

rank such as other nations, similarly situated, attained in the old world? It is vain to inquire, but that their languages were in some respects adapted to the purposes of a high civilization there is some reason to believe, from the fragments of Mexican and Peruvian poetry which have been saved from the wreck caused by Spanish superstition and vandalism. One of the poems that have come down to us might have been written by the sad-fated Maximilian, instead of by his predecessor, the Emperor Nezahualcoyotl. My version is translated from the French of M. Faucher de St. Maurice's delightful narrative: "De Quebec à Mexico: "

"All things that are last but a little while;
How short is life! its pride and power how brief!
To-day we live; to-morrow we are dust.
This whole vast world is but a sepulchre,
Where all that moves must soon be hid from view.
Thither all tend, as rivers, brooks and streams
Flow to the sea, their universal goal.
What has been is no more; what is to-day
To-morrow will be gone. The graves are full
Of dust that once was quick with life as we,
Aye, some who sat on thrones or ruled at councils,
Or were obeyed by armies, and subdued
Whole provinces, in their towering pride
Made them seem more than mortal—now, alas!
Where are their might, their boundless luxury,
And those imperial splendours? In the grave."

The only other instance of native American poetry that I can afford to give is an ancient Peruvian *yaravi*, or song, which is supposed to be the complaint of a maiden for her lost lover, and of which the French version, from which I have translated it, will be found in the *Compte-Rendus* of the *Congrès des Américanistes* for 1875:

I.

"When the poor turtle-dove has lost the object of its affections, in its wild grief it flutters its wings and flies restlessly to and fro.

II.

Everywhere it seeks for the missing one, flying far over the broad fields, and searching with the inquiring eye of love, every tree and every plant.

III.

But alas! it has sought in vain, and now, hopeless, with throbbing heart, it weeps unceasingly—weeps fountains, rivers, gulfs, oceans of tears.

IV.

Such alas! is my case! So have I been in my sorrow ever since that sad day when I was so ill-fated as to lose thee, my sweet charmer, my divine chanter.