

POETRY.

LOST FEELINGS.

Oh weep not that our beauty wears
Beneath the touch of time;
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares
That once was raised aublimo.

Oh weep not that the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No, weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting time is seen,
Around the form and in the face,
Where beauty's bloom has been.—

But mourn the INWARD wreck we feel
As hoary years depart,
And Time's eff'cing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

Those joyous thoughts that rise and spring
From out the buoyant mind,
Like summer bees upon the wing,
Or echoes on the wind

The hopes that sparkle every hour,
Like blossoms from a soul
Where sorrow sheds no blighting power,
And care has no control.—

With all the rich enchantment thrown
On life's fair scene around,
As if the world within a zone
Of happiness were bound!

Oh these endure a mournful doom,
As day by day they die;
Till age becomes a barren tomb
Where withered feelings lie!

MISCELLANY.

WILD BEAST FIGHTS IN INDIA.

Being on a visit to the Coorg Rajah, the author was invited to witness some of the contests with ferocious animals, which form a part of the amusements of that prince. The Rajah, it appears, prided himself on the possession of savage creatures, having sundry lions and tigers, in cages, some of which were under such control, that it was said he was in the habit of introducing them into his palace, before his guests, without even the restraint of a keeper.

On the day appointed the party repaired to the palace of the Rajah, and after a liberal repast, proceeded to a gallery that overlooked an arena, of a hundred yards square, and as soon as the prince arrived the sports commenced.

The first contest was between a boar and three goats in succession. The next was of a far more awful character. A man entered the arena, armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trousers, which barely covered his hips and extended halfway down the thighs. The knife which he wielded in his right hand, was a heavy blade, something like the cut-throat of a plow, about two feet long, and full three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right angle. This knife is used with great dexterity by the Coorgs, being swung round in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought into contact with the object intended to be struck, with a force and effect truly astounding.

The champion who now presented himself before the Rajah, was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked and armed only with the weapon I have described. He was rather tall, with a

slight figure; but his chest was deep, his arms long and muscular. He raised his arm for several moments, above his head, when he made the motion to admit his enemy into the arena. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above; a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving his tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the gallery where the Rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear at all easy in its present state of freedom:—it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short interval, it turned suddenly round, and bounded into its cage, from which its keepers, who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it in vain. The bars were then dropped and several crackers fastened to its tail, which projected through one of the intervals.

A lighted match was put into the hands of the Coorg; the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrific yell; and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned, and writhed, as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched in a corner, growling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers, the Coorg stood watching his enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself and retreated, the fur on its back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to begin hostilities; but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger, retreating as before, but still presenting its front to the enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed its tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and as soon as he was at so great distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden lunge and forward, crouched and sprang with a short, sharp growl. Its adversary, fully prepared for this, leaped actively to one side, and as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife, and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but turning suddenly on the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, its wounded leg hanging loose to the skin, showing that it was broken. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly waiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon its head with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salaam to the Rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators.

* * * * A lion was to be turned into the arena with an African buffalo, purchased by his Highness some time before, and which still remained uncommonly wild and fierce.

We had not long taken our station in the gallery, before the buffalo was driven from its stall. It was a bony animal, as large as a Durham ox, though perhaps not so tall, its legs

being short in proportion to its size. It had an immense head, with long horns curled like those of a ram.

After a few moments the bars of the lion's cage were raised and the kingly animal bounded forward. It was one of the finest I had ever seen.

It stalked majestically forward, but seeing the buffalo, dropped upon its belly, swept the ground with its tail, and then uttering a short growl, made two or three leaps, and sprang upon its adversary's neck without further preliminaries. The sudden shock brought the buffalo upon its knees; but immediately recovering, the latter threw back its head with a violence that dislodged the lion, casting it with prodigious force, against the strong wooden palings of the enclosure, at the same time striking one of its horns into the flank of its assailant and opening a hideous gash. The lion was for a moment stunned; nevertheless, before the enemy had time to take advantage of its condition, it was on its legs, and had again sprung upon the buffalo's neck, which it lacerated dreadfully. There was a deadly struggle; but the latter, repeating the same action which had before disengaged it from the gripe of its tawny foe, threw the lion against the palings with still greater violence than before, and there gored it with an animation that soon entirely disabled the noble beast from renewing the contest. The buffalo was by this time so exhausted that it fell by the side of its prostrate enemy. After some exertion the keepers got it upon its legs and led it from the scene of combat. The lion was with difficulty dragged into his cage, but in a few days appeared little the worse.

PUBLIC HOUSE IN THE MOON.—A rustic having gone to Calton hill observatory, to get a sight of the moon, and after having got a glimpse of it, he drew away his head to wipe his eyes, and in the interval the end of the telescope noiselessly fell down, so as instead of pointing to the heavens, to point down to the earth. The rustic's surprise was unutterable when he again looked through, and beheld the sign of a public house at a short distance, with the customary declaration, "Edinburgh Ale," &c. With a look more easily conceived than described, he started back and exclaimed, "Edinburgh ale in the moon! gude preserve us, that beats a'!"—*Scotsman*.

APOTHEGMS.

Appetite.—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.

Audience.—A crowd of people in a large theatre, so called because they cannot hear.

Bail.—One animal impaled upon a hook, in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

Speculation.—A word that sometimes begins with its second letter.

Tinder.—A thin rag—such for instance, as the dresses of modern females—intended to catch the sparks.

CERTAIN CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—When a dog is suspected to be mad, cut off his tail close behind the ears.

AGENTS
FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIE.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. THURO.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. McKINLAY.
Tyuro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIE.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
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