

before 1778. The riches of Peru have become proverbial, and justly so. The mines of Potoci produce an enormous amount. Lumps of pure gold and silver, called papas, from their resemblance to the potatoe, are sometimes found in the sand.

The poor likewise occupy themselves in Caveloros, or in washing the sands of the rivars and rivulets, in order to find particles of the precious metals.

To compensate for the mines which are rendered useless by the irruption of water, or other accidents, rich and new ones are daily discovered. They are all found in the chains of mountains, commonly in dry and barren spots, and sometimes in the sides of the quebreclas, or astonishing precipitous breaks in the ridgas. However certain this rule may be in Buenos Ayres, it is contradicted in that of Lima, where, at three leagues distance from the Pacific Ocean, not far from Tagna, in the province of Africa, there was discovered not many years ago the famous mine of Huantajaya, in a sandy plain at a distance from the mountains, of such exuberant wealth that the pure metal was cut out with a chisel. From this mine a large specimen of virgin silver is preserved in the royal cabinet of natural history at Madrid. It attracted a considerable population, although neither water nor the common conveniences for labor could be found on the spot, nor was there any pasturage for the cattle.

The annual returns from the mines have been gradually decreasing. The yearly returns from the mines of Ceno Pasco once reached the amount of one million six hundred and fifty thousand pounds, but the annual produce is now not half that sum. A government establishment receives and stamps the silver before it is sent to Lima. There it is coined and then returned, and on its return is very often waylaid and plundered by the bandit montoneros.

A wonderful country is Peru—a wonderful people are they who claim it for their own. It seems to contain all the beauties and all the terrors of the world, to inclose within its mountains every climate, to afford the most striking and remarkable contrasts that it is possible to imagine. Here uprise tall grim mountains, capped with clouds, hard, cold stony, but diversified by strips of verdure, hot, barren, arid, but cooled by calm delicious water; here a desert as blank as the Sahara; there the most fertile country in the world, where vines, and olives, and sugar-canes, and bananas, and all sorts of tropical plants are flourishing; here a palm-tree bestowing its grateful shadow; there a heavy snow-drift and the thermometer below freezing point; here the stately palaces, the handsome bridge, the decorated street, the noble costume, the gay groups, the delightful life of Lima, the city of Pizarro; and there the wretched, miserable hovels of the toiling miners, who labor amid the noxious vapors of unhealthy mines, and are yet but a half-savage people.

The Story Teller.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

"Do not thyself of to-morrow."

"How I wish I could sleep for a whole week," said Mary Herbert, as she threw down her books, and skipped about the room.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said her aunt, looking up, surprised.

"O, aunt Susan, I am so glad! mother has promised to take me to Brooklyn, when she goes to see Mrs. Ellison; and I shall have a fine range in her large garden. We are to go next Thursday, if the weather is fine, and I wish I could sleep away the time till Thursday comes."

"How can you express such a foolish wish, my child?" said her aunt, gravely; "would you be willing to lose so much precious time, merely because you cannot restrain your impatient desire of enjoyment?"

"Well, the time will seem so long; I shall be constantly thinking of next Thursday, and I am sure I shall not be able to study my lessons properly until it is over."

"Had your mother suspected you of such folly, Mary, she would scarcely have promised you the pleasure. She designed it as a reward for past good conduct; but she certainly did not suppose it would lead to inattention and impatience."

"But, aunt, I have so long wanted to visit Mrs. Ellison's daughters; they have so many pretty toys and books, a fine garden, abundance of fruit and flowers, a little pony, and a great dog, our own Hector, you know, whom mother gave to Mrs. Ellison, when first we moved to this crowded city."

"All very great attractions, doubtless, my dear Mary, but none worth the price you are willing to pay for them."

"I don't understand you, ma'am," said the little girl, looking puzzled.

"Can you tell me how much time you usually spend in study every week?"

"Let me see; geography, grammar, spelling, arithmetic, and writing, occupy from nine o'clock in the morning, until twelve, every day; then there is one hour for French and two for music; that makes six hours each day, and thirty-six hours a week."

"What use do you make of the remainder of your time, Mary?"

"Twice a week, I take a lesson in drawing; and reading, sewing, (which I do so hate,) watering and weeding my garden, playing with little Henry, and sleeping, take up all the rest of the time."

"Thirty-six hours of close attention to your studies, will afford you much important information, Mary, besides aiding you in the formation of diligent habits, which will last you for life. And the needlework, which you so much dislike, is not only an essential branch of female knowledge, but will also form a powerful auxiliary in your moral education."

"How? aunt Susan."

"Whenever, my child, a sense of duty compels you to forego your inclinations and control your rebellious spirit, you have gained a victory over yourself, the results of which will be seen in afterlife. When you sit down to your sewing with reluctance, and yet can so far subdue your feelings as to wear a cheerful countenance, while you persevere until your task is finished, in spite of temptations to neglect, you are exemplifying, in a manner, the saying of the wise man, 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' The world is a scene of trial. We are rarely enabled to exhibit talents and accomplishments, but we are daily called upon for the exercise of patience, forbearance, obedience, and resignation. The sooner, therefore, we acquire such habits, the better for ourselves; and whenever you put aside your own will, not from a fear of punishment, but from a sense of duty, you are strengthening your moral

character. Your time is now invaluable, because you are not only improving your mental, but also your moral nature. Habits are now to be formed which will occasion a lost year in future. The cultivation of your heart is to be now commenced. Your affections are to be fostered, and your kindly feelings properly directed."

"I am sure, aunt Susan, it requires no study to love one's friends; I have never tried to love my parents, nor did I ever find it a task to love you," said Mary.

"I know that, my sweet child, your affectionate temper disposes you to look upon all around you with regard; but such indiscriminate tenderness, though very lovely in a little girl, would be a source of great sorrow to you in afterlife, if not checked and controlled. If your love was always to be bestowed as lavishly as now, you would encounter many a disappointment, and therefore even your best feelings require daily, almost hourly, training. Now, if you could sacrifice so large a proportion of moral and mental culture, or, to use your own words, if you could sleep for a week, would it not be paying a great price for a day's pleasure?"

Mary hung her head, and made no reply, though her countenance betrayed her consciousness of error: She took the earliest opportunity to quit the room; and, secretly resolving to be doubly attentive to her duties for the coming week, sat down to her tasks. But, like many older and wiser people, little Mary found it easier to make good resolutions, than to keep them. The idea of future enjoyment would intrude upon her more serious thoughts. She found herself imagining the limits of Mrs. Ellison's garden, when she should have been defining the boundaries of a State; and counting the hours which must pass before the visit could be made, instead of proving her arithmetical calculations. But she certainly tried to do her best, and she succeeded better than she had at first expected.

The long week was at length ended, and Mary clapped her hands, with delight, as she exclaimed, "To-morrow, mother, to-morrow, we shall go to Brooklyn."

"Do not anticipate too much pleasure, my child," said her mother, "you may be disappointed."

"How? mother!" exclaimed she, looking very much frightened.

"Why, it may rain to-morrow."

"Oh! no, I am sure it will not rain, the moon now shines as bright as day."

"Very true, Mary, but do you not see the dim hazy circle that surrounds the moon? weatherwise people consider that an infallible portent of rain."

"Oh! I am certain it will be a fine day to-morrow; good night, mother; I shall go to bed early, to-night, so as to be up betimes in the morning." So saying, the little girl kissed her mother, and bounded up stairs to her little chamber.

"O Henry!" said she, as she entered the nursery to kiss her little brother, "how happy I shall be to-morrow; I intend to have a fine ride on the pony, and a good race with our old Hector; and I mean to be plenty of peaches and pears under the trees, I dare say we shall have some to bring home to you, Henry. Oh! I shall be so happy." The little fellow was scarce old enough to enter into Mary's transports, but the dog, the horse, and the fruit seemed to him the very perfection of joy, and he danced about the room with as much glee, as if he too ex-