

A MALAY'S REVENGE.—A gentleman had taken a liking to a Malay girl, and, as is the custom of the country, had bought her of her mother for a stated sum. These alliances are considered all over the east as an inferior sort of marriage, and such a contract implied no disgrace to either party. It so happened that a servant of the gentleman, a Malay, married the sister. After a time the gentleman became so violently enamoured of the last-named female, and so lost to every moral obligation, that, partly by persuasion, and partly by actual force, he procured the woman to cohabit with him. He was a remarkably athletic man, and as he boasted a thorough knowledge of the Malay character, always went armed up to the very teeth.—He never walked out without a very formidable leaden-headed bludgeon, and loaded pistols in his pocket. These, with a dagger, were deposited under his bed, over which a Turkish scimitar was suspended. The only male servants inside the house were two of the ever faithful Hindoo race—the cook, and one who might be termed his valet, who slept at the entrance of the bed-room; the less trustworthy servants, among whom was this Malay, lodged in the out-buildings at some distance. We are thus particular, in order to show the art and coolness which the man subsequently displayed in executing his dreadful purpose to destroy both the paramour and adulteress at one blow. No sulkiness of demeanour displayed the boiling rage that rankled in his heart. A Malay will smile when he stabs, the better to throw his victim off his guard. The affair was soon forgotten by every body except the offended husband. One fatal morning he accosted the valet above-mentioned, who had, by some means, lost a gold chain of which he was not a little proud. He named a person who, he said, had accidentally found it that very morning, and advised him to lose no time in demanding it. The valet had not the slightest suspicion of any sinister purpose. He accordingly set off in all haste, hoping to be back before his master, who was still asleep, should have risen. The moment this man's back was turned the Malay flew to the door, and crept stealthily up stairs to the bedside of his intended victims. First stabbing his wife, who, however, afterwards recovered, he plunged the reeking creese into the body of P——. The latter had no time to feel or his arms, his only chance was to wrench the weapon from the hands of his assailant. His strength, and the energy of despair, prolonged the conflict for more than half an hour, until the Malay had the satisfaction of seeing him all at his feet a lifeless corpse. Had he done no more than this the Governor declared he would have pardoned him; but he stabbed his wife's mother as he rushed out of the house, and struck at every one that he met, and after being knocked down by a soldier with the butt end of his musket, was eventually blown off a gun from Fort Marlborough.