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LUDICROUS STORY OF A MONKEY.

(*From Blackwoods Magazine.*)

I dinna think that in a' nature there's a mair curiouser cratur than a monkey. I make this observe frae being witness to an extraordinar' event that took place in Hamilton, three or four days after my never-to-be forgotten Battle of the Breeks. Some even gaed the length to say that it was to the full mair curiouser than the affair, is sae far as the principal performer in the ae case was a rational man, whereas in the ither he was only a bit ape But folk may talk as they like about monkeys, and cry them down for being stupid and mischievous, I for ane will no gang that length. Whatever they may be on the score of mischief, there can be nae doubt, that sae far as gumption is concerned, they are just uncommon; and for wit and fun they would beat ony man black and blue. In fact, I dinna think that monk ys are beasts ava—I hae a half notion that they are just wee hairy men that canna, or rather that winna speak, in case they be made to work like ither folk, instead of leading a life of idleness.

But to the point, I ance had a monkey, ane of the drollest looking deevils ye ever saw. He was gayan big for a monkey, and was hairy a' owre, except his face and his bit hurdies, which had a degree of bareness about them, and were nearly as saft as a lady's loof. Weel, what think ye that I did wi' the beastie? Odds, man, I dressed him up like a Heeland man, and put a kilt upon him, and a langtailed red-coat, and a blue bannet, which for security's sake I tied, woman-like, below his chin wi' twa bits of yellow ribbon. I not only did this but I learnt him to walk upon his twa hind legs, and to carry a stick in his right hand when he gaed out, the better to support him in his peregrinations. He was far a' the world like a weea man in kilts—se much sae that when Glengarry the great Heeland chieftain, wha happened to be at Hamilton on a visit to the duke saw him by chance, he swore by the powers that he was like ane of the Celtic Society, and that if I likit he would endeavour to get him admitted a member of that body. I thocht at the time Glengarry was jokin, but I hae since had gude reason for thinking that he was in real earnest, as Andrew Brand says that he and the Celts hae been like to cut ane anither's throats, & that he micht mean this as an affront upon them Hoosomever, I maun do Glengarry the justice to say, that had he got my Nosey (that was his name) made a member, he wadna hae pruved the least witty or courageous of the society, & would hae dune nae disgrace to the chief's recommendation.

But I am fleeing awa like a shuttle frae the subject on hand,—Weel, it turned out in this manner, as ye shall hear. Ae afternoon towards the gloomin, I was obligated to tak' a stap doun to the cross, wi' a web under my arm, which I had finished for Mr. Weft, the muslin manufacturer. By way of frolic, a gayan foolish ane I allow, I brocht Nosey alang wi' me. He had on, as for ordinar' his Heeland dress, and walkit behind me, wi' the bit stick in his hand, & his tail sticking out frae below his kilt, as if he had been my flunky. It was after a' aqueer sicht, and, as may be supposed, I drew a hail crowd of bairns after me bawling out, 'Here's Willy M'Gee's monkey,' and ga'eing him nits and ginger bread, and makin' as mucle of the cratur as could be; for Nosey was a great favourite in the town, and every one likit him for his droll tricks and the way he used to grin, and dance, and tumble over his head, to amuse them.

On entering Mr. Weft's shop, I faund it empty; there wasna a leeving soul within—I supposed he had gane out for a licht; and being gayan familiar wi' him, I took a stap ben to the back shop, leaving Nosey in the fore ane. I sat for twa or three minutes, but naebody made his appearance. At last the front door which I had ta'en care to shut after me, opened, and I look't to see wha it could be, thinking that, nae doubt, it was Mr. Weft, or his apprentice. It was neither the ane nor the ither, but a strong middle aged, red faced Heeland man wi' specks on, and wi' a kilt and a bannet by a' the world like my monkey's. Now, what think ye nosey was about all this time? He was sittin behind the counter upon the lang three leggit stool that stood forneat Mr. Weft's desk, and was turning ower the leaves of his ledger wi' a look which, for auld fashion sagaciousness, was wonderfu' to behold. I was sae tickeld at the sight that I paid nae sort of attention to the Heelandman, but continued looking frae the back shop at Nosey, lauching a' the time in my sleeve—for I jealoused that some queer scene would take place between the twa. And I wasna far wrang, for the stranger takin'out a pound from his speuchan, handed it ower to the monkey and speered at him, in his droll Norlan deesalect, if he could change a note.—When I heard this I thocht I would hae lauched outricht; and naething but sheer curiosity to see how the thing would end made me keep my gravity. It was plain that Donald had ta'en Nosey for ane of his ain countrymen—and the thing after a' wasna greatly to be wondered at, and that for three reasons:

Firstly, the shop was rather darkish.

Secondly, the Heelandman had on specks as I hae just said; and it was likely on this account that he was rather short-sighted; &

Thirdly, Nosey, wi' his kilt, and bannet, and red coat, was, to a' intents and purposes, as like a human creatur as a monkey could weel be.

Nae sooner, then, had he got the note, than he opened it out, and lookit at it wi' his wee glowrin', restless een as if to see that it was na forgeary. He then shook his head like a doctor, when he's no very sure what's wrong wi' a person, but wants to mak' it appear that he kens a' about it—and continued in this style till the Heelandman's patience began to get exhausted.

"Can ye no shange the note, old shentleman?' quo' Donald.—Nosey gied his head anither shake, and lookit uncommon wise.

'Is the note no goot, sir?' spak the Heelandman, a second time; but the cratur, instead of answering him, only gi'ed anither of his wise shakes, as much as to say, 'I'm no very sure about it.' At this Donald lost temper. 'If the note doesna please ye sir,' quo' he, 'I'll thank you to gie me it back again, and 'I'll gang to some ither place.'—And he stretcht out his hand to take haud o't, when my frien' wi' the tail, lifting up his stick, lent him sic a whack owre the fingers as made him pu' back in the twinkling of an ee.

Got tamn ye, ye auld scoundrel,' said the man; 'do you mean to tak my money frae me?' And he lifted up a rung big enouch to fell a stot, and let flee at the monkey; but Nosey was ower quick for him, and jumping aside, he lighted on a shelf before ane could say Jack Robinson. Here he rowed up the note like a baw in his hand and put it into his coat pouch like ony rational cratur. Not only this, but he mockit the Heelandman by a manner of means shooting out his tongue at him, spitting at him, and grinning at him wi' his queer outlandish physionomy. Then he would tak his tail in his twa hands, and wag it at Donald, and steeking his nieves, he would seem to threaten him wi' a leatherin'. A'thegither he was desperate impudent, and eneuch to try the patience of a saunt, no to speak o' a hethbluided Heelandman. It was gude for sair een to see how Donald behavit on this occasion.—He raged like ane demented, miscalling the monkey beyond measure, and swearing as mony Gaelic aiths as micht hae sair'd an ordinar man for a twalmouth. During this time, I never steer'd a foot, but keepit keeking frae the back shop upon a' that was ganging on. I was highly delighted; and jealousing that Nosey was ower supple to be easily catched, I had nae apprehension for the event, and remained snug in my birth to see the upshot.

In a short time in comes Mr. Weft, wi' a piece of paper lowing in his hand, that he had got frae the next door to light the shop; and na sooner did Donald see him than he ax'd him for his note.

'What note, honest man?' said Mr. Weft.

'Got tam,' quo' Donald, the note the auld scoundrel, your grandfather, stole frae me.'

'My grandfather!' answered the ither wi' amazement. 'I am thinking, honest man, ye hae had a glass ower muckle. My grandfather has been dead for saxteen years, and I ne'er heard tell till now that he was a fief.'

'Weel, weel, then,' quo' the Heelandman, 'I don't care neathing about it. If he's no your grandfather, he'll be your faither, or your brither, or cousin.'

'My faither, or my brither, or my cousin?' repeated Mr. Weft, 'I maun tell ye plainly, frien,' that I hae nither faither, nor brither, nor cousin of any description, on this side of the grave. I dinna understand ye honest man, but I reckon that ye hae sat ower lang at the whisky, and my advice to ye is stap awa hame & sleep it aff.'

At this speech the Heelandman lost a' patience, and lookit sae awfully fairce, that ance or twice I was on the nick of commin forrit, and explaining how matters really stood; but curiosity keepit me chained to the back shop, and I just thocht I would hide a wee, and see how the affair was like to end.

'Pray, wha are you sir?' said Donald, putting his hands in his sides, and looking through his specks upon Mr. Weft, like a deevil incarnit. 'Wha are you, sir, that daur to speak to me in this manner?'

'Wha am I?' said the ither drapping the remnant of the paper, which was burnin' close to his fingers. 'I am Saunders Weft, manufacturer in Hamilton—that's what I am.'

'And I am Tonald Campbell, piper's sisser's son to his grace the great, grand Tuke of Argyle,' thundered out the Heelandman, wi' a voice that was fearsom to hear.

'And what about that?' quoth Mr. Weft, rather snappishly, as I thocht. 'If ye were the great, grand Duke of Argyle himself, as ye ca' him, I'll not permit you to kick up a dust in my shop.'

'Ye scoundrel, said Donald, seizing Mr. Weft by the throat, and shaking him till he tottered like an aspen leaf, 'div ye mean to speak ill of his grace the Tuke of Argyle? And he gi'ed him anither shake—then, laying haud of his nose, he swore that he would pu't as lang as a cow's tail, if he did'na that instant restore him to his lost property. At this sicht I began to grew a' ower, and now saw the needcessity of stapping ben, and saving my employer frae farther damage, bodily and itherwise.—Nae sooner had I made my appearance than Donald let go his grip of Mr. Weft's nose, and the latter, in a great passion, cried out, 'William M'Gee, I tak ye to witness what I hae sufferit frae this bluid thirsty Heelandman! It's no to be endured in a Christian country. 'I'll hae the law of him, that I will. I'll be whuppit but I'll hae amends, although it costs me twenty pounds!'

'What's the matter?' quoth I, pretending ignorance of the haill concern. 'What, in the name of Nebuchadnezzar, has set ye thegither by the lugs?' Then Mr. Weft began his tale; how he had been collared and weel nigh thrapped in his ain shop,—then the ither tauled how, in the first place, Mr. Weft's grandfather, as he ca'd Nosey, had stolen his note, and how, in the second place, Mr. Weft himself had insulted the great grand Duke of Argyle. In a word, there was a desperate kick up between them, the ane threeping that he would tak the law of the ither immediately. Na, in this respect Donald gaed the greatest lengths, for he swore that, rather than be defeat, he wad carry his cause to the house of lords, although it cost him thretty pound sterling. I now saw it was time to put in a word.

'Houts-touts, gentlemen,' quoth I, 'what's the use of a' this clishmaclaver? Ye've baith gotten the wrong sow by the lug, or my name's not William M'Gee. I'll wager ye a penny-piece that my monkey Nosey is at the bottom of the business.

Nae sooner had I spoken the word, than the twa, looking round the shop, spied the beastie sitting upon the shelf, grinning at them, and putting out his tonge, and wiggle-waggling his walking stick ower his left elbow, as if he had been playing upon the fiddle.—Mr. Weft at this apparition set up a loud lauch; his passion left him in a moment, when he saw the ridiculous mistake that the Heelandman had fallen into, and I thocht he would hae bursted his sides wi' even down merriment. At first Donald lookit desperate angry, and juding frae the way he was twisting about his mouth and rowing his een, I opined that he intended some deadly skaith to the monkey. But his gude sense, of which Heelandman are no a'thegither, destitute got the better of his anger, and he roared and laughed like the very mischief. Nor was this a' for nae sooner had he begun to lauch, than the monkey did the same thing, and held its sides in preceesely the same manner, imitating his actions, in the maist amusin' way imaginable. This only set Donald alauching mair than ever, and when he lifted up his neive, and shook it at Nosey in a gude humoured way, what think ye that the cratur did? Odds man, he took the note frae his pouch, where it lay rowed up like a baw, and, popping it at Donald, hit him as fairly upon the nose, as if it had been shot out of a weel aimed musket—There was nae resisting this. The haill three, or rather the haill four, for Nosey joined us, set up a loud lauch, and the Heelandman's was the loudest of a' showing that he was really a man of sense and could take a joke as weel as his neighbors.

When the lauchin' had a wee subsided, Mr. Campbell, in order to show that he had nae ill wull to Mr. Weft, ax'd his pardon for the rough way he had treated him, but the worthy manufacturer widna hear o't.—'Houts, man, quo' he, 'dinna say a word about it. It's a mistak a' thegether, and Solomon himself, ye ken, whiles gaed wrang.

Whereupon the Heeland-man bought a Kilmarnock night cap, price eleven pence happeny, frae Mr. Weft, and paid him wi' part of the very note that brocht on the ferly I hae just been relating. But his guid wull didna end here, for he insisted on takin' us a'—Nosey among the lave—to the nearest public, where he gi'ed us a friendly glass, and we keepit tawking about monkeys, and what not, in a manner at ance edifying and amusing to hear.

A Modern Pythagorean.

Niagara Falls.—We subjoin an animated account of the descent of the "condemned ship" over the falls of Niagara, from the Rochester Telegraph.

Descent of the Michigan over Niagara Falls.—We went, with no inconsiderable portion of the human family, to see the condemned vessel swept over the Cataract of Niagara, and have returned with notes for a volume, from which, however, we can draw but sparingly to day, having other and unexpected duties to perform.

On Thursday afternoon a *party* of between one and two hundred embarked in the steam-boat Ontario, and had a delightful run to Lewiston, where we arrived early the next morning, and thence to the falls in time to get a *standee* at the Pavilion, rooms and beds at all the Inns having already been secured by distant visitors. Stages on both sides of the river, from Buffalo, Lewiston, Queenston, &c. swarming with passengers, continued to arrive all that day until noon the next On Saturday morning the rank and file visiters came in, and such mingling of spirits, ages and sexes, such a mass of heterogeneous humanity, we never before witnessed. The silks and gauzes of patrician ladies and mawkish finery of the peasant girl were enveloped alike in dust, and each seemed alike indifferent to every thing but to see the ship go over the falls.

The Michigan was towed by the steamboat Chippewa down to the mouth of Chippewa creek, five miles above the falls, in the forenoon. At precisely 2 o'clock, P. M. they hauled out into the river, and towed about two miles down, when the steam-boat left and made for the shore. Immediately after, Capt. Rough's barge was seen pulling ahead of the Pirate with a line. When the steam-boat left her, she tack'd and came on broadsides, but was headed down again by the barge, and kept steady for another mile, when Captain R. cut loose, gave her 3 cheers, and pulled with a strong, steady and fearless stroke, (through the torrent never before stemmed) for the shore, which he made at a point about three quarters of a mile above the falls. The interest felt for the safety of the barge was painful. Human life had never before, in that frightful manner been voluntarily periled. All who had ever been hurried thus far into that current, went to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns.' Nothing but strong arms and steady nerves saved the barge.—Capt. Rough is the oldest navigator on lake Erie.—He was assisted by Mr. Allen, mate of the Michigan, and four hardy experienced oarsmen.

The Michigan was headed down stream 24 minutes before 3 o'clock. The steam boat cut loose in 18 minutes before 3—the barge left her at 13 before 3, and reached the shore in 4 minutes. She reached the first rapid at 7 minutes before 3, and broke on the precipice at precisely 3, the appointed time for the descent.

On board the Michigan was a crew in effigy: an old buffalo, whose period was only hastened a few days, an old and a young bear, a fox, racoon, eagle, two geese and a bad dog, that, we understood, had bit our friend Day of the Buffalo Journal.

Either the fox or the racoon, (we could not distinguish which, but it was probably the latter,) ran up the main-mast as she went over the first reef, and bruin mounted the foretop as she bounded over the second, where he was distinctly seen by thousands clinging to the top, as she lay on her beam and went by the board with the mast, suspended by his paws. The young bear reached the shore about sixty rods above the cataract, where he was welcomed by a shouting multitude, and carried in triumph to Forsyth's for exhibition. The other bear it was said also got to shore above the falls, but we did not see him. We neither saw nor heard any thing of the other animals. Major Frazer recovered one of the geese. She was taken alive, but much exhausted with her head badly cut, and one eye out. She was taken out of the river below the falls by the ferrymen, and was probably the only survivor, of the number that made the descent.

The day was exceedingly fine, and nothing occurred to mar its pleasures. From the great number constantly descending and ascending the ladders, and thronging the precipices, accidents were apprehended, but we believe that none occurred.—Every one seemed anxious to assist the view and assure the safety of his neighbor.

Upon the whole, the spectators were pleasantly disappointed. We all expected to see the vessel go to pieces in the rapids leaving only the fragments to go promiscuously over the falls. The arrangements were skilfully made and gallantly executed. She took the desired channel, and the spectacle, from the moment she bove in sight until she was dashed into, literally, a thousand pieces, was full of interest and novelty. Imagination easily imparted a moral sublimity to the scene. The power of the Almighty was most imposingly displayed over the workmanship of mere human hands. This ship, which for years had withstood the winds and the waves, was now abandoned to the mad fury of its native element.—From this descent information relative to the depth, power and channel of the rapids was obtained. Had the Michigan been a sound, sea worthy vessel, she would have reached the brow of the cataract uninjured, and many believe, would have made the descent in safety; but this is impossible. No human power can resist the gigantic force of that mighty torrent.

It is impossible to form any thing like an accurate estimation of the number of persons this spectacle called together. From the top of Forsyth's house, we could see in every direction, from which a view of the falls could be had, close, solid masses of people. The banks on either side of the river, Goat Island & Table Rock, were literally alive with spectators. Every road and avenue leading to the falls during the day was thronged with vehicles of every possible description, from the John Bull coach and six, with its thirty passengers, down to the Canadian poney, rode by two Indians, either of whom looked better able to carry than to be carried by the beast.

Amusements in all their rounds, were to be seen at all the public houses, and even by the way side. There was Mr. Nichols with his Ventriloquail powers, teaching the ladies the secret of talking without using their own tongues a favor, with which the husband of one of the ladies did not seem to be gratified from the remark that his wife's organs of speech already bordered upon the miraculous! The dog Apollo, too, was there and played cards with, and gave lectures on astronomy to ladies and gentlemen without number.—Grosser amusements for vulgar tastes, also abounded; such as Caravans, Mountebanks, learned Pig, &c.

Black-legs from all quarters, were hovering like vultures about the place. Knaves were picking the pockets of fools by the aid of Roulett, Pharo, Keeno and Dice tables. Upon the Green, at midday, lads and lasses responded, with 'light fantastic toe' to the sounds of pipe and violin. All amusements, however, ceased upon the first cry, 'she is coming!' and the eager rush of thousands, viewed from the roof of the Pavilion, was a scene which delighted every eye.

The public houses, as may be supposed were crowded to an overflow. Those who got vituals and drink were fortunate, but lodgings were out of the question. Mr. Carey, editor of the York Observer, who came there to make observations, assured us that he counted 14 asleep upon, and 36 under the Billiard table, at Brown's on Friday night; and other rooms, he said, contained corresponding numbers.

A party of us visited Lundy's Lane, where American flints, American steel & American valor upheld the honor of our country through a stubborn, unequal fight with, 'invincible' troops.—Here Scott's brigade, the gallant 9th, 11th, and 21st regiments, were thinned to mere battalion.—Here Towson's crater mouthed artillery appalled the very Heavens with its thunders. Here the Spartan Miller said he would 'try' to silence a battery by leading a few chosen bayonets from the intrepid 23d in the mouth of the enemy's cannon. Here Porter led on his patriotic volunteers, (with Birdsall always the first in and the last out of a battle,) just in time to save the day. While viewing the grounds a lad came to us with musket balls found there, which were recognized by their weight to be American. These were readily bought and more called for, but the boy said that so many visitors had been there lately that all the balls they could find had been taken away. Upon being pressed however, to find more, he replied with apparent simplicity that if the gentlemen would wait a few minutes, he would make them some more!

The company at General Whitney's were regaled with rich musick from the Rochester Band. The Buffalo Band was stationed at Forsyth's and a band from the British army at Brown's.

The passengers who went up, and returned in the Steam-Boat had a delightful trip good fare and excellent attention.

A gentleman from Albany took advantage of this visit to make an accurate admeasurement of the height of the Falls, from the new bridge recently erected from the west end of Goat Island, extending to the Terrapin rocks, 300 feet from the shore.—The mode adopted was as follows:—A piece of scantling was used, projecting from the railing of the bridge over the edge of the precipice, from which was suspended a cord with a weight attached, reaching fairly to the water in a perpendicular line. The length of the cord to the surface of the water at the brink, was 13 feet 1 inch—from this to the water below, an accurate measurement, the distance was found to be 158 feet 4 inches. We are told this is the first successful attempt that was ever made to ascertain the perpendicular descent, by actual measurement. Heretofore it has been done by observation.

Further Particulars.—We glean a few additional items from the Buffalo Journal:—In her main chains were placed two effigies, one on either side, of no very prepossessing aspect, which were designated by the names of *Adams* and *Jackson*. Other effigies were placed in different parts of the ship, upon which were bestowed appropriate cognomens, such as Natty Ewart, Blue Beard, &c. while the one in the foretop was called *Carter Beverly*, whose province seemed to be, to look out for breakers.—After the descent, two of the geese, and the cat were picked up below the Falls, uninjured. The dog was subsequently secured having reached Grass Island above the Falls wholly unhurt.—The whole affair was 'got up' under the direction of Capt. Rough, the oldest seaman of the lakes. A captain with such a name should have stuck like Long Tom Coffin to his ship. And in the event of his surviving the dreadful plunge he might thereafter have been called Capt. *Rough-and-Tumble*.

A SITUATION WANTED.
The Subscriber wishes a situation as an Overseer—He has a small family and can produce the best recommendations as a Farmer, and in the management of hands.
HENRY CARMEAIN

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