall our union be accomplished, than I shall depart for the land of the Sun; that desolated country whose miseries you describe to me. It is there that I shall pursue that vengeance whose violent transports I now suppress. It is on a perfidious people that I will hurl my fury. Reduced to the base condition of a wretched slave; and for the first time forced to dissemble, I go to punish the Spaniards for my deception, and for their offences; while the family of Alonzo shall enjoy all that a grateful heart can bestow, and all those homages which are due to virtue.
LETTER XXVI.

To the same.

If you were one of those men who are conducted by prejudice, I should imagine what would be your surprize, when you was told by an Inca, that he no longer adored the Sun. I should hear you complain to that Star of the light which he still afforded me; and to thyself for the trouble you took in communicating your sentiments. You would be astonished, that, perjured to my God, friendship, that virtue of which the vicious have no conception, could still dwell in my breast. But fortified against those prejudices which were taught you as virtues, you require of a Peruvian nothing but the love of his country, of virtue and of freedom. I expect from you more just reproaches. You will perhaps, be surprized, and with reason, to see me abandon a worship that appeared to me irrational, and at the same time appear zealous for a religion of which I have pointed out to you the contradictions. I have already made that objection to myself; but it presently vanished, when I was informed that the law which I have had the audacity to censure, was dictated by that God who was the author of our being! In fact, of what consequence is the particular form of any worship, provided it be enjoined by him to whom it is rendered. On this principle it is, that I do not blush to conform to those ceremonies which I have formerly condemned. How great, how awful are the works of the Supreme Being! Could you
you read, Kanhuiscap, those divine books that have been communicated to me, what wisdom, what power, what immensity, would you there discover? You would there readily discern the hand of the Divinity. Those unsurmountable contradictions which I at first found in the dispensations of that power, are here evidently justified. It is not the same, however, with regard to the conduct of these men towards their God.

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

The high rank which they hold among all nations, induces them to practice deceit; for their grandeur is frequently founded on nothing but the errors of ambitious people: it would be too dear a purchase for them, if the empire of the world was to be obtained by Virtue only: they are much better pleased to obtain it by imposture.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

IT is done, Kanhuiscap: Zulmira now attends me. I go to the altar. You see me already there: but do you see the remorse that attends me! Do you behold the altars tremble at the sight of a perjurer? The shade of Zilia, bloody, and indignant, enlightens these nuptials with a mournful torch; and with a reproaching tone she says, "I..."
"Is this the faith that you have sworn to me? Perfidious! Is this the love that should reanimate my ashes? You love me, you say, and yet you give your hand to Zulmira. You love me, traitor, and yet you give to another that blessing which I could never enjoy! Did I yet live...?" What tortures, Kanhuiscap, rend my breast? I hear the injured Zulmira demand a heart to which she has a lawful right. I behold my father and my people bending under a cruel yoke, and calling on me to be their deliverer. I then remember my promise... I go to fulfill it.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the same.

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

The sea; our enemies; death; no, nothing has taken from me the object of my love. She lives! She loves me! think then what are my transports! Brought into a neighbouring state, into France, Zilia has experienced no misfortune but that of our separation, and of the uncertainty of my state. How do the Gods protect the virtuous! A generous Frenchman has delivered her from the barbarity of the Spaniards.

All
All things were ready to unite me with Zulmira; I was going, O ye Gods! . . . when I heard that Zilia still lived, and that she would shortly be with me. No obstacle can keep her from me. I shall again behold her. From her lips shall I hear those tender sentiments, which her hands have traced; and at her feet I shall . . . . O Heavens, I tremble at the thought of that which is the cause of all my joy. My happiness confounds me. Zilia is coming into the midst of her enemies! New dangers! . . . . She shall not come. I will fly to prevent her. What can hinder me? The Gods have disengaged me from Alonzo and Zulmira. Zilia still lives. I receive her from the hands of virtue. In vain did gratitude, esteem, and friendship, espouse the cause of Deterville her deliver; she opposed to them our love, and obliged them to yield to our flames. Glorious combat! How do I admire that effort! Deterville stifles his love: he forgets the rights which he had over her: And behold his generosity; he unites us for ever.

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

LETTER XXIX.

To the same.

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

Must torments yet unknown invade a felicity so pure? Between the bosom of pleasure and the den of grief is there then no interval? After such voluptuous delights, a thousand tortures tear my heart. My tenderness is odious to me; and at the moment that I would not love, I am possessed with all its fury.

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

In the first transports of a happiness so pure, that I cannot express to you the sweetness which attended it, Zilia stole from my arms to read a letter, which was given her by the young person who had conducted me hither. Disordered, afflicted, melted, those tears which she had just given to joy, no longer flowed but for grief. She bathed that fatal letter with her tears. Her grief made me anxious for her welfare. The ingrate tasted pleasures. The grief of which I had partaken was the triumph of my rival. Deterville, that deliverer, whose praise the letters of Zilia had so frequently repeated, had wrote that. It was dictated by the most lively passion. By retiring from Zilia, after having given her up to his rival, he had completed his own generosity and her affliction. She explained to me with vivacity, expressions that were more than acknowledgments. She forced me to admire those virtues, which at that cruel
cruel moment gave me mortal wounds. My grief then sought aid from a determined indifference. Soon absented myself from Zilia. Filled with despair, from which nothing can deliver me, every reflection that I make is a new misery. It takes from me my hope, my comfort. I have lost the heart of Zilia. That heart... I cannot bear the thought. My rival will be happy! Ah! It is too much to think that he deserves that happiness.

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

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

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

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

To the same.

ZILIA, love, Deterville, fatal jealousy! What distraction! A cloud hides from me the names I trace. Kanhuiscap, I no longer know myself: In the fury of the blackest jealousy, I have armed myself with darts, with which I have pierced the heart of Zilia. She had wrote to Deterville; the letter was still in her hand. A fatal moment disordered my reason. I formed the most rash project . . . My promise, the religion I have embraced, all things prompted me. The most trifling pretences appeared to me to be as laws of equity, for deserting her. I have pronounced the inhuman sentence. Cruel adieus . . . What a moment . . . Could I do it? Yes, Kanhuiscap, I fled from Zilia. Zilia at my feet with groans, to which mine was just ready to reply . . . Deterville! What a remembrance! Possessed with fury I flew from her arms. But soon, vainly persisting, I would return to them: all things oppose: I dare not resist. Gods! What have I done? How shameful is the distress! How horrible the repentance!

... What
LETTER XXXII.

To the same.

CEASE to wonder at my long silence: Could the cruel state of my heart permit me to inform you sooner of my state? Do not think, that distracted by remorse, I still reproach myself with unjust suspicions. It is Zilia, it is her cruel heart, and not mine, that they ought to devour. Yes, Kanhuiscap, her sighs, her tears, and groans, were nothing but effects of shame: traces that virtue, when flying from us, still leaves in our hearts. It is to efface them that she cruelly refuses to see me again. Her obstinacy has forced me to a distance from her. Retired to the extremity of the same city, unknown to any one, totally devoted to grief and misfortunes, I labour to forget the ingrate I adore. Useless cares! Love in our despite steals into our hearts, and in our despite there he cruelly dwells. In vain would I drive him thence. Jealousy there supports him: and when I would banish jealousy, love keeps him there. The wretched sport of these two passions, my soul is divided between tenderness and rage. Sometimes I reproach my suspicions, and sometimes my love. Can I be charmed with an ungrateful woman? Can I forget her whom I adore? But whatever may be my love for her, nothing can excuse her.
Would she had hated me! We can pardon hatred but never perfidy.

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

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

But O heavens! Zilia in the arms of a rival, I groan, wretch that I am, and tremble for her, while the ingrate is betraying me. Oppressed by the weight of evils, my body sinks under its weaknesses; while the perfidious, triumphing even over her remorse, recalls my rival. Wretch that I am! I breathe . . . I still exist! But what misery to exist when we only live to suffer.
WHAT have I said? What horror surrounds me? Learn my shame, Kanhuiscap, and if it can be, my remorse, before you know my crime. Odious to myself, I will now expose it to your sight. Cease to lament my misfortunes; and make them complete by your hatred.

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

You know my suspicions; their injustice will tell you my misery, which can never have an end: something unlooked for will for ever arise. After the perfidy of Zilia, could you have thought that heaven would have given me over to new torments? Could you have thought that her innocence, which ought to make me happy, would have been to me the source of the most bitter torments? To what errors have I been a prey! What clouds have obscured my reason? Zilia could deceive me! I could think it! She will see me no more. My remembrance is odious to her. She loved me too much, not to hate me. Abandoned to my horrid misery, friendship, confidence, nothing can alleviate my miseries. They will poison
poison thy heart with their venom, and mine will yet find no relief.

In vain does Zulmira, divested of her fury, tell me that she has offered it as a sacrifice to my repose and felicity. Retired to a house of virgins, she has consecrated to her God, and to my happiness, her life, and the flower of her days.

Zulmira, generous Zulmira, canst thou renounce thy vengeance? Ah! if thy heart were cruel, what pleasure would it find in my horrid miseries!

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

To Zilia.

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

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

Reflect for a moment on all my misfortunes. Barbarians snatched thee from my love, at the moment it should have been crowned with success. Armed for thy defence, I fell, and was loaded with their base fetters. Carried to their country, the waves on which we floated, supported for a time, it is true, all my hopes. I lived only by them. My heart went with you. Thy ravishers being swallowed up by the sea, plunged me into the most cruel error. That which I thought had destroyed thee, could not destroy my love. Grief augmented my passion. I would have
have died to follow thee. I only lived to avenge thee. All things I essayed. Even my very oaths I would have sacrificed, and have united myself, in defiance of a thousand remorses, with a Spanish woman, and have purchased at that price, my liberty and my vengeance. When on a sudden, O unhoped for felicity! I learned that you lived, and that you still loved me. O too pleasing remembrance! I flew to thee; to happiness the most pure, the most extatic . . . Ah! vain hope: cruel reverse! Scarce had I enjoyed the first transports with which thy sight inspired me, than a fatal poison, of which thy heart is too pure to know the pangs; jealousy seized my soul: his most rancorous serpents have devoured my heart; that heart which was only formed for the love of thee.

The most amiable of virtues, gratitude, was the object of my suspicions. That which you owed to Deterville, I thought he had obtained: that your virtue had been confounded with your duty. I thought . . . It was these fatal ideas that troubled our first transports. You was unable, even in the bosom of love, to forget friendship. I forgot virtue. The eulogies of Deterville; his letter; the sentiments it expressed: the concern it gave you: the grief you shewed for the loss of your deliverer; all these I attributed to the sentiment that I felt, and that I still feel, to love.

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

I would return to Spain, to perform a promise to which my former oath had engaged me. Repentance soon followed that rage which had declared to you my crime. I vainly endeavoured to undeceive you, with regard to a resolution that love had destroyed almost as soon as it was formed. Thy determination not to see me relumined my fury. Again given up to jealousy; I fled from you: but far from going to Madrid to confummate a crime that my soul detested; though you was induced to believe it: sinking under the weight of my misfortunes, I fought in solitude, in an estrangement with mankind, that peace which tranquillity of mind alone can afford. Overcome by my distress, the powers of life forsook me. A long time absent from thee, shall I, in spite of myself, avow it to thee, Zilia? All my faculties were exerted in reviling thee. I thought I saw you, pleased with my flight, recall my rival. I thought I saw . . . . Alas! you know my offence; but you do not know my punishment; it even surpasses my crime. Ah Zilia, if the excess of love could effect it: no, I can no more be guilty. Do not imagine that I intend to move thy pity; that were too little for my tenderness. Zilia, give me back your love, or give me nothing.

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

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

LETTER XXXV. and last.

To Kanhuiscap.

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

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

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

The story of our present happiness, as well as that of our past misfortunes (far be they removed from us) has reached even to the throne. The generous monarch of the French nation, has ordered certain ships that are going to encounter with the Spaniards in our seas, to carry us to Guito. We soon again shall see our native land; that mournful country so dear to our desires: those abodes, O Zilia! where sprang our first delights, thy sighs and mine. May they be witnesses! may they celebrate! may they augment! if it be possible, our present felicity... But I go to Zilia.

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

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