

sacks, and liberating the cats from their situation. The enraged animals bounded immediately on the shoulders of the combatants, and ran squalling towards the houses of the good people of Chester. The citizens attracted by the noise, had opened the windows to gaze at the uproar. The cats, running with the rapidity of lightning up the pillars, and then across the balustrades and galleries, for which the town is so famous, leaped slap-dash through the open windows into the apartments. Now were heard the crashes of broken china—the howling of affrighted dogs—the cries of distressed damsels, and the groans of well fed citizens. All Chester was soon in arms; and dire were the deeds of vengeance executed on the feline race. Next morning above five hundred dead bodies were floating on the river Dee, where they had been ignominiously thrown by the two-legged victors. The rest of the invading force, the victims of this cruel joke, having evacuated the town, dispersed in the utmost confusion to their respective homes.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

HEAT AND MOSQUITOES.—Mr. Tyrone Power in his excursion to America, a few years ago, returned to New York from Canada by the Utica canal. The heat he endured in the course of his passage is described by him (impressions of America, vol. i.) as having been truly dreadful, the thermometer at Lockport being as high as 110 degrees of Fahrenheit. His account of the heat and mosquitoes is most graphic. "Towards the second night (says he) our progress became tediously slow, for it appeared to grow hot in proportion as the evening advanced—every consideration became absorbed in our sufferings. This night I found it impossible to look in upon the cabin; I therefore made a request to the captain that I might be permitted to have a mattress on deck; but this, he told me, could not be; there was an existing regulation which positively forbade sleeping on the deck of a canal packet; indeed, he assured me that this could only be done at the peril of life, with the certainty of catching fever and ague. I appeared to submit to his well-meant arguments, but inwardly resolved not to sleep within the den below, which exhibited a scene of suffocation and its consequences that defies description.

I got my cloak up, filled my hat with cigars, and, planting myself about the centre of the deck, here resolved, in spite of dews and mosquitoes, to weather it through the night.

"What is the name of the country we are now passing?" I inquired of one of the boatmen who joined me about the first hour of morning.

"Why, sir, this is called the Cedar Swamp," answered the man, to whom I handed a cigar, in order to retain his society and create more smoke, weak as was the defence against the hungry swarms surrounding us on all sides.

"We have not much more of this Cedar Swamp to get through, I hope?" inquired I, seeking for some consolatory information.

"About fifty miles more, I guess," was the

reply of my companion, accompanying each word with a sharp slap on the back of his hand, or on his cheek, or forehead.

"Thank heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, drawing my cloak closer about me, although the heat was killing; 'we shall after that escape in some sort, I hope, from these legions of mosquitoes?'

'I guess not quite,' replied the man; 'they are as thick, if not thicker, in the Long Swamp.'

'The Long Swamp!' I repeated; 'what a horrible name for a country? Does the canal run far through it?'

'No, not so very far; only about eighty miles.'

'We've then done with swamps, I hope, my friend?' I inquired, as he kept puffing and slapping on with unwearied constancy.

'Why, yes, there's not a heap more swamp, that is to say, not close to the line, till we come to within about forty miles of Utica.'

'And is that one as much infested with these infernal insects as are the Cedar and Long Swamps?'

'I guess that is the place above all for mosquitoes,' replied the man grinning. 'Thim's the real gallinippers, emigrating north for the summer all the way from the Balize and Red River. Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast-iron kettle among thim chaps, and if their bills don't make a watering-pot of it before morning, I'm blowed. They're strong enough to lift the boat out of the canal, if they could only get underneath her.'

I found these swamps endless as Banquo's line; would they had been shadows only; but alas! they were yet to be encountered, horrible realities not to be evaded. I closed my eyes in absolute fear, and forbore further inquiry."

BATTLE OF A BEAR WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

—On a scorching day in the middle of June 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak on the evergreen banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roaring of some animal in the cane brake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet breaking down the cane and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season.

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