

mental vision objects with which humanity sympathizes; and that so vividly, that they excite sympathy, and a living emotion strong enough to be able to communicate itself to others through the power of words. Imagination therefore, is the medium through which the poet views the world. On his own mind depends the tinge with which the glass is stained.

To prove the strength of our position, viz., "that the humblest subjects may be exalted by this mental magic," we extract a passage from the present work, which, taken abstractedly, is a mere description of a modern city, with men hurrying through its wide arteries, intent on business; steamboats; omnibusses, and all the myriad, clattering conveyances of sleepless London: and yet, here, these things are perfectly unobtrusive; or if, for a moment, visible, flitting by like spectres, necessary adjuncts of the scene. Though we know the naked fact, all we feel is, that some stupendous national calamity has come; some palpable and mighty misery is abroad, stalking like a pestilence through a smitten land.

"Every street is dense with clusters, far beyond day's active prime, What is this, that all the city seems abroad at such a time? And the thronging tide deep-sounding every moment swells and grows, Pouring onward, and on all sides gathering numbers as it flows, As when torrents of the mountains meet in storm-fed, seething fall, Each one chafing to rush downward through the opposing watery wall, So the living lake grows broader, until none may farther pass, Where with men lie steeds and chariots wedged together in a mass. Darkness palpable sinks heavily down, and at her barren breath, All the lamps, their dim spheres narrowing, quiver in the spasms of death; Save where, prowling on the verge of gloom, some flickering ray espies Woman watching with white lips the sullen glare of angry eyes. Wanes the night, but from the countess through the murmur throbs more deep, Through her myriad streets the mighty heart of London cannot sleep. Wanes the night, but all the outlets yet resound with busy din, And with snorting of steam-horses, as the trains come thundering in. For the land in length and breadth has heard a desolating sound— What is this, the spectral shadow lowering over English ground? Stalks gaunt famine through the people, sowing leanness on the wind, Girt by spotted troops of fevers, with grim pestilence behind? Is it terror of the foe that doth make our England pale? Conquest-crested walls of England, are ye shiver'd by the gale? Hath some new, unknown tornado, raging with a world-wide sweep, Whelm'd at once all England's navies, with her true sons, in the deep? Comes a murmur of the nations, swelling on from shore to shore, 'Now, thou sun-like flag of England, thou shalt gird the world no more!' No: the sea obeys; the land doth yield her increase as of old; No: the hearts of all the people only faint because of gold; Faint, because the paper idol, long ador'd, is fall'n and torn, And the reign of credit verges to its close to-morrow morn; For the debt, in large and larger volume, slowly from its birth Waxing, like the giant cities of the latter days of earth, Hath become so vast, the future teems with fear and gathering ill, While despair-engender'd languor tramples down the strongest will. Such a debt—surpassing all the store of Ind, the morning land, Or of Roman, when so long, so far, he spake in stern command; Or of Bagdad, bright in story, in the caliph's hour of might, Jewell'd queen of all the Orient, girt about with piles of light; Or of Samarcand's lame Timour, swarthy Khan with diamond crest, Or King Shedad's lustrous wonder, deep in Araby the blest."

If this be not true poetical description, we must confess ourselves at fault. And again, read the succeeding passage, and tell us where will you find more faithfully depicted the intense devotedness of Woman's love; and its strong sustaining power, when man had sunk prostrate and enfeebled under the palsy-stroke of ruined fortunes? How beautifully painted is that momentary scorn for his abjectness, so swiftly subsiding into the deep wells of woman's exhaustless affection. What common mind could have written thus?

"With his hand his brow o'ershadowing, stands one gloomily apart, Pondering all alone, and stricken with astonishment of heart. On his arm is laid a gentle hand, a soft voice in his ear Through his inmost bosom vibrates, lightly whispering, 'I am here.' In that rose-leaf touch what influence, in that summer-dewy sound— Speaks, like trumpet to the war-horse, that should cause his blood to bound! Can the sight confirm the instinct of the heart? he turns, 'tis she, 'Leave me, think not of the past; oh, why shouldst thou remember me!' Scorn a moment curves her lip, and glorious in her bright eye burns, Then, as aspen-leaves in sunlight change, her soul to softness turns,— And she spake, 'I did not think to see thee brought so soon thus low, That from thee could fade remembrance of the days of long ago; Of the long sweet summer-morn of childhood, when so oft we play'd By the brook with tiny fingers, underneath the beech tree shade: In aspirings of thy boyhood when I first to share began, Tracing in each nobler impulse all that most befits the man When we dimly, glancing downward, saw the years before us roll, When we vow'd through all the future to preserve an equal soul. Until now the night of money I believ'd not, but I see 'Tis indeed the god men worship, since it thus can bear down thee. Mine and thine, ill words, rule over all; if thou hast nothing left, Should'st thou therefore droop faint-hearted? we are not of all bereft. What are lands and castles! hang they not upon a thread-to-day! Such a tempest, well thou knowest, will not lightly pass away. 'Are not these the days of manhood, when the head, the tongue, the hand, Gifts that fall not from blind fortune, shall be better than broad land? Whether call'd to do or suffer, thine should be the braver part. Now is come the hour to prove thee, let me see thee as thou art.' He has heard, divine the issue, though Love here is feeble found, Low of stature, weak of pinion, resting often on the ground; Glory, beauty, though he loses, wan of cheek and dull of sight, Yet his touch imparts a virtue from his native sphere of light; 'Tis the light of Love that pierces where the shadows deepest lie, Not in vain bath sung the poet. Love alone can never die."

These extracts will, we think, render, further eulogy unnecessary; whilst Pickering's name is a sufficient guarantee for superior typographical arrangements and getting up.

FRAGMENT OF THE HARRISIAD.

AN EPIC POEM, NOT IN TWENTY-FOUR CANTOS.

(Written after the voyage from London to Sydney. December. 1841.)

THE proverb says that time flies wondrous fast— It may on shore, at sea its pace is slow, Our days, at least, on leaden pinions pass'd, And left us sadly puzzled what to do. Some idly gazed on rope, and sail, and mast, Some slept away the weary hours below, Some drank, some smoked, some took to chess or play, But all agreed to eat *see* meals a-day!

It was a great discovery, that same eating! We have done something since the world began— Created ships, pins, powder, copper-sheating, Steam, rail-roads, gas, a tunnel, and a fan, With other rare inventions worth repeating. Still was the first the greatest boon to man, And that was eating!—tho' beyond a question, One to enjoy it, needs a good digestion.

But no one aims at this: it's very odd That in an age of books and colleges, When Broughams and Schoolmasters are both abroad, How very limited our scope of knowledge is. Latin and Greek are taught us by the rod, Then Science follows with her thousand "—ologies." And there we finish: really 'tis provoking Folks never found Professorships of COOKING.

And yet it is the science of the sciences That most deserves attention. Nearly all That very modest sum of human bliss Which Adam has bequeathed us since the fall Depends upon it; and our happiness Will, be it good or bad, be great or small, For, what are fame, or power, or rank, or wealth, If you abstract the grand ingredient, health?

And health is but digestion,—and that last Another name for well-cooked edibles, And they, who dress them for each day's repast, Dispense to man life's pleasures or its ills. They are our Fate—they bless us or they blast: We spring to glory, or we take to pills, Are happy dogs, or miserable sinners, Precisely as the second-rate cook our dinners.

Perhaps you doubt this: well, it is no matter, It were an easy thing for me to show, (Let fools or critics jibe or women chaffer) The truth of it: there's not a test below Like old Experience, though folks cavil at her, And she's my witness, and all history too. I give a few examples, but our books Teem with the fact, that men depend on cooks.

Behold great Nadir, Persia's mightiest son, The slave-born founder of a dynasty, That dragged the Indian despot from his throne, And ruled the East, from Delhi to the Sea, What laid him low—the Just, the Mighty One? No foeman-sword, no foreign enemy! An ill-dress'd dish th' assasin steel supplied— He ate, he maddened, tyrannised, and died.

Turn now to Leipsic! See the nations stand Frank against Tartar! See, too, *him*—the boast Of Gallia's legions, instant with command, Fate in his gesture, in his glance a host. Sudden is dimm'd his eye, and numb'd his hand, The child of fortune totters and is lost! What shook his iron soul, and wrecked his throne?— Onions half stewed, and mutton under-done.

Thus cooks can ruin, they can also bless— Let them but once their steaming altars rear, And no magician in his mysteries, 'Er wielded rod so powerful in our sphere; They bribe the honest, they deceive the wise, They light a smile upon the brow of care, Make friends of foes, a nations murrurs still, Powerful to save Earth's Masters, as to kill.

See, at the festal board, you man preside; Mark well his guests, and then his name divine; 'Tis he—'tis Cambactres, the regicide— The stern destroyer of the Bourbon line. Yet these, the Bourbon nobles by his side, Forget their murdered monarch while they dine; With eager eyes the varied dishes scan, And love the Amphitryon, though they hate the man!

Thou, too, the greatest of thy lineage, thou Who in thy youth wert reverenced as a god— Thy name a terror, and thy wealth a show— But who in age, when forced to kiss the rod, A beggar'd, vanquish'd bigot, bent thee low— Trembling, a dotard, at thy strumpet's nod. What cheer'd thy people in their evil time? What virtue saved thee 'mid thy mass of crime?

Yes, there was one, thou fosterest Bechamel— Thou sought'st a balm for ev'ry sad reverse In the rich juices Frenchmen love so well; Thou pleas'dst their palate, and thou pick'dst their purse; Till gastronomic patriots scarce could tell Whether to bless thy memory, or to curse. So nice are balanced censure and applause, When kings wreck monarchies, and found a sauce.

If such the general fate: if states and kings Are all dependent on one common lot, Then why believe that we, the meaner things That nature's hand has formed, should share it not? 'From the just gods an equal fortune springs, To all, the self-same moral have they taught, Nor e'er their suppliant votaries forsook— We pin'd—*we* prayed, they heard, and sent a Cook.

Muse of fair Greece! if erst in ancient days, At poet's prayer, thou wak'dst thy magic shell; If, at thy will, the blind old bard could raise The notes that witch our bosoms like a spell; Assist thy son—inspire his feeble lays; Noble his theme, for his it is to tell Who was that Cook, and what the favor'd place Which, anxious, watched his birth and nursed his race.

'Twas St. Helena,—Mid her balmy clime Young Harris breathed, and instant sprung to fame, And well her children loved his art sublime. They ate his dishes, and they blessed his name; Till envious Fate, who deem'd such joy a crime, Bore off the boy, a sickle fortune's game. Yet, pitying, sent a hero to their coast, To soothe their sorrow for the feasts they lost.

In vain—in vain. The gourmands ne'er forgave, But mourned in silence on their rocky steep; What recked they of the lone and willow'd grave, Where the world's victor, worn-out, sank to sleep. They felt—they feel that night that Heaven e'er gave, Compensated the man for whom they weep. He was a Cook—that but the lord of Paris; They gained Napoleon—but they lost a Harris.

Ude and Carême, and ye the rest who well Have handled spit and *casserole*, and thou, The pride of Lichen chivalry, *Vatel*, Whose death has bound the laurels on thy brow; Great your conceptions, rich in taste and smell Your *purées*, *vol-au-vents*, and *fricandeaus*; Your *ris*, your *entrées*; but what d'ye say to A bash imbued with *cloves* and hot potato?

Yet this was Harris's discovery; Others had mixed potatoes with the meat, But only a vast genius such as he Had dream'd of flavoring such a mess with sweet. Nor this alone—and if his memory Would serve the poet, he could well repeat Each plat, the fruit of spit or pan or pot, Which graced the cabin of the SARAH SCOTT.



A Sobol of Punch.

SYDNEY INGREDIENTS.

PUNCH TO THE OPPOSITION.

OPPOSITIONISTS!—Apes, barkers, boobies, caitiffs, democrats, earwigs, exuviae, fawners, foulmouths, gablers, gulls, humbugs, idiots, jackanapeses, kauffpates, loobies, lycanthropes, muffs, mummerns, noddies, ogres, panders, quibblers, radicals, rufflers, savages, sharpshooters, tadpoles, turnspits, vagrants, warmint, wagabones, xxx's yelpers, zanies—

What right have ye, widemouthe'd oppositionists to be expressing opinions openly in your free and liberal Senate-house in direct opposition to our lovely, majestic and fertile Queen; the high-minded, aristocratic, generous, twice-a-Lord Stanley; and their pure-breathing, sympathizing, full-toned, Colonial organ? Do ye, for a moment suppose that these three pairs of regal and vice-regal ears will condescend to have their wax melted by your warm prayers and

petitions for relief, conveyed in the glowing language of a riotous band, headed by an arrogant back-woodsman? Do ye think that the wild coo-ees of you, worse than Aborigines from this Antipodean nutshell excrement of a Colony, will make these three noble hearts quail like hen-partridges?

Oh! besotted men! PUNCH, junior, pities your innocent weakness! Down on your marrowbones instanter: and on that meritorious position crawl to the illustrious tail of the royal triangle and supplicate for mercy: oh! entreat him to be lenient to your grievous errors, and rough-spun language; and, as he has already taxed and double taxed every thing belonging to you, request him to tax his unerring sagacity; and, at any rate invent some other property for a financial levy. Take in your unwashed hands a yard measure, as emblematical of the breadth of your backs; and in your coat fronts insinuate a needle and thread, as typical of your design in future to cross-stitch your oracular orifices and render them unfit for complaining.

Oh! inform him, shortsighted wretches! that you will henceforth swallow his compound pills of aloes, gamboge, and rue without a wrymouth, and, in the exstic fervor of your loyalty, will imagine them molassy, saccharine, syrupy circlets; then present him with a piece of plate, not that the first morsel he swallows may choke him: offer him a carriage and four, not that the first ride he takes he may break his neck; oh! dear no! certainly not! but that he may long live to enjoy a sight of, and ride about at his ease in the land which he so loves and honors; and whose interest he has so strongly studied in preference to his own; and which has become so rich and flourishing under his allseeing eyes.

Most ignorant of ignoramuses! what chimera has intruded itself into your brainless attics, which induces you to imagine that you can know your own wants; and feel the pinchings of your own shoes? Has not Her Majesty,—blessed be her name! and Stanley—more power to him! (if it be possible) placed a glorious Master of Arts to hear your grievances and shoe-pinchings for you? Happy people! if ye did but know it—inveterate grumblers! down on your marrowbones; swallow Chesterfield, and Addison, and Peel; but, eschew Junius, and Wilks, and Cobbett; and in your best Sunday manners offer twelve dozen apologies for your gross language, which has not only frightened all the respectability of the Colony from honoring you with its presence; but is totally unfitted for the drawing-room or boudoir, and could only emanate from cattle-boiling, sheep-shearing, horse-rearing, tallow-exporting, Colonially-useless snobs.

Do this, ye rough-speaking, ragged rascals, or the next despatches will despatch you altogether; and leave you no more to the embraces of your true friend

JOHN PUNCH, JUNIOR.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Will be ready by the next Election for the County of Camden.

A Treatise on the best method of extracting the acetous (ah! seat-na) acid from sour-grapes; and by that process to render things tangible which are now out of reach. By James, Green, Goose, Berry, Esq.

Also, an old edition newly done up of "Ma-oh," or letters on "Whine:" by the same author.

Will be ready by the opening of the Legislative Council.

A dissertation on the purities of the English Language carefully filtered, and rendered fit for the use of Boarding Schools, Boudoirs, and Breakfast Tables; with copious extracts from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Suckling, Rochester, Dryden, Swift, Smollett, Sterne, Fielding, Farquhar, Congreve, and a whole host of the purest English writers. By Dr. Syllykin Softsoap.

In order to render this work the most complete of its kind, the author has swallowed Bailey's Dictionary, and four editions of Don Juan; and is now literally engaged in devouring Lindley Murray's Prosody; being determined that the public shall have "quantity" as well as "quality" for their money.

SPECULATIONS OF 1845 FROM CALCULATIONS OF 1844.

I stood betwixt two separate years, The coming and the past; And whisper'd low, 'midst hopes and fears, Will the next be like the past?

Will they who seek their country's good Be termed a factious band, While Janus-face and Jesuit-hood High lord it o'er the land?

Will Councils meet, and Councils part, Like storms in winter weather; Or will they, changed by blander art, "Sweet counsel take together?"

Will Drapers' Shops throughout the town Close up at seven's chime; Or Sunday dinners be done brown A day before their time?

Will Civic rulers riot run While gorging; and, instead Of passing bottles towards the sun, Quick pass them towards the head?

Will interest bills "unprincipled" Preserve their present tone; Or will they, by derision quell'd, Leave borrowers alone?

Will spirits white and spirits grey Haunt bush, and cave, and hill; Or will Inspectors worm away Until they find all still?

Will one Cathedral Church at night Ring bells, old customs scoring, While other Churches take delight In ringing bells at morning?

For Squatters will another tax, In fertile beads, be brewing; That they may pace their stony tracks, And track fresh roads to ruin?

Will articles of native worth All foreign supersede, Or Scotia's Check and Yorkshire's Cloth Check our Colonial Tweed?

Will Madness stalk in open street, With Murder at his side; While Famine pale and Misery, meet The gazer far and wide?

Will schemes that make the heart grow faint, The credulous still appeal? Will George remain our Patron-Saint? If so—Heaven help us all!

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE CITY.

Since our last, we are glad to have ascertained that the New Australian Library has determined to continue the "sliding scale" in preference to doing "fixed-duty;" and that the verandah round the Government House, which formerly leaked like mad, has had its shingles and sanity restored at the same time.

The men engaged with the City water-carts have been furnished with strong walking pumps, as best adapted to stand the wet; and an extra quantity of hose has been supplied, but whether for the use of themselves or the carts we are not positively certain. Some extra hands were also placed on the pumps; but, as they only seemed to make it a handle for their own laziness they were quickly discharged, together with a volley of oaths which followed the intimation.

The walk round Sir Richard Bourke's Statue was swept three times during the course of last week, but it was ordered to be discontinued by the authorities, who dislike to see so much dust kicked up about the Statue. A large quantity of rock has been excavated and removed from Kent-street, for the purpose of being ground into flour for the consumption of the approaching Emigrant exiles; and this, with the smell of the Governor's kitchen will, it is presumed, constitute full and healthy diet; and tend to produce a favorable impression upon the interesting expectees.

## ARTICLES NOT ASSORTED.

"Tommy," said Bobbyson, Senior to Bobbyson, Junior, "you are a clar-sical scholar, answer me this question; If the holders of unpaid bills of exchange were compelled to raise the wind, what wind would they call upon?"—"Notus," answered the intelligent boy?"

"Now, Tommy, let me appeal to your feelings; how would you, my expectant heir, express yourself to your rich, dear, dotting, departing father?"—"O-di, Pa!" responded the classical child.

Tom Duncombe on being asked by Wakley who was the most proper successor to Holmes, the *whipper-in* of the House of Commons, answered, unhesitatingly—"The Usher of the black-rod."

"Whom think you the best General in this Indian affair? Was it Sale?" enquired the iron Duke of Charley Napier? "I should think Nott," was the brave old Admiral's reply.

"Folks in Ireland ring a power of peals upon Repeal, and Orange Peel; but sorrow a word about potato-peel which is of more service than all the rest of the peels put together," groaned Feargus O'Connor, the true pat-riot.

We observe, by the *Observateur Grec* of the 10th August, that "Otho is King of Greece by the Grace of God"; and we are much pleased by the information, as he has held the throne with a very *bad grace* hitherto.

## THE ORIGIN AND OCCUPATIONS OF VERY GREAT MEN INDEED.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a butcher, which accounts for his having cut so great stake from the Rump Parliament: some persons suppose him to have sprung from a brewer, but there is not a grain of truth in it. Sir Cloudesly Shovel was the son of a dustman, and in honor of his origin, invariably carried a broom at his mast-head with which he swept the seas; and very clean too. Sugden, the X-Chancellor (or cross Chancellor as some folks call him) is the son of a hairdresser; and, though he is always ready to boast of his descent, yet, he entertains the most inveterate hatred to Whigs. Howard, the Philanthropist, was apprenticed to a pastrycook, from which occupation he gathered his sweetness of disposition. The witty Butler was the son of a wine seller: whilst Mallett sprung from the loins of a stonemason. Lord Hardwicke was the son of a tallow-chandler, and became one of the brightest lights of England; and Hogarth, the painter, was early apprenticed to an engraver on pewter pots, but he soon cut engraving and became his own supporter. Sir Astley Cooper was the son of a carver, and he followed that profession very successfully till his death. Cervantes, though an uncommon writer, was only a common soldier. Mr. Bodkin, the celebrated Old Bailey barrister, is the son of a needle-maker, and inherits all the point and sharpness of his father's trade. The father of the late Earl of Eldon was—but, about everything connected with him there is great doubt. The following epitaph on his peculiarity was written, and presented to him, by the witty little George Rose:—

"Decided indecision was his pride:—  
He doubted that he lived—until he died!"

## IMPROMPTU

*On last week's Register Punch. A Fiction.*

Though the Council is shut, and the bounce of Bill,  
With Windy's jokes, are sped;  
Each editor's pocket had better be "nil,"  
Than *nil* be left in his head.

## LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Letter to the Honorable Francis Scott, M. P., ordered by the Council, to be printed 28th December, 1844.

No. 1. Legislative Council Chamber,  
Sydney, October 5th 1844.

SIR,—I have the honor to intimate to you, that the Legislative Council of New South Wales, adopted on the 18th ultimo, the following Resolutions, viz:—

1. That it would be highly beneficial to this Colony to have its interests represented in the House of Commons, and elsewhere in the Mother-country, by a gentleman of undoubted ability, integrity and influence.
2. That a sum not exceeding £500, should be appropriated annually by this Council as an acknowledgment for his services, and towards defraying the expenses he may thereby be subjected.
3. That the Honorable Francis Scott, M. P. for Roxburgshire, is, in the opinion of this Council, eminently qualified, and is hereby appointed to represent the interests of New South Wales, in the House of Commons and elsewhere.
4. That an address be presented to His Excellency the Governor, transmitting these Resolutions, and requesting that His Excellency may be pleased to place on the Estimates of Expenditure for the year 1845, a sum not exceeding £500 for this service.

In pursuance of this vote unanimously agreed to, it is now my duty to inform you of your appointment, as well as the reasons which led the Council to request you to assume the office of representing their interests in Parliament, and with the British public, and briefly to intimate the course of proceeding which they propose to follow in their future relations with you.

It was understood by several of the Members of Council (from private communications with friends in England) that you would not be indisposed to assume the task of advocating the claims of this important dependency of the British empire, in the Imperial Legislature, as its authorised Agent and Representative; and the able and highly satisfactory manner in which you introduced to the notice of the House of Commons, the consideration of the affairs of the Colony in your speech of the 13th of March last, affords at once a satisfactory proof of the distinguished ability which you are capable of bringing to bear upon questions of vital

importance to the interests of this community, and of your zeal in the cause. The Colony at large, therefore, feels that you are entitled to its gratitude, for your able and eloquent efforts, on the occasion referred to, and with the implied understanding that you are to accept of the appointment, as well as with the fullest persuasion of your ability to discharge the duties it may involve, the Legislative Council have most cordially and unanimously agreed to the vote above referred to.

In proposing the sum of £500 annually, as an acknowledgment for your services, and as a means of defraying any expenses to which you may be subjected, I am authorised to state, that the general embarrassment under which the Colony is now suffering, and from which its public revenue has been so seriously affected, must be urged as an apology for the smallness of the amount. Had the financial condition of the Colony been in the same prosperous state now, that it was some years since, the Council would have readily voted a sum more proportionate to the onerous duties which you are requested to undertake.

In compliance with the established forms which regulate their proceedings, the Legislative Council were under the necessity of addressing the Governor, requesting that he would insert in the Estimates of Expenditure the amount proposed to be annually voted to you: Sir George Gipps, in his reply to this address, has reserved his assent for the approval of the Secretary of State.

The Council, although of course compelled to submit to this delay relative to the annual payment to be made to you, cannot for a moment anticipate any hesitation on the part of Lord Stanley in giving to it his assent. Such confirmation, on the part of his Lordship, of the unanimous Resolutions of this Council, can only be regarded as a simple matter of form. The Council are, however, perfectly satisfied, that the technical right assumed by the Crown in this case, will not be regarded by you as constituting any claim on its part, either to influence or direct your proceedings, or to invest you with any responsibility beyond that you may consider due to the Legislative Body of this Colony; your position will, it is apprehended, be precisely similar, and your relation to the Government the same as those of the several agents who have at different periods represented the interests of the West India, and other Colonies in the British Parliament. Your appointment has been, as already stated, the spontaneous and unanimous Act of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, and it is not doubted but that you will deem your relationship to that body as entire and undivided.

Several subjects of the highest importance, and involving the most extended interests of this community, will be brought under your notice in a communication that will immediately follow this.

It will be necessary to enter into very ample details of the circumstances of the Colony for some time past, of its agricultural and pastoral relations, the points on which it is now at issue, with an exposition of that line of proceeding, whereby it is conceived that the evils, now universally complained of, are to be permanently redressed. These details must necessarily be circumstantial, and the explanations accompanying them somewhat elaborate. In the meantime you will be furnished with a complete series of all the papers and public documents that have been printed by the Council since its first meeting, and a continuation of such papers periodically will be forwarded to you, together with a copy of each of the Colonial newspapers.

The question of paramount importance, which now agitates the public mind, and has impressed with the deepest alarm all those who possess any stake in the prosperity of the Colony, is that of the squatting regulations recently issued by the authority of Sir George Gipps. These regulations, if acted upon, will, it is believed, be destructive of property throughout the Colony, will compel the settler to destroy his cattle and sheep, in order that he may avoid the intolerable impost that it will be attempted to exact from him, and will inflict a blow on the prosperity of the whole community of the deepest and most permanent character. As the question is one of such overwhelming importance, the Council would earnestly direct your attention to the report of the Committee of Land Grievances, in order that you may become fully conversant with the whole details which it involves. You will thus be prepared to enter more readily into the consideration of the subjects contained in the despatch that will follow this, and in the meantime be furnished with data to combat any arguments which may be brought forward with the attempt to justify, in the eyes of the British Government, the measures of this Colony considers that it has such great cause to complain,

I have the honor, &c.,

(Signed) ALEXANDER M'LEAY,

Speaker.

The Honorable Francis Scott, M. P.,  
London.

## SUPREME COURT.—CRIMINAL SIDE.

MONDAY, JAN. 6.

This being the day appointed for the first criminal sitting of this Court in the present year, their Honors the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Dickinson took their seats on the bench, at the Sessions House, Darlinghurst.

## HORSE STEALING.

John Smith was indicted for having on the 13th November last, at Sydney, stolen a horse, the property of Phillip Snape. Another count charged the horse as being the property of S. T. Pickering.

The prisoner had been a servant of Pickering's at Maneroo but had left him some time, and being out of employ applied to Mr. Snape, who re-engaged him for Mr. Pickering's service and entrusted him with the horse named in the indictment to take up to the station; instead of doing so, the prisoner sold it for £3—the horse had been left with Mr. Snape for sale for £10, and if it did not realise that sum it was to be sent back. Mr. Snape had no authority to hire the prisoner, but had done so on his own responsibility, thinking Mr. Pickering would confirm the act.

The prisoner pleaded intoxication at the time he sold the horse. The Jury found the prisoner guilty; subject to the opinion of the Court as to whether he was the servant of Pickering or Snape; and their opinion was, that the prisoner did not contemplate theft at the time of receiving the horse. Remanded.

## MURDER.

John Johnson, of Sydney, laborer, was indicted for having on the 1st November last, murdered one William Brophy, in Beckett's Lane, Sydney.

It appeared by the evidence, that while in a state of intoxication the prisoner and the deceased quarrelled, which ended in blows—the prisoner repeatedly hitting the deceased who did not retaliate, except by the gross abuse he applied to the prisoner; after several blows had been struck the deceased fell on his face—he was removed to the Hospital, and after lingering some days expired.

The prisoner's defence was, that while in a state of intoxication the deceased and himself had quarrelled, the former having grossly

abused him which provoked the attack, and which was made without the slightest intention of inflicting any serious injury.

The prisoner received generally a good character, when not intoxicated.

The Jury found him guilty of manslaughter. The Chief Justice severely censured the prisoner for his demeanor during the trial, he having exhibited not the slightest remorse for having deprived a fellow creature of his life. His Honor then sentenced him to three years hard labor in irons on the roads.

## BURGLARY.

Owen Moriarty was indicted for having on the 8th of August last, at Parramatta, broken into the house of Patrick M'Carthy, and stolen therefrom a coat and other articles his property.

The evidence being insufficient the Jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and he was discharged.

TUESDAY, JAN. 7.

(Before His Honor Mr. Justice Dickenson.)

## UTTERING BASE COIN.

Thomas Bevan was indicted for having, on the 29th November last, uttered a base half-crown to Mr. W. Toogood, innkeeper, at the corner of Pitt and Market streets.

The evidence being insufficient to fix the prisoner with a guilty knowledge. He was therefore acquitted.

## STABBING WITH INTENT, &amp;c.

Ann Coomber was indicted for having, on the 13th Dec. last, at Sydney, stabbed James Ligan with a dagger on the left side, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm.

The prosecutor was formerly second mate of the ship *Garland Grove*, and on the day named was at the prisoner's house, drinking, when a quarrel arose between them, and the prisoner took down the weapon from the mantel-piece, and stabbed the prosecutor on the left side; she had raised the weapon for the purpose of repeating the blow, when her hand was arrested by another person who was present, who gave her in custody. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner was in a gross state of intoxication at the time she committed the act. She offered no defence, and the jury found her guilty of a common assault only. Remanded for sentence.

## ARSON.

James Bunce was indicted for having, on the 25th September last, set fire to a certain house known as the Victoria Theatre, in Pitt-street, Sydney, in the possession of Joseph Wyatt.

It appeared in evidence that, on the day named in the indictment, fire was discovered issuing from the roof of the Theatre, and on search being made in the Chandelier loft, a number of stuffed horses and other theatrical properties were found in flames, having to all appearance been intentionally thrust under the eaves, so as at once to communicate with the roof and the flooring. The prisoner had been employed at times for the last four or five years by Mr. Wyatt, having been discharged by him only a fortnight before the fire was discovered. About a month previously he had been employed in the loft where the flames began, to which there were two modes of access, one from the stage, and another from the gallery through a trap-door, which latter was known to very few.

The principal evidence against the prisoner was some observations made by him, previously to and after the fire was discovered, to several persons: but these being insufficient to establish his guilt, the jury acquitted him and he was discharged.

## HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

William Armstrong and Samuel Martin were indicted for having on the 19th of October last assaulted one James Clueloe, on the Liverpool Road, putting him in bodily fear and robbing him of his jacket, vest, and trowsers, and three pence in money.

The prisoners were private soldiers belonging to the 99th regiment, and about four o'clock in the morning set forth in the indictment two men, corresponding in height and appearance to the prisoners, stopped the prosecutor on the Liverpool Road, a short distance beyond Ireland's public-house, and compelled him to take off his clothes, giving him the military suit worn by one of them in exchange. The prosecutor returned to Sydney in the soldier's clothes, and gave information at the barracks where he delivered them up and received other clothes in exchange. The clothes given up were discovered as belonging to Armstrong, who with the other prisoner had been absent from parade on the previous evening: when they were apprehended the prosecutor's clothes were found on Armstrong.

Armstrong admitted taking the clothes, but stated it was at the request of the prosecutor, who was drunk at the time. Martin made no defence.

Armstrong, guilty; Martin, acquitted.

## ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO ROB.

The same prisoners were then indicted for having, on the 22nd of October last, assaulted one John Fergusson with intent to rob him.

It appeared they went to the prosecutor's house, where having knocked, the door was opened, and they rushed in, but the prosecutor succeeded in getting a gun and keeping them at bay till they were secured.

They offered no defence, and the jury found them both guilty—Remanded.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8.

(Before His Honor Mr. Justice Dickenson.)

## UTTERING BASE COIN.

William Ball was indicted for having, on the 26th November last, uttered a counterfeit shilling, with intent to defraud one John Blackwell, a carman, in the employ of Mr. Wilson, publican.

It appeared that the prisoner, on the day named, tendered the counterfeit shilling in payment for a glass of ale; another shilling of the same mould or die having been previously taken, which-it was supposed the prisoner had also uttered. The prisoner, on being detected, denied having been at the house previously on that day.

The prisoner denied all knowledge as to the baseness of the coin, and called two persons, who gave him a good character. Guilty.—Recommended to mercy on account of character.—Remanded.

## FORGERY.

James Purcell was indicted for having, on the 18th of February, 1843, forged the endorsement of one George Coulson to a cheque on the Bank of Australasia, drawn by Colonel Gibbes in favor of the said George Coulson.

It was shewn in evidence that the prisoner had received the cheque from Mr. Gibbes in payment for some timber purchased from Coulson; but instead of delivering it to Coulson, stated that Colonel Gibbes would not pay the money. The prisoner about the time he received the cheque appeared to be in possession of