

[FOR THE COLONIAL HERALD.]

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

There is in the lone, lone sea, A spot unmarked but holy, For there the gallant and the free, In his ocean bed lies lowly.

IT'S NAE FUN, THAT!

Ye may laugh brawly i' the now, Ye may joke as ye like; But ye shouldna say the linnie's good Afore ye tak' the bibe.

From Poems, by Robert Nicoll.

* It may not be out of place here to state the circumstances under which the above "cantie sang" was written. In a company one evening, in Edinburgh, where Mr. Nicoll was present, a young lady was very much rallied on the subject of marriage; till, thinking that the joke was carried a little too far, she put an end to the teasing by exclaiming—"It's nae fun, that!"—a phrase which at once caught the humour of the poet, and the song was produced that same night.

DINNER.

It has been truly said, that nothing can be undertaken or commemorated in England without involving the necessity of a dinner. An Englishman not only fights better on a full stomach, but—it would seem—gives a better account of every faculty he possesses when once he has performed the grateful sacrifice to Ceres and Bacchus.

It is in the latter point of view that we have at the present moment to consider it.

Of the earnest devotion to their Sovereign of the members of the learned profession whose *gite* is in the Inns of Court, no doubt can possibly be entertained; and it must be admitted that the manner in which they give expression to their sentiments is perfectly characteristic.

"At the Middle Temple Hall, a turtle, venison, and champagne dinner is announced to be given on Monday next, the 6th June, to celebrate the happy escape of her Majesty from assassination!"

The second, which appeared in yesterday's Herald, is as follows:—

"GRAY'S INN HALL.—The Benchers of the society having ordered champagne to be distributed, yesterday, to each mess throughout the Hall, the health of the Queen was drunk in the most enthusiastic manner, after an address from the treasurer, in which he with much feeling adverted to the miraculous escape of her Majesty from the late treasonable attempt."

Here is what Tony Lumpkin calls "a concatenation accordingly." Her Majesty is happily preserved from assassination, and therefore the gentlemen of the Middle Temple resolve to give themselves a capital dinner of "turtle, venison, and champagne." The attempt of a traitor is frustrated, and the Benchers of Gray's Inn carouse, in "potations, pottle deep," to the confusion of the assassin, and their own immeasurable satisfaction. If events of such a nature are to be celebrated after this fashion, we almost tremble for the consequences. It is evident that the sons of Themis do not manifest any very marked dislike for the good things of this world. Indeed, the contrary is apparent. Is not then the precedent a dangerous one? The Queen's life is endangered. The Templars love good dinners. The Benchers of Gray's Inn have a tendency towards champagne. How is the desire of the learned gastronomes and gourmets to be gratified? By putting her Majesty's life in peril. Answer, ye learned in the law, is not the deduction a legitimate one? The oftener the Queen escapes, the greater will be the consumption of turtle and venison,—the more freely the corks will fly about in the hall. Who shall say that to ensure so desirable a result, an "attempt" may not be got up weekly during the turtle-and-venison season? It would not be difficult to find certain of "the unemployed," who, for the consideration of free quarters in a house of restraint, would readily simulate treason, and thus furnish the Benchers with a pretext for loyalty until the long vacation.

It used to be proverbially said, that "wretches hang that jury men may dine"—we have improved upon that principle in our day,—the nation has only to escape a great calamity, and the event is celebrated with "turtle, venison, and champagne."—London Herald.

AN OLD BAILEY DEFENCE.

Gentlemen of the Jury.—We have heard the evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution. I would not for the world attempt to throw a shade of suspicion upon the testimony given. They are, doubtless, all honourable men, and have a firm belief in the truth of what they have stated; but I will prove to you, indubitably prove, that they may not only be mistaken, but that they are! Gentlemen of the Jury, this occurrence took place on a windy day; the wind blew from the North-east. Now, we all know from experience the effects of a north-east wind,—the bitter enemy of asthma and rheumatism, and the unfailing friend of apothecaries and lozenge-makers. The wind was North-east; now, assu-

ming that the respectable witnesses were not affected by shortness of breath or rheumatic twinges, still I am sure that the lachrymal glands were excited, that the visual organs were rendered defective in their perception, and that what they did see was magnified through the medium of their involuntary tears!

Gentlemen of the Jury.—I trust that these philosophical reasons will not be blown upon as windy arguments; they have more to do with the case of my unfortunate client than you imagine. The prisoner at the bar is accused of stealing a hat, *alias* a beaver, *alias* a tile; now, I mean to prove that the wind was *prima facie* the offender, and, even in your severest judgment, must be accounted a *particeps criminis*.

The prosecutor swears that my client snatched up his hat, and took it off; now the witnesses have proved the error of this statement, swearing that the wind took it off, and my client picked it up. This is very material.

It is true he ran away with it; for he was hatless himself, and probably took it for one of those windfalls which Fortune sometimes so opportunely throws in the way of poor mortals.

The wind had affected his eyes as well as the witnesses', and he could not see the bald head of the proprietor of the beaver, (who had been so unceremoniously upbited,) among the pedestrians of a crowded street; and this is the most charitable construction we can place upon his actions. He placed the hat upon his head—a very fit place, you will allow—and it fitted him exactly. He ran away, it is true, for the outcry was so great that he was alarmed. He dodged in and out a stand of coaches, galloped down the street, panted through courts and lanes, and at last bolted down a blind alley, where he was captured by his pursuers, who, like cunning beaver hunters, followed him with shouts and laughter. Why, the sport was worth the price of the best Perrin or Frank ever manufactured!

They all swear that they found the property of the prosecutor upon my client, but that it was minus the crown. Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I appeal to your good sense. My client is indicted for stealing a hat, and it is positively sworn that they found the said hat upon the prisoner. I deny it—I deny it upon their own evidence. A crown without a hat is a very tangible and useful thing, as we all know; but a hat without a crown is a nonentity,—a useless thing,—in fact, no hat at all. Deprive a king of his crown, and he is no longer a king;—deduct a crown from a sovereign, and the sovereign is transformed into fifteen shillings;—take the crown from an arch, and it falls to the ground,—and so, Gentlemen of the Jury, must this charge against my client. There is an insurmountable flaw in the indictment, the benefit of which I trust you will give to my unfortunate client. —Bentley's Miscellany for May.

LUDICROUS CIRCUMSTANCE IN A CHURCH.—Speaking of first impressions at church, brings to my mind a ludicrous circumstance that happened some fifty or sixty years ago at Church. The Rector, though a man of profound learning, and a great theologian, was of such eccentric habits as often to create a doubt among the vulgar whether he was at all times *compos mentis*. Having remarked for several successive Sundays a gentleman who was a parishioner invariably using a seat in a pew next to that in which a young widow lady had her sitting, he intently eyed them, and at one time detected the young gentleman slyly drawing the lady's glove from off the back of the pew where she was accustomed to place it (her hands and arms were delicately fair), and placing in it a small neatly-folded note. By and by the lady's prayer-book fell—of course accidentally—from the ledge of her pew into the gentleman's; he picked it up, found a leaf turned down, and he hastily scanned a passage, which evidently caused a smile of complacency. Our minister saw all their sly proceedings, and continued to watch them with scrutinizing eye for two successive Sundays. On the third, as soon as the collects were read, and while the beadle yet obsequiously waited to attend him to the chancel, our eccentric pastor, in a strong and distinct voice said—"I publish the banns of marriage between M. and N. (deliberately pronouncing the names of the parties); if any of you know just cause," &c. The eyes of the congregation were turned on the widow and our gay Lothario; the lady suffused with blushes, and the gentleman crimsoned with anger; she fanning herself with vehemence, and he opening and shutting the pew door with rage and violence; the minister meanwhile proceeding through his accustomed duties with the same decorum and ease as if perfectly innocent of the agitation he had excited. The sermon preached and the service ended, away to the vestry rushed the party, at the heels of the pastor. "Who authorised you, Sir, to make such a publication of banns?" demanded they both in a breath. "Authorised me?" said he, with a stare which heightened their confusion. "Yes, Sir, who authorised you?" "Oh," said the minister, with a sly glance at each, "if you don't approve of it, I'll forbid the banns next Sunday." "Sir," said the lady, "you have been too officious already; nobody requested you to do any such thing; you had better mind your own business!" "Why, my pretty dear," said he, patting her on the cheek, "what I have done has been all in the way of business, and if you do not like to wait for three publications, I advise you, Sir, (turning to the gentleman), to procure the license, the ring, and—the fee, and then the whole matter may be settled as soon as to-morrow." "Well," replied the gentleman, addressing the widow, "with your permission I will get them, and we may be married in a day or two." "Oh, you may both do as you please," pettishly, yet nothing loth, replied the lady. It was but a day or two after the license was procured, the parson received his fee, the bridegroom his bride, and the widow for the last time threw her gloves over the back of the pew; and it was afterwards said that all parties were satisfied with their gains.—Literary Gazette.

INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.—The fighting had lasted without intermission from five in the morning. The slaughter on both sides had been immense, and the heat had become intolerable. By a sort of tacit understanding, the struggle ceased on both sides about nine o'clock, each availing themselves of the brief repose which both so much required. The French appeared dispirited; for three hours, not a movement was made nor a musket discharged; "and it was a question with us whether we should advance, and in our turn become the assailants, or remain quietly where we were, and await the result of the enemy's deliberations." During this cessation of hostilities an incident of rare occurrence in war produced an interesting display of generous feeling between two brave and noble-minded enemies. "A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause that the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops had produced, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other, like old acquaintances, and exchanged their canteens and wine flasks. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like an allied force than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed; the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard contested field; and to the honor of both it is told, that each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and to remove their unfortunate friends and enemies, without distinction. Suddenly the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms; many of the rival soldiery shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes after they were again at the bayonet's point."—Maxwell's Life of Wellington.

NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The progress of this truly splendid pile of building has been very active, considering its immense length, since the disagreements and misunderstanding among some of the operatives. It has now arrived at the first tier of apartments, and the corbels for many of the windows already display numbers of shields, charged with the royal arms of England before and after the conquest, together with those of the royal continental houses with which the reigning family is intimately allied.

MEHEMET ALI.—The Pacha is a man of low stature, is a good deal marked with the small-pox, his complexion sallow, his eyes quick and penetrating. He wears a fine white beard; and, when in good humour, has a most fascinating manner; but, when out of temper, his eyes sparkle, he raises himself up in his corner, and soon convinces you he is much easier led than driven. He is easy of access, and indeed fond of gossiping; and seems to be informed of everything that is either said or done in Alexandria. He has many friends among the Franks; and when he takes a liking, the man's fortune is made. He has built a very handsome palace, and furnished it with taste. Opposite the palace he has given up where his wife resides; but the old gentleman has given up his visits to that establishment.—Com. Napier's War in Syria.

AN EQUIVOCAL WARRANTY.—Verbal warranties are not to be depended upon, by reason of their being liable to misrepresentation. For example, in a case of fraud brought some years back before the magistrates of Bow-street, it appeared, that a person in the character of a quaker was asked by a purchaser if his horse would draw? "Thou wouldstst bless thine eyes," said he, "if thou couldst see him draw." On this implied warranty, the bargain was effected; but, on its being found the horse would not draw, the quaker was reprimanded with, and made this answer—"I told thee, friend, it would delight thine eyes to see my horse draw; I am sure it would delight mine, for I never could make him draw an ounce in his life."—The Horse and the Hound, by Nimrod.

SCOTT AT FAULT ON A "NOVEL" QUESTION.—Walter Scott was at London when gas light was first spoken of. On his return to Edinburgh, being in company with some very intelligent gentlemen, members of the legal and other learned professions, he told them of the novelty of pretending to light London with coal smoke. He, and the intelligent company, broke out into a hearty laugh at this piece of novelty. "Gentlemen," Scott observed, "I must confess such fools as this man with his coal-smoke light, are worse than other fools—they are the most stubborn fools, and cannot be dissuaded in any manner from their monomania." Some twenty years thereafter, Sir Walter Scott was appointed Director of the Edinburgh Gas Light Company.

PUNCTUALITY.—If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule, not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures composure, which is essential to happiness. For want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too.

QUID PRO QVO.—Reciprocal flattery often passes for mutual merit; though such base coin, when detected, ought to be nailed to the counter, to prevent it any further passing current. Swift observes: "This is a sensible author—he thinks as I do." "My wife's nephew," says the Doctor, "is a sensible lad. He reads my writing, likes my stories, admires my singing, and thinks as I do in politics: a youth of parts and considerable promise."

The woman who regularly reads the newspaper will be so much the more suitable a companion for a well-informed husband, and exert far more influence in the family than she otherwise could. Moral.—Every married man should take a newspaper.

There was much sound truth in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his descent from an ancient family. "So much the worse for you," said the peasant; "as we ploughmen say, the older the seed the worse the crop."

A man in Richmond, U. S., has issued a prospectus for a paper, to be started just as soon as the proprietors find out what will please every body. The first number will probably be issued on doomsday, or the day after.

GOOD.—A general Council of the Cherokee Indians have passed a law, that all spirituous liquors found at any time in their nation shall be poured out on the ground.

MICE, it is said, have such an aversion to the common spear-mint, that they will not approach a crib or granary in which a few sprigs of this herb are strewn.

A SUDDEN RISE IN FORTUNE.—Under the head "What six years may do for a man," the American Traveller says, that "Burleson, who was recently elected vice-president of the republic of Texas, was a boatman on the Champlain canal in 1835."

THE CHEMICAL CONSTITUTION OF PLANTS.—Most of our readers are aware that the greater part of all vegetables consists of but four elements—namely, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; very often of the first three alone; while the remainder is composed of certain saline, earthy and metallic compounds, which form the ashes that remain when vegetables are burned. The former are called the organic, the latter the inorganic elements of plants. Professor Liebig has demonstrated that the latter, although occurring in very small quantity, are yet as essential to the development of the plant as the former; and it is obvious that the first inquiry, in such a work as his, must be as to the sources from which all these necessary constituents are derived, and the best means of supplying them. With regard to the carbon of plants, the general opinion of writers on vegetable physiology, and of practical agriculturists, attributes its origin to the substance called humus, or vegetable mould, which is present in all fertile soils, and which is merely the remains of former vegetables in a state of decay. This substance, either alone or in combination with lime or other alkalies, is believed to be absorbed by the roots, and thus directly to furnish carbon for the plant. But this view has been shown by M. Liebig to be quite untenable; and he has demonstrated, by a most ingenious convincing train of argument, that the carbon of plants is derived from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. In the economy of nature, the supply of carbon to plants is beautifully associated with the restoration to the atmosphere of the oxygen removed from it by the respiration of animals and other processes, and thus preserves the air constantly in the same state of fitness for the life of animals.—Quarterly Review.

Stumps on Farms may be easily removed by the following simple and economical contrivance:—Procure a dry red-elm lever, about twenty feet long and six to eight inches in diameter—a good stout log-chain, with two yokes of oxen, this is all the machinery that is necessary. The mode of operation is this: Wrap the log-chain around the stump a little above the ground, and make what is called a log-hitch; lay the lever horizontally on the ground, the large end next to the chain and against the stump; make the other end of the chain fast to this end of the lever, drawing the lever tight against the stump, the cattle hitched to the small end of the lever, and driven around the stump in a circle, of which the lever is the radius. One revolution of the oxen around the stump will generally twist out the largest of them; but should not the power thus applied be sufficient to move the stump, the side roots may be uncovered, and cut partly off. After this is done, the stump is easily removed. You will find this plan much preferable to any patent stump extractor that you may have seen puffed in the papers.

THE THISTLE.—The Thistle is a biennial plant, and consequently, if the seed of every thistle on a farm were to be kept from ripening for two years, the whole race would be eradicated. It would pay well, therefore, in pastures, to employ an old man and boy during the month of June, one to cut the thistles just below the crown of the root, and the other to place a table spoonful of common salt on the root, which is thus destroyed at one operation, before the seed has been ripened or scattered abroad.

THILENIAN OPERATION.—For a long period it was deemed in surgical science a dangerous practice to operate on the tendons of the human frame. More recent experience, however, has shown that they may be cut almost with impunity, and consequently various deformities of the body, such as club-feet, knock-knees, &c. can be cured. The operation, which may justly be denominated one of the triumphs of modern surgery, was a few days since performed by Mr. Vale, of Birkenhead, on a boy about eight years of age, with complete success. The boy was born with club-feet, and from his infancy walked with great pain, resting the whole weight of his body on the outside of his feet, near the small toes, and was unable to place his heels on the ground. By dividing the various tendons about the ankle, he is now enabled to place his feet flat on the ground; and when our informant saw him a few days ago, the youngster seemed much pleased at being enabled to walk in the ordinary way.—Mail.

LIFE UNDER WATER.—POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

On Saturday last, Dr. Payerne added another to the several proofs which his experiments have already afforded, of the practicability of existing without connexion or communication with the atmospheric air. On this occasion, the diving bell, in which the doctor descended, was entirely discommunicated from the air pump and its apparatus, the aperture through which air is generally pumped down to the inmates being closed by a plug covered with a membrane. At ten o'clock, Dr. Payerne, taking with him the apparatus necessary for the re-organization of the vital principle of the air, and which was contained in a small box, entered the bell, and was lowered under water. The windows of the bell were papered over; but shortly after his immersion, the inmate removed one of the temporary blinds, and, from time to time, showed his hand, the signal that all was safe. Had anything unpleasant occurred, a blow from a hammer with which he was furnished, upon the side of the diving-bell, would have been promptly attended to, and the apparatus at once drawn up. Nothing of the kind however, was necessary. From time to time, the hand appeared at the window; and occasionally the adventurer displayed a lighted taper, proving the pure and uncorrupted state of the atmosphere in his temporary prison. At half-past one o'clock, the time agreed upon, the bell was raised, after having remained for three hours and a-half suspended under water. The doctor, on making his appearance, was greeted with loud plaudits from all present, who crowded around him, anxious to observe any physical effects which the experiment might have produced upon him. He looked, however, not a whit the worse. He was cool and comfortable, the pulse beating only a few pulsations quicker than when he descended, and the temperature of the air within the bell was only slightly raised. The possibility of reproducing by chemical means the exhausted vital principle of the air, seems to be now fully established; and there can be little doubt of the service which, by its practical adoption, the discovery may render to various species of marine industry. This invention is likely to prove of considerable importance to a great naval country like England; and we trust that the inventor may be able to apply to practical purposes his curious discovery.—Morning Chronicle.

THE BUDE LIGHT.—The following description of the Bude Light, of the principles of which perhaps little is generally known, appears in the Polytechnic Journal. The Bude light originally consisted of an oil argand flame, having a stream of oxygen thrown over its internal surface, which produced a very vivid illumination. It was found, however, after having been used for some time in lighting the House of Commons, that oil lamps, thus fed with vital air, were expensive and difficult to regulate. Mr. Gurney then tried to illuminate the house with naphthalised coal gas in argand burners, similarly supplied with oxygen; and though this produced a light of sufficient intensity, he encountered a formidable obstacle in its continuance from the deposition of liquid naphtha in the tubes of distribution. He next, happily, devised a method of obtaining from ordinary coal gas, purified in a simple apparatus of his own, and burned with oxygen derived from the atmosphere, an effluence adequate to every purpose of internal and external illumination, which is now used in the House of Commons with perfect success, and at a cost of 12s. per night, whereas that of the candles previously used there amounted to £6 11s. per night.

"THE CYCLE OF THE SEASONS."—Mr. L. Howard, F. R. S., of Aekworth, near Pontefract, who has carried on careful meteorological observations for about forty years, has published the result of his observations through two complete cycles of eighteen years each. The result shows a very great general resemblance between the two periods; and Mr. Howard is convinced that in each cycle there is a succession of years below the average. It is very agreeable to find that we have now just arrived at the close of one of the cooler periods, and are entering upon one of the warmer; and Mr. Howard anticipates that this and several successive years will be genial, warm, and generally favourable to abundance of the products of the soil. The reader ought to be aware, that in eighteen years the moon, the sun, and the earth come into the same relative position towards each other as they were at the beginning of the period; and the theory is, that the temperature, moisture, winds, &c., on our globe, are materially affected by the relative positions of the sun and moon towards her.—Lancet.

LIKE MASTER LIKE DOG.—A vigilant justice of the peace who resides in a borough on the banks of the Tees, has a vigilant Newfoundland dog, no less renowned for sagacity than his master. The other day, a lady was on a visit at the worthy justice's house, and the dog observing her taking her departure in the evening, rushed after her, and seized her garments to arrest her steps. She endeavoured to release herself—it was a fruitless effort. The dog would not allow her to walk in any direction, excepting that which led her once more to the door of the magistrate's residence; and even a "man's will" (proverbially unbending) was compelled to give way to a dog's. The lady complied with his wish that she should return to the house. He was then delighted, and wagged his tail in great glee as he conducted her into the presence of his magisterial master. The secret of the arrest was then explained; the lady, being unprovided against the coldness of the night, had borrowed a shawl from one of the inmates, and the watchful brute had apprehended her for felony!

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—The whole of the tunnel nearly 1,200 feet in length, is now completed, and will be opened in a very short time as a public thoroughfare for foot passengers; the workmen are busily engaged in erecting the staircase on the Wapping side, which is that remains to complete this extraordinary work. The machinery, steam engines, and surplus materials are all to be sold by auction, including the powerful apparatus called "the shield," by means of which the work was accomplished. It is said to contain 150 tons of iron, and to have cost £10,000.

Doctor Franklin had some queer notions. For example, he thought the judges ought to be appointed by lawyers; for, added the shrewd old man, in Scotland, where this practice prevails, they always select the best member of the profession, in order to get rid of him, and to share his practice among themselves. "Do you ever play cards?" inquired George III. Horne Tooke. "Please your majesty," was the reply. (a reply, however, not likely to be pleasing to the court jester). "I am so little acquainted with the court as not to know a king from a knave."

Prosperity tries the human heart with the deep probe, and draws from it the hidden character. Struggle with adversity, but success disarms us.