



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

### THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The friends with whom in youth I roved these wood is—d—d among.  
Have ceased their kindly sympathies—the birds have ceased their song.  
Stern ruin throws in and the spot her melancholy hue.  
She with her soft looks upon me I am eithered!  
For me no more the merry bells all peal their evening chime,  
Or minstrels on the village green attune their rustic rhyme!  
The church that smiled so merrily once is falling to decay.  
And all the happy choristers have long since passed away.  
A few old stragglers wander still these solitudes around,  
I dare not listen to their voice—it murmurs like the sound.  
Of waves that dash upon the coast of time for ever more,  
And tell of tides that have gone by, of sunshine that is o'er;  
Where once my mother's cottage rose, with fence a spotted green,  
A darksome marsh dispenses now its vapors o'er the scene;  
Rude winter sheds his drifting snows around the withering thorn,  
And dying is the yew that marked the spot where I was born.  
And yet how bethely once it rose to meet the arching sky!  
And blossomed in its majesty when I last wandered by.  
The brash and its branches caroled sweetly to the breeze,  
And hymn'd for its woodland notes of happiness and ease!  
Those cheerful hours have passed away, the village is o'er;  
And round it flows the winter breeze, so cutting and so cold;  
Soft music dies along the boughs, at evening's dim twilight,  
And it seems it fancy's eye to breathe the dirge of that delight.  
It brings to me my mother's voice, when last she bade "Good-bye."  
And she charged me with fondness, while a tear stood in her eye;  
"We'll meet in rapture soon," she cried, as hope assuaged her pain.  
But vain were all her joyous hopes—we never met again!  
The hamlet friends that I have known are cold beneath the sod,  
Or b—d to earth in agony by our venom'd rod.  
The light of utter solitude has rifled this sweet scene,  
And scarce a moulderling stone remains to tell that it hath been.  
Oh! I could weep to see the gloom that time hath thrown around,  
And die at once since I have felt this solitude profound.  
That weight's my soul and tells it, all that once it loved to see,  
Has passed into the grave of things, and never more can be!  
But slowly sinks the western sun—sad reveries aye!  
Fain would my fancy still prolong each glimpse o' parting day;  
Fain would I view my childhood's haunts by eve's dim evening light.  
It must not be the sun has set, and all around is sight!  
Farewell! ye scenes to memory dear—time warns me to depart,  
I dare not speak—affliction chokes this desolated heart;  
To other eyes you solitudes may bright and beauteous be,  
But they can never more be bright and beautiful to me.

### SONG.

Once the queen of the East, at her Anthony's feast  
A pearl of high value dissolved in her wine;  
But what was the blow that it's blaze could bestow.  
Compared to the jewel that's mingled in mine?  
Then tell me no more the rich prize to explore,  
In the caves of the ocean or depths of the mine,  
Tis a thought of my breast, that must never be express,  
That I keep in my tablet to sweeten my wins.

### ONE OF THE FAMILY.

I had the pleasure, some time ago, to become acquainted with the Frasers. Colonel Fraser was a travelled man, and his stories of information respecting India, Egypt, Georgia &c. &c. were to me, whose peregrinations had never extended beyond the grand tour of the United Kingdom, infinitely interesting and valuable—Mrs. Fraser, a clever enthusiastic Scotch woman, was never weary of narrating, nor I of listening to, the lays and legends of her own romantic land; to her were familiar, its poets sages, and seers; its startling superstitions, and olden customs; its bodily beautiful scenery, its religious and political struggles, its pride, and its nationality &c. but Mrs. Fraser was besides, an elegant minded, well-informed, accomplished, and fascinating woman; some persons would no doubt, have pronounced her rather blue, but I have a penchant for the azure sisterhood, and deem one of this class infinitely preferable to one of the very fine and fair ladies, whose conversation is comprised almost literally in a "yea—yea—and nay—nay—." Colonel and Mrs. Fraser had three or four children, who were not permitted to interrupt agreeable conversation and intellectual amusement, by their presence, being kept in the nursery, or sent in bed, whenever a "stranger" was expected. A stranger! and do they really consider me a "stranger?"

Thought I, open first bearing the weight of Mrs. Fraser's lips? "Amitable! please, with them, I neither can, nor will consent to remain upon the cold, unusual footing of a stranger!" and actuated by this generously selfish impulse, I, one day, formally announced to my new friends, that, as "one of the family," they must receive me, or not at all. Fatal error! terrible phrase! They were, of course, delighted, begged me really to make their house my home, and to be with them as frequently as suited my convenience. Unfortunately, I did so. It is unnecessary to detail the process by which the delight I had at first enjoyed in the society of these excellent and agreeable people, was gradually dissipated,—the process, in short, by which I became "one of the family." Suffice it to say, that because I am on the most intimate, brotherly terms with Colonel and Mrs. Fraser, because I have adopted myself, and been adopted by them, to their family, I have lost, it seems, all title to their respect, all claims to their kindness. Now, instead of the little handsome little tempting dinners and choice wine, with which I was always, when quite by myself, regaled, the family dinner, viz. the plain joint, and the plain pudding, the cold, or broken remains of yesterday's meat, or the sorry remnants of the once sumptuous feast, with a meagre supply of port and sherry, must serve "one of the family." Now, a couple of dimly burning mould candles,—not unfrequently of different lengths,—supply the place of those brilliant and numerous wax lights, or those softly radiant lamps, which honored the stranger. These things it is true, are a mere nothing;—my only design of mentioning them is, to mark a difference,—but heavier evils follow. Now, being "one of the family," the little members of it, my brothers, and sisters, peradventure, all upstart and audacious, are let loose upon me;—yea; those rude, noisy trouble-some, quarrel-some, children, are no longer confined within the limits of their nursery, or sent early to their beds, because I am no longer "company;"—they have discovered this,—they have also discovered, that from minning—it is glorious fun, to tease a good-natured Mr. —, and they vent their frolic gaiety now, on their unamiable humours upon, or before me, in whose face they dared not once look, and in whose presence, they feared to let their own be observed. Now, instead of a mutual intellectual intercourse subsisting, as formerly, between my travelled, gifted, and experienced friends, do we sit dull as mooks in the presence of a superior, and mute as the fraternity at La Trappe. Colonel Fraser, before "one of the family," deems it no infringement of etiquette to sit in his chair, fairly to stretch his lazy length on the sofa, and fall into a sound snoring slumber—to take up book, or newspaper, and while away the miserable hours in which he is bored with my stupid company, to write letters—end to enjoy, whether doing, reading, or writing, the strictest silence, in terms like these: "Be quiet!" or can't you be silent for one minute, my dear love?" (those last tender words pronounced in a tone, and accompanied by a look of perfect fury;) or in a voice attempted to be subdued, but tremulous from ill suppressed passion. Bottly, softly, good people! pray hold your tongues! 'tis very hard that I can't be indulged with a little silence in my own house; but I tell you what, Mrs. Fraser—I shall shortly adopt the plan of passing my evenings in another apartment, and your friends and you may then chatter as loud as and as long as you please." "I heartily wish you would, retorts the lady. So I thought, returns her husband, "and you may therefore rest assured, my dear, that I have no intention of gratifying you in this respect, at present. Then a last! Mrs. Fraser, who can be so delightful, takes her work, or her book and I am left to amuse and instruct myself as I can, instead of having, as formerly, more amusement and instruction than I was enabled to do strict justice to, brought before me. Now, no music and singing; now, no literary discussions and scientific experiments, now, no dissertations upon the fine arts—no new publications—no beautiful drawings, engraving, and superbly illustrated works are brought forward expressly for my delectation; now, no amusing anecdotes, and no curious and interesting original facts, falling under the well informed narrator's observation and experience, are gleaned in the course of their reading;—in brief no sources of edification and intellectual entertainment are for "one of the family," opened as they had been, to benefit and delight the stranger. Not times are, at least to me, and manners also, sadly altered in the family of Colonel and Mrs. Fraser; for I have also the mortification of observing that these same agreeable individuals, who now accustom themselves to behave so rudely, coldly, selfishly, and disrespectfully, to an old friend, are, to every new one, (that is, to every person with whom they are not upon particularly intimate terms,) as attentive and fascinating as ever. And whilst I suffer most acutely—whilst my heart is chafed and saddened by these evident alterations in the disposition and conduct of my excellent friends, I can only implore the youth of each sex, inexperienced in the ways of the world, if they would visit agreeable people on agreeable terms—(they would avoid hearing domineering discussions and jars (children and servants, perhaps, by turns petted, instructed, and soundly rated,) if they would avoid debates touching finely ex-

penses, trifles, ill-temper, pettiness, &c. &c., and visiting, with the regular dissection of our tomay dinners and evening guests;—briefly, if they would continue to deem their friends the acquisitions they at first believe them—(if they would keep the children in their proper places, and enjoy pleasant, elegant, and erudite society, let them eschew intimacy with those from whom they are capable of deriving so great a blessing; let them, I strenuously urge, retain a degree of distance and formality in their acquaintance, which shall guarantee respect; let them visit pleasant people now and then, in a friendly, sociable manner; but as each values his comfort, pleasure and reverential consideration let him be cautious how he becomes—"one of the family!"

Digging out a hole.—"An' so ye ar' digging out the hole there, pat, ar' ye?" said one Irishman to another engaged in making a hole to insert a post. "No, faith, it's not the hole that I'm after digging out—for I'm digging the dirt out and leaving the hole here!"

An ugly customer.—A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in all athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people, who, led by curiosity, came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D., a great pugilist amateur had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure, at a little distance from his house, when the noble Lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, addressed the farmer—"Friend, I have heard talk a great deal of you, and I've come a long way to see which is the best wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the noble Lord by the middle of his body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When his lordship had got up "well," said the farmer, "have you any thing more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'll be good enough to throw me my horse."

A servant girl, who has for several years past attended divine service in Islington church, who cannot read, has, from constant attendance, got the service by note, and has been observed to repeat it extremely well. A few Sundays ago, upon him and nicely fastened in every part; but previous to her marriage, she was accompanied on sooner was the fitting completed, than he in the same pew with her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also; but unfortunately for the poor girl, she held it upside down. The young man, astonished at this, exclaimed, "why, Mary Anne, you have the book wrong side upwards."—"I know it, and she, confusedly, always read so, I am left-handed."

A Dutchman's direction.—A gentleman travelling in the interior of this state, where was a Dutch settlement, overtook one of its worthy inhabitants, of whom he made enquiries as to the direction of the place to which he was going. "Mine friend," said the Dutchman, giving long whiff at his pipe, "I can tell you so better as no man living. In the first place, you go a long this road and go up a high hill and down a low hill—make a prige over—turn de river up stream, and de first house you will come to will pe a parnshingled with straw—go a little farther den, and enquire of my brother and he will tell you so better as no man living!"

SUCCESSFUL AMPUTATION.—A surgeon, in this State, who thought very highly of his own dexterity in the use of the knife, was so unfortunate as to have most of his important operations followed by death. Nevertheless his confidence in his own skill remained unshaken, and he was very fond of showing himself off in his surgical capacity, before the admiring crowd. Having on one occasion procured the body of a malefactor, he invited all the people to witness his cutting and sawing dexterity.

The dead patient was placed on a table; bandages, adhesive plasters, ligatures, &c. were provided; the amputating knife, saw, and tenaculum were at hand; the crowd looked on with all their eyes, and nearly all their mouth; and the Doctor, rolling up his sleeves, and brandishing the knife, began.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I shall show you what it is to amputate."

With that, ordering an assistant to hold the leg of the most patient of all patients, he very exteroously cut all around to the bone; then seizing his saw, he whipped off the leg in the most expert style. Having finished, he threw down the excised member with an air of wonderful self-complacency—as much as to say: "There, gentlemen, don't you wish you could do that?"

While he was enjoying the admiration of the crowd, seeing a crusty old fellow of his acquaintance among the rest, he asked him if he did not think the operation was pretty dexterously performed?

"Why, yes," replied the other, "I think it was remarkable so; and, what is more surprising still, it is the only operation you ever performed without killing your patient!"

An official description of the Belgian flag has been received at the department of state.

### THE ELEPHANT.

A fine young Elephant belonging to Pickering Dodge Esq. came passenger in the ship Rome, which arrived at Boston last week. We are informed that he has enjoyed uninterrupted health on the passage, always eating his allowance with a good appetite although he suffered severely from the cold, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by Capt. Kennedy for his comfort. His daily rations were 30 pounds of hay, 30 pounds of straw and 25 pounds of rice, moistened with 12 gallons of water. On several occasions during the passage, he displayed the sagacity and gratitude for attention for which the species is so remarkable. Before he was put on board at Calcutta, a house was built for him in the strongest manner, covered with thick teak planks, which were fastened to the frame by stout iron spikes, clenched on the inside. The elephant was swung into the ship by means of crane and straps around the body, as oxen are prepared for shoeing. His mahout, guided him into the domestic prepared for him, without any trouble but in that hot climate he soon found the exclusion of fresh air disagreeable, and did not stay about long for a remedy. In a playful manner, he applied his trunk to the stout and firmly secured planks, wrenched them off as if they had been straws and dashed them away. No attempt was made at that time to replace them but when the ship approached our coast the elephant began to suffer from the cold. To shelter him Capt. Kennedy resolved to make another endeavor to close up his house. This time there was no attempt on the part of the elephant to obstruct the process. He appeared perfectly to understand the object and to feel grateful for it,—nothing but thin boards were used fastened with common nails; the slightest blow of his trunk would have shattered them to atoms, but he cautiously abstained from touching them. The whole was made air tight, as the seamen thought by filling the crevices with straw, but the quick eye of the elephant discovered several small fissures which he pointed out with his trunk, till they were successively filled. When the whole was completed, his satisfaction appeared to have no bounds.

Before the approach of cold weather, a coat had been made for him, composed of gunny bags, studded with straw. He suffered this to be tied on him and nicely fastened in every part; but previous to her marriage, she was accompanied on sooner was the fitting completed, than he in the same pew with her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also; but unfortunately for the poor girl, she held it upside down. The young man, astonished at this, exclaimed, "why, Mary Anne, you have the book wrong side up wards."—"I know it, and she, confusedly, always read so, I am left-handed."

During the whole passage, he was completely under the control of his mahout, or keeper, and would lie or kneel down whenever ordered by him, but always slept standing. He would brace his head firmly against one end of the house, and his side against the wall, and whenever the ship shifted her course he altered his position to conform to it. He never left his enclosure during the passage of more than a hundred and sixty days.

### DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

During the proceedings on Wednesday evening, a serious accident occurred, which cast a gloom over our town scarcely less general than the brilliancy which the pleasing intelligence on the subject of the canal bill, had just occasioned. Capt. Jacob Davidson, while in the act of re-loading a Cannon, which had become excessively heated from frequent and rapid discharges, had one of his hands shot off in such a manner as to disable him probably forever, for any kind of labor—thus throwing upon the charities of the public, an indigent and numerous family. Though his arm was much injured, we understand the physicians have hopes of saving it.

Two gentleman descending on the mischiefs that had crept into the church, one of them said that a large portion of his flock were infected with delirium; the other complained that many of his congregation were still worse, being infected with atheism: "And I am sure (added a countryman standing by) that nearly half of our parish is at this minute sulky afflicted with theism."

An English gentleman travelling through the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him he asked the boatmen if any person was ever lost in the passage. "Never," replied Terence, "never! my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

A physician of Newcastle being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for the blunders he had committed through drunkenness, dwelt so much on the poor fellow's misconduct, as to raise his choler, and draw from him this retort: "Upon my soul, sir, this is all I intended; and that you should be so eager to lay open all my blunders, when I have so often, so very often, covered yours, is hard, very hard, master doctor, that's all."