



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-lands  
Have ceased their kindly sympathies—the birds have  
ceased their song;  
Stern ruin throws around the spot her melancholy hue,  
She withers all she looks upon, and I am withered too!  
For me no more the merry bells shall peal their even-  
ing chime,  
Or minstrels on the village green attune their rustic  
rhyme!  
The church that smiled so meekly 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 and  
spotted green,  
A darksome marsh disposes now its vapors o'er the  
scene;  
Rude winter sheds his drifting snows around the  
wilting thorn,  
And dying is the yew that marked the spot where I  
was born.  
And yet how blithely once it rose to meet the arching  
sky,  
And blossomed in its majesty when I last wandered by!  
The thrush sang its branches carolled sweetly to the  
breeze,  
And hymned for its woodland notes of happiness and  
ease!  
Those cheerful hours have passed away, the village  
bell is still,  
And round it blows the winter breeze, so cutting and  
so cold,  
Soft music dies along the boughs, at evening's dim  
twilight,  
And it seems as if fancy's eye to breathe the dinge of  
past delight  
It brings to me my mother's voice, when last she bade  
"good night."  
And she came to me with fondness, while a tear stood  
in her eye;  
"We'll meet in rapture soon," she cried, as hope as  
sanguine as mine,  
But vain were all her joyous hopes—we never met  
again!  
The hamlet friends that I have known are cold and  
near the sod,  
Or bowed to earth in agony by our "envoy's" rod.  
The blight of utter solitude has ridged this sweet  
scene,  
And scarce a mouldering stone remains to tell that it  
has been.  
Oh! I could weep to see the gloom that time hath  
thrown around,  
And die at once since I have felt this solitude pro-  
found,  
That weighs 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 assail  
Fain would my fancy still prolong each glimpse of  
parting day;  
Fain would I view my childhood's haunts by eve's do-  
reaching light—  
It must not be, the sun has set, and all around is light!  
Farewell! ye scenes to memory dear—time warns me  
to depart,  
I dare not speak—affliction chokes this desolated  
heart;  
To other eyes your solitudes may bright and beautiful  
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 glow that it blazed 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 expressed,  
That I drop in my goblet to sweeten my wine.

### "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 informa-  
tion respecting India, Egypt, Georgia &c. &c.  
were to me, whose peregrinations had never ex-  
tended beyond the grand tour of the United  
Kingdom, infinitely interesting and valuable—  
Mrs. Fraser, a clever enthusiastic Scotch wo-  
man, was never weary of narrating, nor I of list-  
ening to, the lays and legends of her own to-  
pastic land; to her were familiar, its poets sa-  
ges, and seers; its startling superstitions, and ol-  
den customs; its bodily beautiful scenery, its re-  
ligious 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 con-  
versation 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 to bed, when-  
ever a "stranger" was expected. "A stranger,"  
and do they really consider me a "stranger,"

thought I, upon first leaving the world, I escape  
Mrs. Fraser's lips? "Amiable! pleasurable!"  
with them I neither can, nor will consent to re-  
main upon the cold, unsocial footing of a stran-  
ger," and attested by this generously selfish im-  
pulse, 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! ter-  
rible 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 un-  
necessary to detail the process by which the de-  
light 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, brother-  
ly 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 tempt-  
ing dinners and choice wine, with which I was  
always, when quite by myself, regaled, the fami-  
ly dinner, viz. the plain joint, and the plain pud-  
ding, or the sorry remnants of the once sumptu-  
ous feast, with a meagre supply of port and sner-  
ry, must serve "one of the family." Now, a  
couple of dimly burning mould candles,—not un-  
frequently 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 lit-  
tle members of it, my brothers and sisters, per-  
adventure, all uproarious and audacious, are let  
loose upon me;—yes; those rude, noisy trouble-  
some, quarrelsome, children, are no longer con-  
fined 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 nursing—it is  
glorious fun, to tease "good-natured Mr. —,"  
and they vent their frolic gait now, or their un-  
amiable humours upon, or before me, in whose  
face they dared not once look, and in whose pre-  
sence, 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  
mounds in the presence of a superior, and mute  
as the fraternity at La Trappe. Colonel Fraser,  
before "one of the family," deems it no in-  
fringement of etiquette to doze in his chair, fair-  
ly 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 com-  
pany, to write letters—and to enjoin, whether  
dining, reading, or writing, the strictest silence,  
in terms like these:—"Do be quiet!" or "can't you  
be silent for one minute, my dear love?" (those  
last tender words pronounced in a tone, and ac-  
companied by a look of perfect fury;) or in a  
voice attempted to be subdued, but tremulous  
from ill suppressed passion. Softly, softly, good  
people! pray hold your tongues! "Is very hard  
that I can't be indulged with a little silence in  
my own house; but I tell you what, Mrs. Fra-  
ser—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 as-  
sured, my dear, that I have no intention of grati-  
fying you in this respect, at present. Then a-  
hah! 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, engravings,  
and superbly illustrated works are brought for-  
ward expressly for my delectation; now, no in-  
triguing anecdotes, and no curious and interea-  
ting original facts, falling under the well infor-  
med narrator's observation and experience, are  
glenned in the course of their reading;—in brief  
no sources of edification and intellectual enter-  
tainment are for "one of the family," opened as  
they had been, to benefit and delight the stran-  
ger. No! 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 individ-  
uals, 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 chilled and saddened  
by these evident alterations in the disposi-  
tion and conduct of my excellent friends, I can  
only implore the youth of each sex, inexperi-  
enced in the ways of the world, if they would  
visit agreeable people on agreeable terms,—if  
they would avoid hearing domestic discussion,  
and jars (children and servants, perhaps, by  
turns petted, instructed, and soundly rattled,) if  
they would avoid debates touching family ex-

penses, troubles, dissensions, peccadilloes, &c.,  
and visiting, with the regular dissection of cus-  
tomary dinners and evening guests,—briefly, if  
they would continue to deem their friends the  
acquaintances 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, so-  
ciable manner; but as each values his comfort,  
pleasure and reverential consideration let him  
be cautious how he becomes—"one of the fami-  
ly!"

Digging out a hole.—"An' so ye ar' digging  
out the hole there, pat, ar' ye?" said one Irish-  
man to another engaged in making a hole to in-  
sert 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, celebra-  
ted in his neighborhood for his immense strength  
and skill in all athletic exercises, very frequen-  
ly 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 wres-  
tler." The Scotchman, without answering, sei-  
zed 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 lord-  
ship, 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 rote, and has been observed to  
repeat it extremely well. A few Sundays ago,  
previous to her marriage, she was accompanied  
in the same pew with her sweetheart, to whom  
she did not like to be known that she could  
not read; she therefore took up the prayer  
book, and held it before her. Her lover wish-  
ed 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, "I  
always read so, I am left handed."

A Dutchman's direction.—A gentleman trav-  
elling 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 a  
long whiff at his pipe, "I can tell you so pette-  
r as no man living. In de first place, you go a  
long this road and go up a high hill and down  
a low hill—make a prize over—turn de river  
ud stream, and de first house you will come to  
will pe a barn shingled with straw—go a little  
farther den, and enquire of my prother and he  
will tell you so pette-er as no man living!"

Successful amputation.—A surgeon, in this  
State, who thought very highly of his own dex-  
terity in the use of the knife, was so unfortunate  
as to have most of his important operations fol-  
lowed 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 malefac-  
tor, he invited all the people to witness his cut-  
ting and sawing dexterity.

The dead patient was placed on a table; ban-  
dages, adhesive plasters, ligatures, &c. were  
provided; the amputating knife, saw, and tena-  
culum were at hand; the crowd looked on with  
all their eyes, and nearly all their mouth; and  
the Doctor, rolling up his sleeves, and brandish-  
ing 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  
dexterously cut all around to the bone; then sei-  
zing 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 acquaint-  
ance among the rest, he asked him if he did not  
think the operation was pretty dexterously per-  
formed?

"Why, yes," replied the other, "I think it  
was remarkable so; and, what is more surpri-  
sing still, it is the only operation you ever per-  
formed 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 in-  
formed 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 precau-  
tions taken by Capt. Kennedy for his comfort.  
His daily rations were 30 pounds of hay, 30  
pounds of straw and 25 pounds of rice, moisten-  
ed with 12 gallons of water. On several occa-  
sions during the passage, he displayed the sa-  
gacity 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 domicile prepared for him, without any  
trouble but in that hot climate he soon found  
the exclusion of fresh air disagreeable, and did  
not cast 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 an-  
other endeavor to close up his house. This  
time there was no attempt on the part of the el-  
ephant 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 touch-  
ing them. The whole was made air tight, as  
the seamen thought by filling the crevices with  
straw, but the quick eye of the elephant discover-  
ed 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,  
stuffed with straw. He answered this to be tied  
upon him and nicely fastened in every part; but  
as soon as the spring completed, than he  
stripped it off in a moment, and threw it aside.  
At length however, the cold became extreme,  
and the elephant evidently suffered exceedingly.  
Captain Kennedy then had a new dress  
made for him, and placed it on him in the same  
manner as before. In this case as with respect  
to the covering of the house, the elephant fully  
appreciated the kindness of the motive, and his  
gratitude and satisfaction were manifested in  
the most intelligible manner.

During the whole passage, he was complete-  
ly under the control of his mahout, or keeper,  
and would lie or kneel down whenever order-  
ed 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 alter-  
ed 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 eve-  
ning, 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 occa-  
sioned. Capt. Jacob Davidson, while in the  
act of re-loading a Cannon, which had become  
excessively heated from frequent and rapid dis-  
charges, 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 chari-  
ties of the public, an indigent and numerous  
family. Though his arm was much injured, we  
understand the Physicians have hopes of saving  
it.

Two gentlemen descending on the mischiefs  
that had crept into the church, one of them said  
that a large portion of his flock were tainted  
with deism; the other complained that many of  
his congregation were still worse, being infected  
with atheism: "And I am sure (added a coun-  
tryman standing by) that nearly half of our pa-  
rish is at this minute sally afflicted with thea-  
tism."

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 drunk-  
enness, dwelt so much on the poor fellow's mis-  
conduct, as to raise his choler, and draw from  
him this retort: "Upon my soul, sir, this is all  
tutored; 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."