

POETRY.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY WM. COWPER.

He lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none,
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love, as best we may;
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,
But rather death disguised.

Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above?

Who, much diseas'd, yet nothing feel;
Much manac'd, nothing dread;
Have wounds which only God can heal,
Yet never ask his aid?

Who deem his house a useless place,
Faith, want of common sense;
And ardour in the Christian race,
A hypocrite's pretence?

Who trample order, and the day,
Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
And worship chance alone?

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unless'd
With life that cannot die;

Such want it, and that want uncured,
Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, assur'd
Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!
Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
And mercy cast away.

MISCELLANY.

We request particular attention to the following important intelligence:

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.—A slip from the office of the New Orleans True American, dated 14th instant, announces the receipt of an extra from the Red River Herald containing the following important intelligence.

WAR IN TEXAS—GEN. COS LANDED NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE BRASSOS WITH 400 MEN.

Isaac has just arrived from Texas bringing the intelligence that Gen. Cos has landed near the mouth of the Brassos with 400 men, with the intention of joining the 700 federal troops stationed at San Antonio de Bexar, and marching upon the people of Texas. He has issued his Proclamation, "declaring that he will correct the revenue, disarm the citizens, establish a military government, and confiscate the property of the rebellious."—Messrs Johnson and Baker bore the express from San Felipe to Nacogdoches. Stephen S. Austin has written to several citizens of Nacogdoches, that a resort to arms is inevitable.

They have hoisted a flag with the "Constitution of 1824" inscribed on it, and two hundred freemen have gathered around it, determined to stand or fall with it.

We subjoin the following letter from General Houston to the gentleman who brought the intelligence.

San Augustine, Texas, }
5th October, 1835, }

Dear Sir,—At your request I hand you a memorandum, that you may be informed of our situation. War, in defence of our rights, our oaths, and our constitution is inevitable in Texas!

If volunteers from the United States will join their brethren in this section, they will receive liberal bounties of land. We have millions of acres of our best lands unchosen and unappropriated.

Let each man come with a good rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition—and come soon.

Our war cry is "liberty or death." Our principles are to support the Constitution, and down with the Usurper. Your Friend,
SAM. HOUSTON.

To Isaac Parker, Esq. present.

We have no time to make any comments. The people of the United States will respond to the call of their brethren in Texas!

The Mexicans continue to annoy the Settlers in Texas by every means in their power. Not only have large bodies of Troops been marched into Texas, but the neighbouring Indians have been stirred up to attack the colonists. The Comanches and Cherokees have made several incursions. Ex-Governor Houston, and several other influential gentlemen in Texas have written to Washington to entreat the interference of the National Government in their behalf. The New Orleans Bee calls Americans to the rescue to save their brethren from massacre by the hands of hired Indians. It is evident that affairs are rapidly approaching a crisis in that quarter, and the result of it must be the addition of Texas to this republic. As one of the means tending to that end, we learn that two Mexican armed vessels have been sent out from Vera Cruz, with orders to cruise on the coast of Texas, for the purpose of capturing the American Schooner San Felipe, which took the Correo, and her private, Captain Thompson, and brought them into New Orleans. The battle once begun, if these miserable Mexicans have the courage, the flame will soon spread, and it is easy to anticipate the result.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—About twelve years ago, a cottager who lives on Coningsby Moor, of the name of Anthony Cox, had a son named Abraham, who enlisted into the army and was sent to the Indies. For several years he kept up a correspondence with his friends, but after 6 or 7 years he ceased to write, or, if he wrote, the letters never came to hand, and it was thought he was dead. About four years since, a man was committed to Spilsby House of Correction, and there being two persons from Coningsby in prison at that time, they challenged him for the said Abraham Cox, and told him that if his parents were aware of his situation they would relieve him. He denied all knowledge of them, or of Anthony Cox, but they sent over to Coningsby, and the man was claimed as their son by both Anthony Cox and his wife. On his being released, they took him home, and clothed him; he has ever since lived with them as their son, and got married. About a month since, however, to the surprise of his father and mother, the real Abraham Cox came home; upon which their adopted son took himself off, leaving a wife and a family (who have no idea whence he came or what are his connections), and has not since been heard of.—*Lincoln Mercury.*

TOUCH ABOVE THE VULGAR.—The following is a copy, verbatim, of a toast read at the head of the table, and drunk with great applause on the 4th of July at Milledgeville, U. S.:

General Jackson one of the firmest pillars in the edifice of our national independence. How a midst the thundering deluge of antagonist has so nobly achieved by a wise and ample administration and may his name be eulogized on the wisest pages of his country's history and be echoed with applause by every republican citizen may the iron hand of despotism

Emit its mighty grasp and the Lion of desolation crouch in the loathsome and gloomy conca-vity,—*Transcript.*

HOW TO GET A LIVELIHOOD.—On Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, husband and wife, (by repute or otherwise,) whose avocations in life will be better understood by the sequel, appeared in the Mayor's Court, both talking together, the latter complaining that her husband starved and deserted her, and the former that it was impossible to live in the same house with a hyena. It was proved to the satisfaction of the magistrate, that Mr. Williams did not live with his wife, nor find her the where-with to live, and he was consequently called upon for his defence of the same.

Why won't you support your wife? inquired the magistrate.

Williams—Support her? She supports herself bless yer life, and if I was to stick to her, I should soon be transported over the herring pond.

Mrs. Williams—Oh, you varmint. Oh, you prig. You knows you're a prig, Bill.

Williams—Never mind what she says, she's a riglar humbug, a riglar cheat, and a riglar cat. (Laughter.)

Magistrate—How does she support herself? Williams—Why, you see, yer worship, she looks out for dead sailors. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Williams—What a hidea.

Magistrate—And what does she do with their bodies? (Continued Laughter.)

Williams—Oh, she docs'nt want their bodies. It's their watches and clothes she searches for. Whenever a ship comes in, yer honors, she gets to know what sailors died aboard, and then she goes to the captains, and pretends to be their nephews (laughter,) and their aunts, and neices, and such like, and bants all the things belonging to the dead 'uns.

Mrs. Williams said that her husband's statement was false, and that it was himself who pretended to be "Uncle" to dead sailors.—*London paper.*

DROUGHT IN SPAIN.—The *Memorial du Calvados* of the 14th of August, states that the whole of that country is entirely burnt up by the extreme heat, and the rivers are so low that the mills have ceased to work. The greater number of the men employed at Conde-sur-Norieau, amounting to between 2,000 and 3,000, are thrown out of work; at Palaise, water is sold at 50 francs a ton; in several cantons of Brittany cider is given to the cattle to drink; and the horses of the depot at Breteville for remounting the cavalry, have been removed to Cuen.

LAMENTABLE PROSPECTS FOR FRENCH EDITORS.—A case might occur under the new law of the press, by which an editor might be fined to the amount of one million of francs and imprisoned for eight years.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE READER.—In a valuable compilation by John Fielding, called *The Mentor*, there is a sentiment which displays a deep knowledge of human nature. He says: When we consider how few there are for whom we have a real esteem, we ought not to be surprised that so few have a real esteem for us.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDEN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—Messrs RATCHFORD & EUBANK.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORN, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.