

EMPERORS.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

Oh, mid the dazzle and the glare,
Of this world's fleeting show,
How many stout hearts sink beneath
A weight of battled woe,—
Heroes whose name is scarcely breathed,
Beyond home's humble hearth,
Who live unknown, unrecked of, die,
The brave souls of the earth!

And genius glory loves to shed
Around the warrior's name,
In verse or story consecrate
Her own bright sons to fame.
Thus morn's glad balo beameth o'er
Proud peaks that pierce the sky,
While shrouded in oblivion's gloom,
The lowly valleys lie.

Oft in the hidden vales of Life
Are battles fought and won—
Glorious, though seeking not the blaze
Of fame's too partial sun.
There oft are fortune's stern scowls met,
Griefs, uncomplaining borne,
With only God and Hope to cheer
Lone hearts with sorrow worn!

There have I seen strong men grow pale
Beneath the gripe of Want,
And pale Disease's phantom form
The lowly dwelling haunt;
And Death the parents' fond hopes crush,
Relentless, one by one,
While from the gloom the sufferers looked,
And breathed—"Heaven's will be done!"

God knows—wealth's favourites ne'er can know—
The fortune sublime
That nerves the poor man's soul to keep
Unretained by vice and crime.
When partner of his wretchedness,
And children of his heart,
In looks of misery bid the tears
Of helpless sorrow start!

'Tis music to the soldier's soul
When a nation's proud acclaim
Greets him the laurelled conqueror
In war's unhallowed game;
But loftier joy that hero boasts,
Who, toiling up life's road,
By unseen triumphs wins the smiles
Of Conscience and of God!

Like lonely barque that ploughs her way
Far on the dreary deep,
And sinks (unmarked by all, save Heaven,
Beneath the storm's wild sweep,—
Earth's unknown heroes silently
The world's rough tempests brave,
And, gliding noiseless o'er life's waste,
Sink to a fameless grave.

Yet though unknown, ye warriors,
If ye war for Truth and Love!
Unmarked below, your silent lives
Are registered above.
When blood-bought laurels of the field
Beneath time's touch shall die,
Ye nameless ones of earth shall shine
In Heaven eternally!

In that all-glorious Land beyond
The grave's dark wilderness,
Where titles, riches, sounding names,
Sink into nothingness,—
The wretched beggar's tattered garb,
By honest virtue won,
Shall laugh the crime-stained diadem
Of guilty kings to scorn!

W. T. R.

Australia Felix; or an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Settlement of Port Phillip, and New South Wales; including full particulars of the Manners and Condition of the Aboriginal Natives, with Observations on Emigration, on the system of Transportation, and Colonial Policy. By William Westgarth.—Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

Except exploring adventures beyond the colonial boundaries such as Mitchell's and Eyre's, the best and freshest books on Australia are Mr. Hood's and Mrs. Meredith's. The reason is that those writers confined themselves to what they saw; and even if people were not attracted in observation to that which they can best observe, the circumstance of drawing direct from nature gives more character and life to the description than can possibly be imparted to arrangements of statistical tables or repetition of other writers. A colonist, however, cannot be made to comprehend this truth. Instead of an actual account of his own feelings and experience during his colonial struggles and residences, which would contain individuality and reality, he seems to consider himself an Atlas charged with even more than the state. Nature in the largest sense, science, art, history, government, commerce, polity, and society, are all handled in their turns. The exception is the disappointed adventurer at odds with Fortune, or the Governor, or the Colonists, or Colonial writers at home, or all together; and he writes a pamphlet in which himself and his grievances are rather too predominant.

The author of the book before us seems an able and a sensible man; but he has fallen into the prevailing error. His volume contains four-and-twenty chapters, embracing some sixteen or eighteen subjects, (according to the reckoning of subdivisions,) any one of which is sufficient for a man engaged in affairs to master, and not one of which has any generic novelty. The history of New South Wales and of Australia Felix may be found in all shapes and sizes, from the mere sketch to the elaborated narrative. The geography, the topography, the climate, with the zoology, botany, and statistics, are perhaps still more common. We have had a good deal

lately about the Squatting system, as well as the Transportation, the Colonial, and other kindred systems. Everybody who has written upon these colonies (except, perhaps, Mrs. Meredith) has had a say upon Australia as a field of emigration. In like manner, all the travellers, and from their materials every speculator upon the nature and history of man, have treated of the Australian aborigines.

It follows that Mr. Westgarth's *Australia Felix* is a compilation, and to some extent from previous compilations. The author, however, being a man of ability and sense, has executed his job in a workmanlike manner. He also animates many of his subjects by new facts, or more vivid delineations derived from his own experience; and he brings down his public information to the latest period. For those who wish a general account of Australia Felix, Mr. Westgarth's may be recommended as about the best that has appeared.

A few extracts will convey an idea of the variety and the style.

NATIVE GAME TAKING.

The opossum, which usually selects for its domicile the hollow stem of a tree, is driven out and caught by a simple process. Having ascertained, by tapping on the trunk, where the animal is placed, or where the hollow part terminates, the Native makes an incision at the proper spot, and smokes him out of his retreat by introducing a burning stick beneath. The wombat, another animal having the dimensions and somewhat of the appearance of a small hog, ensconces himself at the further extremity of a long burrow underneath the ground, and the site of his dwelling is readily indicated by the pile of earth he has ejected in its formation. A small child is sent into the narrow habitation, who squeezes himself forward until he arrives at the object of his search. He then sagaciously taps on the roof, as a signal to those without, who with their ears to the ground are closely watching above him. When the place of the animal has thus been ascertained, a hole is soon dug into the burrow, which is usually horizontal, and only a short depth from the surface; and the little adventurer still occupying his place, and opposing his body to a retreat, the victim is quickly secured.

SHEEP-WASHING.

The fleece is generally washed before being shorn; and greater efforts are made in Australia Felix, and in the colony at large, to produce a snowy fleece, than the colonists have hitherto obtained credit for, or appearance of the greater part of their wool would indicate. But many have no running water on their stations; with others the water-holes are muddy, or are shortly made so in the washing process; and the high price of wages operates variously against all improvements. The plan of spout-washing is now generally adopted where practicable, and consists in pouring down from the elevation of a few feet a jet of water upon the sheep, as they are successively brought under the stream for that purpose. Where the fleece has been moistened for several hours previously, the spout-washing process is usually very effectual. * * * In the Sydney District, what are denominated the "crack lots" of wool are produced by very careful washing. Some are said to make use of tepid water. In the rage for improvement, the use of soda has been tried to correct the hardness of the water; and I have heard of a settler even plunging a cask of that material into the ocean of a water-hole.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

The wines of the Sydney District have usually been hitherto of a light or Rhenish character. We have still to learn the results of Port Phillip manufacture. In the mean time, I am anxious to caution my fellow colonists against the common practice of applying to these new descriptions of wine the old and standard names of the produce of the other hemisphere. All the difference in flavour in the case of the former is ever liable to be judged as all inferiority. New South Wales port or Australian sherry will never pass muster at the festive boards of the Mother-country. Under a totally distinct nomenclature, our Australian manufacture will stand upon its own independent merits, instead of vainly struggling for a position under the adopted title of European wines.

AGRICULTURAL APPEARANCES IN AUSTRALIA FELIX.

The newly-arrived colonist must not expect to find in Australia Felix the same air of finish and neatness that characterizes a British farm. The well-trimmed hedge and the substantial wall are rarely met with; and are usually represented by post-and-rail fences, and by walls of loose stones; both descriptions of enclosure being occasionally in bad repair. Instead of a well-tilled and well-drained field, the eye often rests upon a negligently-scratched surface, a self-sown harvest, and an alternation of stumps and stones scattered in dismal variety over the surface of the property.

Brian O'Linn; or Luck is Everything. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo." "Wild Sports in the West," &c. In three volumes.—Bentley.

Mr. Maxwell's main excellencies consist of a fluent style, a vigorous delineation, and the power of imparting character to his subjects: his chief faults are a tendency to exaggeration and a disposition for theatrical effects, together with a laxity of tone which suggests the tavern or the mess-table. He succeeds best in tales and sketches, especially when he is restrained by a substratum of truth, as in stories descriptive of actual occurrences, particularly of war; though even here his incidents and manner of narrating them were more fitted "ad ostentationem scenæ, quam ad fidem." The faults of this author are also of a kind to increase with years. The man who resorts to nature will generally be as various as his model; he who derives the subject from history, and addresses himself to the study and exemplification of philosophy, will vary his matter if his manner be somewhat the same; but the novelist who relies upon materials picked up long ago, and a knack of presenting them, will be driven to repeat himself, or to copy from books, or to trust to dexterity of writing amid the lack of matter. This will more especially be the case if he soar to the novel when his powers are best adapted to the tale.

Brian O'Linn illustrates these positions pretty clearly. The story has no relation to actual life, and the manner in which it is conducted passes beyond the abrupt surprises and unreasonable doings of farce or melodrama; yet, wild as it is, there is nothing original about it. The hero, Brian O'Linn, alias Devereux, alias Hunsgate, is rightful heir to a large estate of which an usurper is depriving him, after having murdered both father and mother, by deputy. Not satisfied with this, he pursues the life of Mr. O'Linn, by means of Hans Wildman, one of his old instruments,—an unmitigated ruffian of that kind which is scarcely found as *lusus nature* in the Newgate Calendar, though more plentiful on the boards of a minor theatre. Something like two-thirds of the work is occupied with this "past, vamp'd, old, revived, new piece"; a

good part consisting of the schemes of thieves, fighting publicans, and yet worse characters, to track out Brian and murder him. With these interesting doings is mixed up the career of the narrator of the story; who accompanies Brian like a shadow. Beyond picking up a wife at a lodging-house in Craven Street, Strand, Mr. Elliott junior, is, however, only necessary to introduce the guardian angel of the tale. This personage appears in the shape of a mysterious, ill-favoured, dwarfish humourist; but he is in reality young Elliott's uncle, supposed to have been drowned at sea, but who has made a fortune in the East Indies, and returns to watch over everybody that requires it and wind all up properly at last.

From the introduction of Border life, (the Elliotts are Borderers,) a gipsy, a superstitious Scotch butler, and Hans Wildman, smuggler, pirate, and murderer, the author may fancy he is imitating Scott's *Guy Mannering*; but he really owes his person and incidents to the common circulating library romances, and to Messrs. Ainsworth and Dickens. The mere derivation of the materials from other sources, however, might have passed, had they been better treated: but the startling extremes of the stage are everywhere visible, in the gross improbability of the occurrences, the abrupt and forced mode in which they are conducted, and the artificial melodramatic way in which even the dialogue is carried on. Some of the incidental sketches, especially in the introductory portion descriptive of Border and Irish life, have a more natural air, though not free from Mr. Maxwell's mannerism. The following is an example—an account of the train of misfortunes which deprived the Romish Church of the advantage of enrolling Brian's foster-father among her priests.

Brian darling! it's little they guess in Innisturk what the wide world is about. I have had learning and experience, for ye know I was intended for the altar; but, my curse upon ye, Tony Gallagher! its yerself that was my desolation! Ye see, I had commenced my humanities at Maynooth, and came home in the vacation to see my friends; when what the devil does Tony do, but coaxes me to take a run in the 'Fly-by-night' to Flushing. 'Arrah!' says Tony, the arch deceiver that he proved! 'divil blister the one will ever know he smuggled a half-bale; and when ye're regularly ordained, ye can give yerself absolution.' May the Lord pity me! I listened to the villain. There lay the sweetest craft that ever dipped a lug; and, *mona sin diaoul!* I unfortunately consented.

Well, away we went. My mother gave me her blessing, and full directions to bring her back a cotton gown; and my father told me when I was in for a drink, never to sit with my back to the fire on any account; and if I came to harm, it wasn't, ye see, for good advice; but Tony Gallagher and trouble always went hand in hand.

The 'Fly-by-night' was only in ballast trim; and as it was war time, the Channel was filled with cruisers. My heavy curse attend the same!—and here the headsman turned down another flash of lightning. 'This day we were chased by a frigate; and the next we were hunted by a brig; one evening a cutter tried our rate of sailing; and another a schooner obliged us with her company. Egad! we had the heels of the whole; and ye might as well have followed a gull upon the wings as spread canvass in pursuit of the 'Fly-by-night.'

Well, Brian, astore! we ran through the blockading fleet of Flushing in the night, and all but scraped sides with the admiral; and in eight-and-forty hours we were chokfull of schnaps and tobacco. At the *Tros Broders* we had a jolly evening; and left the Sheldt at midnight. It's an ugly navigation, and requires a man to know the banks well before he dares venture to grope his way out; but Tony—Lord pardon him, the sinner! could find green water as easy as he could the schnap-shop.

We were clear of the English fleet at gun-fire; and when the day fully dawned a look-out frigate and two sloops amused their crews with an hour's exercise; but, Lord! we left them as if they were towing their anchors after them. Tony Gallagher was delighted to find his lugger was so beautifully trimmed. 'Brian,' said he, as we spliced the main-brace in the cabin, after the frigate and sloops-of-war bore up to regain the fleet, 'I thing if every stick ould George has got was after us, we would give them the go-by between this and Innisturk.' I agreed with him in opinion; but, upon my conscience, Brian, jewel, before the next sunset I had a good right to change the same!

This was a melancholy reminiscence; and before Mr. Toole proceeded he fortified himself for the task by discussing another thimblefull of hollands.

We had cleared the sands, got safely through the men-of-war who in every shape and size were swarming on the coast of Holland, and at sunrise found ourselves fairly in blue water. The weather was rather thick, and the people were at breakfast, when suddenly the man at the mast-head shouted that there was a sail direct a-beam. The skipper seized his bring-him-near, and at a glance pronounced the stranger a whacking frigate; not very pleasant news, for she was well to windward. The mist cleared; the stranger had kept a bright look-out; for before the glass was from Tony Gallagher's eye he was making sail in chase, and crowding every inch of canvass he could spread from deck to truck. You may suppose that we were not idle in the lugger: fresh muslin was crowded on the 'Fly-by-night'; and away we went together with a mutual agreement that 'the Devil should take the hindmost.'

There was little fear but that we should have given the frigate leg-bail for our appearance; although she was beautifully handled, and every means to take the sailing out of her were tried. Tony had spliced the main-brace for the third time; and, while calculating the day we should likely make Achil Head, a boy aloft sang out that there was a sail a-head; and, as if we were not already enough in trouble, another bellowed that there was a brig on our lee-quarter, under a press of sail, and barely three miles off. I wished myself safe in Maynooth, and hard at my humanities again: but upon my soul, my education was to be completed under a different professor; for Captain Clewline succeeded Doctor Dionisius O'Dogherty.

We have spoken of *Brian O'Linn* critically. If it is measured by a lower standard, the book may be described as possessing rapidity of narrative, once in the story; strength and variety of character, with a good deal of attraction for those who take an interest in the sort of life among which many of the scenes are laid, and who are not so reflective as to bring the fictitious story to the touchstone of probability.—*Spectator*.

MORNING EMPLOYMENT.—An Irish member, who has more time than gloves upon his hands, will be happy to devote his mornings to the tuition of any gentleman in Mnemonics, upon a new system, enabling the learner to remember events which never occurred. The brogue and shillelagh also taught. The advertiser will be glad to accept instruction in the rudiments of reading and writing, as an equivalent.

GENEVA AND OXFORD.

A Discourse delivered at the Opening Meeting of the Theological School of Geneva, October 3, 1842. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, President, Author of "The History of the Great Reformation," &c.

[CONTINUED.]

The formal principle of Evangelical Christianity is this: The Word of God only.

Whoever would know and possess the truth in order to be saved, must address himself to that revelation of God which is contained in the Holy Scriptures, and reject all human addition: all that is the work of man is to be justly suspected, and is certainly marked with a deplorable mixture of error. There is one only source at which the Christian drinks; it is that clear, limpid, and perfectly pure stream which flows from the Word of God. He turns away his lips from every other fountain which flows on a parallel, or which pretends to mingle with the first, because he knows that looking at the place where these secondary sources spring, they all contain troubled, unhealthy, and perhaps deadly waters.

The sole, ancient, and eternal source, is God; the new, ephemeral, and easily exhausted sources, are men; and we would quench our thirst in God alone. In our sight, God is so full of sovereign majesty, that we regard it as an outrage, and even as impiety, to place anything, be it what it may, by the side of His Word.

Now this is what the chief of these Oxford innovators are doing. They say, in "Tracts for the Times," "Scripture, it is plain, is not, on Anglican principles, the rule of faith." "The Gospel doctrine or message" "is but indirectly and covertly recorded in Scripture, under the surface." "Catholic tradition," says one of the principal chiefs of this school, "is a divine informant in religious matters;" it is "the unwritten word." "These two things (the Bible and Catholic tradition) together make up a joint rule" of faith. "Scripture is but the document of appeal, and Catholic tradition the authoritative teacher." "Tradition is infallible," says another doctor, "God's unwritten word must necessarily demand the same reverence from us [i. e. as his written word], and for exactly the same reason, because it is His word." "We must demand the teaching of the whole body of Catholic tradition," says a third.

Behold, gentlemen, one of the most fatal errors that can be spread in the Church.

From whence came it to Rome, and to Oxford? Assuredly the respect that we have for the undoubted learning of these teachers will not prevent our saying: This error can arise from no other source than the natural aversion of man's corrupt heart for all that Scripture teaches.

It can only be a depraved will which leads man to put aside Holy Scripture. They first abandon the source of living water, and then they dig here and there broken cisterns. It is a truth which the history of the whole Church shows us in her falls and successive declensions, as well as the history of each individual soul. The Oxford theologians have only followed the way of all flesh. Behold then, sirs, two authorities established one by the side of the other—the Bible and Tradition. We need not hesitate what we must do. To the law and to the testimony! we cry with the prophet, "If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them; behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish, and they shall be driven to darkness." (Is. viii., 20 and 22.)

We reject this tradition as being a species of rationalism which introduces into Christian doctrine, as a rule, not the human reason of the present time, but the human reason of time past. We declare with the Churches of the Reformation in their symbolical writings, that Holy Scripture is the sole gauge, the sole rule of faith; that it is to the Bible, as to a touchstone, that all the dogmas must be brought; that it is by that Word that it must be judged whether they are pious, or impious, whether they are false or true. Undoubtedly there was originally a pure oral tradition—this was the instruction given to the Apostles themselves, before the sacred writings of the New Testament existed. Nevertheless, even then, the Apostles and Evangelists, Peter and Barnabas, (Gal. ii., 14,) could not always walk uprightly, and consequently stumbled in their words. The divine inspired Scripture only is infallible, the word of the Lord only abideth for ever.

But however pure was this oral teaching after the apostles had left the earth, it was necessarily exposed in this sinful world to be by degrees disfigured, soiled, and corrupted. This is why the Evangelical Church honours and adores with gratitude, and humility, that gracious will of the Lord, in virtue of which this pure primitive type, this first apostolical tradition in all its purity, has been laid down in writing by the spirit of God himself, in our sacred books for all ages to come; and she finds in these writings, as we understand them, the divine touchstone which she uses to test all human tradition.

She does not place co-ordinately like the Oxford teachers and the Council of Trent, written and oral tradition, but she decidedly subordinates the last to the first, forasmuch as one cannot be sure that this oral tradition is only and truly the apostolical tradition such as it was in its first purity.

The knowledge of true Christianity, says the Protestant Church, flows only from one source, to wit, Holy Scripture, or if you will, from apostolical tradition, such as we find in the writings of the New Testament.

The apostles of Jesus Christ, Peter, Paul, John, Matthew, James, still minister in the Church, no one had need, no one has the right to take their place. They minister at Jerusalem, at Geneva, at Corinth, at Berlin, at Paris; they render testimony in Oxford and in Rome; they preach to the ends of the world remission of sins and conversion to the name of the Lord; they announce the resurrection of the crucified to every creature; they remit and they retain sins; they lay the foundations and raise the house of God; they teach missionaries and ministers; they regulate the order of the Church, and preside in the synods where Christians would be; they do all this by the written word which they have left us; or rather Christ himself does it, since it is the word of Christ, rather than the word of Paul, of Peter, or of James, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations; lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Mat. xxviii., 19-20.

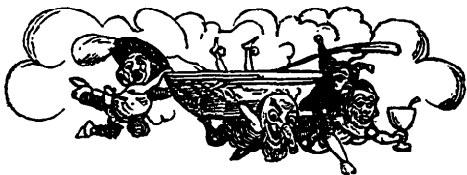
Without doubt, as regarding the number of their words, the apostles have spoken more than they have written, but as regards the ground of the matter, they have said nothing otherwise; they have said nothing more than what they have

left us in their sacred books. And if they have taught by mouth any thing fundamental, or otherwise or more explicitly than they have done by writing, no one can be in a condition to tell us assuredly one single syllable of these teachings. If it has not been the will of God to preserve it in his Bible, no one can come to God's assistance, and do that which God has not done. If in the writings, more or less doubtful of the companions of the apostles, or the fathers called apostolic, we find some of the doctrine, it is first necessary to prove it by comparing it with the certain teachings of the apostles,—that is to say, with the canon of scripture.

Let us look what there is for the tradition of the apostles; let us pass from the times in which they lived to those which succeeded; let us come to the tradition of the teachers of the first centuries. This tradition is doubtless inestimable to us; but in so far as it is presbyterian, episcopal, or synodical, it is no longer apostolical. And supposing (what is not really the case) that it does not contradict itself: suppose that one father does not destroy what another has established; (as happens, and as Abelard has already proved in his famous writing, the *Sic et Non*, the recent publication which we owe to a French philosopher;) supposing that for a single point one could reduce this tradition of the fathers of the Church to an union similar to that which apostolical tradition presents, the canon that would thus be obtained, could in no wise be given as of equal authority with the canon of the apostles.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

"But why don't you get married?" said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced innocent-looking youth. "Well I—" said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes on vacancy with a foolish and puzzled expression. "Well go on," said the fair cross-questioner, almost imperceptibly inclining nearer to the young man. "Now just tell me right out, what you want?" "Why, I—pshaw, I don't know." "You do, I say you do—now come I want to know." "Oh, I can't tell you—I say you can. Why, you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell me, of course, you know, for haven't I always been your friend?" "Well, you have: I know that," replied the beleaguered youth. "And I'm sure I always thought you liked me" went on the maiden in tender and mellow accents. "Oh, I do, upon my word—yes, indeed I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly, and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm. Then was a silence. "And then—well?" said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground. "Eh! Oh—well," said John, dropping his eyes and Maria's hand at the same time. "I'm pretty sure you love somebody, John—in fact," said Maria, assuming a tone of raillery, "I know you're in love, and, John, why don't you tell me all about it at once?" "Well—I—" "Well, I—oh you silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?" "It ain't because I'm afraid of anything at all; and I'll—well, now, Maria, I will tell you." "Well, now, John," "I—" "Eh?" "I—" "Yes." "I AM in love!—now don't tell: you won't will you?" said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with the most imploring expression. "Why, of course, you know, John, I'll never breathe a word about it, you know I won't, don't you John?" This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke, that had he turned his head to look at her, there might have been a fearful collision. "Well, Maria," said John, "I've told you now, and so you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you, and—" "Yes, John, I am sure you would do anything for me that you could. Yes, John, you know I would." "Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to do it." "I declare, John, I—you might have told me long since if you wanted to—for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life." "No, you wasn't; and I've often felt a great mind to—but—" "It's not too late now, John." "Well, Maria, do you think I'm too young yet to get married?" "Indeed, I do not, John, and I know it would be a good thing for you, too, for everybody says that the sooner young people get married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love each other." "That's just what I think; and now, Maria, I do want to get married, and if you'll—" "Indeed I will, John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I have said it so often behind your back." "Well, I declare, I've all along thought you would object, and that's the reason I've been greatly afraid to ask you." "Object! no, I'll die first; you may ask of me anything you please." "And you'll grant it?" "I will." "Then, Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—" "What? Eh? Do you love Mary Sullivan?" "Oh, indeed I do with all my heart." "I always thought you a fool." "Eh?" "I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home, your mother wants you! Oh, you—you—you stupid!" exclaimed the mortified Maria, in a shrill treble, and she gave poor John a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling.—Unhappy Maria! "The course of true love never did run smooth."—*American Paper.*



A Bowl of Punch.

THE FRENCH AT BRIGHTON.

JOLLY MR. PUNCH.—As a lone woman, Sir, I write to you about our natural defences. I've been reading the *Sussex Advertiser*, and Brighton, it seems, is in a pretty state of *deshabille*, and may be surprised any morning—as one may say—with his hair in papers, afore the town knows where it is. The place is ruined, Mr. Punch; lodgers not coming here, as thinking themselves double hazardous. For is it to be believed, sir, that married men with families will let their wives and children come down when—at no notice at all—the town may be boarded by the French fleet, and screaming women and children to be carried off in gigs and jolly-boats; to say nothing of the property? And yet, Mr. Punch—as my poor dear Gerkins used to ask, and 'specially when he'd had a glass—and yet, we are called upon every day, I might say, to pay taxes. Yes, sir, we are made to pay window-lights, when, at any minute, our sashes may be blown to mince-meat by the cannon-balls of the French! As Gerkins would have said, is this honest of her Majesty's ministers? If ever there was a town that had its weakness—and that weakness known to the French—it is this precious Brighton. Of course, why, I myself—never minding what I thought the nonsense of n'ral enemies; so as they paid their way—I have let my first and second floor to French families, and now, I'm sure of it, only took 'em for spies. Yes, sir; I've no

doubt that Periwinkle Villa, Marine Parade—that's my house, sir, and painted from top to toe only last May—is known to all the French. There isn't a French soldier (I like to be bound) that doesn't know where to put his hand upon the plate-basket—not a man among 'em but would'n't, in the dark, find his way to the beer cellar. (Not but what I shall take precious good care to disappoint 'em) And this is the case with every other house in the place. We are known, inside and out. We haven't a garret hid from 'em. They may cut us up, and share us out like cakes. Thinking of this I put on my bonnet and victorine, and went out to take a good look of the town. When I saw that we'd only a handful of goons at West-street, and not so much as a pocket pistol at Seaford Bay, I said to myself—What's to prevent the French coming here whenever they like? Why—I'm certain of it—when the moon didn't shine, they might come over, and let themselves into all the town with latchkeys: for it isn't likely—so many lodgers as there have been here—that they went away without taking false ones. I am not a timid woman, Mr. Punch, poor Gerkins would always allow that much of me, but upon my word and honour I do assure you, when I saw myself standing on the Marine parade with not a gun—no, not a single piece of cold iron, as the words go—between me and France, I did tremble for Brighton; I did tremble for my Queen (though her Majesty has left us for the Isle of Wight); and I did tremble for Prince Albert and the rest of the royal family. I do hope, Mr. Punch, that you will write directly to Rear Admiral Lord John Russell—(who, I have somewhere heard, once did such wonders when he commanded the Channel fleet)—and beg of him to send two or three hundred ships always to lie between us and the French. The wooden walls, sir—as poor Gerkins used to say—the true hearts of oak that grow the laurel! And moreover, I do think, if government would only send down Mr. T. P. Cooke to dance twice a night the sailor's College Hornpipe it would do a great deal of good to public spirit. However, at least I do trust that you will insist upon the heads and branches of families all going into the Militia. Not that I hope we shall have any use for them—specially with the hearts of oak beating in the sea—but there is always this beauty about soldiers; when they're not useful, they're very nice to look at. Once I used to think there was a sort of protection about the royal liveries, that now and then flamed in and out of the Pavilion. To be sure—poor things!—they rather looked like the ghosts of footmen on board wages, than the stout rosy fellows that, when George the Fourth used to bathe here, made the place so gay and handsome. Well, sir, now they are gone. It was a sad sight, but only yesterday the last footman (with a carpet-bag marked in faded worsted, 'G.R.') took his long leave of Brighton by the second train. And there's the Pavilion, as empty and good-for-nothing as a shell that's held an addled egg. What should be done with that, sir! Why I'll tell you. It should be worked with loopholes over and over, and be filled from top to bottom with brass cannons. If brass can't be got, let 'em, without owning it, try wood, as better matching the building. And moreover, sir, as it's the dull season, I do think—especially as the court's left us—that government might take all the lodging-houses (the barracks not holding 'em) for the soldiers. First and second floor for officers—third for men. Struck by this happy thought, I send you my card of terms. Ten guineas first floor, seven the second. Plate and linen found. (Boots not included.) Address, post paid, and believe me, your obedient servant, MARY GERKINS.—P.S. As at such a time England—as poor Gerkins used to say—expects every woman to do her duty, I shall have no objection (for an extra three pounds) to mount two cannons at my attic windows, if warranted not to be fired.

Memoranda of Men and Things.

DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Yesterday we announced to the public the fact of the decease of the Archbishop of Canterbury at an early hour that morning, an announcement no doubt received with much regret by our readers. We were then necessarily precluded from giving in detail a biographical sketch of the career of that estimable prelate, which we now supply.

About eight weeks since the venerable Archbishop was attacked by the influenza, but under the able treatment of his medical attendants his Grace was considered to have so far progressed favorably, that the anxiety of the family was relieved. The epidemic had, however, left serious weakness; his Grace continued gradually to become extremely debilitated, and at length it was found his naturally strong constitution must give way. On Monday last, Dr. Ferguson and Mr. Collambell intimated that there existed no hopes, as their reverend patient exhibited the greatest exhaustion. In the course of the night he had deep slumber, and at intervals his Grace had apparently ceased to exist, his breathing being scarcely perceptible. On Tuesday morning, to the surprise of his physicians, he awoke apparently refreshed, and although seemingly aware of the change which would shortly ensue, he was cheerful, and his flow of spirits was as usual. His Grace continued in the full possession of all his faculties up to within a very short period of his dissolution. At precisely a quarter past two A.M., it pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto his divine mercy that estimable and beloved prelate.

The affectionate wife and daughter (Mrs. W. Kingsmill), who had been unremitting in their solicitude in the sick chamber throughout the fatal illness of the Archbishop, were with his Grace at the hour of death. The venerable Archdeacon Harrison, chaplain, and the attached friend of his Grace, had constantly assisted in the attentions bestowed on the deceased Archbishop.

The Most Rev. and Right Hon. Dr. William Howley, was the only son of the Rev. William Howley, D. D. Vicar of Bishop's Taton and Ropy, Hants. He was born the 12th of February, 1765, and was therefore within twenty-four hours of attaining his 83rd year. Unlike many of the illustrious divines who had preceded his Grace in the Archbishopric, the deceased had never rendered himself remarkable by the splendour of his attainments. He was sent to Winchester school at the usual age to receive the customary course of classical education, preparatory to repairing to a university to complete his studies for the church of which he was destined to become the head. In his 21st year he obtained a fellowship at New College, Oxford—namely, in 1785; and three years after he entered that university he took the degree of B.A., and in 1791 became M.A., when he removed to Christ Church, of which college he subsequently became one of the canons. He was elected a Fellow of Winchester College, and then had the honor to be selected as tutor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange (now King of Holland), then located at Oxford University, and his Grace acted in that capacity while that illustrious prince remained in that university. He was also tutor to the Marquis of Abercorn. In 1805 he attained the degree of B.D. and D.D. The Regius Professorship of Divinity becoming vacant in 1809, he was appointed to that distinction, and he continued to hold the professorship up to September, 1813, when, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr. John Randolph, Bishop of London, he was selected for the bishopric, and was made dean of the Chapel Royal, and provincial Dean of Can-