

A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

Green spot of holy ground!
If thou couldst yet be found,
Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers;
If not one sullyng breath,
Of Time, or change, or Death,
Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy bowers;

Might our tired Pilgrim-feet,
Worn by the Desert's heat,
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose;
Might our eyes wander there
Through Heaven's transparent air,
And rest on colours of th' immortal Rose:

Say, would thy balmy skies
And fountain-melodies
Our heritage of lost delight restore?
Could thy soft honey-dews
Through all our veins diffuse
The early, child-like, trustful sleep once more?

And might we, in the shade,
By thy tall Cedars made,
With angel-voices high communion hold?
Would their sweet solemn tone
Give back the music gone,
Our being's harmony, so jarr'd of old?

Vain thought!—thy sunny hours
Might come with blossom-showers,
All thy young leaves to spirit lyres might thrill;
But we—should we not bring
Into thy realms of spring,
The shadows of our souls to haunt us still?

What could thy flowers and airs
Do for our earth-born cares?
Would the world's chain melt off and leave us free?
No!—past each living stream
Still would some fever-dream
Tract the lone wanderers, meet no more for thee!

Should we not shrink with fear,
If Angel-steps were near,
Feeling our burden'd souls within us die?
How might our passions brook
The still and searching look,
The star-like glance of Seraph purity?

Thy golden-fruited grove
Was not for pining Love;
Vain Sadness would but dim thy chrysal skies!
—Oh!—Thou wert but a part
Of what Man's exiled heart
Kath lost—the dower of INBORN Paradise!

F. H.

REVIEW.

FROM THE SCOTTISH LITERARY GAZETTE.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

History of the Conquest of Peru by the Spaniards.
By Don T alesfore de Trueba Y. Cosio. Edin-
burgh: Constable & Co.

The present volume is intended in some degree as a sequel to the *Life of Hernan Cortes*, which appeared in the *Miscellany* about a year ago, from the pen of the same author. Don Trueba is a Spaniard, and from his abilities and acquirements he seems well qualified for the subjects he has hitherto chosen.

The Conquest of Peru forms altogether one of the most singular events that ever marked the history of any country. A spirit of chivalry unquestionably gave rise to it; but whether it was executed through courage, despair, recklessness, remains a matter of doubt. The Pizarros seem to have been a dauntless family, and might have been renowned for the virtues of warriors, had not their enterprise been distinguished by a degree of barbarity, and accompanied by atrocities which seem as incredible as they are revolting. They disregarded all ties of honour in attempting to accomplish their end—the human beings they slaughtered were objects of no consideration. The fate, however, which overtook them seems to have been accomplished as a judgment upon them for their merciless and unjust proceedings.

The history before us may be regarded as the memoirs of these men; though in its result it has a wider aim. Besides, an account of the civil institutions, and religious belief of the natives, it contains a succinct narrative relating to the Inca Atahualpa. The conquest of Chili by Diego de Almagro is also given in an interesting manner. But instead of going into a regular analysis of the book, we shall endeavor to convey an idea of its contents by an extract. The following is an account of the conspiracy which overthrew the government of Francis Pizarro, who was slain by the conspirators:—

"An event now took place, which served to precipitate the crisis. Antonio Picado, the Governor's secretary vexed at the insolence which the Almagrians had evinced in placing the three gibbets in the public market, and equally annoyed that Pizarro, contrary to his advice, should have taken no notice of the affair, took upon himself the task of testifying contempt, and offering insult to the disaffected party. He accordingly placed a superb medal of gold in his hat, with a label, on which was written, "For the men of Chili,"—such being the name by which the Almagrians were known. This act, which was meant to show derision of the poverty of that party, failed not to increase the spirit of indignation and revenge by which all the members were actuated. It was accordingly resolved, that Pizarro and his creatures should be sacrificed without further delay, and young Almagro invested with the government of Peru. A day was appointed for the commission of the deed, the manner agreed upon, and an inviolable oath taken by the conspirators to remain faithful and staunch to their resolves at the risk of their lives. Juan de Herrada, chief of the conspiracy, then selected Martin Bilbao, Diego Mendez, Sosa, and other desperate associates, to take the more dangerous part in the transaction.

Though, in this last meeting, and on coming to this resolution, the conspirators had displayed a caution very different from their former line of conduct, yet the horrid plan was not so secret as not to come to the knowledge of the Governor in due time. He was secretly informed by a priest of the danger which threatened his life; and, though no positive intelligence was given with regard to the manner of the sacrifice, yet several hints were afforded to guide the judgment of Pizarro, and make him provide for his safety.

He held a consultation with his nearest friends; but they did not seem to attach sufficient importance to the affair. As the Almagrians had so long delayed in coming to a rupture, those very persons who had formerly been alarmed by their audacity and insolence, were now accustomed to regard them with contempt, and to sleep in pernicious security. Strange to say, the mind of Pizarro had undergone a material change. He suddenly awoke from that apathy which had led to the present critical posture of affairs, and resolved to be as cautious as he had hitherto been imprudent. On the festival of St John, June 1541, contrary to all expectations, he abstained from attending at mass—a circumstance which astonished every one, as the Governor had been assiduous in the discharge of his devotional duties, unless prevented by some event of importance. Divers speculations were set afloat; and the conspirators, suspecting that he had received due intelligence of the plot in contemplation, began to be apprehensive for its success. They resolved, however, to wait till next Sunday, when, in case of their hopes being again disappointed, they were to attempt the commission of the deed openly, as they conceived they endangered, by delay, the success of their design. —Sunday arrived—the conspirators were on the alert—and again the Governor was absent from church. He had pleaded indisposition; but the Almagrians better acquainted with the real motive of his absence, now conceived the moment arrived for their desperate attempt; and with equal alacrity and resolution, they dispersed themselves for carrying it into immediate effect.

Every thing being prepared, Juan de Herrada selected about eighteen of the most determined conspirators to perpetrate the horrid deed; and on that day Sunday, the 26th of June, at the hour of noon, which is devoted in hot climates to the purposes of eating and repose, they sallied from the place of meeting, and

the undulations into a pleasing repose: but despite Kit North, there is not a vestige of stupidity in the whole scene: all is thrillingly clear, animated and exciting. Sit for a moment on that marble bench, formed for you by a million tides—above you are the everlasting precipices, rude yet picturesque as nature made them; before you is the ever murmuring ever restless ocean, uncolled, free and beautiful as it was at creation; not a vestige of art appears, except the distant bird-like vessels,—all is unadorned most beautiful nature; man, and his pomp and cares are, as if they were not—and the muses here, gets sublime yet soothing converse with the spirits of the element, and with that better spirit which, seems to smile from every bright spot above; converse, which is powerfully felt, but cannot be defined even in imagination. He is voluntarily a better, a more exalted, and more pure being by this momentary escape from the common herd, and the common cares, which surround him on other paths—and by the communion, which he here finds passing between the immortal powers of his own nature, and the great works of creation, which bear yet visibly the impress of the Creator's finger. Yet glorious North tells you this is the region of stupidity!

But here is the entrance of a little winding glen or cove, a brawling stream rings gaily through its mazes, and runs with all its inland freshness to the great repository of rivers—it reminds one of a simple rustic, who, bidding farewell to his green wood haunts, enters thoughtlessly into the mighty world of which he knows nothing. The sides of the glen are romantically varied, brushwood, crags, gardens and heather scraps severally appear; many picturesque looking cottages enliven its paths; and snatches of the distant landscape are obtained through its opening. You may now strike up this semi-rural road, and return along the summit of the cliffs: it will give you an opportunity of looking more boldly and broadly on ocean, and of enjoying the softer inland scene. The village also appears, from this high path, the houses clustered together under the brow of the hill, like a group of sea birds; see, as the windows glisten in the evening sun-beam how each cottage seem to look out exultingly on the boundless prospect; they appear to have a kind of sensitive existence, and are not at all the dull looking sheds, which in less romantic situations afford a mere shelter from the elements. All is animated, and unshackled. How poetic are such alterations! from the little door comforts, you raise your glance to the lattice, and ocean's majesty meets your delighted gaze, and expands your breast as a whisper of inspiration: in your evening chamber, you pause an hour, feasting on the scene abroad, where Luna and her twinkling attendants look down more joyously into the answering deep, and the cheered vessel glides like a mystery through the pale rays; your dreams will be of the noblest earthly delights, or haply of eternity which the neighbouring deep so beautifully prefigures. Who may describe the thousand calls which a resident here, has to call him away in the morning to taste the bracing air of the shore, to watch the sunbeams on the billow, the seamen taking his outward flight, and the thousand incidents of nature which give the coast continual freshness?—Yet, we are told that if you live a month amid these best airs and scenes of nature it will make you stupid for life! Surely great Christopher there is sometimes a gross misapplication of time inimitable powers.

But alas, we have undertaken too mighty a project, our tiny space is nearly exhausted, and we have not touched one of a thousand of the charms of sea-side life. We have not asked glorious Kit, to point out the stupidity of noon day sea-side scenery, when all is sunny, calm, and bright, and the gorgeous arch above is reflected more beautifully in the burnished plain below—the vessels lie on the delicately tinged expanse, listlessly, their white wings useless and all reflected with exquisite truth in the glassy element, a want of shade would be felt, but for that group of small craft, some of which intercepting the rays from others, give a depth and boldness of shade with a purr of light and whiteness, which remind strongly of the Penele's plumage; the horizon is too glorious, too sublimed to be deserted, and the distant vessels seem gliding into the bowing cloud. We did not enquire where the stupidity was in a fresh breeze, when amid a thousand sweets, the galant ship all life and energy, bends to the gale, and with straining wings flies where she lists: the dweller on the coast, gazes with no less interest, on some seeming cloud specks which dot the horizon—they are but as bubbles on the lake—but he knows that they are some of the sea girt cadets!—and that several of his fellows, animate and direct the misty spots which from this seem as unearthly as the drifting scud of heaven. We did not mention one of a thousand of your apologies lovely ocean, and beloved sea-side life.—but apologies were unnecessary; the lily and the fine gold need not be painted for exhibition; the mention of our subject, will cause a flood of endearing and beautiful thought to the minds of those who have been early conversant with the 'sleepiness' imparted by ocean scenery,—with the 'stupidity'—for less noble and pure delights—which a month on the sea shore impart to the lover of simple beauty. Nature wants not a tongue to vindicate her rights, she only seeks an auditory: we would gladly direct attention to her own still small voice, It is passing eloquent, and is sure to confound those who rebel against her rules, and who slander her institutions.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

—We receive but what we give,
And in our Life alone does nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught beheld, of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world, allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd;
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent