

true to its instinct, betrayed the most unbounded terror, and in efforts to escape, it turned over and made several somersets, as it galloped round the ring, while occasionally it stopped to gaze at the door through which the dogs were to appear. These, to the number of seven or eight rushed in, but the aversion which dogs naturally have to the wolf, proved in this instance so great, that a considerable time elapsed ere any of them ventured to attack it in earnest. At length, encouraged by the cowardice of the animal that stood trembling before them, one more daring than the rest, led the way, and his example was quickly followed by the others; the wolf at first made no resistance, but by degrees it became outrageous, and seized its foes right and left with its shark-like mouth, which caused them for the first time to howl with pain, and several slunk away with their tails between their legs. The sullen silence maintained by the wolf during the contest, was as remarkable as the ease with which it gained the victory, for the apparent disparity between its means of resistance, and the formidable band of enemies opposed to it, seemed to place defeat beyond doubt. Its size was about that of a large greyhound, and from its extreme emaciation, I judged that its weight was even less.

It required the force of three men to pull the unwilling bruin out of his cage, and when left alone in the arena, he sat on his haunches the very picture of woe, and gave vent to his misery in piteous moans. His teeth were filed down to a level with the gums, and the miserable condition he was reduced to, proved how unfavorable to obesity is unkind treatment. Without entering into the details of his sufferings, it will be enough to learn, that he was taken back to his den with his mouth and sides streaming with gore, where he sought the sympathy and consolation of his companions, who, to the number of three or four, politely made way for him as he entered.

A bull next appeared, his horns covered with folds of cloth, to prevent his goring the dogs. He was a small but beautiful creature, and his legs were as symmetrically formed as those of an antelope. Unlike his predecessors, he seemed to prepare for the contest—he moved slowly forward and bellowed in a tone of defiance, as he pawed the ground. He afterwards defended himself valiantly, and tossed the dogs with astonishing strength high in the air, but he retired from the list sadly mangled, with his neck and the loose skin that hangs between the forelegs much torn.

The last part of this inhuman exhibition was the least cruel and abundantly amusing. In the course of a few minutes, a donkey trotted into the ring, propelled to this unusual display of alacrity by a severe blow applied to his hinder parts; when he had recovered from his astonishment, and began to reflect upon his situation, a cloud of disagreeable

recollection doubtless crossed his brain, for he immediately set to braying in the most absurd fashion. As far as personal appearance was concerned, it was quite in his favour; he was a well fed and well curried fellow, neat in the limbs and free from the stupid look, peculiar to “that most patient of God’s creatures.” He was interrupted in the midst of his song by three of the fiercest dogs flying at him simultaneously; but they found in him an enemy not to be despised, for he dodged, kicked, and galloped about in splendid style, and he evidently acted on the old saying ascribed to one of his ancestors: “Every man for himself and God for us all, as the Jackass said, when he danced among the c^hick^{en}.” He sent them sprawling in every direction, and directed his heels with such precision, that the crest fallen dogs not merely gave up the contest, but several very nearly gave up the ghost.

The gallant hero was led back to his stable in triumph, and without having received a single wound, amid the reiterated cheers and laughter of the spectators.

On gala days, when the receipts at the door will repay the loss of the animals, the exhibition is of a far more sanguinary description, and more gratifying to the taste of the *canaille*, than the less fatal show got up on the present occasion; the last merely serves as a *whet* to the grand entertainment.

E.

LOVE, TREACHERY, AND DESPAIR.

THE following romantic story is related as a *fact*, in a letter from Thessalonica, dated November 10:—

“Mustapha Pacha, reputed to be the ablest of all the police officers of Turkey, has just delivered Macedonia from a formidable band of brigands, who have infested the country for upwards of four years. The means he took are too singular not to be mentioned. Having learned that a young Albanian girl bearing the name of Theodosia Maria Saunk, residing at Mielnik a town on the frontier of Greece, had secret communication with the Robber Mustapha, had her watched and questioned, but could not obtain any disclosures. He then engaged one of his lieutenants, named Ismael, a young man of remarkable personal beauty, to go and endeavour to gain her affections. The officer succeeded to such a degree that she became warmly attached to him, and informed her that her name was Eudoxia Theres Gherundazi, and that she was the niece of the chief of the brigands, Michael Gregorio Gherundazi, whose troop mounted between 1,400 and 1,500 men. She painted in glowing terms the charms of their errant and adventurous life, and urged Ismael to join them. He pretended to yield to her entreaties, and then learned further from her that her uncle would hold a general muster of his band on October 28, in the forest of Pheloidos. All this Ismael communicated