

Doctor, you heard the velvet softness of her voice. It is necessary that you should make preparations for your departure, said the Doctor, the hospitality that you have shown me, I will repay in a few days. I will not leave you, you shall come with me to Paris, and there I will endeavor to make you forget this cruel adventure.

Matteo replied by undressing himself and retiring to bed. Good evening, Doctor, said he, good night.

And hardly was his head upon the pillow, ere he slept profoundly.

This physiological phenomenon occupied the Doctor's attention for some time.

'A lover,' said he, 'whose life and love are both menaced!'

Then as he was neither in love nor in danger of being poisoned, and as he was fatigued with his journey, he passed into his chamber and was not long in meditating matters.

The next day, at early dawn, all the bells in the town were ringing for the marriage of Matteo.

He rose, dressed himself in his wedding garments, and entered the chamber of the Doctor.

He is truly in love, thought the Doctor, he wishes to marry her whom he loves; he is right. For myself, I know what I have to do. I will carry them both off immediately after the ceremony, and will make them pass their honeymoon in Paris.

He gave private directions to his servant to have ready his carriage de poste, and to order the horses, and he then followed the bridegroom.

They went directly to the Cathedral of Onelle, already filled with people, curious to witness a marriage which was about to unite two families that had been separated by fifteen or twenty years of hatred.

They recalled Balbi's ruin, his death, the grief of the widow, the victory of Padomonte, and then his son fell under their curse.

'Why,' they said, 'why does he come so near to his enemies, why stir up bloody wars, in the hope of offering impossible reparations?'

All this the populace of Onelle followed with the eyes of Italian vengeance, which never dies. Some thought that at the moment of binding himself as he was doing, that Matteo would recoil, and that the young Louise, though her head felt the marriage crown, would vainly stand at the altar.

No, no, replied the friends of the young man, he will come and he will marry her, though he should have to eat his way through a wall.

These persons knew Matteo well, and at that moment that Louise, near her mother, and already kneeling at the steps of the altar, and by prayers, that the young man had already quitted Onelle, Matteo appeared upon the steps of the church, his face radiant with joy, and accompanied by Doctor Parr.

With a joyful visage contrasted strongly with the joyous countenance of the bridegroom. The ceremony was not long, and scarcely was it finished, ere the marriage party, was on its way to Matteo's residence, where a splendid breakfast had been prepared.

Luigia, pale and miserable, looked as if she was walking to an execution. The Doctor was watching for a favorable moment when he could approach the husband to hasten a departure, deemed indispensable. Matteo approached him, and said:

'Doctor, said he, go and take up your hiding place of yesterday, you know the beginning of the story, you must know the end.'

The astonished Doctor obeyed; but this time he made such arrangements as enabled him to see as well as hear. Scarcely had he taken up his position, ere Matteo entered his chamber, followed by his new mother and brother-in-law. Giuseppe had a common face without expression and did not appear to be very amiable.

But the Signora Balbi, with her great height, her brilliant eyes, her eagle nose, and her thin lips, presented a striking contrast to her son, and was, in fact, the only enemy to be combated. The

Doctor read in her face, stratagem, dissimulation, covert and patient hatred, and in the arched contour of her mouth, the ferocious joy of a vindictive woman, who has at last snared her prey. Matteo, as soon as he was alone with these two persons, threw himself into the arms of the Signora Balbi, kissed her wrinkled forehead and said:

'Oh, my mother, how great is my happiness! To you I owe the only joy I have ever wished—Louise, your daughter, who now is mine only! Oh, a thousand blessings upon you, my mother. You forget your hatred for a time, that I might be thus happy! I shall enjoy it but a little while I know, but what matters a few days of happiness, and of love?'

'What is it you say?' exclaimed the Signora, endeavoring to escape the embraces of her son-in-law.

'You have your wrongs to revenge,' replied Matteo, 'the blood of your husband cries out against me; you wish to poison me.'

'Who says it?' Matteo, who has told you so?' exclaimed the Signora Balbi, pushing the young man away.

'Yes,' quietly replied Matteo, 'your fortune, your slain husband, all exact my death at your hands. I know it, and I love myself up; so much do I love Louise! Another would have fled, but I prefer death to exile! I wish to die under the shade of my beautiful olives, surrounded by the perfume of my orange trees. Here, my mother, is the disposition of my property; it will belong to Louise; you will enjoy it with her. And here is a sure poison, not too painful, and which leaves no external trace of its existence! Take it, but allow me eight days of life and health! At the expiration of that time, you may overwhelm your daughter with grief, such as you yourself experienced. Young and beautiful as she is, you may then rob her of her husband.'

At these last words, two springs of tears filled the eyes of the mother-in-law; she threw herself towards Matteo, took the vial of poison which he presented to her and broke it; she seized the will, and tore it into pieces. It was then that she threw her arms round Matteo, and covered him with kisses.

'Let us forget the dead,' said she, 'you are my son!'

He is saved, thought the Doctor. The door of the chamber opened. It was Louise, pale and trembling, come to seek out her husband. Her mother hastened towards her, and pressing her hand, said to her with an expression that Italian souls only know how to give to their words:

'He has just taken thee, and I give thee to him!'

The nuptials finished gaily, the Doctor made a memorandum of the day in his journal, and at this day, they talk at Onelle, of the unalterable friendship of the mother and son-in-law.

A compliment. In a large party, Dr. Parr had been endeavouring to hammer an argument into the convictions of an auditor, who replied, when he ceased speaking, 'I do not quite understand your object; but, as far as I comprehend it, I can only say, that my mind refuses to receive the impression you would give it.'

'Why, then, sir,' replied the doctor, 'I can only say, that your mind has the dullness of lead, without its malleability.'

Monks. A young lady discharged her bean, last week, because he told her that the comet could be seen by the naked eye.

Another sent off her lover because he said, when speaking of church affairs, that she was a lay woman. She regarded it as an insult that she had eggs.

The broad rimmed hats of the friends, arose from the circumstance that they were unwilling to carry umbrellas, as they bore some resemblance, when closed, to fire-arms.

Accordingly the rims of their hats were made large enough to shelter a man and his wife and daughter from the rain.

THE LATE TIGER STORY. Many versions of a 'Tiger Story' having appeared in the public papers, we are happy to have an opportunity of presenting our readers with the following authentic account of the circumstances dictated by Captain Hodgson himself.

Lucknow, May 5, 1844.

'DEAR —: It will surprise you to receive a letter from me in another person's hand-writing, but I must relate to you the cause of it, which proceeds from an accident that occurred to me last month. I went out as usual in this month, on my annual tiger-shooting excursion, with three other companions, and a string of seventeen or eighteen elephants; we arrived on our hunting ground, some 100 miles off on the 8th ult., and commenced our campaign. We had most excellent information, and our scouts out in a circle of about sixty miles, who from time to time brought us in tidings of the whereabouts and devastations committed by these monsters. We had great success, and some severe conflicts with our foes, with every prospect of bagging thirty tigers within the month.

On the morning of the 14th we had killed ten, and had returned to camp with the intention of going off early in the morning, after three which we had received authentic intelligence of. About three in the afternoon some herdsmen came running into camp, saying that one of their companions had just been killed close by—within half a mile of our vicinity. We immediately hurried, and soon arrived on the ground, where the tigress was represented to be. The line was instantly formed; singular enough, that the piece that I look was first occupied by a brother officer, whom I desired to go to some twenty paces in the left when I occupied his place; we had not advanced ten paces when I saw the tigress standing up. Instantaneously she charged down on me, and received a mortal wound in her chest, which appeared to give additional impetus to her leap, as she sprung up nearly perpendicularly fifteen feet, seizing my right hand and gun in her mouth, and throwing her fore-arms around my body, and carrying me off bodily out of the howdah.

We fell together on the opposite side, and disappeared in the long grass, head foremost. All this passed with the rapidity of a flash of lightning; the elephants and their drivers were quite paralyzed with panic, and could not advance under a delay of some minutes: on coming up, I was found bleeding profusely, and insensible, and the tigress lying some three or four yards opposite me in her last agony, and unable to move.

At the suggestion of one of the party, two more balls were put into her, which only spoiled the skin, though it encouraged some of the drivers and servants to get off and render me assistance. I was carried into camp, when it was discovered that I had received nineteen open wounds and three severe contusions from blows of the tiger's paw, with a slight scratch on the head from her having quitted hold of my arm and seized my cap in her mouth, which being made of strong felt, only permitted one of her teeth to graze my head. No medical assistance could be rendered me in camp, so I was hurried off some fifty miles to where some 3000 troops of the King of Oude were stationed, in the hope of obtaining professional assistance.

On arrival, only a black doctor was found with the troops, who, however, from sickness and ignorance, could afford little or no assistance. The largest wound, where the bone was laid bare, was sewed up by an officer of my own corps. This rather revived the black doctor, who immediately did his best to put me out of my sufferings as speedily as possible by bleeding me, already insensible from loss of blood, and applying leeches innumerable in the neighborhood of the large wound, which caused a further extension of inflammation. I now had some

Staid by me in the eleventh hour, with the grog.

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brandy and landanum poured down my throat, and was again placed in my palanquin, when we set off for our own frontier station of Seetapore, some fifty or sixty miles off, where I arrived in the middle of the night of the 17th ult., when I was placed in the hands of Dr. Greig of our own service.

My wounds were properly probed and dressed; but from the jolting I had received, and the prevalence of an easterly wind, they discharged fearfully. Here I remained till the 29th receiving every assistance. Fortunately the two blows in the back, which had put on the appearance of abscesses, subsided, and on the 29th I was able to proceed to Lucknow. Here I am now, doing as well as possible, four of the wounds having healed entirely, and the remaining fifteen progressing favorably. Being all poisoned wounds, very speedy recovery could not be expected. I have lost the use of my right arm and fingers at present; but the doctor feels assured that eventually I shall be as well as ever. I suppose such a miraculous escape and spring are unprecedented in the annals of tiger shooting.

Yours very sincerely, J. S. HODGSON.

The Menagerie. There is a great thing coming up to this village, and it is called a menagerie! There are thousands and thousands of venomous beasts and they are all in cages except some two legged hairy things which are called monkeys. I took sister Jerusha and sister Patience, and both of them were dreadful tickled. The wild beasts look so queer that it keeps 'em a laffin' the hell time. But they look at the monkeys the most, because they had such funny ways with 'em, they had little hands and did all sorts of things with their hands so funny, they would run round on their hands and jump like nothing at all. They would turn over and turn round and climb up a rope, and etc things and they held 'em in their hands like fokes when they ate a apple.

The biggest thing was named elephant. He was ugly as sin and as big as a tree. He had a long thing like a fishy grate horn only he could twist it about like a cock-screw, and he pertended that it was his trunk. I chased farther for him to flow with, but he would not let me get near him.

There was another creature that look like a goose, and they called it a gruff. It was it was because the creature had been hurt; for his neck didn't belong to his little short body and it sposed it had been took off of another critter and grafted on to his bod. The critter seemed to be of no sort of use only to look over fences, tho' he might have been set up on a meetin' house for a teetle.

Then there was a critter that they called a per and he was all over spots. I never seed leper be4, tho' I'd often red of 'em in the scriptures.

There was a lion their in a big cage with up and down sticks to it, and so this lion lookt at me with his two-graff eyes as if it owed him sunthin' tho' I had never seen the critter be4. Then I went a long by his cage and he stuck out his paw, threw the sticks and catch hold of my sholder and tore my nose coat half off.

Sister Patience was so mad she didn't noe what to due, and she was goin' to lick the lion with a stick, but he lookt at her and maid a kinder noise and she cleared out pretty quick and went back to the monkeys, for she couldn't keep her eyes off of them, they was so funny in their doins.

Sister Patience axed the man that oned these beasts to lend me his nose coat to ware home, because his lion had tore mine, but he vowed he wouldn't do it, and so I was oblighted to go hom just as I was, wich maid me verry mad, because we met Ruth Dobbins, the gal that I'm payin' tention fig. She lookt at my coat all tme to peeces and she only half spoke to me, which I took verry unkind as I had treated her to as much gingerbread as she could eat, only a weak be4 that day.

Simon Wilcox has got married. He married Susan Richardson. Praps you've heard

ed on her. She was the gal that slapt Joe Tomson in the chops at a bawl the other nite, and that maid Simon fall in luv with her, on akcount of her spunk.

All the gals send there luv to you and hoap to see you, and yare wife up hear when peaches are reype. You may hav all you can ete, if it's a bushel. Mother sez she hoaps you'll put the price of stockin' in your paper, as she wants to by a pare for Joemes, and means to send to Bostown arter 'em, when further was in Bostown last spring, he got a bad fopence of a man down by the funny hall, where they hav' a markit. He wants you should go down and sea about it and git a good fopence and send it up to him.

All the gals up hear is raylin' arter your paper and they want to noe if you won't send it up to them, as they s'pose you like to distribut the paper round like, for that is the way they daz with tracks, and they say that when you git the types sot, it dant cost nothing to print the paper.

G. S. Enn Bee. Do you noe a man in a gray coat and long stockings that lives in Bostown i wish you wood tell him that farther wood like to see him about that dung-hill fowl he wanted to sell him, praps farther will by it, if he will cum up hear and trade.

If there's any gals in Bostown that wood like to git married, you may tell 'em that there's a plenty of fellows hear that wood like to git married too, and if they'll ride to us we'll send the boys down to 'em.

Yours to sarve, GIDEON SHOOKS

They have had an elopement at Utica, causing quite an excitement. A young miss of 17, moving in the fashionable circles, has gone off with a grave gentleman of 30, and no one knows whither.

A lad about seven years of age, son of Mr. Hugh Harrigan, of East Boston, fell the bottom of a well, of the depth of seven feet, on Sunday afternoon. The little fellow was immediately taken out, and was found to be only slightly injured.

Death of Abner Rogers, Junr.—We learn from the Mercantile Journal that an individual, who was recently in the city, for the murder of Mr. Lincoln, a part of some ten of the State Prison, and accused of insanity, and was subsequently removed from the State Prison to the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, died on Sunday morning. The immediate cause of his death was as follows: While in his household had assembled on Friday evening in 'John-not Hall,' for evening prayers, near the close of the exercises, Rogers became impatient and requested his attendant to permit him to retire. The attendant replied that the services would soon be through, when not a minute elapsed before he sprang through the window, with great force, taking out four panes with the sash. The fall was about sixteen feet. When found he was senseless, and remained so until he expired.

On Thursday afternoon, says the N. Y. Aurora, the sailors on board the frigate Constitution contributed much to the fearful gratification of the spectators on the Battery, and it is certainly remarkable that spectators are delighted with sights which are really painful to behold. Two sailors, one on the fore-thuck and the other on the main truck, were there nearly an hour, performing evolutions with their arms and legs.

It appears by a letter, published in the Juliette (Ill.) Signal, from the Hon. John Wentworth, member of Congress from Illinois, that that gentleman has during the present session of Congress franked five thousand documents and sent them through the mail into his district.

SAILORS AND TEMPERANCE. An officer of our navy tells us a good anecdote of a couple of tars, one of whom was strictly temperate, while the other never missed his grog under any circumstances. For some little misdemeanor the latter was sentenced to have his liquor stopped for ten days—the most cruel punishment, probably, that could have been inflicted upon him.

Three days before the sentence expired, the temperance tar asked his comrade how he felt since his grog had been stopped.

'Perfectly miserable,' was the response. 'But you will soon get over it.'

'Never! Shiver my timbers if ever I can beat to windward of the bad feelings I've had since they stopped my grog.'

'Yet your days will be lengthened, Jack,' said the temperance tar, taking his comrade on a new tack.

'You're right there, for the days, since I've had nothing to drink, have been longer than a voyage round the world. Blast my eyes, but it sometimes seems to me as though there would be no end to them.'

THE LAST PLEA. A wag tells a funny story, albeit slightly tinged with hyperbole, of a case recently brought before the Recorder. A fellow was charged with stealing a piece of cloth from a dry goods store, when the lawyer put in, as a plea, that his client did not see it.

'Not see it?' said the Recorder. 'He did not see it, sir,' responded the lawyer.

'What do you mean?' queried the Recorder.

'Why, I mean, sir, that the individual charged with stealing that cloth did not see it, sir—he could not see it, sir—it's an invisible green!'

A SCHOOL-BOY'S LOVE EPISTLE. It is said that a touching and interesting epistle, of a case recently brought before the Recorder, actually written by a school-boy, to a lady at an adjoining seminary, and signed by his master:

'My dear Miss, I can wait no longer. To refuse me is a sin! Every day my love grows stronger. Mercy, what a state I'm in!'

'Willy,' said a doting fellow, at the breakfast table to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered the grammar class at the High School, 'Willy, my dear, will you pass the butter?' 'Thirteenthly, this—it taketh me to partise any thing. Butther ith a common thubstantive, neuter gender, agreeith with hot buckwheat cakes, and is governed by thugar houth molath stood.'

Intelligence of the Dog and Elephant.—The dog is the only brute animal that dreams, and he and the elephant are the only quadrupeds that understand looks. The elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels sorrow; the dog the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness to a hound in Saxony that could speak distinctly 30 words.

Punctuality.—We saw, says the Frederickburg Recorder, a 'gemman of color,' of the genuine swell-head class, putting himself down Main street the other day in quite a considerable of a hurry. An acquaintance of his ventured to ask an explanation for his extraordinary despatch. 'Get away, nigger,' says he, 'I've gwine to Washenton in de cars, and I'd better wait for dem, den hab dem wait for me.'

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