

POETRY.

TIDE OF LIFE.

I saw, while the earth was at rest,
And the curtains of heav'n were glowing,
A breeze full of balm from the west,
O'er the face of a sleepy lake blowing;
It ruffled a wave on its shore,
And the stillness to billows was broken;
The gale left it calm as before;
It slept as if never awoken.

Not thus with the dull tide of life;
One cheek may be sorrow'd by weeping,
While free from the breezes of strife,
Another in peace may be sleeping.
The wave once disturbed by the breeze,
Can tranquilly sleep again never,
'Till destiny chill it, and freeze
The calm it had broken forever.

Spoken extempore to a Lady on being asked
"What the world was like?"

The world is a prison in ev'ry respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but—WOMEN.

Amity.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

THE FATE OF CONQUERORS.

Since the reign of Augustus, the world has seldom been so free from war and bloodshed as at the present moment. The Turks and Greeks, in a small spot on the confines of Europe and Asia, are carrying on a petty warfare; but excepting in that quarter, Europe may be said to enjoy the most profound repose. All the great states, that in their turn have contended for the mastery, are at peace with one another, and most of them are free from internal broils. Asia, Africa, and America, with the exception of a few occasional skirmishes, seem to follow the example of Europe, which, indeed, for ages has not only been the great theatre of war, but the original cause of most of those commotions that have devastated the world. At the present day, when the blessings of peace are so justly appreciated, one is astonished at the madness of the people in following ambitious leaders, to war and death, and disposed to ask, what benefit these leaders themselves derive from the miseries of which their insatiable ambition was so frequently the cause. History, "the great mistress of wisdom," points out two remarkable circumstances in their fate, which cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. Of all the mighty conquerors that have been praised by poets, admired by their followers, and adored for a moment by their countrymen—that have made babes fatherless, wives widows, and carried ruin and devastation in their train—how few have fallen in battle, and yet how few have come to a timely end! Perhaps not one in ten has died a natural death.—They made themselves conspicuous for a time—they marked the age in which they lived; but they seemed to rise above the stream of time rather as beacons to deter, than as guides to be followed. Poison, assassination, or disappointed ambition, commonly put an end to their dazzling career. Witness the fate of those, who, in ancient times, were surnamed the Great, and deemed the first warriors of their age. Cyrus the Great, after conquering Media, Lydia, and Assyria, had his head cut off by a woman, who threw it into a vessel filled with blood, and addressed it in these words, "Go, quench there that thirst for blood which seemed insatiable." Mithridates, who commanded the Athenians at Marathon, and was reckoned the most celebrated general of his age, was accused of treason by the Athenians, and condemned to death.—The sentence was commuted for a fine, which he was unable to pay, and he died in prison. Pausanias, who conquered at Plataea, and slew about 300,000 Persians, was starved to death in the temple of Minerva, whither he had fled to save himself from the fury of his countrymen. Themistocles, who was called the most warlike and courageous of all the Greeks, who destroyed the formidable fleet of Xerxes at Salamis, and slew and drowned countless thousands of Persians, was banished by the capricious Athenians, delivered himself like Napoleon the Great, into the hands of his former enemies, and died (by poison, according to some) in exile.

Epaminondas, the Theban, by his extraordinary talents, raised himself to the first rank in the state, defeated the Lacedaemonians at the famous battle of Leuctra, was afterwards accused as a traitor, and about to be condemned to death, when his countrymen pardoned him on account of his former services, and placed him at the head of an army, where he was slain in the 48th year of his age. Philip of Macedonia, by his intrigues and arms, conquered all the neighbouring states and finally destroyed the in-

dependence of Greece at the battle of Chaeronea, was assassinated at the age of forty-seven, when on the point of leading his victorious armies against the barbarians of the East. His son, Alexander the Great, who conquered Asia Minor, Egypt, Media, Syria, Persia, and deemed the world too small for his conquests, was prematurely cut off in the thirty-second year of his age, supposed to have been poisoned at the instigation of his favorite general, Antipater. Pyrrhus, the Epirot, declared by Hannibal the greatest of captains, fell by the hand of a woman. Hannibal himself, the prince of generals, after conquering Spain, and retaining possession of Italy for sixteen years against all the power of the Romans, was defeated by Scipio at Zama, fled to Syria, thence to Bithynia, where he poisoned himself, to elude the swords of his enemies. Scipio, his conqueror, as famous for his virtues as a citizen as his military qualities, was accused of extortion, and was obliged to flee from Rome. He died in exile at Liternum, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and left, as his dying request, that his bones might not be laid with those of his ungrateful countrymen. Mithridates, King of Pontus, by his skill and bravery opposed the Roman power for thirty years, and was declared by his enemies a more powerful and indefatigable adversary than the great Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Perseus, or Antiochus, was doomed to death by his unnatural son, attempted to poison himself, and not succeeding, fell upon his sword (Antiochus was murdered by his followers in the temple of Belus, at Susiana; Perseus was carried captive to Rome, and died in prison.) Scipio, the younger, who went over the ruins of Carthage, of which he had been the unwilling cause, was, after the most astonishing victories, on the point of being made dictator, when he was found dead in his bed, murdered at the instigation of his wife, and the triumvirs, Cæsar, Gracchus, and Flaccus.—Cinna was assassinated by one of his own officers. Marius and Sulla, the most cruel of Roman generals, died in their beds; but their death was hastened by excessive drinking, in which they indulged, to blunt the stings of a guilty conscience. For a time the triumvirs Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, governed the world. Crassus was treacherously put to death by Surenæ.

Pompey the Great, the friend of Cato, who conquered Mithridates, was defeated by Cæsar in the plains of Pharsalia, & assassinated by command of Ptolemy, whom he had protected and placed on the throne. The fate of Cæsar himself is well known. By his astonishing abilities he raised himself to the first rank as a general and an orator. After defeating all his enemies, he triumphed in one day over five different nations, Gaul, Alexandria, Pontus, Africa, and Spain; he conquered three hundred nations, took eight hundred cities, slew a million of men, was created perpetual dictator, and became master of the world. He generously forgave his bitterest enemies, and was assassinated by his most intimate friends in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Cicero was beheaded near Gaeta, and Cato stabbed himself in Utica. Brutus, Cassius, and Anthony fell on their swords. Of the twelve Cæsars, the successive masters of the world, nine suffered a violent death.

O Curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!

Similar instances might be produced in modern times, to show how fortune sports with the destiny of mightiest men; but it will be sufficient to close this moral catalogue with the tragical end of two contemporaries, the greatest commanders, on their respective elements, that the world ever saw. Nelson, by his undaunted courage, his skill and perseverance, raised himself far above all his competitors, defeated every fleet that opposed him, and when at the summit of fame, and the last shot was fired at the enemy, died, at a premature age, of a wound which he had received in battle. Bonaparte, the hero of the age, commanded the most effective and powerful armies that ever went forth in battle, who made and unmade kings at his pleasure, was defeated at Waterloo, banished for ever from his native country, and died of a broken heart on the dreary rocky island of St. Helena. Old Diogenes, in his tub, with a little sunshine, amusing himself with the foibles and frailties of the surrounding multitude, and quietly slipping into his grave at the patriarchal age of ninety-six, had some reason to treat with contempt the vanity of the demi-god Alexander.

Eng. paper.

ANECDOTE OF R. B. SHERIDAN.

[FROM MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.]

The Trial of Warren Hastings still "dragged its slow length along," and in the May of this year (1794) Mr. Sheridan was called upon for his reply on the Begum Charge. It was usual on these occasions, for the Manager who spoke, to be assisted by one of his brother managers, whose task it was to carry the bag that contained his papers, and to read out whatever Minutes might be referred to in the course of the argument. Mr.

Michael Angelo Taylor was the person who undertook this office for Sheridan; but, on the morning of the speech, upon his asking for the bag that he was to carry, he was told by Sheridan that there was none—neither bag nor papers. They must manage, he said, as well as they could without them;—and, when the papers were called for, his friend must put the best countenance he could upon it. As for himself, "he would amuse Ned Law—ridicule Plumer's long orations—make the court laugh—please the women, and, in short, with Taylor's aid, would get triumphantly through his task."

His opening of the case was listened to with the profoundest attention; but when he came to contrast the evidence of the Commons with that adduced by Hastings, it was not long before the Chancellor interrupted him, with a request that the printed minutes to which he referred should be read. Sheridan answered that his friend, Mr. Taylor, would read them; and Mr. Taylor affected to send for the bag, while the orator begged leave, in the mean time, to proceed. Again, however, his statements rendered a reference to the minutes necessary, and again he was interrupted by the Chancellor, while an outcry after Mr. Sheridan's bag was raised in all directions. At first the blame was laid on the Solicitor's Clerk—then a message was despatched to Mr. Sheridan's house. In the mean time, the orator was proceeding brilliantly and successfully in his argument; and, on some further interruption and exposition from the Chancellor, raised his voice and said, in a dignified tone, "On the part of the Commons, and as a Manager of this Impeachment, I shall conduct my case as I think proper. I mean to be correct; and your Lordships, having the printed minutes before you, will afterwards see whether I am right or wrong."

During the bustle produced by the inquiries after the bag, Mr. Fox, alarmed at the inconvenience which he feared, the want of it might occasion to Sheridan, ran up from the Managers' room, and demanded eagerly the cause of this mistake from Mr. Taylor, who, hiding his mouth with his hand, whispered him, (in a tone of which they alone, who have heard this gentleman relate the anecdote, can feel the full humor,) "The man has no bag!"

The whole of this characteristic contrivance was evidently intended by Sheridan to raise that sort of surprise at the readiness of his resources, which it was the favorite triumph of his vanity to create. I have it on the authority of Mr. William Smythe, that previously to the delivery of his speech, he passed two or three days alone at Wanstead, so occupied from morning till night in writing and reading of papers as to complain in the evenings that he "had motes before his eye." The mixture of real labor with apparent carelessness was, indeed, one of the most curious features of his life and character.

The following will no doubt afford amusement not only to the Farmer but to the general reader. It is extracted from the Report of the Committee on Swine, of the Worcester (Mass) Agricultural Society:—

The committee on Swine, regret that time will not allow them to give somewhat in detail the history of an animal that has so long been known and esteemed as the Hog. The chase of the Wild Boar has been from the earliest time the exercise of courage and valour. It has employed Kings and Princes, and the destruction of the Boar of Celydon, was a proud feat in the chivalrous life of Meleager even in the romantic days of Greece. It was this animal that made the most conspicuous figure in the feasts of the Romans in the luxurious days of their glory. And surely if any one may feel the pride of Ancestry, and borrow importance from his pedigree, it is the Hog, descended as he is from the monarch of the forest, the play mate of heroes, and the guest at the tables of Emperors and Kings.

But for your committee, their duty has had nothing of romance about it.—They went not forth with lance and mailed armour to the task assigned them; they went not to encounter the Boar of the forest, jealous of the approach of man, but to the plain, fat citizen Hog, whose lair was the bed in the fresh turf that he had rooted out to repose in, and whose only note of defiance was an impatient snuff at being driven from his soft couch to exhibit his form and proportions before them. They did not, however, shrink from their task, although so little fame or glory attended it, and they went through its duties without harm or molestation even in their Sunday attire. And now most respectfully beg leave to offer as the result of their examination, the following Report:—

In awarding the premiums, they were thrown into a dilemma, pleasant and yet painful, on account of the great number of very fine animals that were brought under their notice and consideration; and their inability under the regulations of the Society, of awarding any more premiums where so many seemed deserving of them.

After the inimitable delineation of the qualities of the Hog, and his traits of character given by the Committee who had the honor of addressing you the last year, your Committee would deem it supererogatory to add any thing more than their testimony also, to his possessing many of the qualities that distinguish the modern fine gentleman.—They would, however, confine these remarks to quadrupeds alone. They did not consider their jurisdiction as extending to any but such swine as were shut up in pens, according to the rules of the Society. They rejoice, however, that owing to the progress of light, and the dissemination of correct agricultural notions, none other were offered for premium, or were for exhibition.

The Committee, however, cannot regret that their province was so limited. They were too much interested in what came legitimately under their consideration, to wish for a moment to enlarge their jurisdiction. They do not err when they call the subject of raising and fattening Swine, one of great interest.—In these days, when eating seems to be the business of life with so many, an animal that combines so much to love in the way of eating, cannot fail to interest all. Who does not wish to feel a kind of mouth-watering, when he thinks of the luscious and tender hams, and roasted spare-rib, the savory sausage, and the long catalogue of cakes, from the simple dough-nut downwards, that directly or indirectly owe their existence to the fat unwieldy porker, that reposes before him. And when we, as agriculturalists, reflect that all these are not the result of tender nursing and pampering with rich food, but of the offal of the farm and the refuse of the dairy room, which by a kind of alchemy he transmutes into these rich luxuries, our interest in the animal must be greatly increased.

For ourselves, we can listen with indifference to the praises of the poets who have sung the ambrosial food of the gods and goddesses, for we do not believe that there was in the whole cook-book of Jove, a dish that could equal that which any good house-wife of modern days can form without trouble or expense, from the humble animal it has been our duty this day to notice.

And the committee cannot conclude without exhorting all who would live well themselves, and raise up a hardy race, to fill their places after them, to see to it that their slyes are never tenantless; nor their pork barrels empty.

By order of the Committee.
EMORY WASHBURN, Chairman.

Portraiture.

DR. CHALMERS.

A correspondent of the U. S. Literary Gazette thus describes the manner and personal appearance of this distinguished occupant of the sacred desk. We think it will scarcely coincide with the preconceived ideas of most who have pictured him only from a knowledge of his works.

"My first sally into the street, was on Sunday morning, to St. John's church, a nondescript piece of architecture, in the eastern part of the city, but the centre of attraction for the many passengers who throng the pavement of the Gallowgate, as they move onward 'to hear Dr. Chalmers.' The steps were thronged by a crowd of reject applicants for admission; the desire of hearing so distinguished a preacher, inducing many struggles to attempt forcing their way in, to the no slight inconvenience of the legitimate pew-holders.

We got in just as the preacher rose to read out the first psalm. The reading was excessively awkward, his voice wretched, and his pronunciation so disfigured by national accent as to be sometimes unintelligible. Still there was a vein of deep and earnest emotion pervading the whole exercise, which made it,

to say the least, impressive. His opening prayer I shall remember while I live. It was begun in the low husky utterance, which he has entailed on himself by that excessive exertion of the voice which is inseparable from the vehemence of his emotions, and the climax fashion of his interminable sentences. At first he was barely audible; but he seemed to gather strength as he proceeded. There was still, however, a kind of hesitancy in his manner; he seemed to labor with gigantic conceptions, for which even his own lofty expressions were utterly insufficient. His countenance bespoke a solemnized fervency of feeling, such as I had never before seen on human features.—The vehemence of his manner startled me at first—but I soon lost sight of this, and of his accent, and of all that was disagreeably peculiar in his manner. A more sublime address to the throne of Eternal Majesty, I have never heard from the lips of man. The force of the preacher's mind seemed to burst through the veil that hides the spiritual world from ordinary minds, and to be holding intercourse with living and present realities. Every thing that he wished you to perceive, became as it were palpable to the very sense. In the conceptions of his grand, but somewhat rude mind, the grotesque I found often mingled with the sublime. What do you think, for instance, of the following idea in a prayer? Alluding to the commercial distress then prevailing, and interceding for the victims of a glutted market, his expressions were, 'And now that the surfeited and overlain world is rolling back on the heads of its children, the fruits of their frantic speculations,' &c.

But it was in the sermon that the preacher seemed to make his deepest impression. He began in the same manner as in the psalm and prayer, and went through the introduction in a sort of conversational undertone which almost bordered on the ludicrous. As his ideas expanded, and his feelings began to play, he became more and more animated in his delivery; from animation he rose to vehemence, I had almost said to phrenzy; he literally screamed till his voice broke. His one and only gesture was repeated with fiercer and yet fiercer energy, till he seemed about to fling himself from the pulpit. Then his corporeal powers would fail; he would make a long pause, and wipe off the copious perspiration which actually gushed from his head and face.—Here a roar of coughing, &c. &c. from all parts of the church, reminded you of the breathless stillness, which had hitherto reigned over the audience. Silence once more resumed its sway, and the preacher began again in his low broken utterance. Again he rose, and again he sunk under fatigue; till at last he was fairly compelled to take refuge in the expedient of breaking off and giving out a psalm to be sung, whilst he was recovering his jaded energies.

The succession of effort and respite in the speaker, drew away my attention, sometimes even from the magnificent succession of images which the eloquence of the composition raised before me, and more than once, I could not help thinking of an account of an English boxing match which I had read; the pugilists had so many minutes respite, in succession, till the struggle was closed. However, to speak the sober truth, there is a moral sublimity in the spectacle of a man sacrificing his health and his life to a sacred enthusiasm, and this must be the sum total of the eloquence of Dr. Chalmers's delivery; for in every other point of view it has no power whatever.

In force and sublimity of thought Dr. Chalmers has surpassed the whole generation of preachers among whom he lives. For my own part, I never had so many new and stupendous thoughts brought before me in one hour, as in the discourse I heard that morning. They say that people of every denomination and character, crowd to hear this preacher. I do not wonder at the fact. Mental excitement is, more or less, the happiness of all men; and certainly it can no where be had to a higher pitch, than in a sermon of Dr. Chalmers.

It was observed of a celebrated physician, that he never said, in company, "I drink your health," but "My service to you."