

For the Young.

MONKEYS.

Would you like, dear readers, to have me tell you something about monkeys? I guess you would, so I'll tell you:

The small pox having spread fearfully among the monkeys of South America, a physician thought he would try and arrest it by vaccination. But how was he to do this? The monkeys were not going to come to him, as his patients did, and say, 'Doctor, will you vaccinate me?' and catch them he could not, for they could run up the trees, spring from branch to branch, and soon be far, far beyond his reach.

This is what he did: he took two boys, bound their hands and feet so that they could not move, and then vaccinated them in the presence of an old monkey; then he left the room—taking care to leave his open lancet on a table, with some vaccine,—and stood near the open door, where he could watch, knowing that the monkey, as soon as he was left alone would try to imitate what he had seen him do.

Soon the old monkey caught hold of a young monkey, bound his hands and feet, and taking up the lancet, proceeded slowly and gravely to vaccinate him.

Many are the interesting stories told us by travellers of those imitative, mischievous creatures. Their enmity to mankind is so great that whenever they see a traveller enter the woods, they at once commence their attack on him, considering him an invader of their dominions. At first they merely look at him saucily, then they jump from branch to branch, pursue him as he goes along, and then chatter loudly to call their companions together, and then, when they have assembled, they commence their attack on the poor traveller in earnest, grinning, threatening, and throwing down on him branches of trees and anything they can find. If one of them gets wounded in the fight, the rest at once come to his assistance, putting their fingers into the wound, perhaps to see how deep it is, then chewing up leaves and stuffing them in, to stop the bleeding.

The serpent is the only animal that ventures to attack them; they wind up the trees and surprise them when they are napping, swallowing the little ones at one meal. Thus they divide the forest between them, the serpents clinging to the branches near the trunks of the trees, while the monkeys inhabit the tops, robbing the birds nests, sucking their eggs, or throwing them to the ground when they've satisfied their hunger.

Some species of monkeys are said to hold regular meetings; mornings and evenings they assemble in the woods to receive instructions. We'll take a peep at them as they sit there, though we can't understand their chatter. One of them has taken his place on the highest part of the tree—how dignified he looks as he beckons to his companions to sit around him and listen! Now they are quiet, and all eyes are bent on their instructor, while he talks in a loud voice and so rapidly that, at a distance, one would think the whole company was speaking. Now he has finished and is waiting for them to speak, and you may be sure they make the best of the opportunity, all speaking at once, until he raises his hand to show them that he has listened long enough, and wishes to speak to them, and again they become silent listeners.

Monkeys are very fond of fruits, rice, and corn, often visiting, in large companies, the orchards and corn fields, and destroying more than they eat or carry away. Whilst the little thieves are thus busily employed selecting the best of the fruits or ears of corn, one of them stands sentinel on the top of a tree, to watch,