

A MONKEY'S REVENGE.

When monkeys are in captivity, they always endeavor to be noticed by the visitors, partly for vanity's sake, and partly because they hope for certain donations of nuts, apples, and other dainties. Their jealousy is easily excited, and knows no bounds, if they imagine their rival is getting more than his fair share of the good things. A few years ago, one of Wombwell's well known collections visited Oxford, and, as usual, exhibited a large allowance of monkeys. These little animals exercised all their ingenuity in attracting the notice of the visitors, in order to obtain some of the nuts, cakes, &c., which they saw the elephant receiving. One particularly lively monkey had attained to considerable eminence in his art, and used to monopolize no small portion of the various delicacies. Suddenly, he failed to procure his usual supplies, and saw, with great indignation, that the most of the visitors, particularly the ladies, had turned their attentions to the next cage. This, of course, excited his jealousy and curiosity, and he exercised all his endeavors to discover the cause of his desertion. At length, by dint of great perseverance, he contrived to poke out a knot in the board which divided their partitions, and on looking through, discovered that the inhabitant of the adjoining tenement had lately been blessed with a baby. The unfortunate baby-monkey instantly became the object of his unremitting persecution. He watched it through his knot-hole—he put his hand round the corner, and tried to pinch the poor animal—he picked the keeper's pockets of the food that ought to have gone to his rival—and, in fact, spent his time in devising new annoyances. The mother all this time was perfectly acquainted with the evil designs of her neighbor, and carefully kept her baby away from the dangerous corner where the monkey's hand was continually intruding itself. In a short time the little one was suffered to go about by himself, and its untiring enemy redoubled his exertions. At last his time of revenge arrived.—One day he was observed to pay more attention to his peep-hole, after long and patient watching, he was seen to commence that peculiar vibrating movement which generally preface a monkey's mischief. Suddenly his eye was withdrawn from the knot-hole, his hand thrust through like lightning, and withdrawn, bringing with it the tail of the unfortunate monkey on the other side of the partition. He fixed his feet firmly on each side of the knot-hole, and tagged away at his rival's tail, alternately screaming with delight and chattering with fear at the punishment which he well knew would follow. The poor baby-monkey on being assailed in such an unexpected manner, set up a most heart-rending outcry, on hearing which its mother flew to its assistance, and, seeing her offspring apparently fastened to the wall, seized it by its arms, and pulled with all her might in order to release it. The aggressor chattered, the mother remonstrated, and the baby screamed, until the outcry drew the attention of a keeper, at whose approach the aggressor loosed his hold of his victim's tail, and crouched into the farthest corner of the cage, where he displayed exceeding ingenuity in avoiding the cuts of the keeper's whip.

A Storm in India.

The following report from a correspondent, on whom we can rely, of an awful phenomenon, happily unknown in temperate climates, will be read with astonishment:—"At 3 p. m. of the 10th of April, while we were measuring the circumference of large hailstones that fell lightly about us, a terrific storm passed to the south-west of the station, about seven miles off. The accounts brought us by the natives next morning were so strange that I did not believe them, but after some gentlemen had visited the spot, and confirmed all, I too, went to see the wreck left by the hurricane. As some days has elapsed since the occurrence, I found it impossible to approach the chaos from the putrefaction of numbers of dead bodies. An eye witness told me that while it was blowing pretty swift from the south-west, a jet black mass of cloud, towering high aloft and almost touching the ground, was seen to approach another similar mass advancing rapidly from the opposite direction. They whirled round each other, the heat became intense, and enveloped in the greatest darkness, houses, bamboos, trees, men, women, and cattle were hurled in the whirlwind, dashed in all directions against trees, impaled on bamboos, or buried in the ruins. On the sides of the track of the storm huge hailstones fell of the size of bricks. The track was about 800 yards broad; its length is not known, nor the extent of the devastation ascertained; 60 dead bodies were counted by gentlemen who went there; 15 persons with limbs torn and mangled, with broken arms and legs, are in hospi-

tal. Report says that 300 have been killed, besides no end of cattle. I think it very probable.—As the natives build their houses, each family in little separate farms hill in clumps of bamboos with intermediate fields, the scene presented is that of numbers of undistinguishable masses of clumps of bamboos and trees torn up, crossing each other in every direction and blocked up with earth and materials that had formed houses, so entirely broken up that nothing could be recognized as having formed roof or sides. In fact, boxes, beds, and things made of planks were so broken into pieces of a foot or two, and thrown about, that it was not always easy to imagine what they had belonged to. From under the mass of rubbish, jackals and vultures were pulling out the remains of human beings and cattle; in small puddles dogs, goats, &c. were drowned and rotting.

The field were covered with the skeletons of human beings, while the short thick branches of trees that stood leafless and barkless supported numberless vultures. Vultures covered the plain, too gorged to fly at our approach, and hundreds were soaring in circles high overhead in the clear sky, marking in the heavens the course of the storm. One poor famished, distracted being with head bandaged and body scratched all over, bruised and cut, limped up to me; he had lost all his relations—father, mother, wife and children—all had been destroyed, and he could not find where they had been carried away. It would require hundreds of men to remove the piles of uprooted bamboos, &c., that mark the homesteads of the missing; under them will probably be found those who were killed, while some, probably had a living grave, hoping alas! in vain—that rescue would come at last, or imagining, possibly, that the whole world had been destroyed. A bungalow of a zemindar, at Dumbura, on the river Ghoghut, was blown in smiths across the river—300 yards; in the roof two men found a flying passage, and, strange to say, survived."—*Calcutta Englishman.*

DOING A DUN.

"I have a small bill against you," said the pertinacious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes, Sir, a very fine day, indeed," was the reply.

"I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied Peter in a loud key.

"It would be better if we had a little rain."

"Confound the rain," continued the Collector, and raising his voice: "Have you any money to pay on the bill?"

"Beg your pardon, I'm hard of hearing. I have made it a rule not to loan my funds to strangers, and I really don't recognize you."

"I'm collector for the Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector at the top of his voice, producing the bill and thrusting it into the face of his debtor.

"I've determined to endorse for no one, you may put that note back in your pocket book, I really can't endorse it."

"Confound your endorsements—will you pay it?"

"You'll pay it, no doubt, sir, but there's always a risk about these matters, you know, so I must decline it."

"The money must be mine, to-day."

"Oh, yes—ninety days, but I would not endorse for you for a week; so clear out of my store. It's seldom that I'm pressed upon for an endorsement, even by my friends; on the part of a stranger, sir, your conduct is inexplicable. Do not force me to put you out; leave the premises."

And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office, endorsed—"So confounded deaf that he couldn't understand."

A Genuine Know-Nothing.

"John," said a pedagogue, "can you tell me what is addition?"

"Don't know."

"Well, what is subtraction?"

"Don't know."

"Multiplication?"

"Don't know that."

"Didn't you ever hear of the multiplication table?"

"Pine table do you mean?"

"No. What is division?"

"Don't know."

"What do you know?"

"Know nothing," said the boy, scratching his head.

"O, you're a Know-nothing, are you?"

"Don't know."

"Well, you'll be a distinguished man some day, if you don't mise of it. Take your seat."

TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

"You're an infernal scoundrel!" said a fierce-looking gentleman, the other day, coming up with great wrath to a Yankee who was standing quietly on the side-walk; "you are an infernal scoundrel, sir!"

"That's news to me," returned the Yankee, quietly.

"News! you scoundrel! do you call it news?"

"Entirely so."

"You needn't think to parry it off so easy, I say you're an infernal, and I'll prove it."

"I beg you will not, I shouldn't like to be proved a scoundrel."

"No, I dare say you wouldn't, but answer me immediately—did you, or did not, say in the presence of certain ladies of my acquaintance, that I was a—"

"Calf! Oh, no, sir; the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"The truth! Do you mean to call me a calf, sir?"

"Oh, no, sir, I call you nothing."

"Is well you do; for if you had presumed to call me—"

"A man—I should have been grossly mistaken."

"Do you mean to say that I am not a man?"

"That depends upon circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"If I should be called as evidence in a court of justice, I should be bound to speak the truth."

"And would you say that I was not a man, hey? Do you see that cow-skin?"

"Yes, and I have seen it with surprise, ever since you come up."

"With surprise! Why, do you suppose I was such a coward that I dare not undertake to use the article when it was demanded?"

"Shall I tell you what I thought?"

"Do it, if you dare."

"I thought to myself, what use has a calf for a cow's skin?"

"You distinctly call me a calf, then?"

"If you will insist upon it, you may."

"You hear, gentlemen," speaking to the bystanders, "you hear the insult. What shall I do with the scoundrel?"

"Dress him! dress him!" exclaimed twenty voices, with shouts and laughter.

"That I'll do at once." Then turning again to the Yankee, he cried out fiercely, "come one step this way, you rascal, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life."

"I have no occasion."

"You're a coward."

"Not on your word."

"I'm a liar then, am I?"

"Just as you please."

"Do you hear that, gentlemen?"

"Ay!" was the response; "you can't help flogging him now."

"Oh, Heavens! grant me patience! I'll fly out of my skin."

"It'll be so much the better for your pockets, calf-skins are in good demand."

"I shall burst!"

"Not here in the street, I beg of you. It would be quite disgusting."

"Gentlemen, can I any longer help flogging him?"

"Not if you are able," was the reply. "At him!"

Thus provoked, thus stirred up and encouraged, the fierce gentleman went lightning-like at the Yankee.

But before he could strike a blow, he found himself disarmed of his cowskin, and lying on his back under the spout of a neighboring pump, whither the Yankee had carried him to cool his rage; and before he could recover from his astonishment at such unexpected handling, he was as wet as a drowned rat, from a cataract of water which his antagonist liberally pumped upon him. His courage had, by this time, like that of the valiant Bob Acres, "oozed," and he arose and went dripping away from the pump, vowing that he would never trust to quiet appearances again; and the old Harry himself might undertake to cow-skin a cool Yankee, for all him.

In Bleak House, there are to excellent characters—the boy Joe and the police, who is ever telling him to move on. Joe may be looked upon as the allegorical representative of old fogyism, while the policeman is the genius of civilization urging him forwards. Joe "did not want to move on or nothing," and the same is true of the old fogy. But what that policeman was to the former, so are steam engines and locomotives to the other. The great characteristic of the day is to "move on."—Joes of all kinds must yield to it, whether they are young Joes, half Joes or old Joseys of the stock-market—"Move on" is the motto of the 19th century, and the man or nation who resist will get what the policeman promised Joe—"a laramin for his wickedness."

Astronomy Extraordinary.

"Hallo, here!" said an M. P. to a seedy individual lying on the cellar door in the luxury of a rest, after a glorious bender.

"Hallo! hic, yourself, and see how you, hic, like it," said seedy.

"Get up," says M. P.

"Why, who be you?"

"I'm one of the Marshal's police!"

"A what—hic?"

"A policeman, a star."

"Oh! hic—you're a star—are you. Well, so am I. I a—hic, am a fixed star too. No—hic—I ain't. I'm a comet—and the—hic—gravita—hic—tion of the earth has draw'd me down. Don't you see Venus a winkin' and blinkin' at me up there—that shows I'm a star—hic—a bright star, too."

"Very well, you must come where we can get a better observation of you—so come along."

"Tain't no use—you might get 'long—hic—very well with the rest of me, but there's my nucleus, you can't move that—hic—thout a wheelbarrow."

The barrow was obtained, and the comet made its appearance at the Tombs next morning, where it came into conjunction with the star of the previous night, upon whose evidence it was doomed to an eclipse of thirty days in the dungeons of that institution.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

"Ginger."

"Sah."

"When am dat race to come off, dat dar's so much talk 'bout?"

"What race? I habn't heard ob any great race."

"De human race."

"De what?"

"De human race is to come off 'forelong."

"Yah, Yah, Yah! you de bigges fool I eber saw."

"De human race? dat aint a hoss race—de people in de world—de 'habitants."

"Who told you dat?"

"I allers knowed it; you's de mos' dumbest digger I eber saw. I wish dat ebery body had a hi-ferlutin edicashun, so dat 'spectable gemmen of color could pass along widout de molestycation ob de common trash."

SCENE ON THE OHIO.—Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore among a crowd was a remarkably stupid fellow, with his hands in his pockets and his under lip hanging down. A dandy ripe for a scrape, topped nods and winks all about, saying, "now I'll have some fun; I'll frighten the greenhorn. He jumped ashore with a drawn bowie-knife, brandishing it in the face of the "green 'un," exclaiming, "now I'll punish you. I've been looking for you for a week." The fellow stared stupidly at the assailant. He evidently had not sense enough to be scared; but as the bowie-knife came near his face, one of his huge fists came suddenly out of his pocket and fell hard and heavy between the dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundering in the Ohio. Greening jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets, and looked around. "May be," said he, "there's somebody else here that's been looking for me for a week."

St Petersburg wears the look of a besieged and terrified city. The palaces are turned into barracks, the bridges over the Neva are broken down, and in the public square there are encampments of over 40,000 Bashkirs and other wild soldiers of the monarchy, living in tents and frightening the women and children of the capital. The whole place seems under a cloud of war; and all who could have left it have already gone elsewhere.—The nearness of the English fleet has caused general alarm, and Admiral Charley Napier is looked on as a sort of ogre and merciless devastator. The citizens listen for the sound of his cannon, and expect to see his gun-boats shortly, fighting their way up the Neva. The city is in a state of siege, and no one can be in the streets at nine o'clock without a passport. The foreigners, artisans, and mechanics employed in the arsenals or public works, are making their escape as fast as possible. The emperor's guards and best regiments have been sent to Poland and Finland, and the protection of the capital is committed to the aforesaid Bashkirs.

IN THE ASCENDANT.—The Turkish crescent.—If the Russians see the full moon of victory over the Moslem camp now, let them look out for the stars in addition when the allies come into the constellation "Gemini" with their twin armies.

UPS AND DOWNS.—A hod-carrier's life is very monotonous, but no one can deny that he meets with more ups and downs in life than persons in any other profession.

It is stated that the editor of the *Temperance Advocate* is delighted to learn that "the Czar has refused to treat."