

bruin's foe, in shape of an alligator, fifteen feet long! He was standing on tip toe, 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, glaring upon bruin, while 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 attitude described for about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motion with attention and 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. I could scarcely believe my eyesight. What, thought I, can these two beasts have to fight about? Some readers may doubt the tale on this account, but if it had been a bull-fight no one would have doubted it, because every one knows what they are fighting for. The same reasoning will not always apply to a man fight. Men frequently fight when they are sober, for no purpose than to ascertain which is the better man. We must then believe that beasts will do the same, unless we admit that the instinct of beasts is superior to the boasted reason of man. Whether they did fight upon the present occasion without cause I cannot say, as I was not present when the affray began. A bear and a ram have been known to fight, and so did the bear and the alligator, whilst I prudently kept in the back-ground, preserving the strictest neutrality betwixt the belligerents.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which shewed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the task 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 with 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 had 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 thine 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 that 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 to 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 the 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 their fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it.

Sandwich Island Gazette.

WHERE A ROAD GOES TO.—A gentleman, a stranger, asked a countryman whom he saw mending a road near Ross, "Where does this road go to?" The countryman replied, "I don't know, zur; I finds it here when I comes to work in the morning, and I leaves it here at night; but where it goes in the meantime I don't know."—*Worcester Journal.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.

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