

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls, to behold a large black bear reared upon his hind legs, with his fore-paws raised aloft, as if to make a plunge! His face was besmeared with white foam, sprinkled with red, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth, and growling at the enemy. A few paces in his rear was the cane brake from which he had issued. On a bank of snow-white shells, spotted with blood, in battle array, stood bruin's foe, in shape of an alligator, fifteen feet long! He was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upwards, and his mouth, thrown open, displayed in his wide jaws two large tusks and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force; his big eyes starting from his head, glared upon bruin, whilst sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitudes described for about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motions with attention and great caution, as if each felt confident that he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manœuvres in silence.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which showed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was preparing to resume it. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly round to avoid the onset, met bruin half way with a blow of his tail, which rolled him on the shells. Old bruin was not to be put off by one hint—three times in rapid succession he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come to close quarters with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising, would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the alligator before his tail struck him, that the blow came with half its usual effect: the alligator was upset by the charge, and, before he could recover his feet, bruin grasped him round the body below the fore legs, and, holding him down on his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation, notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than his back: from which

"The darted steel with idle shivers flies."

As a Kentuck would say, "he was getting up fast." Here, if I dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet—

"Now gallant knight, now hold thy own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator attempted in vain to bite; pressed down as he was, he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a scream in despair, but was not yet entirely overcome. Writhing his tail in agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood next the bank; aided by this purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and bruin, locked together, into the river. The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance back at the river, and made off, dripping, to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards to know him; no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, had he remained a few

minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water, to save his own life; I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory; besides, by implied consent, the parties were bound to finish the fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it.—*Sandwich Island's Gazette.*

THE ROSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE, A Turkish Love-Song.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, L. L. D.

My heart is a garden, and in it there grows
The pride of creation, a beautiful rose;
My tears are the dew-drops that water its leaves;
From my sighs as from breezes, new strength it receives;
Its roots are struck deep, and its branches spread wide,
And its blossoms are waving abroad in their pride.

My spirit's a nightingale hovering around,
And breathing forth love in soft murmuring sound;
'Tis fluttering, 'tis shrinking, 'tis trembling with fear,
For it dreads to alarm the young floweret so dear;
To sip of such sweets it would change with the bee,
For that rose, dearest maid, is the emblem of Thee!

ATHENS IN THE DAYS OF PERICLES.

It was during the days of Pericles that those glorious fabrics progressed which seemed, as Plutarch gratefully expresses it, endowed with the bloom of a perennial youth. Still the houses of private citizens remained simple and unadorned; still were the streets narrow and irregular; and even centuries afterwards, a stranger entering Athens would not at first have recognised the claims of the mistress of Grecian art. But to the homeliness of her common thoroughfares and private mansions, the magnificence of her public edifices now made a dazzling contrast. The Acropolis, that towered above the homes and thoroughfares of men, a spot too sacred for human habitation, became—to use a proverbial phrase—"a city of the gods." The citizen was every where to be reminded of the majesty of the state; his patriotism was to be increased by the pride in her beauty; his taste to be elevated by the spectacle of her splendour. Thus flocked to Athens all who, throughout Greece, were eminent in art. Sculptors and architects vied with each other in adorning the young empress of the seas; then rose the masterpieces of Phidias, of Callinates, of Mnesicles, which, even in their broken remains, or in the feeble copies of imitators less inspired, still command so intense a wonder, and furnish models so immortal. And if, so to speak, their bones and relics excite our awe and envy, as testifying of a lovelier and grander race, which the deluge of time has swept away, what, in that day, must have been their brilliant effect, unmitigated in their fair proportions, fresh in all their lineaments and hues? For their beauty was not limited to the symmetry of arch and column, nor their materials confined to the marbles of Pentelices and Paros. Even the exterior of the temples glowed with the richest harmony of colours, and was decorated with the purest gold; an atmosphere peculiarly favourable both to the display and preservation of art, permitted to external pediments and friezes all the minuteness of ornament, all the brilliancy of colours, such as in the interior of Italian churches may yet be seen, vitiated, in the last, by a gaudy and barbarous taste. Nor did the Athenians spare any cost upon the works that were—like the tombs and tripods of their heroes—to be the monuments of a nation to distant ages, and to transmit the most irrefragable proof "that the power of ancient Greece was not an idle legend." The whole democracy were animated with the passion of Pericles: and when Phidias recommended marble as a cheaper material than ivory for the great statue of Minerva, it was for that reason that ivory was preferred by the unanimous voice of the assembly. Thus, whether it were extravagance or magnificence, the blame in one case, the admiration in another, rests not more with the minister than with the populace. It was, indeed, the great characteristic of those works, that they were entirely the creations of the people; without the people, Pericles could not have built a temple or engaged a sculptor. The miracles of that day resulted from the enthusiasm of a population yet young, full of the first ardour for the

beautiful, dedicating to the state, as to a mistress, the trophies honourably won, or the treasures injuriously extorted, and uniting the resources of a nation with the energy of an individual, because the toil, the cost, were borne by those who succeeded to the enjoyment and arrogated the glory.—*Bulwer's Athens.*

CHRIST AND MAHOMET CONTRASTED.—Go to your natural religion—lay before her Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and ten thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this sense, carry her into his retirements; shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives, and let her see his adulteries, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lusts and his oppressions. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing the ignorant and the perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies—let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table to view his poor fare and hear his heavenly discourse! Let her see him injured but not provoked! Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies! Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the agonies of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." When natural religion has viewed both, ask which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion who attended him at the cross; by him she said, "Truly this was the Son of God."—*Bishop Sherlock.*

TRUE RELIGION.

O LOVE to God! thou sacred light, whose beams gladden the hearts of seraphs, and in whose brightness the cherubs bask! Thou diffusest thy rays through all the universe, and cheerest with thy vital warmth the souls of the pious in the most distant regions. Thou changest the darkness into light, and the midnight into meridian splendour. Thou convertest the heath and the wilderness into green pastures; thou openest springs of water in the dry places, and fountains of comfort in the desert. Inspired by thee, the poor, naked, and houseless mendicant goes on in his thorny and rugged way rejoicing, like the treasurer of the Ethiopian Queen. He reads in thy clear beam his charter for heaven, and exults with joy over his unspeakable treasure. All nature is beauty to his eye, and music to his ear. The gloomy vale smiles before him. The bleak mountains and the barren hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands in sympathy with his joy. The thorn, to his cheerful and contented eye, appears a fir; the brier is a myrtle. The stony path is covered with flowers; and the rack itself is, to him, a couch to rest upon. I see the future angel now in the barren wilderness; I see him bending his knee to heaven with gratitude, because his lines have fallen to him in places so pleasant. With increasing light and joy, I see him travelling on to the mount of God, as Elijah to Horeb, in the midst of guardian angels and attendant spirits. He sits down at the scanty brook to eat his little morsel of bread and water, and bleaseth God for the milk and honeycomb with which he is satisfied. Happy he of glory! Thou hast eaten of the hidden manna of those angels who sat down to their spiritual meal beside thee, and who gave thee, unseen, a portion of their fare, as thou wouldest have given a share of thine to any other that wanted. Thou hast also drank with them of that stream which queneth the thirst of seraphs, makes glad the city of God, and waters the plains of Paradise. O how I desire thy happiness, though thou travellest the pilgrimage of life without shoes, or scrip, or changes of raiment!—*Smith.*