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me to it. Cocoa-nut gatherers had built the temporary shed some months previous. It consisted of sticks planted as A's into the ground, covered with half-decayed leaves of the manaco palm. It was open at both extremities, and so low that I had to creep into it on my hands and knees.

I lighted a pipe, and stretched myself on the threshold of my wild home, listening to the distant sound of the rain, which was pouring in cataclysms over the forest, with constantly increasing tropical violence, as it seemed to me. Thousands and tens of thousands of minute sand-flies, pinning the true mosquito of the inhabitants of Guatemala, did not allow a moment's respite from their attacks. Swarms of them assailed me on all sides, and made me half frantic with their painful bites, and by getting constantly into my eyes, nose and mouth. This plague alone would be sufficient to render the country uninhabitable to any white-skinned man.

the storm was so violent that I was soon in the midst of a mad race for my life. I was not long in reaching the beach, and I crawled on my hands and knees to the creep into the ranch. The rain battered down with inconceivable violence. Flash after flash of lightning lit up the sky, and the wind howled deafened the ear and drowned the loud roaring of the rolling waves, so that I never after another they broke, in long phosphorescent streaks of white foam, and I was not long in reaching the shore. I was blowing a "chubbass," or stiff gale, and I was wet through in less than five minutes, and I felt chill and wery. Now did I think with me that I was in the land of the living, and I was in the fire of home, around which, of a winter evening, I was wont to sit with those I loved. All was now gloomy, dark night, and the thunder was heard in the distance.

The thunder, however, gradually ceased, but the rain fell heavily for some time longer. Then, for a short while, nothing was heard but the rushing of the wind, and the sound of the forest trees, and hoarse voice of the billows. One by one the stars peeped out from behind the receding curtain which had veiled them, and I saw that it was now midnight. I lay myself on the sandy beach to rest at my sup- per, for I dared not sleep, through fear of being picked up by some roving vagabond or sailor.

"I was absorbed in reflection, when suddenly I perceived out in the sea, within about half a mile of the coast, a large black mass approaching towards me. I strained my eyes to pierce the darkness which separated me from it, and clearly discerned a small light, or lantern, moving regularly up and down. I knew by this that it must be some ship sailing fast to destruction. — Without losing a moment, I set course to the rancho, and in a few seconds a column of flame was towering high up in the air, and casting a ray of light throughout the surrounding waters. — An instant more, and

ired, and the vessel soon backed out of sight.  
 Many ships have of late years been lost on  
 its coast,—among others, two Belgian ves-  
 sels, the *Constant* and the *Dyle*. I have no  
 doubt the cause of these disasters is the action  
 of the marine current before mentioned, and  
 which is not marked upon the nautical maps  
 general use among seamen.  
 The coast, being very low, cannot be seen  
 from any distance during the night; and al-

high exact observations of latitude and longitude, and the exact time during the day. The rain, the steam, caused by the division from the point steered for, and when the northwest wind should chance to blow, would be a great hindrance to the progress, I turned to St. Thomas, and to the Cape of Progress, from Antwerp. The captain noticed my signal, and, by the use of his telescope, he perceived that I was in the right conclusion. I was so sure of it, that I was jumping out for the night. I had, nevertheless, preserved him from destruction. I heard of his escape, and determining on following him, I called a few hours' repose, and then, rolled myself in my blanket, and then lay down. I had reckoned without the sand which was blown from the vessel. Everything at that time, was still. The fire-drifts, which follow fire-ships, were flitting by thousands, though the air. Gradually, a sort of hum,

The din and uproar was astounding. Thousands of tree-frogs occupied every tree in my vicinity, and probably for a hundred miles around. And numbers of enormous toads of numerous species were crawling everywhere; lizards (a species of lizard) glided invisibly over my face and body; innumerable swarms of crickets, grasshoppers and cicadas covered every plant of the Manibabo territory. All these creatures seemed striving to outdo the others in the production of magnificent sounds.

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 inharmonious notes of croakings, pip-  
 pings, bellows, stridulations, saw whin-  
 nings, and other sounds, which I was  
 obliged to yell out a million of voices  
 incessantly, with every variety of intona-  
 tion, and with increasing perseverance, and  
 at length, when the sun had set, and the  
 chill night drew sleep from the eye, I  
 from time to time, the shrill cry of some  
 bird startled me as it silently hovered  
 over my head, and I distinctly heard  
 the roar of the jaguar among the trees  
 in his search of the large turtles which at  
 season come to spawn in the dry sand, and  
 the lowing of oxen and muzzles assailed  
 my ears, and I was not without a sense  
 of all night, and of them; searching and  
 finding were of no avail, as those I thus de-  
 stroyed with a sort of savage satisfaction,  
 were not the same. At length, however,  
 the long wished for dawn appeared,  
 and the sun rose rapidly above the horizon,

...the monkeys satiated is presented by a brilliant vocal performance of this merriment. The monkeys are shown to have the holy words and crowd the delightful vocal performance of this merriment. He says:

...observed at each change of the cars, and, when the general excitement had taken place, one car was usually the assault by a stalwart man, usually of great persuasion, who, defined to menaces, the good-looking fellow, declined his post for the benefit of the 'ladies.' The good-looking car, sir, as you please, fooled the ladies' gentlemen without ladders."

[illegible]

OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

FROM THE GUMBAR OF KREINACHNER.

Oh, only how how sweetly there,  
Our little church is gleaming!  
The golden evening sunbeams fair,  
    How softer and roof is streaming.  
How soft and tranquil all around!  
Where shall its like on earth be found?

Through the green foliage, white and clear,  
It peeps out all so gayly,  
Round on our little village here,  
And down through all the valley,  
Well-pleased it is, as one may see,  
With its own grace and purity.

Not always does it fare so well,  
When tempests rage and riot,  
Yet even there the little bell  
Speaks out—'Twill soon be quiet!'—  
Though clouds look black and pour down rain,

And empty organs cease to ring,  
And where the organ shrills and sounds,  
With its long pipes all glinting,  
How every heart then thrills and bounds?  
And earth and heaven seems hailing,  
Such feelings in each bosom swell,  
But what he feels no one can tell.

Oh, see in the evening's golden fire,  
Its little windows glinting!  
Bright and wide in the air,  
With flowers and jewels gleaming,  
Aye, look ye how, it gleams and glows,  
Fair as an apothecary's row!

As within, our little church shows quite—  
Believe me—quite as neat!  
The little cherubs, white and white,  
All sweetly, how so sweetly!  
Oh Sunday noons are empty found—  
There's no such church in the wide world round!

See where against the pillared wall  
The pulpit high is builded,  
Well lighted and planned by master hand,  
All polished bright and gilded,  
Then comes the pastor underneath;  
But wonder he is not afraid.

But he stands up a here there,

And leads them on to heaven,  
Through all this world of sin and tare,  
The flock his God has given.  
Soft falls his word as dew come down,  
On a dry meadow parched and brown.

But see the sun already sinks,  
And all the vale is darkling.  
Only our little spire still glinks,  
With days last golden sparkling.  
How still and sacred all around!  
Where shall a church like ours be found?

WASHINGTON, DIST. OF C.

the correspondent of the "Century," in giving some reminiscences of the old country seat called "The Cottage," in Hanover county, Virginia, relates the following account of Gen. Washington's proposal for the hand of Mary Cary, and his rejection by her father:

"Her father was Wilson Cary, Esq., of the same family as that of Elizabeth, in England. His relative, Colonel Archibald Cary, of Raleigh, in Chesterfield, was, at his death, the last English agent to the Earl of Albemarle. The worst of old gentlemen seemed to have been in the family, to have been as proud as the Conqueys the Somersets, and to have thought his family the noblest in the land. He lay in great state, with chairs and horse. . . ate and velvet and embroidery—a worthy of the old

[illegible][illegible]

the affection of the youth—that was the married him who won her heart, the married him who made her a noble lady in rank or character. He passed through his mother from the great old house of La Roche Jaqueline, in France, to the honest justicers of the law. At twelve years of age he began his education in England. He graduated in Cambridge, and then made the great voyage, returning to Virginia when he was twenty-one. He was married a year or so afterward; became collector of the customs and was so much respected that when he was sent to Virginia as Governor he brought a letter of introduction from the King. He died at thirty-five; and the Republic was breaking out soon afterward, when his widow moved away from the place of her birth and her refuge in the "far up in Hanover"

man's LITTLE TOES.—The good things life a beautiful woman and canvas box  
*Taunton Gazette.*

woman be *wolke soled* with her little  
 of the New York *Times Journal*,  
 says, this is being an interesting  
 Fifth avenue, as the Peruvian  
 of amputation of the fifth toe, to make  
 the foot small and, is beginning to  
 in Paris. The operation is to be  
 on this operation on the female infant in  
 e. But a Peruvian surgeon, now ad-  
 in Paris, offers to perform it on the  
 of the female foot, and to make it  
 to the point more than a work.  
 will, should become universal, the  
 we, think, be the completest in.

TRINITY

By our ancestors, says a contemporary writer was called "winter-monat," December winter cometh; but after the establishment of Christianity, they then, from the birth of Christ, termed it by the name of "heilig-monat." They also called it "midwinter monat," the month of the winter solstice, the first great, or the Feast of the Light. Spencer, after singing of November says:

"And after him came next the chill December  
To he, tho' merry feasting which he  
Offered bonfires, did not the cold remedy  
His Saviour's birth so much his mind  
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,  
The same wherewith Dan Jove, in tender  
They say was nourished by the Idæan  
And in his hand a deep, deep bowle he

CHARITY—"The poor ye have always  
you," was not less an admonition than  
when it came from the lips of the Savior  
was intended for all time, and calculated  
to reach the hearts of thousands yet to  
The poor we have with us, and it is our  
to comfort for their wants and contribute  
their comfort.

*Enter chorred and dying*  
*are typical of blinded, dying dogs*  
Pondering on this truth, manna's hands  
And yield a tythe to 'humble charity,'  
And give a guinea with more convulsive  
And laugh at the griefs round you.

MEN sometimes think that the high  
cliffs of sorrow, will crack them in two  
life forever; but suddenly the green an  
dulating meadows spread far away in pas  
sage the willows hang in bloom along the b  
lowness as the well as with bounding ga  
luntness.

**LITTLE GRAVES.—**  
There's many a humble emerald,  
There's many a vibrant bed,  
There's many a lonely bosom,  
Where joy and love are dead.

For thick in every grave yard  
The little hillocks lie;  
And each one represents  
An angel in the sky.

Pawnbrokers and hard-drinkers  
Take pledges. We fear that the former  
keep them longest.

Rux is like death—it levels all distinctions  
An alderman with a "brick in his hat,"  
just as soon fraternize with a chimney sweep  
as with a foreign envoy.

**MARRIAGE**, without love, is the suicide of happiness. As well might a person undertake to build a dwelling without either credit or material, as to expect to live happily in the married state without love.

**A MAN** that boards riches and enjoys the not, is no better off than the ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

**A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.**—A pious Scotch minister being asked by a friend, during his discourse, whether he thought himself divinely answered: "Really, friend, I care not what I am or not; if I die, I shall be well God—if I live, he will be with me."

**TRIFLES.**

**CRANT POETRY.**—The young people want nothing for amusement during the

long evenings, may try their wits at making  
 a couple of verses, and one of the  
 number quoting a line from some well known  
 poet, and the next person adding one of his  
 own, and so on, till the evening is over.  
 alternate line from another. Each couplet,  
 or quatrain, is repeated by the company, and  
 the result will be the result. We quote so  
 which we find readily manufactured :—  
 The moon was shining silver bright,  
 All bled the snows from the mountain snow;  
 When Freedom from her mountain height  
 Exclaimed, 'Now don't be foolish! Joe!  
 An hour passed on the Turk awhile;  
 A tumble-bow went thundering by,  
 To be the first to see the Turk arise,  
 And spread its pall upon the sky.  
 His echoing race the settler swung;  
 He was a lad of high renown;  
 And deep the roggies caves among,  
 The roggies courted Molly Brown.  
 The Turk, the Turk, the white streets, the  
 snow-covered houses (and the great wind)  
 appeared on all mundane things, just to  
 present the beautiful picture of winter by  
 the light of the moon, and the recollection reading  
 somewhere, years ago:—

"This winter, and no more the breezes  
 Buzz among the budding freezes;  
 And welcome the boy with ragged trousers  
 Shivering, come to the fire and the cowen.  
 Nearly frost bit he his toes,  
 And, bless my life, how cold his nose is."

**MR. A.** A tall western girl named *Stout*, loved a certain *big* *Mr. Little*: while *Little* loved a certain *stout* *Stout*. *Stout* wanted to marry *Little*, and *Little* wanted to marry *Stout*. *Stout* wanted to make a *long story short* of *Little*, and *Little* proposed to *Long*, and *Stout* wanted to be even with *Little's* *short-comings*. *Stout* queried, meaning *Long*, threatened to marry *Little*, and *Little* threatened to marry *Stout*. *Stout* wanted to make a *short time*, to marry *Long*.  
**QUERY.**—Did *that* *Stout* *love* *big* *Little's* *stout*, because *Little* loved *Long*?

**A MAN**, down east, has invented a machine to renovate old bedsteads. Out of a good many old bedsteads he has made quite a decent young man, and have enough left over for two small puppies a pair of leather

BENCH these bones  
 Rouse the bones  
 Of Theodosius Grim,  
 From took his beer  
 Year to year,  
 Until the beer took him.

A MAN was recently charged with being too  
 Thompson. In the examination of the case,  
 the police court, there was evidence  
 that the prisoner had been pretty free with  
 his kisses to the female boarders of the  
 house. One of these testified: "I have seen  
 kiss other ladies besides Mrs. Thompson;  
 I kissed me and Mrs. Potts. I thought he  
 was a good fellow, and have an excuse for kissing  
 Thompson!"

A gentleman once said he should like  
 to see a host full of ladies' feet a drift on the  
 sea, to see what course they would steer.

WHEN Sir David Deard's mother heard that son was taken prisoner in India, and that he was another prisoner, she replied, that "I would starve for the Isle of Man, to cure."

It is, perhaps, a suspicious circumstance, that if a young lady has a long nose, it is almost invariably crooked. It has to be slightly aside to admit of her being kind to grow a widow.

Question.—Joe Coe, having the question put to him, whether he believed in original sin, replied that, so far from it, he found sin to be the least original thing in the whole world.

Exchange.—"The best assistance," says a member, is a sober engineer. Company legislate till doomsday, but as long as officers carry too much steam, the boats

blowing a "chubasco," or stiff gale.' I was

wet through in less than five minutes, and  
 still and weary. Now did I think with regret  
 of the comfort and security of the comfortable  
 fire-side of home, around which, of  
 try crying. I was want to sit with those I  
 loved. All was now gloomy, dark night, and  
 my yet darker thoughts.  
 The thunder, however, gradually ceased,  
 but the rain fell heavily for some time longer.  
 The storm was over, nothing was heard  
 about the dripping and rattling of the  
 the forest trees, and hoarse voice of the  
 billows. One by one the stars peeped out from  
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"I was absorbed in reflection, when suddenly I perceived out in the sea, within about half a mile of the coast, a large black mass approaching towards me. I strained my eyes to pierce the darkness which separated me from it, and clearly discerned a small light, or lantern, moving regularly up and down. I knew by this that it must be some ship sailing fast to destruction. — Without losing a moment, I betook me to the ratchet, and in a few seconds a column of flame was towering high up in the air, and casting a ray of light throughout the surrounding waters. — An instant more, and

ried, and the vessel soon tacked out of sight. Many ships have of late years been lost on this coast—among other, two Belgian vessels, the *Centaur* and the *Dyle*. I have no doubt the cause of these disasters was the same, the maelstrom current before mentioned, and which is not marked upon the nautical maps in general use among seamen. As the vessel was sailing very low, cannot be seen at any distance, and the current is so violent, exact observations of latitude and longitude may have been taken during the dry seasons, the stream causes an unexpected deviation from the point steered for, and when the vessel is once caught in the whirl, the saving of the vessel is hopeless. When I returned to St. Thomas, I found there the *Progres*, from Antwerp. The captain had no signal, and by the use of his compass, distinguishing the position of the

[illegible]

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 some bird startled me as it silently hovered  
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 the roar of the jaguar among the trees  
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 season come to spawn in the dry sand, and  
 the low, and sometimes muzzled assailed  
 of the jaguar, and the low, and sometimes  
 all night, and the low, and sometimes  
 of all getting rid of them; scratching and  
 with a sort of wail, as though I thus de-  
 clared my unwillingness to be disturbed  
 still, the long wailing for dawn appeared,  
 and the sun rose rapidly above the horizon,

[illegible]

"I am glad to see you," said the man, and  
 he turned to the woman and said, "I am  
 glad to see you, too."

...and the ...

Follow their example.