

limits, when a spiral motion of the water under the spot where I was standing, led me to direct the natives to it, and the creature slowly moved on the bottom toward the nets, which he no sooner touched than he quietly turned back and proceeded up the stream. This movement was several times repeated, till, having no rest in the inclosure, he attempted to climb up the bank. On receiving a ball in the body, he uttered a growl like that of an angry dog, and plunging into the water crossed to the other side, where he was received with a similar salutation, discharged directly into his mouth. Finding himself attacked on every side, he renewed his attempts to ascend the banks; but whatever part of him appeared was bored with bullets, and finding that he was hunted, he forgot his own formidable means of attack, and sought only safety from the troubles which surrounded him. A low spot which separated the river from the lake, a little above the nets, was unguarded, and we feared that he would succeed in escaping over it. It was here necessary to stand firmly against him, and in several attempts which he made to cross it, we turned him back with spears, bamboos, or whatever came first to hand. He once seemed determined to force his way, and foaming with rage, rushed with open jaws and gnashing his teeth with a sound too ominous to be despised, appeared to have his full energies aroused, when his career was stopped by a large bamboo thrust violently into his mouth, which he ground to pieces, and the fingers of the holder were so paralyzed that for some minutes he was incapable of resuming his gun. The natives had now become so excited as to forget all prudence, and the women and children of the little hamlet had come down to the shore to share in the general enthusiasm. They crowded to the opening, and were so unmindful of their danger that it was necessary to drive them back with some violence. Had the monster known his own strength and dared to have used it, he would have gone over that spot with a force which no human power could have withstood, and would have crushed or carried with him into the lake about the whole population of the place. It is not strange that personal safety was forgotten in the excitement of the scene. The tremendous brute, galled with wounds and repeated defeat, tore his way through the foaming water, glancing from side to side, in the vain attempt to avoid his foes; then rapidly plowing up the stream he grounded on the shallows, and turned back frantic and bewildered at his circumscribed position. At length, maddened with suffering and desperate from continued persecution, he rushed furiously to the mouth of the stream, burst through two of the nets, and I threw down my gun in despair, for it looked as though his way at last was clear to the wide lake; but the third net stopped him, and his teeth and legs had got entangled in all. This gave us a chance of closer warfare with lances, such as are used against the wild buffalo. We had sent for this weapon at the commencement of the attack, and found it

much more effectual than guns. Entering the canoe, we plunged lance after lance into the alligator, as he was struggling under the water, till a wood seemed growing from him, which moved violently above while his body was concealed below. His endeavors to extricate himself lashed the waters into foam mingled with blood, and there seemed no end to his vitality or decrease to his resistance till a lance struck him directly through the middle of the back, which an Indian, with a heavy piece of wood, hammered into him as he could catch an opportunity. My companion on the other side now tried to haul him to the shore, by the nets to which he had fastened himself, but had not sufficient assistance with him. As I had more force with me, we managed, by the aid of the women and children, to drag his head and part of his body on to the little beach, and giving him the *coup de grace*, left him to gasp out the remnant of his life.

This monster was nearly thirty feet in length and thirteen feet in circumference, and the head alone weighed three hundred pounds. On opening him there were found, with other parts of the horse, three legs entire, torn off at the haunch and shoulder, besides a large quantity of stones, some of them of several pounds' weight.

THE MOOR'S REVENGE.*

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE POLISH OF MICKIEWICZ.

BY EPES SARGENT.

BEFORE Grenada's fated walls,
 Encamped in proud array,
 And flushed with many a victory,
 The Spanish army lay.
 Of all Grenada's fortresses
 But one defies their might:
 On Alphuara's minarets
 The crescent still is bright.
 Almanzor! King Almanzor!
 All vainly you resist:
 Your little band is fading fast
 Away like morning mist.
 A direr foe than ever yet
 They met on battle-plain
 Assaults life's inmost citadel,
 And heaps the ground with slain.

One onset more of Spanish ranks—
 (And soon it will be made!)
 And Alphuara's towers must reel,
 And in the dust be laid.
 "And shall the haughty infidel
 Pollute this sacred land!"
 Almanzor said, as mournfully
 He marked his dwindling band.
 "Upon our glorious crescent
 Shall the Spaniard set his heel?
 And is there not one lingering hope?
 Can Heaven no aid reveal?"

* FROM THE STANDARD SPEAKER; containing exercises in prose and poetry, for declamation in schools, academies, lyceums, and colleges. Newly translated or compiled from the most celebrated orators, ancient and modern. By EPES SARGENT. In press by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

Ay, by our holy Prophet,
One ally still remains!
 And I will bind him close to me,—
 For better death than chains!"

The victors at the banquet sat,
 And music lent its cheer,
 When suddenly a sentry's voice
 Announced a stranger near.
 From Alpuara had he come,
 With fierce, unwonted speed,
 And much would it import to Spain
 The news he bore to heed.
 "Admit him!" cry the revelers;
 And in the pilgrim strode,
 And throwing off his mantle loose,
 A Moorish habit showed!
 "Almanzor! King Almanzor!"
 They cried with one acclaim:
 "Almanzor!" said the Moslem chief—
 "Almanzor is my name.

"To serve your prophet and your king,
 Oh, Spaniards! I am here;
 Believe, reject me, if you will—
 This breast has outlived fear!
 No longer in his creed or cause
 Almanzor can confide;
 For all the Powers above, 'tis clear,
 Are fighting on your side!"
 "Now, welcome, welcome, gallant Moor!"
 The Spanish chieftain said;
 "Grenada's last intrenchment now
 We speedily shall tread.
 Approach, embrace; our waning feast
 Your coming shall renew;
 And in this cup of foaming wine
 We'll drink to yours and you."

Right eagerly, to grasp the hands
 Outstretched on every side,
 Almanzor rushed, and greeted each,
 As bridegroom might his bride;
 He glued his fevered lips to theirs—
 He kissed them on the cheek,
 And breathed on each as if his heart
 Would all its passion wreak.
 But suddenly his limbs relax,
 A flush comes o'er his face,
 He reels, as with a pressure faint,
 He gives a last embrace;
 And livid, purple, grows his skin,
 And wild his eyeballs roll,
 And some great torture seems to heave
 The life-roots of his soul.

"Look, Giaours! miscreants in race,
 And infidels in creed!
 Look on this pale, distorted face,
 And tell me what ye read!
 These limbs convulsed, these fiery pangs,
 These eyeballs hot and blear—
 Ha! know ye not what they portend?
 The plague—the plague is here!
 And it has sealed you for its own!
 Ay! every Judas kiss
 I gave shall bring to you anon
 An agony like this!

All art is vain; your poisoned blood
 All leechcraft will defy;
 Like me ye shall in anguish writhe—
 Like me in torture die!"

Once more he stepped, their chief to reach
 And blast him with his breath;
 But sank, as if revenge itself
 Were striving hard with death.
 And through the group a horrid thrill
 His words and aspect woke,
 When, with a proud, undaunted mien,
 Their chief Alphonzo spoke:
 "And deem'st thou, treacherous renegade,
 Whatever may befall,
 These warriors true, these hearts of proof,
 Death ever can appall!
 Ay, writhe and toss, no taint of fear
 The sight to them can bring;
 Their souls are shrived, and Death himself
 For them has lost his sting!

"Then let him come as gory War,
 With life-wounds deep and red,
 Or let him strike as fell Disease
 With racking pains instead—
 Still in these spirits he shall find
 A power that shall defy
 All woe and pain that can but make
 The mortal body die.
 So, brethren, leave this carrion here—
 Nay, choke not with thy gall!—
 And through our camp a note of cheer
 Let every bugle call!
 We'll tear yon crescent from its tower
 Ere stars are out to-night:
 And let Death come—we'll heed him not!—
 So forward! to the fight!"

A groan of rage upon his lips,
 Almanzor hid his head
 Beneath his mantle's ample fold,
 And soon was with the dead.
 But, roused by those intrepid words,
 To death-defying zeal,
 The chieftains armed as if they longed
 To hear the clash of steel.
 The trumpets sounded merrily,
 While, dazzlingly arrayed,
 On Alpuara's walls they rushed,
 And low the crescent laid!
 And of the gallant, gallant hearts,
 Who thus grim Death defied,
 'Mid pestilence and carnage, none
 Of plague or battle died!

A TASTE OF FRENCH DUNGEONS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MRS. RADCLIFFE.

TOWARD the middle of the year 1795, a short time after the deplorable affair of Quiberon, an English lady was taken prisoner just as she was entering France by the Swiss frontier. Her knowledge of French was limited to a few mispronounced words. An interpreter was soon found, and upon his interrogating her as to her motives for attempting so perilous an enterprise without passport, she replied that she had ex-