

THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE.

(By Thomas Campbell.)

ENGLAND hails thee with emotion, Mightiest child of naval art, Heaven resounds thy welcome! Ocean Takes thee smiling to his heart. Giant oaks of bold expansion, O'er seven hundred acres fell, All to build thy noble mansion, Where our hearts of oak shall dwell. Midst those trees the wild deer bounded, Ages long ere we were born, And our great-grandfather sounded Many a jovial hunting-horn. Oaks that living did inherit Grandeur from our earth and sky, Still robust, the native spirit In your timbers shall not die. Ship to shine in martial story, Thou shalt clove the ocean's path, Freighted with Britannia's glory, And the thunders of her wrath. Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee, Threatening havoc to their deck, When afar they first descrie thee, Like the coming whirlwind's speck. Gallant bark! thy pomp and beauty, Storm or battle ne'er shall blast, Whilst our tars in pride and duty Nail their colours to the mast.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

Hitherto, also, little has been thought of the importance of the Irish language, as a key to the heart of the peasantry—that heart which occupies so large a part of their nature, that it is made the seat of all their ailments, and was the excuse given for their former habit of drunkenness. But England is at last beginning to open her eyes to this great instrument for the improvement of Ireland; and there is, we understand, in the North of Ireland, one excellent nobleman, Lord George Hill, who has recently learned to speak Irish with this very view, and we sincerely wish his example was followed generally. Let it be remembered that a common tongue is one great bond appointed by nature to draw men's hearts together; that although sufficient English may be acquired by the peasantry for mere business, English is wholly inadequate to express the natural warmth and quickness of Irish feeling—that the Irish is identified with all their old and most gratifying associations—that there is a wide difference between using a language so as to be understood by others, and understanding it well ourselves—and that instead of perpetuating a barbarous language, the use of Irish will tend to preserve from destruction many most valuable records of interesting history, and finally, as it has proved in the case of the Gaelic, will render the English prevalent, by encouraging a love of learning. The author of 'Sketches in Ireland,' has given an anecdote which we gladly transcribe:

"A shower of rain drove us to seek shelter in the hut of the man who looks after the peasants (on Lord Bantony's domain). He was alone, and with all the civility that never deserts an Irishman, he welcomed us in God's name, and produced stools which he took care to wipe with his great coat before he permitted us to sit on them.

"On inquiring from him why he was alone, and where were his family, he said they were all gone to the Watch-Mass (it was the Saturday before Easter day). 'And what is the Watch-Mass?' He could not tell. 'And what day will to-morrow be?' He could not tell. 'What cannot you tell me why yesterday has been called Good Friday and to-morrow Easter Sunday?' 'No!' Turning to my companion, I was moved to observe, with great emphasis, how deplorable it was to see men, otherwise so intelligent, so awfully ignorant concerning matters connected with religion. 'Not so fast with your judgment, my good sir,' said my friend; 'what if you should prove mistaken in this instance concerning the knowledge of this man: recollect that you are now speaking to him in a foreign tongue. Come, now, I understand enough of Irish to try his mind in his native dialect.' Accordingly he did so: and it was quite surprising to see how the man, as soon as the Irish was spoken, brightened up in countenance; and I could perceive from the smile that played on the face of my friend how he rejoiced in the realization of his prognostic; and he began to translate for me as follows:

"I asked him what was Good Friday? It was on that day the Lord of Mercy gave his life for sinners; a hundred thousand blessings to him for that. What is Watch-Saturday? It was the day when watch was kept over the holy tomb that held the incorruptible body of my sweet Saviour. Thus the man gave in Irish, clear and feeling answers to questions concerning which, when addressed in English, he appeared quite ignorant; and yet of common English words and phrases he had the use; but, like most of his countrymen in the south, his mind was groping in foreign parts when conversing in English; and he only seemed to think in Irish. The one was the language of commerce, the other of his heart."—Sketches p. 311.

THE AFFGHANS are a confederacy of tribes who inhabit the barren, cold and mountainous region between Persia and the British possessions in India, all speaking one language, professing one faith, and acknowledging one Shah, or king. They first figured in history in the reign of Nadir Shah, when they invaded Persia en masse. They were defeated by the Asiatic Napoleon in one grand decisive battle, on the issue of which the fate of the two kingdoms was staked. It may be remarked, that Nadir was one of the best generals any nation or any age ever produced, and that his army was the best in the world, in his time, whether as it regards material, discipline or valor. Nadir subdued the Affghans, incorporated them with his troops, and, by their aid, accomplished the conquest of India. Persia has sadly degenerated since the days of Nadir and Aga Mahommed; but not so the Affghans. They are bold, athletic mountaineers, who have a discipline of their own and fight in masses. They are unacquainted with modern improvements in the art of war; but, physically, they are far superior to any British troops that can be sent against them. The nature of their country, too, gives them a decided advantage over an invading army. The English will not find them Chinese; they are the Circassians of India.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A LIONESS.

From an article in Bentley's Miscellany, entitled 'Hours in Hindostan,' we quote the following impressive details of an adventure with a lioness. They are related by the sufferer himself, Mr. Addison:—

"I was quartered high up the country, commanding a detachment, at least fifty miles from any other European. My only recreation was lion hunting, which I occasionally indulged in, and succeeded in destroying several of these superb animals, which were here so numerous and so bold as often to approach our tents, and carry off our provisions.

"I was thus amusing myself one morning, well mounted on a fleet Arab, followed by a dozen men on foot, and armed with an unerring rifle, when one of my people suddenly discovered the print of a lion's paw in the sandy plain over which we were passing, apparently inclining towards a deep jungle, some two hundred yards in advance of us. I instantly dismounted to examine the foot marks, and was carefully tracing them, when a sudden cry of terror made me look up. I did so, and beheld in front of me a magnificent lioness, which had suddenly bounded out of the covert. Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang towards my horse; my sword, however, alarmed by the appearance of the queen of beasts, had quitted the rein, and before I could reach him, the frightened animal was half across the open space. My servants had all fled. I was left alone. The lioness was lashing her sides with her tail; she was evidently meditating an attack. I had but one resource left. After vainly calling on my servants to return and support me, I levelled my rifle, and, just as she rushed forward, fired. For a single instant I was not quite sure whether I had hit her or not. She suddenly halted, threw up her head, and gave a terrific roar. I was now convinced she was wounded; but alas! seemingly not in any mortal part. She glared on me. Human nature could stand no more. I threw down my gun, and foolishly overcome by fear, I fled. In another second I was conscious of my error. I heard her come panting along close behind me. It was all over with me; I knew my fate was sealed. I threw myself down; the lioness actually, in her haste to overtake me, sprang upon me. I heard a shot, and a piercing cry from the animal told me she was again hit; but I did not once dare to look up to see how seriously.

"After about half a minute, I could not resist the temptation, the desire I felt to read my doom. I slightly turned my head, only the least in life, and beheld the lioness licking her paw, through which a ball had evidently passed, the blood was also flowing copiously from her jaw, where my discharge had in the first instance taken effect. She was sitting on her haunches in evident agony. No sooner, however, did she perceive the very slight movement which I had made, than she sprang up, and in the next moment I felt her teeth penetrate my back bone, while one of her claws tore my left shoulder bare of flesh; in the next she lifted me off the ground, and carried me forward. This, however, was evidently an effort to her. Her wounded jaws refused to meet; but still she held me, screaming, struggling, praying for death, tightly in her teeth; she bore me on with the same ease with which she would have raised a kitten. I shouted to my servants to fire. It seems they feared to do so, least by accident they might destroy me instead of the animal. Alas! little did they know my feelings at that moment! Instant death, a release from the excruciating tortures I was then suffering, would have been the greatest favour they could have conferred on me.

"Thus was I carried for about a hundred yards, when, overcome by pain, the lioness dropped me, and lying down, began to lick the blood which streamed from my wounds. I could feel her rough tongue as it passed along the bitten parts, and tore open the tooth marks. I could feel her warm breath as she placed her mouth to my lacerated shoulder. One gripe more, one single wound in my throat, to which she was close, and I knew all would be over. I even attempted to turn over to her, to offer it to her jaws. She placed her paw on the bare bone of my shoulder, and rolling me back, added another, and, if possible, a more acute pang, to my sufferings. Again she began to suck up my blood as I lay groaning beneath her.

"My servants, I supposed, rallied, and alarmed her; for she suddenly once more started up, and making her teeth meet in my left arm, began to drag me away. Good Heavens! I feel even at this moment the same agony I then endured. In recalling the tortures of that instant, I almost fancy I again experience the pain she caused me as she dragged me along, evidently bearing me towards her lair, to feed her whelps. Suffering as I was, I knew all this; I read my doom and shuddered at it. Twice did the flesh break away from my arm, and twice did she renew her savage hold on me, and that so powerful, that she succeeded in getting me inside the jungle. Here she paused, unable from pain to proceed further. Two or three shots were fired at her without success. At length, finding her situation perilous, and her prey likely to escape, she retired a few paces, and determining on one effort, raised herself, and opening her huge jaws, suddenly bounded on me. I felt her teeth, but they closed not; I felt her whole weight on me, but she stirred not. In the next moment I heard a human voice. I was released from the ponderous load, and lifted up—the lioness lay dead at my feet."

OPENING OF THE CHESTS BEQUEATHED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA BY KING GUSTAVUS III.—Some time since, we adverted to the circumstance, that in 1791, Gustavus III. ordered to be deposited among the archives of the University of Upsala, two sealed chests, with injunctions that they should not be opened until fifty years had expired, to be calculated from the day of his death; and then only in the presence of the assembled senate, and the municipal and judicial authorities of the city. This ceremony, it has been some time announced, was to take place on the 29th ult., and much curiosity has been felt, and much speculation hazarded as to the nature of their contents. We are now enabled, from a letter in the Times, to give the particulars of this pompous and ridiculous piece of mystification:—"At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 29th, the commission appointed for the purpose, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, Rector, and professors of the University of Upsala, together with M. Sarte, the Governor of the province, assembled in the consistorium, and there opened a box containing the keys of the chests; along with these were found the following autograph instructions of King Gustavus respecting his bequest, which will be found to give a general view of the contents of the chest:—"In giving my papers to the library of the University of Upsala, I think I am saving from destruction many curious and interesting anecdotes of my reign, which must otherwise have remained secret, since the respect due to living personages would have forced me to destroy papers which might cause them vexation, but which, after the lapse of fifty years, can hurt no one, though they will throw much additional light on the history of the time. These papers are of various kinds—partly letters, partly memoirs, partly trifles, partly projects handed in to me; many regard court festivities in my youth, and the beginning of my reign, invented, some by myself, some by my family and others about the court; but which serve to show the taste and manner of life at the time. There are also letters from foreign sovereigns, and from ladies with whom I became acquainted while abroad; of these in particular there are a great many written by three clever and noble Frenchwomen; namely, Armande Septimannier de Richillieu, Countess d'Egmon, daughter of the famous Marshal Duke de Ri-

chillien, who relieved Genoa, and took Mahon, one of the most polished gentlemen of the courts of Loudvich the 14th, 15th, and 16th; her mother was a princess of the house of Lorraine, and she herself was married to the Comte d'Ernon, grandee of Spain; she died in the autumn of 1773. The second is Henriette de Sanchon de Boufflers, known for her talents, her learning, for the friendship of the late Prince de Conti, and for having been the first Frenchwoman who crossed over to England after the peace of 1763. The third is N. N. de Noaille, Comtesse de la Marque, daughter of the old Maréchal de Noaille, who commanded the French armies under Loudvich XIV. and Loudvich XV., and who won the battle of Denia. She is the widow of the last Count de la Marque, son of him who was ambassador at the court of King Charles XII. The title of the Count de la Marque has been brought by his daughter by his first marriage into the house of Aremburg. From the ladies are most of the letters. All these papers lie in the greatest disorder; but almost all those from my youth up to 1780 are placed in the black trunk which is at the bottom of the chest. In this are the letters of my blessed father, those written to the Queen Dowager from my family, those from the Kings of France, Loudvich XV., XVI., from the Kings of Prussia, Spain, &c., together with many papers concerning the revolution; letters R. R. Count Carl Scheffer, in answer to those written by me to him, which originals were returned to me, after the Count Scheffer's death, by High Marshal Count Carl Bonde, and which are to be found in a separate enclosure in the great chest. When these papers are opened, fifty years after my death, it is my will that the University find some learned man, well known for his taste and love of history, to arrange, bind, and preserve them, along with the Palmschold collections, in a dry room in the library. Should any one desire to write memoirs of my life, or cause anything to be printed which may be thought curious, I should regard his purpose with pleasure. In the meantime, I leave the university a new pledge of the love I have ever borne to that institution which I directed during my youth, and which now, during the minority of my son, I have taken more closely to my regard. I wish that my successors on the Swedish throne may ever cherish the same affection for a foundation so useful and so honourable for the realm.—GUSTAF. Palace of Stockholm, June 23, 1783."

From the consistorium the committee proceeded to the Gustavianum (or part of the old library in which the chests were preserved), where they were met by the rest of the University authorities and the guests invited to attend. Soon after the doors were thrown open, as many of the students and the public as could find room were admitted. The two chests were fastened and rivetted to the wall by a heavy iron chain, so that a smith was necessary to commence the proceedings; after his labours were ended, the smaller chest was lifted off the greater one, and this latter was opened first. The contents of both chests are sufficiently indicated in the King's letter, and the examination of the particulars as set forth by the writer only confirmed the first impression of their unimportance. He thus continues:—"From the above it would seem that the world has been cheating itself for the last fifty years with the expectation that on the opening of these chests something would transpire as to the secret springs of the conspiracy by which Gustavus III. lost his life. Side by side with this expectation, a confused but very general report had sprung up, that a certain high personage, not content to wait half a century, had anticipated the stipulated time, and made a judicious selection from the contents of the chests, prior to their being given over to the custody of the University. The apparent result of the investigations has not at all diminished this report; on the contrary, it has passed into a belief, and those who, a week or two back, only doubted, are now sure that the Duke of Sundermania, when Regent, took care to abstract everything crimiatory to himself from among the papers in question. Without attempting to decide on a question which seems likely to remain an historical riddle for ever, it may be remarked, that as far as the autograph instructions of the King go, (see above), it does not appear that we have any good cause to expect to find any papers of a date later than 1788, when the bequest was made and the instructions signed, and though the King, on receiving his mortal wound, four years afterwards, may have added to the papers before inclosed in the chests, during his sufferings, which were prolonged above ten days, yet, in the absence of any positive proof that such was the case, we are hardly justified in branding the name of King Charles XIII with so foul an imputation as is implied in the abstraction of these papers; since, if this be taken for granted, it seems impossible to acquit him of being accessory to the murder of his brother. There is, besides, a curious circumstance connected with the matter, namely, 'All papers marked with a cross, or inscribed Freemasons' papers, must not be opened by any other than the reigning king of my family.' A singular instance of the vanity of human provisions. The family of Wasa are vagabonds on the earth, exiled from the land which their great ancestor raised out of the dust, fallen from his throne, because they had forgotten how to govern, and their place is filled by a child of the French Revolution. But many go so far as to say that these papers must be handed over to the Prince Wasa, as the lineal descendant of Gustavus; but prince or no prince, one thing is certain, he is not, nor ever was, 'the reigning king of the Wasa family,' and therefore cannot be the person pointed out in the instructions. Others, in despair, say, the papers must be kept close sealed for ever—a long time. But it is not to be doubted that the government, if so inclined, might fairly exercise a right, which few, perhaps, would deny it to have, and settle the case of casuistry at once, by breaking the seals, much in the same way as Alexander treated the unmanageable Gordian knot; thus proclaiming, once for all, that the reigning family had not only succeeded to all the rights actually possessed by the former dynasty, but to those also which, fifty years back, it fancied it would possess at the present time. There is one thing to be said, before this notice is closed. No reader can have failed to wonder at the marvellous spelling of the French words in the King's instructions, but this astonishment will surely be increased when we say, that the whole Swedish document is as anomalous, both in construction and orthography, as the French, with which it is so strangely relieved—another proof, if any were needed, that a man, not to say a king, may enjoy the reputation of a great author without even knowing how to spell."—Athenaeum.

THE POWER OF STEAM.—It is on the rivers, and the boatman may repose on his oars; it is on the highways, and begins to exert itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill, and in the workshops of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints.—From Webster's Lectures.

COMICAL STORY OF LORD BROUGHAM.—The following scene occurred many years since at an assizes in Lancaster, where Brougham conducted the case for the plaintiff, and Lord (then Mr.) Campbell that of the defendant. It was 11 o'clock at night when Brougham had to speak. He begged that the case might be adjourned, on account of the lateness of the hour, but defendant's counsel would not consent, dreading the display which Brougham would have made when fresh in the morning. Disappointed in procuring the adjournment of the case, he succeeded in obtaining leave to refresh himself for fifteen minutes; and when the presiding judge had left the court, Brougham leaped on the bar-box, squatted on the witness table, threw off his wig and cravat, and sprang a sovereign over his head to the crier, telling him to bring two bottles of Burgandy, a table-spoon and a wash-hand basin. The by-standers watched his movements with great curiosity; they expected to see him perform his lavations; but to their great surprise, when the wine was brought he discharged the two bottles of Burgandy into the wash-hand basin, and began to drink it with the table-spoon, as if he had a bowl of soup before him. In a very short time he had got through nearly half the contents of the basin; he then stopped, placed the basin near him, and when the judge and jury came back to Court, commenced his speech, stopping at times, for a couple of spoonfuls of Burgandy. After having spoken for two hours, the Court requested him to stop; but, as he would have his revenge; and he went on till long after three o'clock the next morning, to which time he kept Campbell in Court.

LOVE UNDER A MASK.—When a simple youth first braces up his nerves to talk eloquently to the fair sex, he puts himself under the strictest discipline; he disguises his natural appearance so completely, and keeps his faults so dimly obscure, that the unfortunate girl has no opportunity of discovering what he really is. She endeavours, therefore, to comfort herself to his liking, and becomes self-flattered that she will be 'able to manage him.' Unconsciously does she thus forget her own natural temper; in the excitement of his approbation she fancies that improvement is complete; that the perverseness for which her mother so often upbraided her has entirely passed away; and that the rashness of her tongue has cooled down to a happy soliloquising on the hopes in store for her. Her lover looks complacently upon her; he holds all the cardinal virtues in her countenance, and therein rests contented; he never seeks to know if they are rooted in her mind, or engrafed on the motive motions of her life. Being himself under a mask, he cannot observe that she is the same; and thus, even after what may be called long courtship, do husband and wife come together, entirely ignorant of the impulses by which they are governed. Surprised at the small ebullitions which take place, disappointment comes upon them like a long dark cloud; carelessness emits chagrin in stormy gusts, and the unholy wars of disobedience and disgust rage violently where love betokened comfort, consolation of heart, and effervescent joy; while the world (or what is worse, a narrow neighbourhood)—stands wondering by, and says, 'who would have thought it?'—Chambers's London Journal.

A SULKY WOMAN.—Sulkiness, if you be not too blind to perceive it, is a temper to be avoided by all means. A sulky man is bad enough; what, then, must be a sulky woman, and that woman a wife: a constant inmate, a companion day and night! Only think of the delight of sitting at the same table, and sleeping in the same bed, for a week, and not exchange a word all the while! Very bad to be scolding for such a length of time; but this is far better than sulks. If you have your eyes, and look sharp, you will discover symptoms of this, if it unhappily exist. She will, at some time or other, show towards one or other of the family; or, perhaps, towards yourself; and you may be quite sure that, in this respect, marriage will not mend her. Sulkiness arises from capricious displeasure—displeasure not founded in reason. The party takes offence unjustifiably; is unable to frame a complaint, and therefore expresses displeasure by silence. The remedy for sulkiness is, to suffer it to take its full swing; but it is better not to have the disease in your house; and to be married to it is little short of madness.

Those who trust know not on what ground they stand—whether they are becoming rich or poor; because they cannot collect the money due them. This is often the condition of many whose days of doubt and fear keep them in a state of painful anxiety. Every body trusts, every body is cheated, or disappointed of his dues. Thus are extended the sufferings and trials of mankind. They are especially injurious to the kinder and more unsuspecting portion of the community, while rogues, swindlers and speculators, profit by the system. If everybody were in the habit of giving cash or goods for what they purchase, it would make it very easy to continue cash payments, which would introduce innumerable benefits and terminate many evils. It would cause a greater attention to honesty in all our dealings; it would suppress much of the spirit of undue speculation; prevent much swindling; put an end to most suits for debt; render prisons for debtors unnecessary; save the fortunes of many now spent in law-litigations; promote the peace of society; reduce the number of lawyers; put an end to the practice of hiring money at usurious interest; enable every one to ascertain what he is worth. If money was not let out on usurious interest, rents would fall; everything could be bought for cash, by the poor, at a more reasonable rate; and thus the industrious, in every class, would, with frugal management, gradually become comfortable in their circumstances. By the credit system, men must always expect to suffer revolutions in property. Every change in commerce, trade, and manufactures, leads to this; but by cash payments, changes like these will little affect the estates of our citizens.—Boston Transcript.

Human life is a series of experiments for the discovery of human happiness; and whatever is admired as great in the result,—whatever is acknowledged as wise or beneficial—every part of the mental edifice which is looked up to as politically great or morally good, in the aggregate of human institutions, is the gratifying result of education to man,—the hallowed witness of the happy and redeeming influence of the extension of knowledge. Let us, then, labour to increase the sum of that knowledge; for, unlike every other species of capital, it increases by division, and leaves the distributor richer.—Dietrich.

MANKIND may be divided into three classes—those who learn from the experience of others—they are happy men. Those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men. And lastly, those who neither learn from their own nor from other peoples' experience—they are fools.