

BY E. P. WALTON & SONS.

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POETRY.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! to my bed of sleep, From my pillow I rise, And on my lip my faint cry, The sweetest of sighs.

All undisturbed by repose, By visions of grim care, And thy young heart, that was My lot to dwell there.

While gentle zephyr's downy bed, May fear of ill depart, And lightest breeze play round thy head, And nestle in thy heart.

May all thy dreams be happy themes Of joy, and love, and light, And all thy waking hours be spent, In sweetest of delight.

So once again good night!—Adieu.

A GOOD MAN.

A weary journey, to the farthest verge Of the wide world, to see that goodly land, Who, in the bliss of wisdom and of art, Preserves a holy mind, and is a saint, Feels the sweetest of the Father's love, Is as a child in meek simplicity.—H. K. WHITE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM SKETCHES OF TRAVELS IN PERU. 1838-1842.

THE FAIR LADY.—The fair Lina rises at a late hour, dresses her hair with jasmine and orange flowers, and waits for breakfast. After this, she receives her visitors and pays her visits. During the heat of the day her solace is a swing in her hammock, or a cigar. After dinner, she visits her friends; and in the evening she sits on the great square, or on the bridge. But few ladies employ themselves in needlework or sewing, although some of them are very expert in these arts. In society such work is never introduced—happy city, where we may meet with ladies not knitting stockings!

The pride with which the ladies of Lima cherish their hair, is hardly to be exaggerated. Whether they walk, or stand, or swing in the hammock, or recline on the sofa, their principal care is to keep their pretty feet in view. No praise of their virtue, their intelligence, or even their beauty, will flatter them so sweetly as a commendation of their delicate feet. A great foot (pata grande)—an English lady, as they say, is a horror to them. I once heard the praises of a fair European from some ladies in Lima; but they ended with the words, pero que pie? vulgare. Dois—perce una lancha!—but what a foot! 'tis like a great boot!—yet the foot in question would have been reckoned of a moderate size in Europe.

At a certain hour the ladies generally make a great change in their mode of life. Their bloom is gone, and they no longer clamor; or, satiated with the pleasures of an unclashed life, they leave the world, devote themselves to religion, and become so-called beatas. They must attend church twice or three daily, at least, once in each of the hours of prayer during the week; send delicate offerings to their confessor, or to a chapel to carry him when he is not disposed to walk; and in many other ways expose their sanctity as a spectacle. This seeming piety, far removed from every thing like a sincere devotion, is so much more disgusting as it is generally accompanied by a bitter and uncharitable humor. These devout ladies having renounced all other pleasures, enjoy the more keenly the luxury of scandal—and turn their venomous stings against their neighbors; so that the beatas may be reckoned the most dangerous class of society in Lima.

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FATAL ADVENTURE.—The Indians have discovered that their silver mines have made their condition rather worse than better. They determine, therefore, to keep secret their knowledge of some traditions of Peru, and to keep them down, until it is supposed, from father to son, through centuries. Even brandy, which will open the Indian's mouth on any other subject, fails in this case. A few years ago, there lived, in the large village of Huancayo, the brothers Don Jose and Don Pedro Iriarte—who were among the wealthiest mine proprietors of Peru. As they had reason to suspect the existence of rich unexplored veins among the neighboring hills, they sent out a young man to their employ to examine the country, and use the likeliest means of discovery. Accordingly, he repaired to a village, where he found lodgings in the hut of an Indian shepherd—from whom he concealed his object. In the course of a few months, an attachment had grown up between the young adventurer and the shepherd's daughter; and, at last, the young man succeeded so far in his object as to win from the girl a promise that she would point out to him the mouth of a rich silver mine. She directed him to follow her, at some distance, on a certain day when she should go to tend her flock on the hills; and to notice where she dropped her "manta," (a woman's shawl). There, she told him, he would find the entrance of the mine. The agent obeyed her directions; and after some digging, found his way into a moderately deep shaft, which led to a rich vein of silver. He was busily engaged in breaking up the ore, when he was surprised by the old shepherd, who congratulated him on the discovery, and offered his assistance. After working together for a time, they rested; and the Indian offered to the young man a cup of chicha, which he drank. Soon after drinking, he felt unwell; and, as a suspicion of being poisoned flashed upon his mind, he instantly packed the specimens of ore in his wallet, hastened back to the village, and thence rode to Huancayo. He had only time to explain his adventure to his employers, and point out, as well as he could, the locality of the mine; for he died that night. Another exploring party was immediately sent into the neighborhood; but without success;—the Indian and his family had vanished from the place, and no trace of the mine could be discovered.

A CUNNING MONK.—THE USE OF A ROSARY. A certain Franciscan monk, a passing acquaintance, had become a favorite among the Indians, to whom he often applied when in want of money. One day, when he had suffered losses at the hazard table, he begged of an Indian, who was his relative, to help him out of his poverty. The Indian promised assistance on the following evening; and he arrived punctually at the appointed time, with a bag full of silver ore for the monk. This process was repeated several times; until the needy monk earnestly prayed that he might be favored with a view of the source from which his wants had been so often supplied. This request also was granted by the friendly relative; and, accordingly, on the appointed night, the Franciscan came to the house of the Franciscan—desired that he would allow them to bandage his eyes—and assenting, carried him away, on their shoulders, some miles among the mountains. There they lifted him down—conducted him down a shaft of some little depth—and displayed to him a rich and shining vein of silver. When he had gazed upon it with delight, and had taken one or two pieces in his present necessities, his eyes were again bandaged, and he was carried home

the shoulders of his guides. On the road he sily uttered his rosy; and dropped a bead here and there, that he might have a clue to the mine.—Arrived at home, he lay down to rest, in the comfortable hope of exploring the path to wealth on the following day; but, in the course of about two hours, the Indian, his relative, came to the door, with his hands full of beads.—"Father," said he, as he gave them the monk, "you lost your rosary on the road!"

A TAMBO DANCE IN HAITI. A Missionary, writing from Port au Prince, May 10, 1846, to the Christian Contributor, gives the following description of a Haitian dance: "I have seated myself by my window to describe a Haitian dance, which is now in full operation within twenty yards of our houses. It is composed of about a hundred and fifty persons have collected in the yard, but only about a dozen dance at a time. A small rustic lamp, hung to a tree in the middle of the ring, gives a faint light; but the sky above is clear, and the moon performs her office nobly. The dance seems to be divided into parts of about fifteen or twenty minutes each, thus that half-way round, for all to hear some part. The dance is a monotonous beat of two sticks upon a soap box. At the commencement of each turn, a new party steps into the ring. They seem to take a kind of circular movement, making a great many strange, not unfrequently uncouth, gestures, singing away with all their might. Now and then the music ceases; but it is only for a moment, for the women have begun to strike up another tune; and now two lusty fellows are bounding away with great glee on their soap boxes. Some are engaged in talking, but the greater part are singing. They have just begun to sing, and to make their voices lively. But oh! that shout, that half-way round, it is not fit for earth, and much less for heaven. For months after we came here, we were kept awake at night by these half-demon tones away in the distance, and knew not how to account for them. Occasionally, one of the dancers became so dizzy, drunk, or enchanted, that he falls to the ground. A part of some of these dances are so far from decency as not to admit of a description.

The drumming comes as near the sound of a very old grist-mill grinding corn very fast as anything I can think of. A great many superstitious notions are entertained and practiced at these gatherings; and the pretense is made of dealing with the devil. I once went out and distributed some tracts to the bystanders. But all labors of this kind have to be conducted with a great deal of caution. I am happy to say there are many of the better informed and more respectable class of society who do not frequent those dances.

INDIAN CORN. Indian corn is growing popular in these latter days. In days gone by it was considered a very vulgar sort of grain, only fit for the commonest people to eat. But since the falling off in the potato crops, new virtues have been discovered in plain Indian corn, and even John Bull seems willing to fall in on it, if he could discover how to cook it. A few days since, while dining at the Exchange, we noticed a couple of newly arrived, sandy-haired Englishmen, opposite us scrutinizing the bill of fare. It was near the dessert, and they were looking among the custards, puddings, and pies, for something wherewith to conclude their sumptuous dinner.

"What's this, Bob?" said one, "Hindian pudding?" "Where?" inquired Bob, peering at the bill. "Hindian pudding, hindian pudding," repeated the first, "is that hindian corn, do you think, that they're making such a rumpus about at one?" "Yes, that must be it," concluded Bob. "My hey, then, he is his friend, 'let's see it.'" Presently the dessert was brought out, and our English neighbors cast their eyes anxiously over the table to discover the Hindian pudding. But the difference between them and the Irishman was, that while Pat knew his letters by sight, but couldn't tell them by name, they could not tell when they saw it.

"Bring us the maize pudding, my boy," said he. The waiter started—he didn't know it by that name. "Hindian corn pudding, my boy, the Hindian corn pudding," roared all the Englishman. It was before them in a minute, and they helped themselves to it at first, but notwithstanding it was "werry hot," it grew in favor with them until there was none of it left in the dish. It was the first they had ever eaten, and it was amusing to hear their speculations on what was, to them, a rare dish.

"What's that, Bob?" said I; I go with Peel for the free introduction of Hindian Corn, and I'd av it always done up in pudding." "It's equal to plum pudding," replied his friend, "with the roast beef to boot. It's over barley or hobs decidedly!" A few years ago these men could have found nothing in America fit to eat, but hunger brings them to their senses very quick.—Baltimore Courier.

CAPT. SMITH'S BEAR STORY. About the year 1830 I settled at the Lower Peach Tree, in Wilcox county, Alabama, and cultivated a few acres in corn and cotton, besides a small potato patch. My own family and John Chapman's boys, too, so I complained to him several times, but got no relief. But being at old Erasmus Culpepper's house one day I heard him say, that if a foot or an ear, or even a piece of bear-skin was thrown down in a place where hogs were, they never would show their snouts there again. I went home and got the skin of a bear which I had killed sometime before, and having supplied myself with some corn, I went out and saw about twenty five year-olds marching away in my field. I told them up, and catching a good runner, sewed him up in the bear-skin and turned him loose. Off he ran after the rest. The last that was seen of them was at Bassett's Creek, near forty miles from my house, only two being alive, one running from his fellow sewed up in the skin, and he trying to catch the other—the rest were found dead in the road, having literally run themselves to death. It is needless to add that John Chapman's hogs staid at home after that.—Newark Daily Ad.

WOMEN OUTWITTED. The tailor who was commissioned to clothe the troops of the Carlist Chief, the Count d'Espagne, not being able to find at Berga any women who would work for him, went and complained to the Count. The Count did not give him any answer, but immediately ordered the alcalde to cause public notice to be given throughout the town that there would be a grand ball. On the day fixed, all the women of Berga crowded to the ball room. All on a sudden the Count d'Espagne, who had caused the house to be invested, ordered the ball-room, and having turned out all the men, ordered the women to begin sewing the cloth which the tailor had brought. In five minutes the fair dancers were at work. For three days not one of them was permitted to leave, and the Count d'Espagne took care to give them the randa (soldiers' allowance).

Yea! better give it up. What kind of person's service is that for which you are never expected to be grateful? The service of a wit.

A MARRIAGE BY TELEGRAPH. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer tells the following story:—"There is a very curious case here among the 'upper ten,' which if true, is one of the most extraordinary occurrences that ever took place, and throws all the novelists of the present age entirely in the shade. It appears that a certain young lady, the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in Boston, had formed an attachment for a handsome young man who was a clerk in her father's counting room and had determined to have him for better or for worse, although her father had previously given her hand to another suitor.

The lady's father having heard of this attachment, feigned ignorance, but determined to break it off, and give his daughter to the gentleman who had promised her. For this purpose he directed the young man to take passage in one of the steamers that left New York and proceed to England, and transact some business for him there. The lover accordingly came to New York, but meantime, the young lady got some knowledge of her father's intentions, and sent a message by telegraph to that effect to her lover in New York.

The expedient the two lovers resorted to for accomplishing their desire, and defeating the father's views, was novel and extraordinary. She took her stand in the telegraph office in Boston, and he did the same, with a magistrate, in the office in New York, and while his father was waiting for him to make one of his visits, she was in the telegraph office, and kept at her rate a constant supply of what is needed for the driver. Wending their way through Ohio, the farmer supplies them with that glorious plant, the pride of our country, Indian corn, as they have feasted on it at home, stank, blade, and grain after, often fed by the owner of the adjoining farm, who thus finds a market for his own produce, and keeps at any rate a constant supply of what is needed for the driver. 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