

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOREST WOOD.

By Mrs. Anna of "Coast Law Bazaar." Within the sun-lit forest, One roof the bright blue sky, Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow, We lift our hearts on high...

A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I have a old coat, by an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, but a coat of old-fashioned, shadowy, and faded tones, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting room desk of a clothing warehouse in Eastcheap...

of his every day coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fullness, and healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities, the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shaggy old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as Christabel, uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it slily flutters beneath the Quaker's drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the colour of his conscience; while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances tell their own tale in the half-pay officer's smart, but somewhat faded exterior.

the glittering of thirty lakes, the faint undulating line of a thousand billowy ridges, or the blue expanse of the drisway ocean, dotted here and there with a passing sail, and bordered far away on the horizon by the dim boundaries of the Irish coast. Moreover, it was at my back when I plunged chin-deep into the life of Ely Boggs, in which picture-quest condition I was shot at, (and of course missed) by a Cockney sportsman, who had mistaken me for a rare and handsome species of the wild duck.

But by far the most singular adventure in which this old-fashioned appendage ever bore a part, was one which took place at night-fall at a lonely dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Black Mountains. I had been sporting over those delectable wastes for the greater part of a day, and having as usual shot nothing but an old furze bush, was making the best of my way home towards the village Inn where I had taken up my quarters, when the shades of night somewhat suddenly and inconveniently dropped around me. I say inconveniently, for I knew little or nothing of the neighbourhood, and as always the case on such occasions, took the wrong-by-path, which led me far down into a romantic hollow, in the centre of which stood a lone gloomy-looking hut. I think I never saw so forlorn an object. Its every incipient spoke of solitude and murder.

public executions which have formerly taken place in this State, and which are still permitted in other States, furnished the best evidence of the wisdom of our present law on this subject. Whatever may have been intended or expected from the example of public executions, there can be no doubt that the practical effect of them has been decidedly injurious. Among the thousands who throng to witness such a spectacle there is generally very little apparent solemnity of feeling, but the levity, dissipation, and licentiousness which usually prevail, is in the highest degree revolting, and attended with the most pernicious influence on public morals.

THE WATER LILY. BY MRS. HEMANS. The Water Lilies, that are so calm clear water, but no less so as the black and scowling waves. Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life. From the United States Gazette. RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS (Chap. XI.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SEA SERPENT.

It seems that we are still doomed to dwell and puzzle touching the existence of this most intangible of monsters. We have lately had time to settle down into a quiet and comfortable belief in the certificate of the whole steam-boat's company, crew and passengers, as to the marvellous character and huge proportions of the Leviathan, when our eyes are saluted, and our doubts brought back, by the following provokingly plausible paragraph in the last New-Bedford Mercury:

Phenomena of the Sea Serpent explained. Two sons of Mr. Martin, keeper of Bald's Island Light-House, state in the Salem Register, that on the 18th ult. six miles east of the island, they saw something like the description of the famous sea serpent; but on approaching within 25 yards it proved to be a school of black fish. For several minutes they kept a line of about 120 feet, and their rising and sinking showed the protuberances and undulating motions of the serpent in great perfection. Being frightened they separated in all directions. They add, had they kept in a line during the whole time we saw them, which was about 15 minutes, the most incredulous could scarcely have doubted the real 'sea-serpent.' The same school of fish made its appearance in Gloucester on Sunday, and was at first taken to be the sea serpent.

An amusing occurrence took place in our presence on Monday last. We went into a Barber's shop not far from Hanover-square, where we found William, a Jewerman, combing a gentleman's hair, who was asleep. During the operation, we were shaved, gashed, washed, and were going out, but observing William still combing the head of his customer, concluded that he had been hired by the hour to operate. Every body can imagine our surprise, when informed by the barber that both William and the customer had been sleeping for more than half an hour; the man at ease in his seat, and the other enjoying perpendicular nap.—N. Y. Gaz.

At Bowling Green, Kentucky, a short time since, Miss Rochester, daughter of W. L. Rochester, died of fright occasioned by a rude boy having run after her, on her way to school, with a mask or false face on his face. She ran, in her fright, in a pond of water when she was carried to her father's house, where nature was exhausted by frequent convulsive or apoplectic fits, she expired, 5 years and 5 months.

REFORM. The barbers in Boston are about meeting in convention for the purpose of forming an agreement to close their shops on the Sabbath. A writer in the Morning Post, says that a proposition will soon be made at a meeting to be called for that purpose, to omit the practice of shaving on the Sabbath. A thorough washing of the face and hands on Saturday evening will suffice, (in hot weather) till Monday morning.

SURGICAL OPERATION. Children have often lost their lives from obstruction in the windpipe, merely in consequence of neglect on the part of their parents to procure surgical assistance. Even the act of respiration has altogether failed, and the sufferer is apparently lifeless, a simple surgical operation, if not too long delayed, will in almost every instance restore life. An accident occurred in this town on Saturday last, which had nearly proved fatal, and the particulars of which ought to be generally known.

A child of Dr. E. A. Ward, while eating an apple, swallowed a piece the wrong way, as it is familiarly termed; that is, a piece of the apple lodged in the upper part of the windpipe, and so completely prevented the ingress of the air, that the child almost instantly ceased to breathe! Physicians were immediately called in, but when they arrived the child had every appearance of being dead—pulsation at the wrist had ceased—extremities were cold—but the operation of Tracheotomy, (opening the windpipe) was recommended, and successfully performed by Dr. E. Huestington and Dr. J. W. Gates. So soon as an incision was made in the windpipe it was apparent that the air slowly passed into and out of the lungs through the opening, and respiration was in this way carried on, until with a curved probe passed upwards the obstruction was removed, and in a short time the breathing became perfectly natural. This operation was not commenced until the child had remained apparently lifeless nearly twenty minutes! The child is now doing well, and will undoubtedly recover.

THE PROSELYTES. A SKETCH. The student sat at his books. All had been poring over an old and tattered book in its contents. It was one of the many series of controversial volumes containing the theological speculations of the fathers of the Church. A great reverence so characteristic of our countrymen, was endeavouring to truth amidst the numberless inconsistencies of heated controversy—to recon-struct an argument amidst the rant of the ages and the sallies of passion, and the operations of a spirit of personal animosity, but little in accordance with the spirit of the question at issue.

Veried and exhausted with his researches, he closed the volume, and re-posed his forehead upon his hand. "I have said," these long and painful studies, before what heart and mind? What have I gained? I have by researches wide and far; my head is from one long weary lesson; it is out from me the busy and the child, I have chastened every youth; and at an age when the heart is lightest and the pulse the freest, and silent, and sorrowful, I have a premature age is gathering a heart. Amidst these ponderous volumes, breathing, instead of of heaven, the sepulchral dust of I have become assimilated to the man; my very nature has undergone a metamorphosis of which Pythagoras named. I am no longer a reasonable being, looking at every thing with the human investigation with a clear, unobscured vision—but the cheated metaphysical subtlety—a metaphysical subtlety. God knows, I have been a lofty and pure one.