



Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

STANZAS.

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA" FEMINE!

They tell me she was beautiful,
And that her wrinkled brow
And sunken cheek was once as fair
As those I worship now!
That her pale lip was ripe and red,
Her faded eye was bright,
And that those shaking withered hands
Were delicately white.
That the unsightly hairs conceal'd
So carefully from view,
Once o'er a finely sculptur'd neck
Their glossy ringlets threw.
They tell me that her treble voice
Was musically sweet,
And of impulsion'd youthful love,
Her heart was once the seat.
O, why have beauty, grace and youth,
Ever such fleeting wings?
And change—why is it written thus
On all our loveliest things?
They say, hope spread its lures for her,
As hope's eye, lures the young,
And joy o'er her enchanted path
Bis sunny radiance flung.
That find ones waited at her side—
Those find ones where are they?
And that her name, the burden was
Of many Poet's is.
Well, mix, I think, is the last song
That e'er will cross the water
In praise of her. I'd rather write
A couplet to my daughter!

HOME.

What so sweet—
So beautiful on earth, and oh! so rare,
As kindred love and family repose.
The busy world,
With all the tumult and the stir of life,
Pursues its wonted course; on pleasure some,
And some on commerce, and ambition bent,
And all on happiness; while each o'er loves
One little spot, in which his heart unfolds
With nature's holiest feelings, one sweet spot,
And calls it home! If sorrow is felt there,
It runs through many bosoms, and a smile
Lights up the eyes around a kindred smile;
And if disease intrudes, the sufferer finds
Rest on the breast b-loved.

A TEAR.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
Nor gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright star which night's blue arch adorns,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For others wo, down virtue's manly cheeks.

MISFORTUNE.

If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with wo,
Have in her schools been taught, as are enough
To console at distress, and make ambition
E'er wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

The following Stanza from an old ballad, amply depicts the contrast between the sea and land, in seasons like the present—

Ah, yet whose lives on land are pass'd
From dan'rous seas alone!
Who careless listen to the blast
Or beating storms upon the roof—
Te little heed her seamen fare,
Condemn'd the tempest rage to bear.

EVE'S PUDDING.

If you want a good pudding mind what you're taught,
Take of eggs six in number when bought for a great;
The fruit with which Eve her husband did cozen,
Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen;
Six ounces of bread, let Moll eat the crust,
And c'urrie the rest as fine as the dust;
Six ounces of currants from the stony you may sort,
Lest you break out your teeth and spoil all the sport;
Six ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet,
Some s' and some nutmeg will make it complete;
Three hours let it boil without any flutter,
But Adam won't like it without wine and butter.

Duke Constantine.—We have seen some attempts to rescue the character of the late duke Constantine from the charge of barbarity towards the Poles. A recent work of authority, however, states, that his temper was truly ferocious. He was known to have ordered a soldier 500 lashes for having the seams of his gloves sewn inside instead of outside. A lady and gentleman having passed him one day in their carriage without recognizing him, were forced to labor on the public works, trundling a barrow along with convicts and deserters. An officer of lancers was commanded to perform some manœuvre of great difficulty, which his horse's want of training prevented him from executing. Constantine cursed both man and beast. He called for muskets, and had a pile of them with bayonets fixed, set upon the ground, of the width of twelve feet, and then ordered the lancer to leap over them. He succeeded in accomplishing the frightful task, only to be compelled to do it a second time to the astonishment of all present. One of the generals then interceded, representing the exhaustion of the officer and animal. Constantine in a rage again commanded the leap to be made. The noble animal cleared the bayonets with the fracture of two of his legs; the lancer escaped unharmed. He advanced to the duke, and thanking him for the honor he had hitherto enjoyed as an officer in the emperor's army, tendered his resignation. He was ordered to the guard house, and was never seen again, doubtless as

assassinated as others had been before, by order of the grand duke.

Parody of a Poacher.—A poor strolling player in England, was once caught performing the part of a poacher, and being taken before the magistrate assembled at quarter sessions, for examination, one of them asked what right he had to kill a hare, when he replied in the following parody on Brutus' speech to the Romans, in defence of his killing Caesar:

"Brittons, hungrymen, and epicures!

Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for my honor, and have respect for my honor that you may believe; censure me not in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say that a poacher's love for this hare is no less than his. If then he demand why a poacher rose against a hare, this is my answer; not that I love hare less, but that I love eating more. Had you rather this hare was living and I had died quite starving, than that this hare were dead, that I might live a jolly fellow? As this hare was pretty, I weep for him, as he was plump, I honor him; as he was nimble, I rejoice at him; but, as he was eatable, I slew him. There are tears for his beauty, honor for his condition, joy for his speed, and death for his toothlessness. Who is here so cruel, would see me a starved man? if any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so silly, that would not make a tit bit? if any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so sleek, that does not love his belly? if any, speak, for him have I offended."

"You have offended justice, sirrah," cried out one of the magistrates, out of all patience with this long and strange harangue, which had begun to invade the time which his own belly told him had arrived.

"Then," said the culprit, guessing at the hungry feelings of the bench, "since justice is dissatisfied, it need must have something to devour. Heaven forbid that I should keep any justice from dinner!—so, if you please, I'll wish your lordship a good day, and a good hare to dinner!"

The magistrates, eager to retire, and somewhat pleased with the fellow's last wish, gave him a reprimand and let him go.

Burning ashes.—We have heard on good authority, as the rumors say, that a gentleman in this city has invented a mode for burning the ashes of anthracite coal. He makes them up into balls, or masses, of convenient size, by mixture with some sort of liquid, whether it be water or wine, or whiskey, or some unknown medium of combination, we know not. These balls, or masses, are thrown into the grate, rekindled, reburnt, and turned again into coal; and so the process of decomposition, and recombination, alternately goes on—first reducing the coals to ashes, and then again reducing the ashes back to coals; so that a man who sets out with his grate full in the beginning of winter, will find it equally full in the spring, with the exception of the small matter of dust that flies about his room on the handling of the poker. One thing, however, is to be observed, that the ashes burn better, and make a hotter fire than the coals, so that on the alternate days when the former are burnt, the room is most certain to be kept warm and comfortable.

The world has been said to grow continually wiser and wiser. But it may stop now; this is the *ne plus ultra* of remarkable improvements. Of the philosophy of it, we will say nothing at present, not being positively certain about the alleged fact; and many a great philosopher has rendered himself a good deal ridiculous by attempting to dive into the rationale of a thing before the thing itself was proved. But one thing we will take leave to say, namely, that if the burning of ashes comes into general use, it will injure the coal trade exceedingly. But never mind, the coal-dealers have made money enough for a month past, and it is time now for the burners of ashes to have their day of triumph.—N. F. Constellation.

Precious depravity.—An uncommon instance of malicious depravity occurred in this city on Monday. A lad who was an apprentice to a respectable apothecary, had been detected in some dishonest practice, and his master had determined on sending him home to his parents, in order to prevent an exposure of his fault, the boy attempted to poison the whole family. On Monday forenoon, he went to the house and inquired of the cook what was in preparation for dinner, and having ascertained, he sprinkled arsenic on the meat, butter, &c. put a portion of the same poison in the tea kettle, and mixed another portion with sugar in the sugar-bowl. He then put a cracker in his pocket, and said he should not come home to dinner. Immediately after dinner, the whole family of six persons, including a domestic, were seized with vomiting and violent irritations, the effect of the arsenic. Medical aid was forthwith called and the proper antidotes administered. Last evening, we understand, that four of them were convalescent, but two were still dangerously ill, as it was feared fatally ill. So determined was the young delinquent to leave no botches in his work of desuetude, that he threw arsenic

into a pitcher of water, in order to poison a boy who was a boarder in the family, and who, he knew, drank no tea. The arsenic sank to the bottom before imparting its deadly quality to the water, and the intended victim escaped the poison, although he drank of the contents of the pitcher. The culprit confessed the crime, and stated the particulars as we have given them above.—Boston Courier

A mermaid caught.—A very peculiar fish was caught in the Sound yesterday, having a ear resembling to the description given of the fabulous mermaid. It was caught while in a state of torpor, floating on the surface of the water. One man measured it by the fathoms, while another struck it with a gaff. It lived upwards of an hour after it was taken in shore.—English paper.

A drunkard's chance of getting to heaven.—A eccentric preacher, in his address to his congregation, lately observed that "there is much chance for a drunken man to enter the kingdom of heaven, as there is for a pig to climb up an apple tree and sing like a nightingale." [O, hypocrite.]

In looking over an old magazine, I find the following Berlin: The experiments made on the pretended incombustibility of the human body, by Mr. Bernard Hey, have been attended with great success. A liquor composed of half a pound of alum, 4 oz. of vitriolic acid and 2 lbs. of water, with which the hair, arms, thighs and feet, must be impregnated during several days, and which will enable them to support a red hot fire. This composition might be employed for the cloths of those who are engaged at fires, and would prevent them, not from being burnt, but from taking flame.—N. Y. Cour. & Eng.

"Mr. Hey has made the model of an oven, in which a man may remain for a long time without injury, while the flames are coming out of the top, and even in the inside a leg of mutton or veal is roasting. The fire and the heat are made to pass on one side by lateral channels."

Whiskey obtained in baking bread.—A machine has been invented in England by which the vapour arising from the dough of bread while baking, is condensed, and forms whiskey. It is found by experiments on a large scale in London, that a 4 lb. loaf will yield 6 ounces of liquor, containing 20 per cent. of proof spirit. This improvement has enabled the London bakers to sell the quartre loaf one penny cheaper than when baked in the old method.

On the supposition that 300,000 lbs. of bread is daily consumed in New York, there would be about 3,500 gallons of liquid, or 700 of proof spirit obtained in a day, amounting to upwards of 7000 barrels of the latter a year.

What does Paul say?—A country clergyman about repairing to church on Sunday morning, was informed by his wife that they had no meat for dinner; whereupon he despatched his black man Caesar to a neighbor of his, generally known by the name of Paul, to borrow a piece of beef—after which he was directed to repair to the church. The black fellow went for the beef, was refused on the ground that his master had already borrowed very often, but had neglected to pay. Caesar repaired to church, the refusal of the meat still running in his head—and it so happened that just as he was entering the door, his master was dilating the words of the apostles, and thus addressed his hearers—"What does Paul say?" Caesar supposing himself interrogated, answered,—"What do Paul say? Why, he say, he can't let you hab no more meat, till you pay up the old score!"

Indianapolis, Dec. 30, 1831.
DEAR SIR—On to-day the canal bill came down from the senate, in full drive upon us, 18 to 12, was read the first time, and was ordered to a second on to-morrow. Its provisions are not so exceptionable as I had feared, but it still makes one that I do not like, and am fearful is likely to be a large cat rolled up in the meal." It contemplates borrowing the sum of \$250,000 upon the credit of the proceeds of the canal lands, to be paid out of such when collected. At present advised, I must oppose it as a measure which I think is some day or other to entail a debt upon the states, which will rest upon her like an incubus for years to come. The principal objection presented is, that if we commence the canal, we must go on with it, or be liable to refund to the United States the price of the lands donated and sold. Let it be re-collected too, that Indiana as being the only contracting party with the United States, will be bound for the whole length of the canal, even that part which contemplates running through Ohio, which will be about 78 miles. Ohio, it seems, has done nothing towards opening her part, and from present indications, will not be likely to make any attempt of the kind soon, as she is already laboring under an immense load of canal debt, amounting to almost five millions, the interest upon which largely exceeds the proceeds of her tolls and canal lands.

A young lady, who was learning to act in tragedy, was asked by her teacher what she would say to a lover who has been unfaithful, and treated her in the most scandalous manner. "Maudieu!" replied the lady, "I should say nothing; I should get another."