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RUNNING A MUCK.—One of the greatest objections to India is the almost certainty of every young man forming those liaisons, which are not only dangerous in a moral point of view, but often destructive in our worldly career. Encouraged by example, shut out from the more refined society of European ladies, without a hope of marrying, and unchecked by the laws of society, the young soldier or civilian in India, stationed in some dreary spot, removed from the awe which the presence of virtuous females inspires, is apt to form a connexion as revolting to European taste as opposed to every moral precept. Mr. A—— was unmarried, young, and handsome; he had won and carried off a lovely girl of sixteen (that is to say, if loveliness can be imagined with a dark skin). He had lived with her about three years, and had by her two children, whom he in after-life acknowledged and cherished. In him the act was wrong; in her it was excusable, since the form of marriage, the mere thought of such a thing, had never entered her head; her very parents were proud of the honour done her; her rude ignorance blotted out the blame that would otherwise have attached to her; while the only excuse he could offer for the seduction of a mere child was the force of example—the custom of the country. Ayah (so will I call her) was in the bath with her two little babes, amused with their infantine screams, as they nestled closer to her bosom, and shunned the water she occasionally immersed them in; her brother held a post in the house; her sister was her companion; her father filled the situation of porter at the outer lodge gate. The first of these was a religious enthusiast; he had been wrought on by certain Brahmins; he had committed many faults; he determined at once to expiate them. One way only is thought by the pious Malay to lead straight to heaven, and on this he resolved; he offered up his prayers, performed his ablutions, and prepared to run a muck. The fanatic who thus determines, first vows to his God to destroy every living thing he may meet on his path; to spare neither sex nor relationship, to turn neither to the right nor the left, but to sacrifice all indiscriminately, till he himself in turn be sacrificed. He first proceeds to oil his body all over to elude capture as long as possible (for the more victims he makes, the more certain is his road to heaven); he casts off everything that may be caught at; shaves his head, lest he should be seized by the hair; takes a large portion of opium, or some other maddening poison; then arming himself with a knife or creece in either hand, he rushes forth to immolate all he may encounter. Ayah was leaving the bathing-room, with her children in her arms; her sister and her attendants were following her, laughing and playing with her little babes; a more innocent, a more happy group could not have been found. They were already in the passage, when a sudden noise made the young mother turn round; in another instant, she fell a corpse, struck down by her own brother—that brother she had loved so tenderly. A single blow had nearly severed her head from her body, and as she fell, the blood gushed over the unconscious little ones that fondled in her bleeding breast; a scream burst from all, as the madman bounded away, triumphing in the act. He fled along the passage; an old bearer met him,—in less than time for thought his head was split in two, and his grey beard deluged in blood. The surviving sister rushed after him to stay him in his wild career; he repulsed her, turned to look at her for an instant; he hesitated—he doubtless repented. No, he paused but to make his aim more sure; the creece he carried in his left hand was buried in her breast; he smiled as an exulting demon, and rushed on; the alarm was given; a general pursuit took place, but without effect; the porter was called to close the gates; he came out, and saw his infuriated son; he read his purpose; he hesitated for a moment, and as the parricide sprang towards him, the father stepped back, and discharged the contents of his musket into the heart of his child, who, quivering, fell, still grinning in diabolical agony; he died at the foot of him who gave him birth, impotently attempting still to strike those who dared not approach to succour him. One of the two bereaved children, fostered by the generous woman who afterwards married their father, died in action, a major in the British army; the other was for a short period the beauty of Dublin; but unfortunately, after a masquerade at Lady B.'s, where she had gone, dressed as a sultana, she imprudently washed her face with cold water, and a few hours afterwards was a corpse.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*