

And my fond soul shall
Yet be thy field
The mystic low
Vine! these flowers
The game it keeps
Down from thy
Hut incense
O tell me, Peruvian

PERUVIAN TALES.

Warren the Pacific deep its silences keep
The western dawns with dawn and hoarse waves
There, but Peruvian! through the eastern lanes
Thy valley fragments show perennial flowers
There, for along the flow unending
Along the pathway of thy mountain
The valley flow high by air-borne
While each heart beat is a

ANNALS

LXXXI

Genius of Peru—Description of the Fall of that Empire
and of their Manners—Genius of North Sea—Description of the
Genius of Peru—Description of the Fall of that Empire
and of their Manners—Genius of North Sea—Description of the
Genius of Peru—Description of the Fall of that Empire
and of their Manners—Genius of North Sea—Description of the

Where the Pacific deep in silence flows
The western shore with snow and inland waves
Thy vales fragrant with balsamic flowers
There, not Peruvia! bloom'd thy culture's powers
There, far above the pine unpeopled nook
Along the pathway of the mountain snows
The Palms that high in the deep forest of creep
While each broad led an ample station, bright

Description of P
and of their M
tials celebrated
Genius of Peru

WHERE the
The western s
There, lost P
Thy vallies fra
There, far abo
Along the patt
The Palms flin
While each bro

ALZIRA.

TALE I.

Description of Peru, and of its Productions—Virtues of the People ;
and of their Monarch, ATALIBA—His love for ALZIRA—Their Nup-
tials celebrated—Character of ZORAI, her Father—Descent of the
Genius of Peru—Prediction of the Fall of that Empire.

WHERE the Pacific deep in silence laves

The western shore, with slow, and languid waves,
There, lost PERUVIA! bloom'd thy cultur'd bowers,
Thy vallies fragrant with perennial flowers ;
There, far above, the Pine unbending rose,
Along the pathway of thy mountain snows ;
The Palms fling high in air their feather'd heads,
While each broad leaf an ample shadow spreads ;

The Orange, and the rich Ananas bloom,
 And humid Balsams ever shed perfume;
 The Bark, reviving shrub! Ah, not in vain
 Thy rosy blossoms tinge PERUVIA's plain;
 Ye fost'ring gales around those blossoms blow,
 Ye balmy dew-drops o'er the tendrils flow!
 Lo, as the health-diffusing plant aspires,
 Disease relents, and hov'ring death retires;
 Affection sees new lustre light the eye,
 And feels her vanish'd peace again is nigh.
 The Pacas,* and Vicunnast sport around,
 And the meek Lamas,† burden'd, press the ground.
 The Mocking-bird his varying note essays,
 And charms the grove with imitative lays;
 The plaintive Humming-bird unfolds his wing
 Of vivid plumage to the ray of spring;
 Then sinks, soft burthen, on the humid flower,
 His food, the dewdrops of the morning hour.

* The Paca is a domestic animal of Peru.

† The Vicunna is a species of wild goat.

‡ The Lamas are employed as mules in carrying burdens.

Nor less,
 The Virtue
 There meltin
 Spreads her
 Cheer'd with
 While in the
 There the m
 His high bel
 Descendant
 Whose origin
 Love's soft e
 And fix'd Al
 In that blest
 A selfish pur
 Not as on Eu
 From mourn
 Yet Love, if
 One faithful

* The people
produce was given

Nor less, PERUVIA, for thy favour'd clime,
 The Virtues rose unsullied and sublime;
 There melting Charity, with ardour warm,
 Spreads her wide mantle o'er the shiv'ring form;
 Cheer'd with the festal song her rural toils,
 While in the lap of age she pour'd the spoils;*
 There the mild Inca, ATALIBA sway'd,
 His high behest the willing heart obey'd;
 Descendant of a scepter'd, sacred race,
 Whose origin from glowing suns they trace.
 Love's soft emotions now his soul possest,
 And fix'd ALZIRA'S image in his breast.
 In that blest clime affection never knew
 A selfish purpose, or a thought untrue;
 Not as on Europe's shore, where wealth and pride,
 From mourning love the venal breast divide;
 Yet Love, if there from sordid shackles free,
 One faithful bosom yet belongs to thee;

* The people cheerfully assisted in reaping those fields of which the produce was given to old persons past their labour.

On that fond heart the purest bliss bestow,
 Or give, for thou canst give, a charm to woe;
 Ah, never may that heart in vain deplore
 The pang that tortures when belov'd no more.
 And from that agony the spirit save,
 When unrelenting yawns th' untimely grave;
 When death dissolves the ties for ever dear,
 When frantic passion pours her parting tear;
 With all the wasting pains she only feels,
 Hangs on the quiv'ring lip that silence seals;
 Views fondness struggling in the closing eye,
 And marks it mingling in the falt'ring sigh;
 As the lov'd form, while folded to her breast,
 Breathes the last moan that gives its struggles rest;
 Leaves her to pine in grief that none can share,
 And find the world a desert to despair.

Bright was the lustre of the orient ray
 That joyful wak'd ALZIRA's nuptial day;
 Her auburn hair spread loosely on the wind,
 The virgin train with rosy chaplets bind;

While the
 Seem deep
 The gentle
 Where war
 There aged
 With love
 Priest of t
 His ferven
 With caref
 With pious
 Nor vain t
 When mee
 On wings
 While ben
 PERUVIA!
 The virtue
 For soon s
 O'er thy m
 Recording
 And distan

purest bliss bestow,
 Give, a charm to woe;
 In vain deplore
 When belov'd no more.
 Spirit save,
 Th' untimely grave;
 Ties for ever dear,
 Rurs her parting tear;
 As she only feels,
 P that silence seals;
 G in the closing eye,
 The falt'ring sigh;
 Folded to her breast,
 That gives its struggles rest;
 If that none can share,
 Pert to despair.
 f the orient ray
 's nuptial day;
 oosely on the wind,
 y chaplets bind;

While the fresh flowers that form her bridal wreath
 Seem deeper hues and richer scents to breathe.
 The gentle tribe now sought the hallow'd fane,
 Where warbling vestals pour'd the choral strain;
 There aged ZORAI his ALZIRA prest,
 With love parental, to his anxious breast;
 Priest of the Sun! within the sacred shrine
 His fervent spirit breath'd the strain divine;
 With careful hand the guiltless off'ring spread,
 With pious zeal the clear libation shed.
 Nor vain the incense of erroneous praise
 When meek devotion's soul the tribute pays;
 On wings of purity behold it rise,
 While bending mercy wafts it to the skies!
 PERUVIA! O delightful land, in vain
 The virtues flourish'd on thy beauteous plain;
 For soon shall burst the unrelenting storm
 O'er thy mild head, and crush thy prostrate form!
 Recording Fame shall mark thy desp'rate fate,
 And distant ages weep for ills so great!

Now o'er the deep dull Night her mantle flung,
 Dim on the wave the moon's faint crescent hung;
 PERUVIA'S Genius sought the liquid plain,
 Sooth'd by the languid murmurs of the main;
 When sudden clamour the illusion broke,
 Wild on the surface of the deep it spoke;
 A rising breeze expands her flowing veil,
 Aghast with fear, she spies a flying sail—
 The lofty mast impends, the banner waves,
 The ruffled surge th' incumbent vessel laves;
 With eager eye she views her destin'd foe
 Lead to her peaceful shores th' advent'rous prow;
 Trembling she knelt, with wild, disorder'd air,
 And pour'd with frantic energy her prayer:
 “O, ye avenging spirits of the deep!
 Mount the blue lightning's wing, o'er ocean sweep;
 Loud from your central caves the shell resound,
 That summons death to your abyss profound;
 Call the pale spectre from his dark abode,
 To print the billow, swell the black'ning flood,

Rush o'er
 Howl in
 Relentless
 Has ruffle
 Swift from
 Wave you
 Proud in
 Press the
 Bid the s
 And shun
 Vain hope
 My sad p
 I see, I s
 Consum'd
 But not in
 Too late s
 Region ab
 The curse

* The Cor
panded, are sa

Rush o'er the waves, the rough'ning deep deform,
 Howl in the blast, and animate the storm—
 Relentless powers! for not one quiv'ring breeze
 Has ruffled yet the surface of the seas—
 Swift from your rocky steeps ye Condors* stray,
 Wave your black plumes, and cleave th'aerial way;
 Proud in terrific force your wings expand,
 Press the firm earth, and darken all the strand;
 Bid the stern foe retire with wild affright,
 And shun the region veil'd in partial night.
 Vain hope, devoted land! I read thy doom,
 My sad prophetic soul can pierce the gloom;
 I see, I see my lov'd, my favour'd clime
 Consum'd, and wasted in its early prime.
 But not in vain this beauteous land shall bleed,
 Too late shall Europe's race deplore the deed.
 Region abhorr'd! be gold the tempting bane,
 The curse that desolates thy hostile plain;

* The Condor is an inhabitant of the Andes. Its wings, when expanded, are said to be eighteen feet wide.

her mantle flung,
 faint crescent hung;
 quid plain,
 s of the main;
 ion broke,
 it spoke;
 wing veil,
 ying sail—
 nner waves,
 t vessel laves;
 lestin'd foe
 advent'rous prow;
 , disorder'd air,
 her prayer:
 deep!
 o'er ocean sweep;
 he shell resound,
 byss profound;
 lark abode,
 black'ning flood,

May pleasure tinge with venom'd drops the bowl,
And luxury unnerve the sick'ning soul."

Ah, not in vain she pour'd th' impassion'd tear;

Ah, not in vain she call'd the powers to hear!

When borne from lost PERUVIA's bleeding land,

The guilty treasures beam'd on Europe's strand;

Each sweet affection fled the tainted shore,

And virtue wander'd, to return no more.

PIZARRO
happy c
— Desp

FLUS

By sterr

No terr

Seeks to

Too artl

To mee

On as h

His feat

The way

Whose v

m'd drops the bowl,
ing soul."

th' impassion'd tear;
powers to hear!

A's bleeding land,

n Europe's strand;

ainted shore,

n no more.

ALZIRA.

TALE II.

PIZARRO lands with the Forces—His meeting with ATALIBA—His unhappy consequences—ZORAI dies—ATALIBA imprisoned, and strangled—Despair of ALZIRA.

FLUSH'd with impatient hope, the martial band,

By stern PIZARRO led, approach the land;

No terrors arm his hostile brow, for guile

Seeks to betray with candour's open smile.

Too artless for distrust, the Monarch springs

To meet his latent foe on friendship's wings.

On as he moves, with dazzling splendour crown'd,

His feather'd chiefs the golden throne surround;

The waving canopy its plume displays,

Whose waving hues reflect the morning rays;

With native grace he hails the warrior train,
 Who stood majestic on PERUVIA'S plain,
 In all the savage pomp of armour drest,
 The frowning helmet, and the nodding crest.
 Yet themes of joy PIZARRO'S lips impart,
 And charm with eloquence the simple heart;
 Unfolding to the monarch's wond'ring thought
 All that inventive arts the rude have taught.
 And now he bids the musing spirit rise
 Above the circle of surrounding skies;
 Presents the page that sheds Religion's light
 O'er the dark mist of intellectual night:
 While, thrill'd with awe, the monarch trembling stands,
 He dropp'd the hallow'd volume from his hands.
 Sudden,* while frantic zeal each breast inspires,
 And shudd'ring demons fan the rising fires,
 The bloody signal waves, the banners play,
 The naked sabres flash their streaming ray;

* Pizarro, who during a long conference had with difficulty restrained
 his soldiers, eager to seize the rich spoils of which they had now so near a
 view,

The trump
 And the lo
 While fierc
 Rush on P
 The fiends
 And virtue'
 Mild ZORA
 And clos'd
 In vain PE
 Shield their
 Touch'd wi
 And high o

view, immediate
 struck up, the e
 fiercely to the ch
 vians, astonished
 and dismayed w
 versal consterna
 band, advanced d
 around him with
 vied one with an
 the sacred persc
 the royal seat; a
 to the ground, an

e warrior train,
VIA's plain,
mour drest,
e nodding crest,
lips impart,
he simple heart;
wond'ring thought
ude have taught.
{ spirit rise
lling skies;
s Religion's light
ectual night:
nonarch trembling stands,
ume from his hands,
each breast inspires,
the rising fires,
ne banners play,
r streaming ray;

erence had with difficulty restrained
ls of which they had now so near a
view,

The trumpet rolls its animating sound,
And the loud cannon rend the vault around;
While fierce in sanguine rage, the sons of Spain
Rush on Peru's unarm'd, defenceless train!
The fiends of slaughter urg'd their dire career,
And virtue's guardian spirits dropped a tear!
Mild ZORAI fell, deploring human strife,
And clos'd with prayer his consecrated life!—
In vain PERUVIA's chiefs undaunted stood,
Shield their lov'd Prince, and bathe his robes in blood;—
Touch'd with heroic ardour, cling around,
And high of soul, receive each fatal wound;

view, immediately gave the signal of assault. At once the martial music struck up, the cannon and muskets began to fire, the horse sallied out fiercely to the charge, the infantry rushed on sword in hand. The Peruvians, astonished at the suddenness of an attack which they did not expect, and dismayed with the destructive effects of the fire-arms, fled with universal consternation on every side. Pizarro, at the head of his chosen band, advanced directly towards the Inca; and though his nobles crowded around him with officious zeal, and fell in numbers at his feet, while they viated one with another in sacrificing their own lives that they might cover the sacred person of their sovereign, the Spaniards soon penetrated to the royal seat; and Pizarro, seizing the Inca by the arm, dragged him to the ground, and carried him a prisoner to his quarters.

Robertson's History of America.

Dragg'd from his throne, and hurried o'er the plain,
 The wretched Monarch swells the captive train ;
 With iron grasp the frantic Prince they bear,
 And feel their triumph in his wild despair.—
 Deep in the gloomy dungeon's lone domain,
 Lost ARALIBA wore the galling chain ;
 The earth's cold bed refus'd oblivious rest,
 While throbb'd the woes of thousands at his breast ;
 ALZIRA's desolating moan he hears,
 And with the monarch's blends the lover's tears.
 Soon had ALZIRA felt affliction's dart
 Pierce her soft soul, and rend her bleeding heart ;
 Its quick pulsations paus'd, and chill'd with dread,
 A livid hue her fading check o'erspread ;
 No tear the mourner shed, she breath'd no sigh,
 Her lips were mute, and clos'd her languid eye ;
 Fainter, and slower heav'd her shiv'ring breast,
 And her calm'd passions seem'd in death to rest.—
 At length reviv'd, 'mid rising heaps of slain,
 She prest with hurried step the crimson plain ;

The dung
 For love
 She reach
 Where hu
 In vain he
 This dear
 ALZIRA !
 This mom
 Ah, what
 The look
 Torn from
 The fatal
 In vain th
 And pours
 The murd
 From the
 The swell
 Distractio
 Its sudden
 And in her

hurried o'er the plain,
the captive train ;
once they bear,
wild despair.—
lone domain,
chain ;
ivious rest,
ousands at his breast ;
ears,
the lover's tears.
s dart
er bleeding heart ;
chill'd with dread,
erspread ;
breath'd no sigh,
her languid eye ;
shiv'ring breast,
in death to rest.—
eaps of slain,
crimson plain ;

The dungeon's gloomy depth she fearless sought,
For love with scorn of danger arm'd her thought :
She reach'd the cell where ATALIBA lay,
Where human vultures haste to seize their prey.—
In vain her treasure'd wealth PERUVIA gave,
This dearer treasure from their grasp to save ;
ALZIRA ! lo, the ruthless murd'ers come,
'This moment seals thy ATALIBA's doom.
Ah, what avails the shriek that anguish pours ?
The look that mercy's lenient aid implores ?
Torn from thy clinging arms, thy throbbing breast,
The fatal cord his agony suppress !—
In vain the livid corpse she firmly clasps,
And pours her sorrows o'er the form she grasps,
The murd'ers soon their struggling victim tear
From the lost object of her soul's despair !
The swelling pang unable to sustain,
Distraction throb'd in every beating vein ;
Its sudden tumults seize her yielding soul,
And in her eye distemper'd glances roll—

"They come!" the mourner cried with panting breath,
 "To give the lost ALZIRA rest in death!
 One moment more, ye bloody forms, bestow,
 One moment more for ever cures my woe—
 Lo! where the purple evening sheds her light
 On blest remains! O! hide them, pitying night!
 Slow in the breeze I see the verdure wave,
 That shrouds with tufted grass my lover's grave;
 Hark! on its wand'ring wing in mildness blows
 The murm'ring gale, nor wakes his deep repose—
 And see, yon hoary form still lingers there!
 Dishevell'd by rude winds his silver hair;
 O'er his chill'd bosom falls the winter rain,
 I feel the big drops on my wither'd brain.
 Not for himself that tear his bosom steeps,
 For his lost child it flows—for me he weeps!
 No more the dagger's point shall pierce thy breast,
 For calm and lovely is thy silent rest;
 Yet still in dust these eyes shall see thee roll,
 Still the sad thought shall waste ALZIRA'S soul—

What b
 It is my
 Approa
 Her fea
 Safe on
 And pr
 He wee
 It chills
 To him
 That pa
 Ah com
 And wr
 As roll'
 She snat
 Firmly I
 And dee
 "'Tis bu
 She falt'

What bleeding phantom moves along the storm?
 It is my ATALIBA's well-known form!
 Approach! ALZIRA's breast no terrors move,
 Her fears are all for ever lost in love.
 Safe on the hanging cliff I now can rest,
 And press its pointed pillow to my breast—
 He weeps! in heaven he weeps!—I feel his tear—
 It chills my trembling heart, yet still 'tis dear.
 To him all joyless are the realms above,
 That pale look speaks of pity and of love!
 Ah come, descend in yonder bending cloud,
 And wrap ALZIRA in thy misty shroud!"
 As roll'd her wand'ring glances wild around,
 She snatch'd a reeking sabre from the ground;
 Firmly her lifted hand the weapon prest,
 And deep she plung'd it in her panting breast!
 " 'Tis but a few short moments that divide" --
 She falt'ring said—then sunk on earth and died!

ZILIA.

TALE III.

PIZARRO takes possession of Cuzco.—The fanaticism of VALVERDA, a Spanish priest—Its dreadful effects—A Peruvian priest put to the torture—His Daughter's distress—He is rescued by LAS CASAS, a Spanish ecclesiastic—And led to a place of safety, where he dies—His Daughter's narration of her sufferings—Her death.

Now stern PIZARRO seeks the distant plains,
Where beauteous Cuzco lifts her golden fanes.
The meek Peruvians gaz'd in wild dismay,
Nor barr'd the dark Oppressor's sanguine way;
And soon on Cuzco, where the dawning light
Of glory shone, foretelling day more bright,
Where the young arts had shed unfolding flowers,
A scene of spreading desolation lowers!

While buried deep in everlasting shade,
 That lustre sickens, and those blossoms fade.
 And yet, devoted land, not gold alone,
 Or dire ambition wak'd thy rising groan;
 For lo! a fiercer fiend, with joy elate,
 Feasts on thy suff' rings, and impels thy fate:
 Fanatic Fury rears her sullen shrine,
 Where vultures prey, where venom'd adders twine;
 Her savage arm with purple torrents stains
 Thy rocking temples, and thy falling fanes;
 Her blazing torches flash the mounting fire,
 She grasps the sabre, and she lights the pyre;
 Her voice is thunder rending the still air,
 Her glance the baleful lightning's lurid glare;
 Her lips unhallow'd breathe their impious strain,
 And pure Religion's sacred voice profane;
 Whose precepts pity's mildest deeds approve,
 Whose law is mercy, and whose soul is love.
 And see, fanatic Fury wakes the storm—
 She wears the stern VALVERDA's hideous form;

icism of VALVERDA, a
 an priest put to the tor-
 l by LAS CASAS, a Spa-
 y, where he dies—His
 eath.

ant plains,
 lden fanes.

lismay,
 guine way;

ming light

e bright,

olding flowers,

ers!

His bosom never felt another's woes,
 No shriek of anguish breaks its dark repose.
 The temple nods—an aged form appears—
 He beats his breast, he rends his silver hairs—
 VALVERDA drags him from the blest abode,
 Where his meek spirit humbly sought its God;
 See, to his aid his child, soft ZILIA, springs,
 And steeps in tears the robe to which she clings!
 Now bursting from PERUVIA's frightened throng,
 Two warlike youths impetuous rush'd along;
 One grasp'd his twanging bow with furious air,
 While in his troubled eye sat fierce despair;
 But all in vain his erring weapon flies,
 Pierc'd by a thousand wounds, on earth he lies.
 His drooping head the trembling ZILIA rais'd,
 And on the youth in speechless anguish gaz'd;
 While he who fondly shared his danger flew,
 And from his bleeding breast a poignard drew.
 “Deep in my faithful bosom let me hide
 The fatal steel that would our souls divide,”—

He quick ex
 “ Ah yet for
 That bind ou
 Friendship w
 “ Thyself fo
 The youth r
 From thee n
 Caught the l
 Thy friendsh
 The first pur
 And still in c
 Its sacred im
 That only li
 Whose imag
 In vain the g
 Pour'd these
 He reads the
 And gives to
 But now wit
 And mark th

er's woes,
s its dark repose.
form appears—
ls his silver hairs—
the blest abode,
bly sought its God;
t ZILIA, springs,
to which she clings!
's frighted throng,
ous rush'd along;
ow with furious air,
t fierce despair;
apon flies,
ls, on earth he lies.
oling ZILIA rais'd,
ess anguish gaz'd;
I his danger flew,
t a poignard drew.
let me hide
r souls divide,"—

He quick exclaims—the dying warrior cries
“ Ah yet forbear!—by all the sacred ties
That bind our hearts, forbear!”—in vain he spoke,
Friendship with frantic zeal impels the stroke!
“ Thyself for ever lost, thou hop'st in vain,”
The youth replied, “ my spirit to detain;
From thee my soul, in childhood's earliest year,
Caught the light pleasure and the passing tear;
Thy friendship then my young affections blest
The first pure passion of my infant breast;
And still in death I feel its strong controul,
Its sacred impulse wings my fleeting soul,
That only lingers here till thou depart,
Whose image lives upon my fainting heart!”—
In vain the gen'rous youth, with panting breath,
Pour'd these last murmurs in the ear of death;
He reads the fatal truth in ZILIA's eye,
And gives to friendship his expiring sigh.—
But now with rage VALVERDA's glances roll,
And mark the vengeance rankling in his soul;

He bends his gloomy brow—his lips impart
 The brooding purpose of his venom'd heart;
 He bids the hoary priest in mutter'd strains
 Abjure his faith, forsake his native fanes,
 While yet the ling'ring pangs of torture wait,
 While yet VALVERDA'S power suspends his fate.
 "Vain man," the victim cried, "to hoary years
 Know death is mild, and virtue feels no fears;
 Cruel of spirit, come! let tortures prove
 The power I serv'd in life in death I love."
 He ceas'd—with rugged cords his limbs they bound,
 And drag the aged sufferer on the ground;
 They grasp his feeble frame, his tresses tear;
 His robe they rend, his shrivell'd bosom bare.
 Ah, see his uncomplaining soul sustain
 The sting of insult and the dart of pain!
 His stedfast spirit feels one pang alone,
 A child's despair awakes one bitter groan—
 The mourner kneels to catch his parting breath,
 To soothe the agony of ling'ring death:

No moan
 Still on I
 Yet ah, I
 The deso
 Mild vict
 Pure spin
 A pitying
 LAS CAS
 Ah, let t
 Efface th
 See his f
 While fr
 "Oh, su
 Was pou
 Whose m
 The mur
 Forgive—
 Which fe

* LAS CA
 the title of F

No moan she breath'd, no tear had power to flow,
 Still on her lip expir'd th' unutter'd woe;
 Yet ah, her livid cheek, her stedfast look,
 The desolated soul's deep anguish spoke—
 Mild victim! close not yet thy languid eyes;
 Pure spirit! claim not yet thy kindred skies;
 A pitying angel comes to stay thy flight,
 LAS CASAS* bids thee view returning light;
 Ah, let that sacred drop, to virtue dear,
 Efface thy wrongs—receive his precious tear;
 See his flush'd cheek with indignation glow,
 While from his lips the tones of pity flow.—
 “Oh, suff'ring Lord!” he cried, “whose streaming
 blood,
 Was pour'd for man—earth drank the sacred flood,
 Whose mercy in the mortal pang forgave
 The murd'rous band, Thy love alone could save;
 Forgive—thy goodness bursts each narrow bound
 Which feeble thought, and human hope surround;

* LAS CASAS, that admirable ecclesiastic, who obtained by his humanity the title of Protector of the Indies.

Forgive the guilty wretch, whose impious hand
 From thy pure altar flings the flaming brand;
 In human blood that hallow'd altar steeps,
 Libation dire! while groaning nature weeps;
 The limits of thy mercy dares to scan,
 The object of thy love, his victim,—man.
 While yet I linger, lo, the suff'rer dies,
 I see his frame convuls'd,—I hear his sighs!
 Whoe'er controuls the purpose of my heart,
 First in this breast shall plunge his guilty dart."
 With hurried step he flew, with eager hands
 He broke the fetters, burst the cruel bands.
 As the fall'n angel heard with awful fear,
 The cherub's grave rebuke, in grace severe,
 And fled, while horror plum'd his impious crest,*
 The form of virtue as she stood confest;
 So fierce VALVERDA sullen mov'd along,
 Abash'd, and follow'd by the hostile throng.

* "----- on his crest

Sat horror plum'd."

Par. Lost, xiv. 988.

At len
 LAS C
 His see
 Whose
 " Ther
 Will h
 Oft to
 While
 Oft in
 He bid
 Bids dr
 And po
 Yet ah
 The ag
 For dec
 And su
 To his
 He fain
 Then cr
 My hea

At length the hoary victim, freed from chains,
 LAS CASAS gently leads to safer plains;
 His searching eye explores a secret cave,
 Whose shaggy sides the languid billows lave;
 "There rest secure," he cried, "the Christian's God
 Will hover near, will guard the lone abode."
 Oft to the gloomy cell his steps repair,
 While night's chill breezes wave his silver'd hair;
 Oft in the tones of love, the words of peace,
 He bids the bitter tears of anguish cease;
 Bids drooping hope uplift her languid eyes,
 And points to bliss that dwells beyond the skies.
 Yet ah! in vain his pious cares would save
 The aged sufferer from the op'ning grave;
 For deep the pangs of torture pierc'd his frame,
 And sunk his wasted life's expiring flame;
 To his cold lip LAS CASAS' hand he prest,
 He faintly clasp'd his ZILIA to his breast;
 Then cried, "the God, whom now my vows adore,
 My heart through life obey'd, unknowing more;

whose impious hand
 flaming brand;
 altar steeps,
 nature weeps;
 to scan,
 victim,—man.
 ff'rer dies,
 hear his sighs!
 e of my heart,
 ge his guilty dart."
 ith eager hands
 e cruel bands,
 awful fear,
 n grace severe,
 d his impious crest,*
 d confess;
 ov'd along,
 hostile throng.

His mild forgiveness then my soul shall prove,
 His mercy share, LAS CASAS' God is love."
 He spoke no more, his ZILIA's hopeless moan
 Was heard responsive to his dying groan.
 "Victim of impious zeal," LAS CASAS cries,
 "Accept, departed shade, a Christian's sighs;
 And thou, soft mourner, tender, drooping form,
 What power shall guard thee from the fearful storm?"
 "Weep not for me," she cried, "for ZILIA's breast
 Soon in the shelt'ring earth shall find its rest;
 Seek not the victim of despair to save,
 I ask but death—I only wish a grave.
 Witness, thou mangled form, that earth retains,
 Witness a murder'd lover's cold remains;
 I liv'd my father's pangs to soothe, to share,
 I bore to live, though life was all despair.
 Ah! still my lover's dying moan I hear,
 In every pulse I feel his parting tear—
 I faint—an icy coldness chills each vein,
 No more these feeble limbs their load sustain;

Spirit of P
 A moment
 LAS CASAS,
 To soothe
 She ceas'd,
 LAS CASAS
 Fly, minis
 Those fruit
 I view the
 I hear a su

Spirit of pity! catch my fleeting breath,
 A moment stay—and close my eyes in death.
 LAS CASAS, thee thy God in mercy gave,
 To soothe my pangs, to find the wretch a grave."
 She ceas'd, her spirit fled to purer spheres,
 LAS CASAS bathes the pallid corse with tears;
 Fly, minister of good! nor ling'ring shed
 Those fruitless sorrows o'er th' unconscious dead;
 I view the sanguine flood, the wasting flame,
 I hear a suff'ring world LAS CASAS claim.

shall prove,
 love."
 less moan
 roan.
 SAS cries,
 an's sighs;
 ooping form,
 he fearful storm?"
 for ZILIA's breast
 and its rest;
 ve,
 e.
 earth retains,
 nains;
 to share,
 despair.
 near,
 r—
 vein,
 ad sustain;

CORA.

TALE IV.

ALMAGRO'S expedition to Chili—His troops suffer great hardships from cold, in crossing the Andes—They reach Chili—The Chilians make a brave resistance—The revolt of the Peruvians in Cuzco—They are led on by MANCO CAPAC, the successor of ATALIBA—Parting with CORA, his wife—The Peruvians regain half their city—ALMAGRO leaves Chili—To avoid the Andes, he crosses a vast desert—His troops can find no water—They divide into two bands—ALPHONSO leads the second band, which soon reaches a fertile valley—The Spaniards observe that the natives are employed in searching the streams for gold—They resolve to attack them.

Now the stern partner of PIZARRO'S toils,

ALMAGRO, lur'd by hope of golden spoils,

To distant Chili's ever-verdant meads,

Through paths untrod, a band of warriors leads;

O'er the high Andes' frozen steeps they go,

And wander 'mid eternal hills of snow:

In vain the

Darts on th

Cold, keen

Numbs the

At length th

Where ends

When fir

Beheld the

Their threat

Their lances

With pale s

Where low'r

But soon the

Renounce ea

Pant high w

And meet in

Long unsubd

Their valiant

Long vict'ry

And oft she f

In vain the vivifying orb of day
 Darts on th' impervious ice his fervent ray;
 Cold, keen as chains the oceans of the pole,
 Numbs the shrunk frame, and chills the vig'rous soul;
 At length they reach luxuriant Chili's plain,
 Where ends the dreary bound of winter's reign.

When first the brave Chilese, with eager glance,
 Beheld the hostile sons of Spain advance,
 Their threat'ning sabres red with purple streams,
 Their lances quiv'ring in the solar beams,
 With pale surprise they saw th' impending storm,
 Where low'ring danger wore an unknown form;
 But soon their spirits, stung with gen'rous shame,
 Renounce each terror, and for vengeance flame;
 Pant high with sacred freedom's ardent glow,
 And meet intrepid the superior foe.
 Long unsubdued by stern ALMAGRO's train,
 Their valiant tribes unequal fight maintain;
 Long vict'ry hover'd doubtful o'er the field,
 And oft she forc'd IBERIA's band to yield;

suffer great hardships from
 Chili—The Chilians make a
 vians in Cuzco—They are
 of ATALIBA—Parting with
 their city—ALMAGRO leaves
 vast desert—His troops can
 —ALPHONSO leads the second
 —The Spaniards observe that
 ne streams for gold—They

ALMAGRO's toils,

in spoils,

leads,

of warriors leads;

as they go,

snow:

Oft love from Spain's proud head her laurel bough,
 And bade it blossom on PERUVIA's brow ;
 When sudden tidings reach'd ALMAGRO's ear,
 That shook the warrior's soul with doubt and fear.
 Of murder'd ATALIBA's royal race
 There yet remain'd a youth of blooming grace,
 Who pin'd, the captive of relentless Spain,
 And long in Cuzco dragg'd her galling chain ;
 CAPAC, whose lofty soul indignant bears
 The rankling fetters, and revenge prepares.
 But since his daring spirit must forego
 The hope to rush upon the tyrant foe,
 Led by his parent orb, that gives the day,
 And fierce as darts the keen meridian ray,
 He vows to bend unseen his hostile course,
 Then on the victors rise with latent force,
 As sudden from its cloud, the brooding storm,
 Bursts in the thunder's voice, the light'ning's form.
 For this, from stern PIZARRO he obtains
 The boon, enlarg'd, to seek the neighb'ring plains,

For one bless
 To crown wi
 Share the de
 And 'mid the
 So spoke the
 Far other pu
 For now PEE
 To lead, with
 Forth to the
 The fiercest s
 While every s
 And urges th
 Now CAPAC I
 Rose with its
 But first with
 The tender C
 Who with her
 And wasted th
 " No more,"
 The mingled

proud head her laurel bough,
 PERUVIA'S brow;
 ch'd ALMAGRO'S ear,
 soul with doubt and fear.
 royal race
 th of blooming grace,
 f relentless Spain,
 'd her galling chain;
 indignant bears
 l revenge prepares.
 t must forego
 ne tyrant foe,
 at gives the day,
 een meridian ray,
 his hostile course,
 with latent force,
 the brooding storm,
 oice, the light'ning's form.
 ARRO he obtains
 eek the neighb'ring plains,

For one bless'd day, and with his friends unite,
 To crown with solemn pomp an antient rite;
 Share the dear pleasures of the social hour,
 And 'mid their fetters twine one festal flower.
 So spoke the Prince—far other thoughts possess,
 Far other purpose animates his breast:
 For now PERUVIA'S Nobles he commands
 To lead, with silent step, her martial bands
 Forth to the destin'd spot, prepared to dare
 The fiercest shock of dire, unequal war;
 While every sacred human interest pleads,
 And urges the firm soul to lofty deeds.
 Now CAPAC hail'd th' eventful morning's light,
 Rose with its dawn, and panted for the fight;
 But first with fondness to his heart he prest
 The tender CORA, partner of his breast,
 Who with her lord had sought the dungeon's gloom,
 And wasted there in grief her early bloom.
 "No more," he cried, "no more my love shall feel
 The mingled agonies I fly to heal;—

I go, but soon exulting shall return,
 And bid my faithful CORA cease to mourn;
 For O, amid each pang my bosom knows,
 What wastes, what wounds it most are CORA'S woes!
 Sweet was the love that crown'd our happier hours,
 And shed new fragrance o'er a path of flowers:
 But sure divided sorrow more endears
 The tie that passion seals with mutual tears!"
 He paus'd. Fast-flowing drops bedew'd her eyes,
 While thus in mournful accents she replies:—
 "Still let me feel the pressure of thy chain,
 Still share the fetters which my love detain;
 The piercing iron to my soul is dear,
 Nor will its sharpness wound while thou art near.
 Look on our helpless babe, in mis'ry nurst—
 My child! my child, thy mother's heart will burst!
 O, wherefore bid the raging battle rise,
 Nor hear this harmless suff'rer's feeble cries?
 Look on those blades that pour a crimson flood,
 And plunge their cruel edge in infant blood!"

She could
 Her grief,
 Now high in
 And soon fr
 To Cuzco's
 And, such t
 That vainly
 Arrest the t
 Danger and
 And half th
 When ste
 The triumph
 Unconquer'
 And his bold
 But now he
 The arrowy
 A burning d
 And meets t
 As o'er the s
 The keenest

She could no more—he sees with tender pain
 Her grief, and leads her to a shelt'ring fane,
 Now high in air his feather'd standard waves,
 And soon from shrouding woods and hollow caves
 To Cuzco's gate advance increasing throngs,
 And, such their ardour, rous'd by sense of wrongs,
 That vainly would PIZARRO's vet'ran force
 Arrest the torrent in its raging course;
 Danger and death PERUVIA's sons disdain,
 And half their captive city soon regain.

When stern ALMAGRO heard the voice of fame
 The triumphs of PERUVIA loud proclaim,
 Unconquer'd Chili's vale he swift forsakes,
 And his bold course to distant Cuzco takes.
 But now he shuns the Andes' frozen snows,
 The arrowy gale that on their summit blows;
 A burning desert undismay'd he past,
 And meets the ardors of the fiery blast.
 As o'er the sultry waste they slowly move,
 The keenest pang of raging thirst they prove;

No cooling fruit its grateful juice distils,
 Nor flows one balmy drop from crystal rills;
 For nature sickens in the parching beam
 That shrinks the vernal bud and dries the stream;
 While horror, as his giant stature grows,
 O'er the drear void his spreading shadow throws.
 ALMAGRO's band now pale and fainting stray,
 While death oft barr'd the sinking warrior's way;
 At length the chief divides his martial force,
 And bids ALPHONSO by a separate course
 Lead o'er the hideous desert half his train—
 "And search," he cried, "this vast, untrodden plain,
 Perchance some fruitage, with ring in the breeze,
 The pains of lessen'd numbers may appease;
 Or heaven in pity from some genial shower
 On the parch'd lip one precious drop may pour."
 Not far the troops of young ALPHONSO went,
 When sudden from a rising hill's ascent
 They view a valley fed by fertile springs,
 Which Andes from his snowy summit flings;

Where sum
 And wildly
 And now AL
 On the rich
 They quaff t
 And the pur
 Then give to
 Fann'd by th
 Soon as the
 Refresh'd fr
 And saw the
 Search the c
 Which from
 The torrents
 IBERIA's son
 The temptin
 O'er those fa
 And dye tho
 Thus while
 Enchanting

juice distils, from crystal rills;
arching beam and dries the stream;
nature grows, and shadow throws,
and fainting stray,
inking warrior's way;
his martial force,
'rate course
half his train—
his vast, untrodden plain,
with ring in the breeze,
ers may appease;
e genial shower
ous drop may pour."
ALPHONSO went,
hill's ascent
rtille springs,
y summit flings;

Where summer's flowers humected odours shed,
And wildly bloom, a waste by beauty spread.
And now ALPHONSO and his martial band
On the rich border of the valley stand;
They quaff the limpid stream with eager haste,
And the pure juice that swells the fruitage taste;
Then give to balmy rest the night's still hours,
Fann'd by the cooling gale that shuts the flowers.
Soon as the purple beam of morning glows,
Refresh'd from all their toils, the warriors rose;
And saw the gentle natives of the mead
Search the clear currents for the golden seed,
Which from the mountain's height with headlong sweep
The torrents bear in many a shining heap;
IBERIA'S sons beheld with anxious brow
The tempting lure, then breathe th' un pitying vow
O'er those fair lawns to pour a sanguine flood,
And dye those lucid streams with guiltless blood.
Thus while the humming-bird, in beauty drest,
Enchanting offspring of the ardent west,

Attunes his tender song to notes of love,
 Mild as the murmurs of the morning dove,
 While his rich plumage glows with brighter hues,
 And with soft bill he sips the scented dews,
 The savage condor on terrific wings,
 From Andes' frozen steeps relentless springs;
 And, quiv'ring in his fangs, his helpless prey
 Drops his weak wing, and sighs his soul away.

Character of Z
 Cazique who
 themselves—
 father is mad
 engagement—
 marry her—
 ture—She ap
 wood—LAS
 obtains their
 Chili—A ref

In this sv
 Mild ZAMO
 For o'er his
 Shed from
 She loves to
 Has never v

ove,
dove,
brighter hues,
dews,
springs;
less prey
soul away.

ACILOE.

TALE V.

Character of ZAMOR, a bard—His passion for ACILOE, daughter of the Cazi que who rules the valley—The Peruvian tribe prepare to defend themselves—A battle—The PERUVIANS are vanquished—ACILOE's father is made a prisoner, and ZAMOR is supposed to have fallen in the engagement—ALPHONSO becomes enamoured of ACILOE—Offers to marry her—She rejects him—In revenge he puts her father to the torture—She appears to consent, in order to save him—Meets ZAMOR in a wood—LAS CASAS joins them—Leads the two lovers to ALPHONSO, and obtains their freedom—ZAMOR conducts ACILOE and her father to Chili—A reflection on the influence of Poetry over the human mind.

In this sweet scene, to all the virtues kind,
Mild ZAMOR own'd the richest gifts of mind;
For o'er his tuneful breast the heav'nly muse
Shed from her sacred spring inspiring dews;
She loves to breathe her hallow'd strain where art
Has never veil'd the soul, or warp'd the heart;

Where fancy glows with all her native fire,
 And passion lives on the exulting lyre.
 Nature, in terror rob'd or beauty drest,
 Could thrill with dear enchantment ZAMOR's breast;
 He lov'd the languid sigh the zephyr pours,
 He lov'd the placid rill that feeds the flowers,—
 But more the hollow sound the wild winds form,
 When black upon the billow hangs the storm;
 The torrent rolling from the mountain steep,
 Its white foam trembling on the darken'd deep—
 And oft on Andes' heights with earnest gaze
 He view'd the sinking sun's reflected rays
 Glow like unnumber'd stars, that seem to rest
 Sublime upon his ice-encircled breast.
 Oft his wild warblings charm'd the festal hour,
 Rose in the vale, and languish'd in the bower;
 The heart's responsive tones he well could move,
 Whose song was nature, and whose theme was love.

ACILOE's beauties his fond soul confest,
 Yet more ACILOE's virtues warm'd his breast.

Ah stay,
 Suspend,
 Prolong t
 Unfolds th
 This gentl
 Who still
 From him
 That o'er
 But virtue
 And life w
 Bright is t
 Yet not un
 Now ste
 Roll the fi
 PERUVIA's
 With desol
 The hoary
 His death-c
 ACILOE's se
 The form o

Ah stay, ye tender hours of young delight,
 Suspend, ye moments, your impatient flight;
 Prolong the charm when passion's pure controul
 Unfolds the first affections of the soul!
 This gentle tribe ACILOE's sire obey'd,
 Who still in wisdom and in mercy sway'd.
 From him the dear illusions long had fled
 That o'er the morn of life enchantment shed;
 But virtue's calm remembrance cheer'd his breast,
 And life was joy serene, and death was rest:
 Bright is the blushing Summer's glowing ray,
 Yet not unlovely Autumn's temper'd day.
 Now stern IBERIA's ruthless sons advance,
 Roll the fierce eye, and shake the pointed lance.
 PERUVIA's tribe behold the hostile throng
 With desolating fury pour along;
 The hoary chief to the dire conflict leads
 His death-devoted train—the battle bleeds.
 ACILOE's searching eye can now no more
 The form of ZAMOR or her sire explore;

native fire,
 lyre.
 drest,
 ent ZAMOR's breast;
 bhyr pours,
 s the flowers,—
 wild winds form,
 gs the storm;
 untain steep,
 darken'd deep—
 arnest gaze
 cted rays
 at seem to rest
 reast.
 he festal hour,
 in the bower;
 well could move,
 hose theme was love.
 ll confest,
 i'd his breast.

While destin'd all the bitterness to prove
 Of anxious duty and of mourning love,
 Each name that's dearest wakes her bursting sigh,
 Throbs at her soul, and trembles in her eye.
 Now pierc'd by wounds, and breathless from the fight,
 Her friend, the valiant OMAR, struck her sight:—
 "OMAR," she cried, "you bleed, unhappy youth!
 And sure that look unfolds some fatal truth;
 Speak, pitying speak, my frantic fears forgive,
 Say, does my father, does my ZAMOR live?"—
 "All, all is lost!" the dying OMAR said,
 "And endless griefs are thine, dear, wretched maid;
 I saw thy aged sire a captive bound,
 I saw thy ZAMOR press the crimson ground!"—
 He could no more, he yields his fleeting breath,
 While all in vain she seeks repose in death.
 But O, how far each other pang above
 Throbs the wild agony of hopeless love!
 That woe, for which in vain would comfort shed
 Her healing balm, or time in pity spread

The veil th
 For here,
 Casts o'er
 And slowly
 Now ru
 And soon
 Then, as v
 She saw h
 She saw w
 Her snowy
 "He bleee
 My father
 Cruel ALP
 Feel thy h
 Or, O, if
 If ever th
 Grant my
 The fetter
 While the
 With fix'd

The veil that throws a shade o'er other care,
 For here, and here alone, profound despair
 Casts o'er the suff'ring soul a lasting gloom,
 And slowly leads her victim to the tomb.
 Now rude tumultuous sounds assail her ear,
 And soon ALPHONSO'S victor train appear ;
 Then, as with ling'ring step he mov'd along,
 She saw her father 'mid the captive throng ;
 She saw with dire dismay, she wildly flew,
 Her snowy arms around his form she threw ;—
 " He bleeds !" she cries ; " I hear his moan of pain !
 My father will not bear the galling chain !
 Cruel ALPHONSO, let not helpless age
 Feel thy hard yoke, and meet thy barb'rous rage ;
 Or, O, if ever mercy mov'd thy soul,
 If ever thou hast felt her blest controul,
 Grant my sad heart's desire, and let me share
 The fetters which a father ill can bear."
 While the young warrior, as she falt'ring spoke,
 With fix'd attention and with ardent look

o prove
 love,
 er bursting sigh,
 in her eye,
 hless from the fight,
 ruck her sight :—
 unhappy youth !
 fatal truth ;
 fears for give,
 MOR live ?"—
 AR said,
 ar, wretched maid ;
 and,
 on ground !"—
 fleeting breath,
 e in death.
 above
 ss love !
 ld comfort shed
 y spread

Hung on her tender glance, that love inspires,
 The rage of conquest yields to milder fires.
 Yet as he gaz'd enraptur'd on her form,
 Her virtues awe the heart her beauties warm ;
 And while impassion'd tones his love reveal,
 He asks with holy rites his vows to seal.
 " Hops't thou," she cried, " those sacred ties shall join
 This bleeding heart, this trembling hand to thine ?
 To thine, whose ruthless heart has caus'd my pains,
 Whose barb'rous hand the blood of ZAMOR stains !
 Canst thou, the murd'rer of my peace, controul
 The grief that swells, the pang that rends my soul ?—
 That pang shall death, shall death alone remove,
 And cure the anguish of despairing love."
 At length, to madness stung by fixed disdain,
 ALPHONSO now to fury gives the rein ;
 And with relentless mandate dooms her sire,
 Stretch'd on the bed of torture to expire ;
 But O, what form of language can impart
 The frantic grief that wrung ACILOE'S heart !

When to th
 The faintin
 Which, nev
 Lives at the
 At length s
 My heart, i
 Yet spare h
 And O, in i
 " Wilt thou
 " Yes, crue
 Save, save
 The charm
 Unbind his
 ACILOE'S VO
 Plac'd near
 Our joys, s
 " No more,
 Before my
 Some faith
 To distant

When to the height of hopeless sorrow wrought,
 The fainting spirit feels a pang of thought,
 Which, never painted in the hues of speech,
 Lives at the soul, and mocks expression's reach!
 At length she falt'ring cried, "the conflict's o'er,
 My heart, my breaking heart can bear no more!
 Yet spare his feeble age—my vows receive,
 And O, in mercy bid my father live!"
 "Wilt thou be mine?" th' enamour'd chief replies—
 "Yes, cruel!—see, he dies! my father dies!—
 Save, save my father!"—"Dear, unhappy maid,
 The charm'd ALPHONSO cried, "be swift obey'd—
 Unbind his chains—Ah, calm each anxious pain,
 ACILOE'S voice no more shall plead in vain;
 Plac'd near his child, thy aged sire shall share
 Our joys, still cherish'd by thy tender care."—
 "No more," she cried, "will fate that bliss allow;
 Before my lips shall breathe the impartial vow,
 Some faithful guide shall lead his aged feet
 To distant scenes that yield a safe retreat;

...t love inspires,
 ...milder fires.
 ...er form,
 ...eauties warm;
 ...s love reveal,
 ...s to seal.
 ...ose sacred ties shall join
 ...ling hand to thine?
 ...has caus'd my pains,
 ...d of ZAMOR stains!
 ...y peace, controul
 ...that rends my soul!—
 ...ath alone remove,
 ...iring love."
 ...by fixed disdain,
 ...e rein;
 ...ooms her sire,
 ...to expire;
 ...can impart
 ...ACILOE'S heart!

Where some soft heart, some gentle hand will shed
 The drops of comfort on his hoary head.
 My ZAMOR, if thy spirit hovers near,
 Forgive!"—she ceas'd, and shed no more a tear.
 Now night descends, and steeps each weary breast,
 Save sad ACILOË'S, in the balm of rest.
 Her aged father's beauteous dwelling stood
 Near the cool shelter of a waving wood;
 But now the gales that bend its foliage die,
 Soft on the silver turf its shadows lie;
 While slowly wand'ring o'er the vale below,
 The gazing moon look'd pale as silent woe.
 The sacred shade, amid whose fragrant bowers
 ZAMOR oft sooth'd with song the evening hours,
 Pour'd to the lunar orb his magic lay,
 More mild, more pensive than her musing ray,
 That shade with trembling step the mourner sought,
 And thus she breath'd her tender, plaintive thought:—
 "Ah where, dear object of these piercing pains,
 Where rests thy murder'd form, thy lov'd remains?

On what
 That pur
 O, had A
 Hadst tho
 Told with
 And dropp
 A pang le
 That in th
 Soon as so
 My aged
 Death sha
 The heart
 She ceas'
 She sees h
 " 'Tis he
 My ZAMO
 I faint—"
 He calls h
 He stays h
 Warms he

"Thy ZAMOR lives," he cried: "as on the ground
 I senseless lay, some child of pity bound
 My bleeding wounds, and bore me from the plain,—
 But thou art lost, and I have liv'd in vain!"
 "Forgive," she cried, in accents of despair,
 "ZAMOR, forgive thy wrongs, and O forbear,
 The mild reproach that fills thy mournful eye,
 The tear that wets thy cheek—I mean to die.
 Could I behold my aged sire endure
 The pains his wretched child had power to cure?
 Still, still my father, stretch'd in death, I see,
 His grey locks trembling while he gaz'd on me;
 My ZAMOR, soft, breathe not so loud a sigh,
 Some list'ning foe may pityless deny
 This parting hour—hark, sure some step I hear,
 ZAMOR again is lost—for now 'tis near."—
 She paus'd, when sudden from the shelt'ring wood
 A venerable form before them stood:
 "Fear not, soft maid," he cried, "nor think I come
 To seal with deeper miseries thy doom;

To bruise
 Ah, not for
 He comes
 To pour up
 I rov'd wi
 Through s
 Their wish
 Then from
 But mine t
 Or mingle
 When from
 This langu
 Of pale di
 The Chiles
 With eage
 And my co
 By day the
 And give t
 For me the
 The cares

To bruise the broken heart that sorrow rends,
 Ah, not for this LAS CASAS hither bends—
 He comes to bid those rising sorrows cease,
 To pour upon thy wounds the balm of peace.
 I rov'd with dire ALMAGRO's ruthless train,
 Through scenes of death, to Chili's verdant plain;
 Their wish to bathe that verdant plain in gore,
 Then from its bosom drag the golden ore:
 But mine to check the stream of human blood,
 Or mingle drops of pity with the flood;
 When from those fair, unconquered vales they fled,
 This languid frame was stretch'd upon the bed
 Of pale disease; when, helpless and alone,
 The Chilese 'spied their friend, the murd'ers gone,
 With eager fondness round my couch they drew,
 And my cold hand with gushing tears bedew;
 By day they soothe my pains with sweet delight,
 And give to watchings the dull hours of night;
 For me their gen'rous bosoms joy to prove
 The cares of pity, and the toils of love—

d: "as on the ground
 pity bound
 re me from the plain,—
 liv'd in vain!"
 cents of despair,
 s, and O forbear,
 hy mournful eye,
 —I mean to die.
 endure
 had power to cure?
 d in death, I see,
 ile he gaz'd on me;
 ; so loud a sigh,
 ss deny
 re some step I hear,
 ww 'tis near." —
 rom the shelt'ring wood
 em stood:
 ried, "nor think I come
 s thy doom;

At length for me the pathless wild they trac'd,
 And softly bore me o'er its dreary waste ;
 Then parting, at my feet they bend, and clasp
 These aged knees—my soul yet feels their grasp !
 Now o'er the vale with painful step I stray'd,
 And reach this shelt'ring grove ; here, hapless maid,
 My list'ning ear has caught thy piercing wail,
 My heart has trembled to thy moving tale." —
 " And art thou he ?" the mournful pair exclaim,
 " How dear to mis'ry's soul LAS CASAS' name !
 Spirit benign, who every grief can share,
 Whose pity stoops to make the wretch its care,
 Weep not for us—in vain thy tears shall flow
 For cureless evils, and for hopeless woe !" —
 " Come," he replied, " mild suff'ers, to the fane
 Where rests ALPHONSO with his martial train ;
 My voice shall urge his soul to gen'rous deeds,
 And bid him hear when truth and nature pleads."
 While in meek tones LAS CASAS thus exprest
 His pious purpose, o'er ACILOE'S breast

A dawning r
 But faint the
 Faint as whe
 The pulse th
 Before ALPH
 The aged suff
 While, with
 When sent to
 The story of
 Then cried, "
 Hop'st thou, f
 Fix'd in the b
 Ah, know, mi
 Would bind t
 That faithful h
 That heart wi
 Then, by each
 By faithful pas
 By all the was
 By the deep gr

A dawning ray of cheering comfort streams,
 But faint the hope that on her spirit beams;
 Faint as when ebbing life must soon depart,
 The pulse that trembles while it warms the heart.

Before ALPHONSO now the lovers stand,
 The aged suff'rer joined the mournful band;
 While, with the look that guardian seraphs wear,
 When sent to calm the throbs of mortal care,
 The story of their woes LAS CASAS told,
 Then cried, "the wretched ZAMOR here behold—

Hop'st thou, fond man, a passion to controul
 Fix'd in the breast, and woven in the soul?
 Ah, know, mistaken youth, thy power in vain
 Would bind thy victim in the nuptial chain;
 That faithful heart will rend the galling tie,
 That heart will break, that tender frame will die!
 Then, by each sacred name to nature dear,
 By faithful passion's agonizing tear,
 By all the wasting pangs that tear her breast,
 By the deep groan that gives the suff'rer rest,

Let mercy's pleading voice thy bosom move,
 And fear to burst the bonds of plighted love !"
 He paus'd—now ZAMOR's moan ALPHONSO hears ;
 Now sees the cheek of age bedew'd with tears.
 Pallid and motionless ACILOE stands,
 Fix'd was her lifted eye, and clasp'd her hands ;
 Her heart was chill'd—her fainting heart—for there
 Hope slowly sinks in cold and dark despair.
 ALPHONSO's soul was mov'd—"No more," he cried,
 " My hapless flame shall hearts like yours divide.
 Live, tender spirit, soft ACILOE live,
 And all the wrongs of madd'ning rage forgive !
 Go from this desolated region far,
 These plains, where av'rice spreads the waste of war ;
 Go where pure pleasures gild the peaceful scene,
 Go where mild virtue sheds her ray serene !"
 In vain th' enraptur'd lovers would impart
 The rising joy that swells, that pains the heart ;
 LAS CASAS' feet in tears ACILOE steeps,
 Looks on her sire and smiles, then turns and weeps ;

Then smiles
 The mingled
 So fall the c
 And o'er the
 Then paint t
 With the wa
 Now o'er the
 ACILOE and
 There many
 By hard opp
 ZAMOR to pi
 Bright'ning t
 Did e'er the
 The heav'nly
 She, who can
 And wake th

Then smiles again, while her flush'd cheek reveals
 The mingled tumult of delight she feels;—
 So fall the crystal showers of fragrant Spring,
 And o'er the pure, clear sky, soft-shadows fling;
 Then paint the drooping clouds from which they flow
 With the warm colours of the lucid bow.
 Now o'er the barren desert ZAMOR leads
 ACILOE and her sire to Chili's meads;
 There many a wand'ring wretch, condemn'd to roam
 By hard oppression, found a shel'ring home:
 ZAMOR to pity tun'd the vocal shell,
 Bright'ning the tear of anguish as it fell.
 Did e'er the human bosom throb with pain
 The heav'nly muse has sought to soothe in vain?
 She, who can still with harmony its sighs,
 And wake the sound at which affection dies!

CORA.

TALE VI.

The troops of **ALMAGRO** and **ALPHONSO** meet on the plain of **Cuzco**—**MANCO-CAPAC** attacks them by night—His army is defeated, and he is forced to fly with its scattered remains—**CORA** goes in search of him—Her infant in her arms—Overcome with fatigue, she rests at the foot of a mountain—An earthquake—A band of **Indians** fly to the mountain for shelter—**CORA** discovers her husband—Their interview—Her death—He escapes with his infant—**ALMAGRO** claims a share of the spoils of **Cuzco**—His contention with **PIZARRO**—The **Spaniards** destroy each other—**ALMAGRO** is taken prisoner, and put to death—His soldiers, in revenge, assassinate **PIZARRO** in his palace—**LAS CASAS** dies—The annual festival of the **PERUVIANS**—Their victories over the **Spaniards** in **Chili**—A wish for the restoration of their liberty—Conclusion.

At length **ALMAGRO** and **ALPHONSO**'s train,
Each peril past, unite on **Cuzco**'s plain ;
CAPAC resolves beneath the shroud of night
To pierce the hostile camp, and brave the fight ;
Though weak the wrong'd **PERUVIANS**' arrowy showers
To the dire weapons stern **IBERIA** pours,

Fierce was
When rais'd
New strings
Breathes the
But from
The timid m
The blended
Where angu
Or where th
Her faithful
And O, till
That soul mu
For never wi
Her voice ag
Her earnest
Her quiv'ring
Now night,
The din of ba
The sun rose
And morning

Fierce was th' unequal contest, for the soul,
 When rais'd by some high passion's strong controul,
 New strings the nerves, and o'er the glowing frame
 Breathes the warm spirit of heroic flame.

But from the scene where raging slaughter burns,
 The timid muse with silent horror turns;

The blended sounds of grief she panting hears,
 Where anguish dims a mother's eye with tears;

Or where the maid, who gave to love's soft power

Her faithful spirit, weeps the parting hour;

And O, till death shall ease the tender woe,

That soul must languish, and those tears must flow;

For never with the thrill that rapture proves,

Her voice again shall hail the youth she loves!

Her earnest eye no more his form shall view,

Her quiv'ring lip has breath'd the last adieu!

Now night, that pour'd upon the hollow gale

The din of battle, dropp'd her mournful veil.

The sun rose lovely from the sleeping flood,

And morning glitter'd o'er the field of blood;

so meet on the plain of Cuzco—
 t—His army is defeated, and he is
 ns—CORA goes in search of him—
 with fatigue, she rests at the foot of
 nd of Indians fly to the mountain
 and—Their interview—Her death
 ero claims a share of the spoils of
 RRO—The Spaniards destroy each
 and put to death—His soldiers, in
 is palace—LAS CASAS dies—The
 Their victories over the Spaniards
 of their liberty—Conclusion.

ALPHONSO'S train,

ZCO'S plain;

hroud of night

and brave the fight;

BUVIANS' arrowy showers

ERIA POUR'S,

Where, bath'd in gore, PERUVIA's vanquish'd train
 Lay cold and senseless on the sanguine plain.
 The gen'rous CAPAC saw his warriors yield,
 And fled indignant from the conquer'd field.
 A wretched throng from Cuzco now repair,
 Who tread 'mid slaughter'd heaps in mute despair ;
 O'er some lov'd corse the shroud of earth to spread,
 And breathe some ritual that may soothe the dead.
 No moan was heard, for agony suppress
 The fond complaints which ease the swelling breast ;
 Each hope for ever lost, they only crave
 The deep repose that wraps the shelt'ring grave :—
 So the meek lama, lur'd by some decoy
 Of man, from all his unembitter'd joy,
 Erewhile as free as roves the wand'ring breeze,
 Meets the hard burden on his bending knees ;*

* The Lamas bend their knees and stoop their body in such a manner as not to discompose their burden. They move with a slow but firm pace, in countries that are impracticable to other animals. They are neither dispirited by fasting or drudgery, while they have any strength remaining ;
 but

O'er rock
 Nor shun
 Till, wor
 Heeds no
 Swift o'er
 Her infan
 She seeks
 With the
 Thro' the
 A dreary
 Her timid
 Her droop
 Long, lon
 Her trem
 Where
 Low at it

but when they
 no purpose to
 on the ground

O'er rocks and mountains, dark and waste he goes,
 Nor shuns the path where no fresh herbage grows;
 Till, worn with toil, on earth he prostrate lies,
 Heeds not the barb'rous lash, and scornful dies.
 Swift o'er the field of death sad CORA flew,
 Her infant to his mother's bosom, grew;
 She seeks her wretched lord, who fled the plain
 With the last remnant of his vanquish'd train:
 Thro' the long glen, or forest's gloomy shade,
 A dreary solitude, the mourner stray'd;
 Her timid heart can now each danger dare,
 Her drooping soul is arm'd by deep despair—
 Long, long she wander'd, till oppress'd with toil,
 Her trembling footsteps track with blood the soil.
 Where o'er an ample vale a mountain rose,
 Low at its base her fainting form she throws:

but when they are totally exhausted, or fall under their burdens, it is to no purpose to harass and beat them, they will continue striking their heads on the ground till they kill themselves.

Raynal's History of the European Settlements.

vanquish'd train
 the plain.
 yield,
 'd field.
 repair,
 mute despair;
 earth to spread,
 othe the dead.
 rest
 swelling breast;
 rave
 t'ring grave:—
 coy
 oy,
 d'ring breeze,
 ding knees;*

body in such a manner as a slow but firm pace, in They are neither dispirited nor any strength remaining; but

" And here, my child," she cried, with panting breath,
 " Here let us wait the hour of ling'ring death ;
 This famish'd bosom can no more supply
 The streams that nourish life—my babe must die !
 In vain I strive to cherish, for thy sake,
 My failing strength ; but when my heart-strings break,
 When my cold bosom can no longer warm,
 My stiff'ning arms no more enfold thy form,
 Soft on this bed of leaves my child shall sleep—
 Close to his mother's corse, he will not weep !
 O ! weep not then, my tender babe—tho' near,
 I shall not hear thy moan, nor see thy tear ;
 Hope not to move me by thy mournful cry,
 Nor seek with earnest look my answering eye."
 As thus the dying CORA's plaints arose,
 O'er the fair valley sudden darkness throws
 A hideous horror ; thro' the wounded air
 Howl'd the shrill voice of nature in despair ;
 The birds dart screaming thro' the fluid sky,
 And, dash'd upon the cliff's hard surface, die ;

High
 Then
 Earth
 While
 Now
 Along
 Purpos
 And sh
 They
 And g
 They
 And vi
 He me
 O'erwh
 At leng
 Short ;
 My suf
 That s
 O, save
 And sh

High o'er their rocky bounds the billows swell,
 Then to their deep abyss affrighted fell;
 Earth groaning heaves with dire convulsive throes,
 While yawning gulphs its central caves disclose.
 Now rush'd a frighted throng with trembling pace
 Along the vale, and sought the mountain's base;
 Purpos'd its perilous ascent to gain,
 And shun the ruin low'ring o'er the plain.
 They reach'd the spot where CORA clasp'd her child,
 And gaz'd on present death with aspect wild:
 They pitying pause—she lifts her mournful eye,
 And views her lord!—he hears his CORA's sigh—
 He meets her look—their melting souls unite,
 O'erwhelmed, and agoniz'd with wild delight.
 At length she faintly cried, “we yet must part!
 Short are these rising joys—I feel my heart,
 My suff'ring heart is cold, and mists arise,
 That shroud thy image from my closing eyes!
 O, save my child!—our helpless infant save,
 And shed a tear upon thy CORA's grave.”

The fluttering pulse of life now ceas'd to play,
 And in his arms a pallid corse she lay!
 O'er her dear form he hung in speechless pain,
 And still on CORA call'd—but call'd in vain;
 Scarce could his soul in one short moment bear
 The wild extremes of transport and despair.
 Now o'er the west in melting softness streams
 A lustre, milder than the morning beams;
 A purer dawn dispell'd the fearful night,
 And nature glow'd in all the blooms of light;
 Then first the mourner, waking from his trance,
 Cast on his smiling babe an eager glance:
 Then rose the hollow voice on fancy's ear,
 The parting words he hears, or seems to hear!
 That sought with anxious tenderness to save
 That dear memorial from the closing grave;
 He clasps the object of his love's last care,
 And vows for him the load of life to bear.
 He journey'd o'er a dreary length of way,
 To plains where freedom shed her hallow'd ray;

There,
 His fait
 Ye who
 Deem n
 Perchan
 And lov
 Not lon
 Her gu
 For av'i
 Wakes
 Bids pro
 And Cu
 Now fie
 Purple
 While p
 O'erhun
 PERUVIA
 Behold
 Till, fett
 ALMAGR

There, o'er the pathless wood, and mountain hoar,
 His faithful band the lifeless CORA bore :
 Ye who ne'er pin'd in sorrow's hopeless pain,
 Deem not the toil that soothes its anguish vain ;
 Perchance the conscious spirit hovers near,
 And love's fond tribute to the dead is dear.
 Not long IBERIA's sullied trophies wave,
 Her guilty warriors press th' untimely grave ;
 For av'rice rising from the caves of earth,
 Wakes all her savage spirit into birth :
 Bids proud ALMAGRO feel her baleful flame,
 And Cuzco's treasures from PIZARRO claim.
 Now fierce in hostile rage each warlike train,
 Purple with kindred blood PERUVIA's plain ;
 While pensive on the hills, whose lofty brow
 O'erhung with waving woods the vale below,
 PERUVIA's hapless tribes in scatter'd throngs,
 Behold the fiends of strife avenge their wrongs :
 Till, fetter'd in PIZARRO's iron chain,
 ALMAGRO swells the victor's captive train.

In vain his pleading voice, his suppliant eye,
 Conjure his conqu'ror by the holy tie
 That seal'd their mutual league with sacred force,
 When first to climes unknown they bent their course;
 When danger's rising horrors low'r'd afar,
 The storms of ocean, and the toils of war,
 The sad remains of wasted life to spare,
 The shrivell'd bosom, and the silver'd hair—
 ALMAGRO dies—the victor's barb'rous pride,
 To his pale corpse funereal rites denied;
 Chill'd by the heavy dews of night it lay,
 And wither'd in the sultry beam of day;
 Till Indian bosoms, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 Paid the last duties to a prostrate foe.
 With unrelenting hate the conqu'ror views
 ALMAGRO's band, and vengeance still pursues.
 Condemns the victims of his power to stray
 In drooping poverty's chill, thorny way;
 To pine with famine's agony severe,
 And all the ling'ring forms of death to fear;

Till, by
 Rush t
 Swift o
 And ph
 How un
 That m
 He falls
 With A
 Now
 Sought,
 But whe
 That lov
 'Tis Sens
 With tre
 To yon c
 Where h
 I see her
 With cha
 Its odours
 The shrin

Till, by despair impell'd, the rival train,
 Rush to the haughty victor's splendid fane;
 Swift on their foe with rage impetuous dart,
 And plunge their daggers in his guilty heart.
 How unavailing now the treasur'd ore
 That made PERUVIA's rifled bosom poor!
 He falls—unpitied, and would vainly buy
 With ANDES' mines, the tribute of a sigh.
 Now faint with virtue's toil, LAS CASAS' soul
 Sought, with exulting hope, her heavenly goal:—
 But whence descends, in streams of lambent light,
 That lovely vision on the raptur'd sight?
 'Tis Sensibility! she stands confest:
 With trembling step she moves, and panting breast;
 To yon deserted grave, lo, swift she flies,
 Where her lov'd victim, mild LAS CASAS lies!
 I see her deck the solitary haunt
 With chaplets twin'd from every weeping plant:
 Its odours soft the simple violet shed,
 The shrinking lily hung its drooping head;

suppliant eye,
 ly tie
 with sacred force,
 y bent their course;
 w'r'd afar,
 oils of war,
 to spare,
 lver'd hair—
 'rous pride,
 s denied;
 ght it lay,
 of day;
 a gen'rous woe,
 te foe.
 i'ror views
 still pursues.
 ver to stray
 ny way;
 ere,
 eath to fear;

A moaning zephyr sigh'd within the bower,
 And bent the frail stem of the pliant flower :
 " Hither," she cried, her melting tone I hear,
 It vibrates full on fancy's wakeful ear ;
 " Ye to whose yielding hearts my power endears,
 The transport blended with delicious tears,
 The bliss that swells to agony the breast,
 The sympathy that robs the soul of rest ;
 Hither, with fond devotion, pensive come,
 Kiss the pale shrine, and murmur o'er the tomb ;
 Bend on the hallow'd turf the tearful eye,
 And breathe the precious incense of a sigh.
 LAS CASAS' tear has moisten'd misery's grave,
 His sigh has moan'd the wretch he fail'd to save !
 He, while conflicting pangs his bosom tear,
 Has sought the lonely cavern of despair,
 Where desolate she pin'd, and pour'd her thought
 To the dread verge of wild distraction wrought.
 While drops of mercy bath'd his hoary cheek,
 He pour'd, by heav'n inspir'd, its accents meek ;

In truth's
 Pierce the
 And vanqu
 While brig
 She paus'd-
 O'er the co
 Ah, weak
 Thy stifled
 She views,
 On solemn
 Thy captive
 And wake r
 Lo ! ATALIB
 The mournf
 Wild o'er th
 And pangs c

* The Peruvian
 dress. Some amo
 Death of Ataliba
 afterwards transpo
 festivals but that so

within the bower,
of the pliant flower:
melting tone I hear,
wakeful ear;
urts my power endears,
n delicious tears,
ny the breast,
e soul of rest;
l, pensive come,
murmur o'er the tomb;
the tearful eye,
incense of a sigh.
ten'd misery's grave,
wretch he fail'd to save!
ngs his bosom tear,
vern of despair,
, and pour'd her thought
ild distraction wrought.
ath'd his hoary cheek,
pir'd, its accents meek;

In truth's clear mirror bade the mourner's view
Pierce the deep veil which error darkly drew,
And vanquish'd empire with a smile resign,
While brighter worlds in fair perspective shine."
She paus'd—yet still the sweet enthusiast bends
O'er the cold turf, and still her tear descends.

Ab, weak PERUVIA! oft thy murmur'd sighs,
Thy stifled groans in fancy's ear arise;

She views, as slow the years of bondage roll,
On solemn days* when sorrow mocks controul,
Thy captive sons their antique garb assume,
And wake remember'd images of gloom.

Lo! ATALIBA's murder'd form appears,

The mournful object of eternal tears!

Wild o'er the scene indignant glances dart,

And pangs convulsive seize the throbbing heart—

* The Peruvians have solemn days, on which they assume their ancient dress. Some among them represent a tragedy, the subject of which is the Death of Ataliba; the audience, who begin with shedding tears, are afterwards transported into a kind of madness: it seldom happens in these festivals but that some Spaniard is slain.—*Raynal's History.*

Distraction soon each burning breast inflames,
And from the tyrant foe a victim claims !

But now, dispersing desolation's night,
A ray benignant cheers my gladden'd sight !

A blooming Chieftain of Peruvian race,
Whose soaring soul its high descent can trace,
The feather'd standard rears on Chili's* plain,
And leads to glorious strife his gen'rous train.

And see, IBERIA bleeds ! while Vict'ry twines
Her fairest garlands round PERUVIA's shrines ;
The gaping wounds of earth disclose no more
The lucid silver, and the blazing ore ;

* A descendant of the Incas had there reared the feathered standard, and obtained some victories over the Spaniards ; the gold-mines were shut up, and the sound of independence was heard ; but independence and hope soon vanished, and it was reserved for the Bolivars of other days to avenge the wrongs of the Peruvians. It was reserved also for Spain to make at present a noble atonement for the past ! She has raised an expiatory altar to Liberty over the dungeons of the Inquisition :—may it never be thrown down ! May the Old and New World form henceforth an Holy Alliance ! And if liberty be menaced in either, may there always be found a Washington in the New World, and a La Fayette in the Old !

A brighte
While Free
On Andes' i
And prints
While, roll'
Fades the d
PERU ! the
Whom pity
The muse w
Her early ly
Shed the vai
Which in ob
Pants with th
Bright on son
While on the
Thy future tri

A brighter radiance gilds the passing hour,
 While Freedom breaks the rod of lawless power ;
 On Andes' icy steep exulting glows,
 And prints with rapid step th' eternal snows ;
 While, roll'd in dust her graceful feet beneath,
 Fades the dark laurel of IBERIA'S wreath !—
 PERU ! the timid muse who mourn'd thy woes,
 Whom pity robb'd so long of dear repose,
 The muse whose pensive soul with anguish wrung,
 Her early lyre for thee has trembling strung ;
 Shed the vain tear, and breath'd the powerless sigh,
 Which in oblivion with her song must die ;
 Pants with the wish thy deeds may rise to fame ;
 Bright on some high-ton'd harp's immortal frame,
 While on the string of ecstasy it pours
 Thy future triumphs o'er unnumber'd shores.