

TRICKS OF MONKEYS.

Monkeys, it is pretty well known, have every evil quality, and not one good one. They are saucy and insolent; always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it; even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Mimicry is another of the monkey's qualities. Whatever he sees men do, he must affect to do the like himself. He seems to have no rule of his own, and so is ruled by the actions of men or beasts; as weak people follow the fashions of the world, whether it be good or bad. No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes his victuals with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, lest he should take it away again; for he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness, no monkey considers any individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They can never eat together in company without quarrelling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If anything he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces on the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers, and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose. Everybody has heard of the monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of a cannon to see how it went off; when he paid for his peeping with the loss of his head. In a ship where a relation of mine was an officer, while the men were busy fetching powder from below, and making cartridges, a monkey on board took up a lighted candle, and ran to the powder-room to see what they were about; but happily was overtaken just as he got to the lantern, and thrown out at the nearest port-hole into the sea with the lighted candle in his hand. Another lost his life by the spirit of mimicry; he had seen his master shaving his own face, and at the first opportunity took up the razor to shave himself, and made shift to cut his own throat. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the top of the trees, the people below who want to catch them show them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again; and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backwards and are taken.

—*Sharp's London Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY INLAND CITY.

The New Orleans National, in its sketch of Col. Doniphan's late remarkable expedition, gives the following:—About the time Col. Doniphan made his treaty with the Navijos, a division of his command was entirely out of provisions, and the Navijos supplied its wants with liberality. A portion of the command, together with Col. Doniphan, went to the city of the Sumai Indians, living on the Rio Piscow, which is supposed to be a branch of the Gayla, made a treaty of peace between the Sumai and Navajo, and then returned to the Rio del Norte. These Sumais, unlike the Navijos, live in a city, containing probably six thousand inhabitants, who support themselves entirely by agriculture. This city is one of the most extraordinary in the world. It is divided into four solid squares, having but two streets crossing its centre at right angles. All the buildings are two stories high, composed of sunburnt brick. The first story presents a solid wall to the street, and is so constructed that each house joins, until one-fourth of the city may be said to be one building. The second stories rise from this vast solid structure, so as to designate each house, leaving room to walk upon the roof of the first story between each building. The inhabitants of Sumai enter the second story of their build-

ings by ladders, which they draw up at night as a defence against any enemy that may be prowling about. In this city were seen some Albino Indians, who have, no doubt, given rise to the story that there is living in the Rocky Mountains a tribe of white aborigines. The discovery of this city of the Sumai will afford the most curious speculations among those who have so long searched in vain for a city of the Indians who possessed the manners and habits of the Aztecs. No doubt we have a race here living as did that people when Cortez entered Mexico. It is a remarkable fact that the Sumaians have, since the Spaniards left the country, refused to have any intercourse with the modern Mexicans, looking upon them as an inferior people. They have also driven from among them the priests and other dignitaries, who formerly had power over them, and resumed habits and manners of their own, their great chief or governor being the civil and religious head. The country round the city of Sumai is cultivated with a great deal of care, and affords food not only for the inhabitants, but for large flocks of cattle and sheep.

A SIMPLE FACT.

Seven years ago, while engaged one Sabbath afternoon in circulating the temperance pledge among our coloured friends at Pittsburgh, I received some sad tales of sorrow from their lips. Among those who signed the pledge, I recollected one who was a married woman aged thirty-four years, apparently a person of veracity. Her tale was in substance the following:

When I was nine years old, I was sold and taken away from my father and mother, and have never seen them since. They were both Christians. It almost killed my father when he saw me about to be separated from him. I recollect, as the horse stood by the door, and I was put on his back, being too young to walk, my father came up to the horse and took hold of my little feet, and then he prayed to God to take care of me, and while he was praying for me, he felt so bad to have me go away, that he fainted and fell down on the ground alongside of the horse.

My mother was a Christian too, and when she bade me farewell, she said, "Sarah, when you hear I am dead, don't cry for me, I shall be in heaven. Be a good girl, and prepare to meet me there!" Since that morning, which is now 30 years, I have never seen my dear mother and father; and I never expect to see them in this world. I have eight brothers and sisters scattered through the different slave States, and have not seen one of them these seventeen years."

Honest reader, have you a mother? What would be your feelings if she were now toiling on a plantation, and you her child had not seen her since you were nine years old? Have you a father? How would you feel if your aged father were now a doomed slave, and you had no expectation of seeing him this side of heaven? Are you a father? And have you a little girl whom you love? You never yet knew the pangs of a parent that was not merely sundered from a darling child, but compelled to see that child go forth in infancy a prey to the merciless world. Are you a mother? And would you not fear that your little daughter, severed from a mother's tender care, would fall an easy prey to sin, and never meet you in heaven?

Friendly reader, do you "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them?" If you do, remember this also, that "Each little mortal, weak and weary though he be, can do something toward making up the mighty stream of human events as it rolls on to the ocean of eternity."

CHRISTIAN WOMEN SOLD AS SLAVES BY THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.—The United States Marshal sold at Washington, on the 13th inst., two female slaves—both professors of religion—on an execution against Henry Miller, in favour of the United States, on a suit brought by the Postmaster General, for \$330.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—It is with pleasure we notice the fact, that William Shires, who, but a few months ago, was the proprietor and manager of three theatrical establishments, one in Cincinnati, one in Louisville, and one in Pittsburgh, has entirely abandoned that business, and is, at this time, a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cincinnati.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

REAL PUBLISHING.—In Massachusetts, the law requires the parties before marrying to be published—that is, their intention of marriage shall be announced in church, three successive public days, or else posted in some public place for two or three weeks. The press, however, has taken advantage of the provisions of the law, and we now see in one of the Boston papers a notice of those who intend marriage. It is a terrible time when a man cannot go a courting, nor a girl get a sweetheart, without having the affair find its way into the papers.—*Boston Republic.*