



THE
R U I N
OF
C A L L A O ,
IN
1746.

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

L I M A :

**Printed at the office of the "Comercio" by
Joseph M. Monterola.**

1847.



PREFACE.

THE accompanying Dramatic Poem was, at the commencement of last October, placed in the hands of the editor of a late English paper, (published in Lima,) with directions to insert the First Act in the number to be issued on the 28th of that month, being the 101st anniversary of the great earthquake, in which the former town of Callao was destroyed, and to publish the remainder in the two following numbers. A part only of these directions was complied with--the insertion of the Second Act being delayed, and the Third not appearing at all.*

The writer, at that time, had no other view than to contribute towards a supply of original matter for the columns of the first English periodical attempted in Lima. His Poem had been laid aside for several years, no more than six persons having seen it, and, in all probability, it would have been finally committed to the flames had not such an opportunity as the one here referred to, been offered for its pub-

*It is however due to the editor, to state that he is entirely free from blame in this respect. Adverse circumstances which he was unable to control, prevented the insertion, and ultimately led to the stoppage of his paper.

lication; of which he therefore availed himself, considering that although it had not sufficient merit to be presented in its actual form, it was not so utterly insignificant as to be undeserving of a place, among other trifles, in the ephemeral leaves of a newspaper, where, if it failed to elicit applause, it had the best chance of escaping without censure.

But the unexpected interest which the two acts published, have excited, and the earnest desire, expressed by a number of subscribers to the defunct newspaper, to obtain the third, have prevailed over his diffidence, and induced him to allow the entire poem to go forth, in the more permanent shape, which the printer has now put it into.

In so doing, the writer begs the indulgence of a few words in anticipation of any objections that might be made to the slight introduction of the supernatural, as being contrary to the taste which the matter of fact spirit of the times has introduced with regard to imaginative literature.

The progress of natural science within the last century has unveiled to the mind of man a number of agencies which our pious forefathers were ignorant of, and the effects of which they ascribed to the direct intervention of celestial powers. The thunder that appalled them, we listen to without dismay--we know it to be a harmless sound: and to shield us from the death-dealing electric stream we have our isolating apparatus. The comet which they gazed at with awe, we gladly hail as affording us additional *data* for science; we have ceased to associate its appearance with human affairs--and now coolly mark down, in our astronomical tables, its course through the solar vicinity. The earthquake may still make us tremble as it did them, but it is the body shrinking from manifest danger--it is no longer the mind quailing before the wrathful expression of an offended Deity. But with all this intellectual advancement, the only difference between them and ourselves is this: where they imagined they saw the hand of God, we see the instrument which that hand works with. The hand is however

there still, and should be yet more evident to us than to them. And if any thing demonstrates the mental weakness of man, when he considers the Creator's works without the light of His words, it is this tendency to forget Him, by placing, as the philomythic heathens did, some creatures, spiritual or material in His stead, or by disregarding Him altogether, as is the too frequent practice of many of our modern men of science. But when that light shines in all its pristine brilliancy on our intellects, so far from any superior knowledge of the links of causation widening the distance between God and ourselves, it in reality brings Him nearer to us. We may investigate the development of plants and animals, discover their primitive germinal cells, trace individual existence back to the origin of the species, but we cannot avoid perceiving the direct creative power that gave being to the first of each kind, "having the seed within itself" of indefinite generations. We may, in a similar inverse manner, examine the successive grand operations whereby this planet was formed--roam through countless centuries, back to the period when its present atmosphere, its seas, its metals and rocks existed only in a gaseous state, and all was "without form";--go further back still--when as yet our sister planets, our sun and his starry brethren were not--when that portion of Infinitude, now occupied by them, was void and dark: but we cannot fail to arrive at a moment when the "spirit of God was moving over the vast abyss" bringing forth the primary elements, and working the whole into the beautiful harmony which all save the spirit of man displays around us. And, as in the beginning of the known universe, we clearly perceive this direct application of the Almighty will, so in the continuance of the same it is equally conspicuous. We may analyze the material principles, discover elementary affinities, trace their several combinations, permutations and oppositions; reach, or think we reach, some perceptible universal agent, as for instance electricity, but we cannot proceed far before we find ourselves in the immediate presence of the Eternal Mind that directs it. And then it is no transitory poetical

flight, but a staid, calm sensibility that renders us conscious that in such continued presence "we live and move and have our being."

Now if the working of that agent, in blind obedience to the laws which direct it, and which constitute what is termed NATURE, frequently involves the sudden destruction of vast numbers of the human family, it is but a melancholy proof that they have forfeited their filial claim to that protection which, by whatever unnoticed and oft times untraceable means, afforded, is that special providence which always environs those whose minds keep united to the Infinite Eternal Mind--the *Universal Father*.

Such special providence is necessarily supernatural, and that it is a reality and no mere religious fiction there are numerous facts, in different periods of the history of mankind, to prove; facts which no one who candidly examines them can deny to be quite contrary to the usual conception of a general indiscriminate providence. Some of them are more striking to all classes of minds than others, the facts, for instance, connected with the Jewish nation. Many are only known to a few, because the world at large unfortunately takes no interest in them, however willing it is, otherwise, to admit false statements and false deductions from real facts, in any subject relating to man's spiritual affairs. But were all candidly looked into, and could we moreover clearly discern the true children of God (sincere christians) amidst a perverse or hypocritical generation, and obtain a true statement of every circumstance in their career, through life and death, we should have such a mass of facts that they would appear a law of nature of themselves, and show the invariable fulfilment of that cheering promise, "I will never leave nor forsake thee." A promise not circumscribed to the descendants of Abraham, but addressed to every individual who listens to the call of the *Annointed*--accepts his offer--turns from wrong to right, both in thought and action--and steadily perseveres in the path into which this change introduces him.

Therefore it is that a christian who to the knowledge of the facts here referred to, adds an ample stock of natural science, stands in a much higher mental position than the exclusive votary of the latter; and can say to him on the most irreproachable testimony, and often on grounds of personal experience;

“There are more things in Heaven and earth,
“Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

And it is not unreasonable to suppose that if such christian uses that same diligence which is found to be indispensable to ensure success in whatever subject observation and reflection be applied to, he may become acquainted with many truths which escape the perception of his less attentive brethren. Truths which, although in accordance with the whole tenor of “scripture,” are much overlooked by the very people who profess to believe in the contents of that book. Truths, however, which must be generally known as the christian world advances to a maturer state: and which will no longer admit of a doubt from any mind when the mist of religious and scientific prejudice now hanging between spiritual and natural science shall clear away, and the divine rays, reflected from those two crystal mirrors, be allowed to converge in one bright focus, and there show forth, in unmistakeable characters, the true will of God, and the glorious destinies of regenerated man.

A fair consideration of these remarks will lead to the admission that the following drama does not depart from the laws now ruling the structure of works of imagination: it being neither more nor less than they are, in this respect, a fictitious combination of real or possible occurrences.

And thus, without further deprecation of criticism, or apologies for faults of style which, if he have the judgment to perceive, he has

not the talent to amend, the writer presents this trifle to public attention, with the gratifying assurance that it may give additional strength to some minds, and that it is not of a nature to augment the weakness of others.

LIMA, DECEMBER 22d, 1847.

THE RUIN OF CALLAO.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN. LORENZO,
 MELCHOR,
 FERNANDO,
 DON SEBASTIAN,

WOMEN. AZELIA,
 COUNTESS OF SANTA CLARA,
 OFFICERS, FRIARS, WOMEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A public walk on the east side of Callao. View of the town and shipping. The islands of San Lorenzo, Fronton and Horaaada in the back ground.*

A party of Women, Friars and Officers, carousing.

SONG,—*By a Woman.*

Whilst the flower of life's in bloom,
All exhaling love's perfume;
Whilst the roseate smiling hours,
Shed around their nectar'd showr's:
Whilst the scene is bright and gay,
Youth be wise and seize the day.

By another Woman:

For brief is all pleasure,
And life's dearest treasure
Departing can never return,
Then drain the full measure,
We'll always have leisure
To pray, to repent and to mourn.

By an Officer.

Heed not the gospel's teaching,
Nor mad Apostle's preaching
Of virtue's ways
And endless days
By grace celestial reaching.

By another Officer.

The future may deceive us;
The present soon will leave us;
But of delight
Enjoy'd, the might
Of Heaven cannot bereave us.

CHORUS.

Some prophet doom'd the world to burn;
I' faith he'll prove a liar,
The sea its waves ashore will turn,
And soon put out the fire. (a)

1ST OFFICER:

The madman comes: Let us with mock attention
Hear his account of our approaching end.

2ND OFFICER:

Who is this same?

1ST OFFICER:

A noted merchant once;

But in the social art so little skill'd
That he believed each knave an honest man,
Which error cost him all his wealth at last:
Then Heav'n to free him from all earthly care
Took kindly to its charge his wife and children,--
Such iterated blows of adverse fate
Too weak to bear, he turned a fisherman
Lulling with pious thoughts his troubled soul,
Till he became a lunatic confirm'd,--
And now he talks of voices on the seas
Presaging some disaster to the town.
Hist! Hist! I'll set him on the tale.

(Enter Lorenzo.)

[THE SAME--TO LORENZO:]

What news,

Lorenzo, bring'st this ev'ning from the main:
What say the seals of Horadada's arch?

Of Fronton's rocks?—or of thy namesake's isle?
 Or what the penguins of smooth Aficon's bay?
 Or those which skip about the flat Hormigas?
 What answer give the frowning Moro's echoes?
 Or what the Dryads chaste that dwell within
 The em'rald caves along Chorillo's shore? (b)
 Say lastly if those aerial friends that breathe
 At times, into thine ear prophetic sounds, (c)
 Have mark'd the hour when Heav'n intends to pour
 Its vengeance on us sentenc'd men of sin?

LORENZO:

It is the part of folly to contemn
 What lies beyond the common ways of men.
 Thrice since the moon last dipt her silver horns

Into the golden rays,

Of yonder orb that now the west adorns

I've heard the warning lays:

Though often previously they rang,

And vaguely of destruction sang,—

But now they have announc'd the time

When punishment is due to crime;

And Callao's doom'd to fall!—Ay smile—

But hear,—

This ground shall like the billows of the ocean
 By storms contrarious stir'd to wild commotion

A boiling mass appear.

Those gorgeous temples shall be overthrown,
 And convents which the perjurd now profane;

And of those walls and bastions not a stone,

Its present fixed station shall retain.

Yon barks shall, from their anchors whirl'd,

Be o'er the falling city hurl'd,

Their sides against the turrets shattered

Their treasure midst the drowning scattered;

Their timbers strew'd about the inland plain: (d)

Yon streets where commerce is by fraud disgrac'd

Shall by the nitrous algus be effac'd,

And here and there alone a pool of brine

Shall mark the place now hallow'd by a shrine: (e)

The olive grove shall cease to glad the soil, (f)

No more shall orchards in the environs smile;

Nor shall those villas now the night repair,

Of shameless lewdness longer taint the air.

But all shall by a marshy waste

Be in the avenging hour displac'd,
 And only some few fragments left to teach
 The future wand'rer o'er this sinful beach,—
 That at the thought of Heaven's destructive rod
 His tutor'd heart may humbly turn to God.

1ST OFFICER:

And when will this tremendous change occur?

LORENZO:

The hour is nigh,—and fancy not I err.
 Last night again, amid the silent seas,
 These sounds came to me with the southern breeze:

“On Callao's sinning town again
 “The moon no more will ever wane.” (g)

1ST OFFICER:

Ah! Ah! Ah! If that rhyme came from Heaven
 'Twas the last publication of the bans
 'Twixt Hell and us. The moon will wane to-night;
 Why friends we scarcely shall have time to drink
 The last Italia jar we broach'd. (h)

2ND OFFICER:

'Twere well
 To get our passports ready,—Let's confess,
 Here's Father Corcho will absolve us all.

(To a Friar.)

FRIAR:

Nay much I fear it were a useless shrift
 When tempters such as these are close around.
 What say you, Doña Laura?

(Pointing to the
 women.)

A WOMAN:

That you'd all need
 A new confession ere three hours would pass. (A general laugh.)

LORENZO—*Aside*:

My labor's lost, no grace can I impart,
 Deaf is each ear and callous ev'ry heart,
 With cunning scoff the voice of love they meet,
 But little think it is themselves they cheat.

1ST OFFICER:

Come ladies, gentlemen; let's raise the camp
 And leave this musing prophet to his dreams.
 You fellows of the commissariat stir

And bring along the ammunition.—Up—
We'll end the feast at Doña Laura's house,
And have some merry dances ere we part.

*(Whilst the servants are gathering up the bottles, glasses, etc.
the following Chorus is sung by the officers; Lorenzo with
an air of compassion looking at them.)*

Come and dance palomas gay, (i)
Cupid's own inventions,
When the glist'ning eyes display
Raptur'd hearts intentions:
Thrilling lays
Wishes raise
Set each beauty sighing,
Lads reveal
All you feel
Dread no tongue denying.

[Exit all but Lorenzo.]

LORENZO—*after a short pause:*

They mock my solemn warnings and believe
Imagin'd arial sounds my sense deceive;
'Tis thus the thoughtless spurn me or revile,
Or what to feeling hearts is more severe
In pity only listen whilst a smile
Of fancied better judgment doth appear
Upon the bridled lip—nor do I meet
But in the pure Azelia's list'ning eye
The sorrow soothing balm of kindness sweet,
Which rank and wealth oft to the fall'n deny.
And thus in ev'ry age and ev'ry clime,
When wisdom has escap'd the brand of crime,
Its trollers by the careless or the bad
Are kindly us'd if only reckon'd mad.--
Mad not because of incoherent phrase
Or wrong perception, or some fixed thought
From which the mind its powers cannot raise
To other subjects when before them brought.
But mad, because they strenuously refuse
To walk in paths that highest science shows
To lead to ruin.—And prefer to lose
The applause of man than that which from God flows.
Yes: this the world deems madness--or enthusiasm
To leap in thought sublime across the chasm
That intervenes

Betwixt the temporal the and eternal scenes.
 To dare to act unlike the mob around:
 Fame to regard but as a flitting sound,
 Man's power as weakness--riches but as dross,
 And life spent seeking only them a loss.--
 To purify the soul--to raise the mind
 Above such wishes of the weak and blind--
 Our destin'd rank in the universe to know,
 With certain views of endless life to glow;
 Creation's wond'rous scheme to comprehend;
 And with enraptur'd spirit humbly bend
 In prayerful thanks before the Almighty cause
 For knowledge of, and power to keep his laws.
 Ay mock, ye impious, covetous and lewd,
 By lies ensnar'd--by grovelling thoughts subdued!
 Contemn those motives pure of deed and speech,
 And glorious hopes that heavenly breathings teach--
 Ignoble crowds, your empty laughter raise
 Ungodly scorn is to the godly praise.

SONG.

Oh happy, happy hour!
 When sorrow laid her heavy hand upon me
 And govern'd by her pow'r
 I learn'd to seek another world beyon' me.
 When friends unkindly left,
 My heart in doleful solitude to languish--
 Of ev'ry joy bereft,
 But that I drew from out my bosom's anguish.
 But ah! the glad exchange,
 They little knew my gain by their desertion--
 My soul afar did range,
 And truth discover'd by compell'd exertion.
 The world I now defy,
 No human strength can rob me of my treasure--
 I've laid it up on high,
 And life is chang'd from woe to ceaseless pleasure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—THE SAME.

Enter Melchor and Fernando meeting.

MELCHOR:

Well met Fernando: thine attendance shows

It was no loit'ring messenger I sent.

FERNANDO:

Since I received from Lima your request
To meet you in this walk, I have been rack'd
With many an anxious thought—and fear the worst;
May I be wrong,—Azelia is not mine?

MELCHOR;

She's thine this very night. Her father brings
The needful papers for the marriage; yet
Thy fortune hangeth by a slender thread,
For without prudence 'twill be known ere long.—
Thy name, thy rank, thy riches are another's

FERNANDO:

How thus discover'd?

MELCHOR:

That we have to learn:
The count of Santa Clara's on the coast.

FERNANDO:

Was he not left upon the point of death
By the last vessel?

MELCHOR: (*showing a letter,*)

True; but in this letter
Sent through my Chili agent by express
He writes me that he comes in soundest health,
And then proceedeth thus:

'The hand of Providence has brought to light
•A fraud whereby the Bellamira family
•Has been much injur'd; for 'tis fully prov'd
•That he who now enjoys the marquisate
•Is an impostor: and the lawful heirs
•Have giv'n me powers to proceed against him,
•In which affair I shall require your aid.
•It seems his father was some years ago
•A noted pirate on the Antille seas,
•Who, when his followers were surpris'd, escap'd,—
•'Tis also known that afterwards he dwelt
•In Panama; and there's besides a clue
•Which, if he liveth still within the bounds
•Of Spanish rule, will surely trace him out,

"And bring him to an answer for his crimes!"

Poor Count; he little dreams that I'm the man.
Now judge, Fernando, if the game before us
Be one of easy play.

FERNANDO:

How shall we act?

MELCHOR:

I wait the Count's arrival to resolve;
Then, after seeing all the documents,
Which in his wonted confidence he'll show me,
I'll set the cards securely to our hands.
One thing is certain there exists no proof
Of Bellamira's infant son's decease:
For when the ship was taken and the crew,
The marquis and his wife and all their suite
Had walk'd the plank. I would not let
The child be hurt; as I had then devis'd
The plan of this, so far, successful fraud.
He was about the self same age as thou,
Two years or so; and having on thy skin
Stamp'd every sign that I discern'd on his,
Which with the papers prov'd so well thy claim,
I singly row'd him to a sea bound rock,
And cut his throat; then carv'd him into pieces
And with them feasted the surrounding sharks:
So e'en if any of my crew at death
Confess'd their lives, and spoke of this affair
The evidence would favor thee, for all
Could but affirm, the child for aught they knew
Was yet alive.

FERNANDO:

How think you have the heirs
Learnt of your residence in Panama!

MELCHOR:

I'm puzzled there,—for with disfigur'd face
And deep disguise, I reach'd that port unknown
To all. And for an introduction
I made the church subservient to my need.

FERNANDO:

The church?

MELCHOR:

Yes,—I became devout and thus obtain'd
 The kindly notice of a pious merchant.
 His penman first, I soon rose to a share
 Of his advantage; and we grew such friends
 That as we neither of us kindred knew,
 And life was insecure, we did convene
 Who longest liv'd should be the other's heir,—
 He signed his mortal sentence with the deed.
 A few months after as upon the bay
 We breathed the cooling air of eventide,
 The boat upset—and sank—and—he was drov'n'd.
 I ap'd mypartner when I reached the shore
 And feign'd a fortnight's sickness, and did mourn
 So piteously for his unhappy loss,
 That none suppos'd the accident design'd:
 Then, free from all suspicion I embark'd
 The property, and by a devious course,
 With new disguise, unknown I settled here.—
 But yonder Don Sebastian's on the road;
 Close by the Legua,—thou perceiv'st him ont:—
 'Tis hard to match a pirate's practis'd eye:
 Let's part,—thou art of the danger well appriss'd,
 Be wary,—and should I perchance be absent
 Upon the Count's arrival, with all speed
 Inform me of the same. 'Tis fortunate
 To have made this match with Don Sebastian's daughter,
 'Twill give more means to brave thy Spanish foes.

FERNANDO:

Azelia shows reluctance to my suit—
 Her father perhaps will not his word fulfil?

MELCHOR:

Indeed he has no pow'r to change his mind,
 Those never failing dice thou had'st from me
 Have to thy purse his property transfer'd,
 And from his bonds I've made him comprehend
 His daughter's hand alone the seal can tear.

(Exit.)

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENNE I. *A drawing room. Through the veranda is seen the Bay of Callao and Shipping in port. In the distance, on the left, the point of San Lorenzo.*

AZELIA:

Oh hapless day! Alas! and must I bid
Farewell to all the sweets of quiet freedom?
E'en so: my will must to a father's yield.
And yet again I will his patience prove
And seek permission to refuse his choice.
He'll scold me still for my misanthropy
And say—devotion has all feelings chill'd
Which nature bids to glow in youthful hearts,
As if the highest flight of mental wings
Opposed the lawful joys of mortal sense,
Whereby we fill our destin'd task on earth.

SONG.

Ah! no: I feel within my breast
That I could love and dearly too,
And should in wedlock's chains be blest
If christian suitor came to woo:
But let me always lonely live,
Unfit for love or friendship's tie—
If earth no soul congenial give,
I'll wait to find one in the sky.

Enter Countess of Santa Clara.

COUNTESS:

The sky! The sky! Thou'rt e'er in the sublime
Azelia; but 'tis time to cease to soar,
And light awhile upon this nether world.
I am thy bridesmaid, and I must preside
Over the decking of that pretty form,
So call thy maids, and let us to thy chamber.

AZELIA:

I have not yet relinquish'd ev'ry hope
Of changing, by my pray'rs, my father's mind.

COUNTESS:

Too much unto the marquis he's engag'd
To suffer contradiction, 'Tis a match
That cannot with sound reason be refus'd.

Indeed, Azelia, thou art too precise
 And must be married:—'t will thy mind restore
 To those who love thee 'spite of thy neglect,
 And turn the present current of thy thoughts
 From scenes of fancy to realities,
 Where pleasure courts the heart in solid form.

AZELIA:

Do you know pleasure?—Can you teach it me?
 What you extol is torment to my mind,
 Do not my pencil, needle or my lute,
 Or those sweet records of departed souls
 Afford me pleasure far more exquisite,
 Than ere was found in folly's fairest courts?
 Yes:—and I'll ever shun the idle throng
 That falsely smile at banquets, or converse
 On silly subjects in the gay sarao,
 Where all the pow'rs that most distinguish man
 From sylvan herds, must prostrate lie unus'd;
 Their place usurp'd by calls to quaff the cup,
 By whisper'd scandal, and the jest profane,
 The dance impure, and still impurer song!
 Not mine, such pleasures, though by others priz'd:
 And till I relish them, which heaven forbid,
 I'll spurn, as now, the suit of men corrupt,
 And fly the heartless friendship of my sex.

(Pointing to a book
 case.)

[Exit.]

COUNTESS:—(sola.)

The girl is mad!—Heaven is her constant theme!—
 'Tis pity that so beautiful and young,
 Her mind should thus by mystic thoughts be marr'd.

[A servant enters with a letter and retires.]

'Tis from Stephano—ever true and kind:
 This night—the bow'r,—a moonlight meeting's sweet.

SONG.

When the pallid moon ascending,
 Veils in argent every star,
 Philomel, her accents blending
 With the zephyr's sighs afar,
 Bids the fervid lover, panting,
 Haste to meet his mistress' charms:
 She, the kiss of welcome granting,
 Fondly folds him in her arms.

Not the scepter'd monarch's pow'r
 Nor the laurell'd victor's fame:
 Not the merchant's golden show'r,
 Nor the bard's undying name
 Doth my humble heart desire:
 But from foul ambition free:
 World, to nothing I aspire---
 Love is all I want in thee,

[*A vessel appears off the point.*]

Ah me! Why shoots this pang across my heart?
 Why runs my blood thus curdling through my veins?
 What sympathy have I with yonder bark?
 Often before I've seen, unmov'd, a sail
 Come round that point, and mark'd her onward course:--
 It ever was a pleasing sight; but now
 My secret dread increases with each look.

[*Enter Melchor.*]

MELCHOR,--(*giving the Countess a letter:*)

This letter, charming Countess, from Islay.

COUNTESS:

O true presension! 'Tis my husband's hand.

MELCHOR:

Yes, and if my experience fails me not
 There comes the writer.

[*pointing to the vessel.*]

COUNTESS:

O! I'm lost in dread;
 None of us thought the Count would e'er return.

MELCHOR:

Well calmly bear an energetic mind,
 Strong in proportion as the danger's nigh.
 No person, lovely Countess, knows at all
 Of the sweet links between thy heart and mine--
 For prudence has been handmaid to our loves.--
 Thy husband has full confidence in me:
 I am his oracle,--so nothing fear,--
 Prepare to meet him with a loving smile,
 And be in face a true Penelope.

Enter Lorenzo.

LORENZO:

The moon will wane to-night!

MELCHOR:

Then let her wene,
Nor tease us, madman, with thine idle dreams.

LORENZO:

Melchor, I am not mad, thou knowst it well—
My fitness far thy cunning doth excel.
'Tis not through ignorance that I am poor,
I could, with ease, a fortune still procure;
But all beyond my need I now forget,
Nor do the wealth thou rob'st me of regret.

MELCHOR:

Beware how thy unbridl'd tongue doth stretch,
A madhouse else shall curb it.

COUNTESS:

Drive him off,
He doth abuse a madman's privilege.

LORENZO:

When I have told my errand,—not before:—
To thee, Melchor, I'm silent—hope no more!
But thou false woman! mercy may'st obtain,
If this, my warning, be not heard in vain.
Callao must fall! its number'd hours are few!
Be wise—depart—and seek repentance true. [Countess laughs.]

Thou mock'st my words? then listen to thy doom:—
Those eyes which now as jetty diamonds glow,
Shall cease this night th'alluring glance to throw.--
The elastic silken ringlets that surround
Thy satin cheeks, shall sweep the oozy ground,--
Thy smooth transparent skin, its vernal bloom
Shall change, to livid blisters: and that form,
So sylphlike now, become a swollen mass,
Shapeless and hideous, which contending sharks
Shall tear apart, and in their bowels entomb.

COUNTESS:

Stab him, stab him, Melchor!

MELCHOR:---(*advancing on Lorenzo with a dagger.*)

Dreamer meet
The punishment thy savage words provoke.

LORENZO:--(*meeting him with his hand raised.*)

In vain, in vain, thou'dst strive to give the blow;
That hand is palsied,--know there is a pow'r
Betwixt us stands to turn the uplifted blade
To thine own heart, if thou hadst movement free.--
Thee and thy silly threats I scorn alike.

[*Exit.*]

MELCHOR.--(*aside.*)

There's magic in his words;--I could not strike:
That madman more disord'reth my nerves
Than e'er did frigate on my weather bow.

Heed not the lunatick, dear Countess, 'twere
To be as mad as he to have regard

To aught he says. I was about to do

An idiot's act in punishing the wretch.

Prepare to meet the Count--I must aboard

To greet him first, and welcome his return;

And bring him to thy longing' loving arms.

(*sneeringly.*)

COUNTESS.--(*smiling.*)

Adieu, till then.

MELCHOR--(*embracing her.*)

One kiss--till then adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.--THE SAME.

Enter Don Sebastian and Azelia.

DON SEBASTIAN:

With false pretexs no more I'll be put off:--
Too long thou hast the marquis' suit refused,--
This night thine hand is his.

AZELIA:

Alas! this night!

DON SEBASTIAN:

Why prythee wherefore dost his hand reject?
He's noble, wealthy, young;--he's handsome and
Might e'en to higher blood than ours aspire.

AZELIA:

Light are those merits without virtue weigh'd;
He's too licentious to deserve my love.

DON SEBASTIAN:

I ask thee not to love,—but merely wed.
 What are his faults to thee? He'll not disturb
 Thy daily pray'rs, if thou wilt be devout.
 Thou art a foolish girl, and I repent
 Thine ill judg'd education: though the blame
 Thy mother's is, for she in Germany
 Imbib'd that mystic spirit so oppos'd
 To all that makes life pleasant, and transfer'd
 The interdicted poison to thy heart.
 'Tis well the inquisitor knows nought of it.

AZELIA:

Dear father, I have often heard you praise
 My mother's knowledge as beyond her sex,
 Outstripping far the wisdom of the age.
 'Tis now three years since she to Heav'n was call'd,
 And still her dying words ring in mine ear.—
 "Base thy whole heart, she said, upon the rock,
 "Of thy Creator and Redeemer's love.
 "Who doth so, is more firm than Andes' hills,
 "Who not, less stable than the mists of morn."

DON SEBASTIAN:

That may be so, but why this idle talk?
 Prepare thyself to bend to my commands!
 If still the marquis' hand thou dost reject,
 Azelia, know, we both will ruin'd be.

AZELIA--Sings:

Ruin is to a christian never known,
 But fair's the prospect adverse fate reveals;
 On him though fortune's deadliest shafts be thrown,
 No durable despondency he feels.

Whatever sorrows may awhile depress,
 Compelling e'en the abode of man to leave;
 There is a hidden store of happiness,
 Disclos'd to all who will the boon receive.

Let's go beyond the Andes to reside,
 Far, far away from all that men pursue;
 I'll be content and happily divide,
 My days in duty tow'rd's my God and you.

DON SEBASTIAN:

I must no longer listen, (*aside.*) Daughter kind,
 In vain thou pleadest—be to thy lot resign'd.
 Hear only this: if yet thou wilt refuse,
 Thou shortly must thy hapless parent lose.
 Say no; look on this sword!—my race is run!—
 Wilt thou obey?

AZELIA:

Heav'n's will and your's be done.

DON SEBASTIAN:

Thanks, gentle daughter for this sacrifice,—
 Make thyself ready, for awhile adieu. [*Exit.*]

AZELIA:—*remains silent a few moments and then sings:*

SONG.

Be still, O rebel heart be still,
 Keep loyal to the mind—
 With cheerful willingness fulfil,
 The task by Heaven assign'd.

It may be mine here to diffuse
 The pearls devotion gave,
 And rank and fortune's influence use,
 Some fallen souls to save.

Lorenzo comes. Ah if his words be true,
 This town must shortly perish. And I could
 Be joyful at the thought, so much I pant
 To leave this evil world and be at rest.
 But you poor sinners, (*j*)—selfish thoughts away!

Enter Lorenzo.

LORENZO:

Calm as the eve, Azelia, be thy heart.

AZELIA:

Thanks, good Lorenzo; midst a life of toil
 Thou keep'st thy thorny path of holiness;
 And, as the diamond pure rejects the stain
 Of transient breath, thy soul no tarnish takes
 From casual converse with the impious crowd.

LORENZO:

An easy task for those who nature love,
 And are all human vanities above;
 My occupation I would not exchange,
 For the best office in Castilla's range;
 There is a charm in such a life as mine,
 Unknown to souls where Heaven's beams ne'er shine.

SONG.

'Tis sweet upon the wave to glide,
 When stars above and 'neath us glow;
 Or when upon the rippling tide,
 The moon her argent streamers throw.

The swelling heart rebounds with joy,
 Away from folly, vice and care,
 And raised above the world's alloy,
 Eternity begins to share.

[*The sun disappears behind the island of San Lorenzo. A gorgeous sunset takes place.*]

LORENZO:

Behold, Azelia, the magnific show
 The sun's last rays on nature's canvass paint;
 The orient hills with gemmeous colours glow,
 From ruby brilliant, to the sapphire faint.
 See the rainbow-broider'd mantle spreads (*h*)
 Its purple folds o'er valley and ravine,
 And Lima's glist'ning domes lift up their heads,
 Amidst a girdle of resplendent green.
 The saffron skies their richest robes unfold,
 And bright, the sea, with hues reflected, shines—
 Whilst over yonder isle, a cloud of gold
 An arching forms, through which the sun declines.

SONG.

Adieu, bright orb, adieu,
 What man can truly say,
 He'll live the darkness through,
 And hail thy merning ray.

AZELIA:

Think'st thou, Lorenzo, that those sounds were real
 Which did to thee, Callao's fall reveal!
 Or has thy sense play'd false? For when the mind
 To single contemplation is confin'd,

Oft in imagination's glass appears,
 What is not offer'd to the eyes nor ears.
 Moreover we may doubt, if Heav'n to man,
 Now shows so clearly as of old, its plan.

LORENZO:

'Tween Heav'n and man 'twas sin the barrier rear'd;
 To man restor'd, the opposing screen is clear'd,
 Who breathing pray'r with humble heart and eye,
 To understand God's works and words apply—
 May in this life pretastè the converse sweet,
 Which, after death, the just are called to meet.
 Here, who expects the favours of the fair,
 Preserves a friend, or gains a monarch's ear,
 Unless to them he due attention shows?
 Heav'n's not less coy;—Its goodness never flows
 On them its aid, who disbelieve or mock,
 Or idly stand aloof, or wav'ring knock;
 Long as an earthly wish lurks in the heart,
 No open sign it ever will impart.
 To be thus lov'd, our souls aloft must rise,
 Spurn the whole world, and fix upon the skies.

[*Music is heard.*]

AZELIA:

What sounds are those?

LORENZO:

From yonder lute, in the veranda hung,
 They, to my ear, proceed.

AZELIA:

O! Gracious Heav'n! Mercy on my soul!
 No accidental breeze can shake those chords
 To such soft modulations. Oh how sweet!

LORENZO:

List! List!

After a prelude of the softest and most exquisite harmony an invisible chorus sings the following:

SONG.

With those who now these strings attune,
 The pure of heart alone commune;
 Repentance hath been urg'd in vain,

On Callao's sinning town again
The moon no more will ever wane.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A street near the mole. The palace of the Viceroy on the left. On the right an archway leading to the mole. Ships are seen through the archway. In front the Jesuit's church.--- Houses illuminated, music heard within:*

Enter various people composing the party in the opening of Act 1st.

1ST. OFFICER:

Nay, whither away so soon?

2ND. OFFICER:

I must aboard

The Michelot: it is my midnight watch.

3D. OFFICER:

I to the old San Fermin. (*l*) The Socorro's
And San Antonio's boats are off already.

4TH OFFICER:

How goes the hour? I've to relieve the guard
Upon the fort of Santa Cruz, at nine.

2ND OFFICER:—(*taking out his watch.*)

It lacks a quarter. Hark! the Jesuit's clock
Bears witness to the exactness of my watch.

(*The church clock strikes three double strokes denoting three-quarters*)

1ST OFFICER:

Well, Well, another song before we part,
A blithe farewell a merry day should crown.

SONG—*By a naval officer.*

The skiff is dancing at the pier,
And duty calls away
From love's delight and friendship dear,
Until returning day.
With eager speed,
The hours proceed,

Nor further time afford:
 Yon envious bell,
 Now tolls farewell,
 And bids us haste-aboard.

For others shine ye glist'ning skies,
 We there no kindred claim,
 Our guidant stars are yonder eyes
 That on us brightly flame;
 'Tis not above,
 We look for love,
 For here we find it stor'd,
 Glow shiners, glow,
 The rays you throw
 Shall light our skiff aboard.

'Tis not the austral breeze that blows,
 O'er yonder silver'd bay,
 Can give our fervid hearts repose,
 But hopes of coming day;
 Dear girls good night,
 Till morning bright,
 You'll be to us restor'd:
 Your parting sighs
 And farewell cries,
 Shall waft our skiff aboard.

CHORUS.—*By Women.*

Good night! Good night! we part to rest,
 Again to meet to-morrow,
 The lips of love a higher zest,
 From transient absence borrow;
 Good night then sweet companions gay,
 Good night until to-morrow;
 The hours of sleep shall glide away,
 In dreaming of to-morrow.

Enter Lorenzo.

1ST OFFICER:

What cheer Lorenzo? See we're safe and merry;
 Your syrens lied.—The moon is on the wane.

LORENZO:

She waneth not till morn.

1ST OFFICER:

Ay, fare thee well,
 Thou'lt tell us quite a diff'rent tale to-morrow.

Exeunt singing,---Good night, then sweet, etc.

LORENZO—(*solus*.)

To-morrow!—Thus in dangerous deserts rove
 All spirit blinded sinners, dreaming that
 To-morrow is within their certain grasp;
 Nor heed the voice of Him who cries *to-day!*
Steel not your hearts—but turn at once to-day!
 Alas! How many never see the morrow. (*Exit.*)

THE SAME.—*Enter Melchor and Fernando.*

MELCHOR:

Sharp evils remedies as sharp require,—
 The Count's well doctor'd; ere another hour
 He breathes his last. It was an urgent case;—
 The deathbed story of thy trait'rous nurse
 Whom I allow'd to live so long, made known
 Thy parentage and infant history.
 The Count besides came furnish'd with a clue
 That would have led directly to myself,
 And prov'd my true relationship to thee.
 Now for thy marriage—'tis about the time
 Appointed. Are all things in readiness?

FERNANDO:

Azelia will not her devotions leave.
 Some foolish fancy of the mad Lorenzo
 Being on her mind impress'd, she has almost
 Induc'd her father to delay the marriage.

MELCHOR:

I will determine him: I have the means.—
 Azelia thine: the Count a lifeless form,
 All papers burnt, I married to the widow,
 We shall have little reason for alarm.
 But to be doubly sure, all property
 That can be turn'd to ready cash we'll ship
 To Europe. There no trifling sum is mine.
 In diff'rent hands a million waits my drafts.
 If fresh inquiries should from Spain molest
 And we lack strength to overthrow the charge,
 I'll keep a ship, which at a moment's warning
 May put to sea and bear us safe away;
 Thou'rt young; I'm not yet old, and many a happy day
 Awaits us still in this, or other climes,—
 So now to Don Sebastian's, there to bind
 The marriage knot—and for awhile, at least,
 Leave care of *future trouble* far behind us. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment in Don Sebastian's House,--AZELIA kneeling.*

PRAYER--SONG.

To the pray'r of the meek, ever kind and indulgent,
 O Saviour of sinners, in thee I confide,
 Tow'rd's the dark vale that leadeth to mansions refulgent,
 My path I am taking, O be thou my guide.
 When a few feeble throbs are alone intervening
 'Twixt the act of the brain and the soul's vision clear,
 And before us thy pureness uncopied is gleaming,
 How sullied the fairest of lives doth appear!
 But the blood thou didst shed, and the grace thou supplyest,
 Give wings to prostration, and trust to despair:
 Making those one with thee, as thou'rt one with the Highest,
 Who, wafted by faith, to thy summons repair.

The merry dance to lively music springs, (*m*)
 And present joy o'er future sorrow flings
 The dazzling veil that blinded passion weaves,--
 How lovely is the night!--The silent leaves
 Watch o'er the sleeping zephyrs; and no more
 The ocean's kiss resounds along the shore.
 The polish'd waves by setting astres bound,
 Spread their vast surface like a mirror round,
 No threat'ning sign appeareth in the sky,
 Nought, nought reveals the hour of vengeance nigh.
 All things so much to confidence inspire,
 Methinks I heard not, that mysterious choir.--
 Ah! 'tis not strange that mortals often spurn
 Recorded wonders, when they will not learn
 From those which to their senses are reveal'd.

Enter Don Sebastian.

DON SEBASTIAN:

Why thus art thou from ev'ry eye conceal'd?--
 The Marquis waits for thee: the priest attends;
 And hither comes a band of joyous friends
 To lead thee to the altar.

AZELIA;

Vain their care;
 O father, little time is there to spare.
 We now are standing on destruction's brink,
 With just the space, on errors past to think
 Or shun the danger.

DON SEBASTIAN:

Dost thou yet resist
 My urgent order? Wilt thou still persist
 That those were real, and not imagin'd sounds
 Thou speak'st of? Thy piety confounds
 Thy judgment, and in fancy sense absorbs.--
 Whatever beings people other orbs,
 Or in surrounding space have their abode,
 Be sure of this, my girl, they never load
 Their minds with care, of us poor mortals here.

AZELIA:

O harbour not philosophy so drear,
 Which nature, science, reason all deny.--
 Where then the system? Where the needful tie
 To link, the Infinite with the finite mind?
 E'en as attraction doth all matter bind,
 So from the Eternal Sire an influence flows
 O'er all the mental world that holy keeps:
 And thus by course direct, or through the means
 Of chosen spirits, happy in the charge,
 Communion's held throughout. And thus at times
 This world, though stain'd by sin, becomes inform'd
 Of purposed judgments, or of proffer'd grace.

DON SEBASTIAN:

This girl confounds me!

Enter Melchor, Countess and Bridesmaids.

BRIDAL SONG.

Where can bliss on earth be found,
 But on Hymen's hallow'd ground?
 Thither link'd in amaranthine chains,
 Two willing hearts are led by Cupid's care;
 The serious God, the smiling boy detains,
 And binds him also with the happy pair.
 O let the stars with genial rays,
 Relume each night the nuptial blaze,
 And each revolving spring,
 A beauteous blessem bring,
 And Health prolong your days;
 O turn not, maiden, from the song,
 Nor knit thy marble brow;

But blushing, with us come along,
 To take the sacred vow;
 Thy lover waits thy yielding hand,
 The priest is rob'd to bless,
 Then bending to a sire's command,
 Come, come and grant the thrilling, yes!

AZELIA--*Sings:*

No more an earthly sire controls:
 Away! we're doom'd to sever,--
 Away! Away! Our parting souls
 Must separate forever.

DON SEBASTIAN:

Come, daughter, cease to trifle; and obey
 Thy father's order.

AZELIA--*Pointing upwards.*

Yes! I will! He's there!
 I hold no longer kindred in this world;
 My bonds will shortly to the ground be hurl'd
 With pow'r resistless, now my soul oppress'd,
 To other regions hath the mind address'd:
 My rising spirit struggles to be free,
 And meet those angels whom I, beckoning, see;
 Mine eyes are keener grown, and in mine ear
 Melodious strains the awful moment cheer.
 Heav'n, by my voice, the coming woe declares!
 Once more, away! and leave me to my pray'rs.

MELCHOR TO DON SEBASTIAN:

Be firm.--*(aside)*--She is bereft of reason sure,
 Yet still I must, the marriage knot secure.

DON SEBASTIAN:

Daughter in vain thou would'st my purpose shake,
 Not Heav'n itself hath pow'r this match to break.

[*A subterranean noise is heard.*]

AZELIA:

Hark! Father!

Several voices cry out together, A SHOCK! A SHOCK!!

MELCHOR:

Tush! Tush! 'tis past: 'twas but a trifling shock.

AZELIA--Sings.

'Tis a knell whose vibrations recall
 The dispers'd to the banners of grace,
 'Tis a sign that is given us all,
 Ev'ry thought of this world to efface;
 Not alone let my piety flow,
 But united with me, O prepare,
 To encounter with firmness the blow,
 In humble repentance and pray'r.

[Exit.]

MELCHOR:

Return, faint hearted girl.--Your fears are vain,--
 Go, some of you, and fetch the bride again.
 How many such like shocks we monthly prove,
 Which neither fear, nor yet attention, move.
 Time was, when these phenomena,--miscall'd
 Signals of heav'nly ire,--men's hearts appall'd:
 But now their well discover'd cause, displays
 Their forming in the subterranean ways,
 Where decomposing substances recoil
 Along the nether vaults, and shake the upper soil:
 But Providence, that bugbear, urg'd by knaves
 To frighten fools, it neither harms nor saves;
 Whate'er they call by that unmeaning name,
 A fancied cause of the material frame--
 Or guide of all on earth, or in the sky--
 It hath no more to do with this than -----

He falls senseless to the ground.--Another noise more tremendous than the first is heard, at which all present run out. The whole place is shaken with violence. The walls fall in. Dense masses of dust arise which darken every thing. The scene changes to the street the churches and houses are seen falling in every direction. People are running to and fro in wild despair. Of a sudden a cry is heard of

THE SEA! THE SEA!!

The music imitates the sound of rushing waters. An immense surge rolls in and overwhelms the whole place. The scene changes and presents, as viewed from the sea, the plain of Lima by moonlight. Dark clouds are hovering round. Ships are seen foundering in the distance. Music of a wild and terrific description playing throughout the scene. THEN A FEW MOMENTS DEAD SILENCE, during which LORENZO lands from his canoe and kneels on a rock with his hands uplifted as in prayer.--And then an invisible chorus sings the following strain as the

FINALE.

[*In a slow solemn manner.*]

Beneath the billows--swept from earth away!
Twice three thousand(n) fruitless spirits lie--
There let them in corruption's fetters stay!
The dawning of this age's final day,
And sentence utter'd from on high!

[*Then in a lively tune.*]

But thou! accepted spirit fair!
Arise--Azelia rize!
And welcome to the skies,
The crown of conq'ring worth to wear:
Resisting, who like thee endure,
Unto the end, amid the impure,
Salvation ever shall ensue.

THE END.

NOTES.

(a) This chorus is a free translation of a versicle which, according to the local traditions, was part of a song used as an accompaniment to one of the immodest dances much in vogue before the earthquake. The original ran thus:--

Que se queme el mundo---
No se quemará,
Pues saldrá el mar,
Y lo apagará.

(b) The *Horadada* (the perforated) is a curious rock in the form of an arch, standing, by itself, in the midst of the sea, opposite the bay of Chorillos.

Fronton is the southernmost and smallest of the two principal islands near Callao. A low ledge of rocks partly just above and partly beneath the surface of the water unites it to

San Lorenzo, the largest island; which after forming, together with *Fronton*, the west side of the boqueron passage, continues on to the northward, and shelters the extensive bay of Callao from the south-west swell.

Ancon is a small town a few leagues to the north of Callao. It was formerly much frequented as a watering place by the gentry of Lima. Its fine sandy beach, and the smoothness of the water in the bay rendering it peculiarly attractive for that purpose. A very delicious kind of flat fish called the *pámpano* is caught in the bay of Ancon.

The *Hormigas* (ants) are a group of islets to the westward, and within a few hours' sail of Callao. Some of them are but just above the level of the ocean. They are all uninhabitable, and are only visited by fishermen, and at certain seasons by sealers.

The *Moro solar* is a high promontory at the foot of which, on the land side, stands the town of Chorillos, nine miles to the south of Lima; this promontory towards the sea-side, has been rent from top to bottom in some one of the many tremendous convulsions to which the whole coast has been, and indeed is still, subject. It is cut perpendicularly down from a height of at least twelve hundred feet; and the portion severed off is seen stretching out from the beach into the sea; the different strata in the standing and fallen parts, so far as the latter can be perceived, correspond exactly with one and another.

The emerald caves. The ground on which both ancient Callao was built, and the modern town stands is wholly composed of shingle. But a few yards under the surface there is found a fine vegetable soil, which in some earthquake, prior to that of 1746, has evidently sunk down; and been covered by stony deposits washed up by the sea. At a short distance from the town this vegetable soil emerges from beneath the shingle; and runs on to the westward and southward forming the gently inclined plane of Lima. On following the bend of the coast towards Chorillos it gradually rises to the height of three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet, at which level it keeps more or less, the whole distance between the beach opposite the village of Miraflores and that of Chorillos, forming a continued cliff; along the lower part of which there is a great number of caverns, varying from three to nine feet in height. Through the roofs of these caverns myriads of streamlets of the purest and most deliciously tasted water are constantly pouring, which render them most agreeable natural shower baths; being very convenient, after bathing in the sea, to go into for the purpose of washing off the salt water. They are lined with moss, which, being always humid, has a beautiful shade of green, and this, together with the crystal shower within, presents a brilliant fairy-like appearance, particularly when the rays of the afternoon sun are shining into them. It is from these rainy caves and various jets of water from the cliff directly on to the beach that Chorillos (the present fashionable watering place for the *elite* of Lima) takes its name. Chorillos being the diminutive of *chorros* jets.

The lines to which this note is appended may be considered as descriptive of the few natural objects of any interest about the bays of Callao and Chorillos. But the immediate vicinity of the town itself is the least interesting of any part of the world. Nothing but a narrow tongue of land with a layer of shingle, and in no point over two fathoms above the level of the ocean, without a single rock or even a moderately sized stone to relieve the monotony. In fact there is not an element of poetry about it.

(c) The local traditions refer to sounds in the air, which were heard for some time previous to the earthquake, and also after it.-- These may be regarded as the reflection of subterranean noises which

are not unfrequent in the present time, being heard in the deep silence of the night, without any perceptible motion of the earth accompanying them. Indeed there can be little doubt that chemical processes on a gigantic scale are constantly going on, some hundreds of fathoms under ground, about this part of the coast. The phenomenon called the *Callao Painter* is probably owing to them. This is a fetid exhalation which, in a few hours, decomposes the white painting of the ships in the bay; and many a captain and lieutenant of men of war, priding himself in his snow white bulwarks, booms, lower masts, etc., has stood aghast on coming on deck, the morning after arrival, and seeing every white part bedaubed with dirty yellow streaks; as if some mischievous imp had been going over the whole with a brush taken out of a bucket containing a mixture of water, soot and ochre.

(d) All the vessels in the bay, twenty-three in number, either foundered or were driven ashore. One, the *San Fermin*, a government ship, was carried over the town half a mile inland. A cross still marks the spot where she was left high and dry.

(e) The lines of the southernmost streets can be traced in the parallel mounds still existing, and now covered over with a cryptogamic vegetation. In the same direction a few masses of brick work, several feet thick, standing in hollows, filled part of the year with salt water, is all that is left of the churches, with the exception of the principal one; of which the vaults are to be seen to the westward of the castle (now the Custom House) and toward the north side of the site of the old town.

(f) La Feuille, a French traveller, who visited the west coast of South America in the year 1710 highly praises the olives grown in Callao. There are now neither olive trees, nor gardens, nor orchards (worthy so to be called) in the environs.

(g) The earthquake happened at half past ten o'clock at night, a few hours before the full moon; which took place between four and five in the morning.

(h) *Italia* is a very pleasant liquor distilled from the large Muscattelle grape called in Peru the *Italia grape* (*uva de Italia*). When of the first quality it is extremely fragrant, preserving the full odour of the fruit itself.

(i) The *paloma* was an indecent dance, to the practice of which the ruin of the place is ascribed by local tradition. It was performed by a man and a woman, who as the dance proceeded divested themselves of all clothing except their innermost garments. QUINTUS CURTIUS, in his 5th Book, describing the immorality of Babylon, mentions a similar, if not a worse practice, as general among the higher classes of that

corrupt city. His words are: "*Ad ultimum (honus auribus sit) imo CORPORUM VELAMENTA PROJICIUNT: nec meretricum hoc dedecus est, sed matronarum virorumque, apud quos comitas habetur vulgati corporis vilitas.*"

(j) Azelia refers to the people of the town, having in her mind the scripture representation of christians as being the salt of the earth. And if these be entirely withdrawn from any place all chance of moral improvement in the remaining inhabitants is necessarily lost.

(k) This description of sunset is copied from nature; in certain states of the atmosphere the slight mist hovering round the base of the hills to the northward and westward of Lima are seen, at sunset, studded with innumerable small rainbows.

(l) The Michelot, San Fermin, Socorro and San Antonio were four guard ships, at the time in the harbour.

(m) It is worth remarking that the place was destroyed on the night of the very day of its patron saints, San Simon and San Judas. And as this day was always one of festivity, the inhabitants were in the midst of pleasure, when suddenly surprised and cut off by the awful visitation.

(n) There are many different statements regarding the number of inhabitants in Callao at the time of the earthquake. And the extent of the ruins has led many to conjecture that it contained a population of twelve thousand--but when it is remembered that the houses had only a ground story, and occupied each a considerable area, the number of six thousand, stated in the text, will appear nearest the truth. It appears that a few individuals were saved, but how many cannot easily be determined, so contradictory is the evidence on the subject.--The highest number mentioned, however, does not exceed two hundred:--and according to some accounts only one individual escaped.--The writer, having his choice, has adopted the latter as most suitable to his plan,--that individual being Lorenzo, who hears the strains whereby he is informed of the acceptance in the other life of his sister christian Azelia.

FINIS.

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