



SYDNEY WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, COMMERCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 9. VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1845.

[PRICE EIGHT-PENCE.]

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COLONIAL LOYALTY.

That generous loyalty to rank and sex—that proud submission—that dignified obedience—which kept alive, even in servitude itself, a spirit of the most exalted freedom.—

BURKE on the French Revolution.

THE above splendid passage of a great writer contains, if not an accurate definition, at any rate, a sufficiently clear description of Loyalty for our present purpose. Omitting the epithets, we learn from it, that Loyalty consists in submission and obedience to a higher rank and weaker sex; both which claims we recognise as united in the person of our most gracious Sovereign. Mr. Burke has not informed us why this submission and obedience are to be paid; but, in the present instance, we can be at no loss for a reason. Her Majesty is the descendant of a long line of Sovereigns, whose names are associated with the brightest periods of our history, and whose title to the throne is endeared to our sympathies by its inseparable connection with the principle, that it is the right of subjects to dethrone tyrannical princes. To Her Majesty, amiable in her person, and happy in her domestic relations, we have pleasure in rendering that Loyalty, which she might demand from us as a right; and in this respect we yield to none of our fellow Colonists. Nay, we would go farther, and say, that to those great men, to whose hands the will of a free and enlightened people has intrusted the mighty Empire of Great Britain, we owe, not loyalty certainly, but respect and deference, limited only by our claim to unfettered freedom of thought and action.

As we flatter ourselves that we have, in our last number, effectually stifled one cry of the anti-colonial party, by shewing that they have no pretension at all to the name of Conservative, so, in the present number, we mean to shew that the points at present at issue between the Governor and the Colony, involve no question of Loyalty or Disloyalty, or rather, that if the taint of Disloyalty be to attach to anyone, it must be to him who has used the authority committed to him by Her Majesty so as to excite feelings of discontent, which the unreflecting part of mankind are too apt to transfer most unjustly to Her Majesty herself. We consider that by shewing, as we are prepared to do, that Her Majesty and Her Majesty's Government have little or nothing to do with the administration of this Colony, we are doing the greatest service in our power to the cause of Loyalty; for we cannot escape the conclusion, that if Her Majesty or her Ministers be really the causes of the numerous acts of bad-faith, tyranny, inconsistency, and absurdity of which we complain, they are our natural enemies; obedience to them might be prudent, but could not be dignified; submission might be necessary, but could not be proud. That these evils are not traceable to them, will result from a simple consideration of the constitution of the Colonial Office. That office consists of one Principal Secretary, two Under-Secretaries, and a number of clerks. Upon the parliamentary Under-Secretary, who goes in and out with the Ministry, devolves the duty of managing Colonial matters in Parliament—a very onerous duty to one unacquainted, as he generally is before his appointment, with the details of Colonial affairs. The result is, that the administrative part of the Under-Secretary's duty is almost entirely performed by the unparliamentary Secretary, who does not change his seat with the Ministry. This personage is Mr.

Stephen. Under him are a number of clerks, to whose care different Colonies are intrusted, the Australian group being, we believe, handed over to the care of a Mr. Gardner, whose very name is unknown alike to the British and Australian public. There are forty Colonies belonging to Great Britain, all more or less misgoverned—all requiring the nicest and most dexterous management. How is this to be done? It is impossible for the Secretary, who generally has not the advantage of previous training, and who is always a Cabinet Minister, to attend to a hundredth part of it. The same remark applies to Mr. Stephen, who, notwithstanding his experience and dexterity, is driven by necessity to rely much on his underlings. Let us trace a dispatch from this Colony, and its answer. The dispatch is opened by Mr. Gardner; if it does not strike him as of any consequence, he puts it into a pigeon-hole, and it is heard of no more; if otherwise, it is forwarded to Mr. Secretary Stephen, who is generally the *ultima linea rerum*. Few, very few are the dispatches which he deems it necessary to submit to Lord Stanley's eye. When this event does happen, his Lordship, not having seen the dispatches to which this is the sequel, requires to be crammed as to the previous transactions, in which process the most ample scope for false colouring is afforded. Thus the Under-Secretary may be, and frequently is, made the tool of his clerk, and the Principal Secretary the tool of his Under-Secretary. The dispatches are answered on the same plan: a corner is doubled down, and a brief note made of the answer, which is drawn up by the clerk, and settled, as the lawyers say, by the Under-Secretary. Now, let our readers attentively consider this system, and then ask themselves by whom are they governed. Say they receive the fortieth part of the little time which Lord Stanley can spare for the Colonies; a fortieth part of the whole time of Mr. Stephen, and perhaps a third or fourth part of the time of Mr. Gardner, who, it must be remembered, reads the dispatches from the Governor, suppressing such as he pleases, and writes the answers to them under very brief directions, when under any. Is it not transparent that we are governed, not by the responsible Secretary of State, nor yet by the irresponsible Under-Secretary, but by the doubly irresponsible, because utterly unknown and obscure, Clerk. And is not the result such as might naturally be expected from such a system—that the Secretary knows nothing about us, except as much cram as may be necessary to make a speech to an inattentive assembly, a shade more ignorant than himself;—that the Under-Secretary knows just enough of us to adopt some crude and impracticable theory, like the one-pound-an-acre scheme, or the civilization of the aborigines, to which he adheres with the desperate tenacity of ignorance and presumption;—and that the Clerk, our real Governor, who is utterly unknown and irresponsible—who will not be praised if we are governed well, nor blamed if we are governed ill, should take it as easy as possible, and content himself with echoing back the dispatches he receives, sometimes enlivening the matter by an occasional abuse of the Governor for something perfectly right, just to shew he has an opinion of his own. Let any one consider these things, and then ask himself how much of Lord Stanley's *Colonial time*, it is likely, has been devoted to this Colony since the institution of the Legislative Council—how much can he really know of those dispatches to which his name is appended—and he will see how completely we are exonerated from the charge of disloyalty, or even of disrespect, to Her Majesty's Government, when we censure the policy of the Colonial Office, with which that Government has really nothing to do. If we were in open rebellion, Her Majesty might hear of it; if we only talked high treason and stopped the supplies, we think it probable it might come to the ears of Lord Stanley; but being only in a civil, constitutional, gentlemanly state of disgust, we apprehend our complaints will penetrate no higher than Mr. Under-Secretary Stephen. Thus, then, we think we have proved our point, which was, that there was nothing disloyal in professing the utmost disgust at the treatment the Colony has received at the Colonial Office. The case is the reverse of *delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*; it is

the Clerks who are mad, and the Secretary who bears the blame. Disloyalty implies disobedience, and disobedience implies a command; but the commands which reach this Colony, even if we had disobeyed them, are not the commands of Her Majesty, or her responsible Ministers; therefore we do not disobey Her Majesty, or her Minister, nor speak disrespectfully of their commands; therefore we are not disloyal.—Q. E. D.

BENCH PARTISANSHIP.

OUR attention has been called by some of our Parramatta readers to a foolish sort of affair, which, according to the report before us, took place in the Court of Quarter Sessions on the 7th of January instant, with reference to a petition then presented to the Bench from the inhabitants of Parramatta, praying that Mr. G. R. Nichols, the Solicitor, might be re-admitted to practice as an Advocate in that Court.

The gentleman we have named is, no doubt, pretty well known to most of our readers as the favorite practitioner in the Sydney Police-office, and as having enjoyed for years past the privilege of practising as an advocate in the Courts of Quarter Sessions throughout the Colony. A few months ago, from certain causes (which, we recollect, at the time appeared insufficient to us), thereunto moving the Parramatta Bench, Mr. Nichols was excluded from further practising at the Quarter Sessions in that town. The inhabitants thereof, pining for their favourite "Bob," drew up, numerous, signed, and caused to be presented to the Bench, a petition, praying that he might be re-admitted to practise in the Court, as before his exclusion. There was nothing, it appears, offensive about the form or the terms of this petition, which Mr. Raymond, the Chairman of the Bench, himself admits, "purported to be deferential," but, "calling on the Magistrates to review their decision," he thought "it could not in substance be so considered." We certainly were never aware, before this, that the decisions of Quarter Sessions Benches in this Colony, or elsewhere, were as sacredly unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; or that even a deferential request for the reconsideration of a Quarter Sessions fiat must be necessarily disrespectful of the jurisdiction of which the request was made. After refusing, in the name of the Bench, the prayer of the petitioners, the Chairman proceeded as follows:—"He expressed the opinion of the Bench on the case, and he had no doubt that they would agree with him, when he said, that he for one would never court popular applause, but should be satisfied if he had the approbation of his conscience."

Now what does all this mean, we involuntarily exclaimed on reading it for the first time? There appears to be something politically volcanic about the Parramatta Bench, for something of the same kind occurred there on the occasion of Mr. Edward Rogers presenting himself in the Court a short time back, as Crown Prosecutor. Never having, ourselves, imagined a Judge who could be satisfied without the approbation of his conscience, we were puzzled to conceive what on earth the receiving and deciding on this petition, could have to do with "popular applause," one way or the other? No doubt the New Chairman acts with judgment, in resolving never to court "popular applause," as an expenditure of unproductive labour is always, as a general principle, very properly avoided; but why he should have mentioned it at all, we cannot see. An actor, a rope dancer, or a donkey balancer, may think of "popular applause," but we will venture to say, that into a Judge's head, with reference to his duties, the thought of seeking or avoiding popular applause scarcely ever intruded.

The fact is, the report of this proceeding reads as if the speaker were talking to the Petitioners, and at something else. This style of judgment we shall ever make a point of criticising in our journal. The expressed contempt for "popular applause," looks too political for a discourse in Banco. If the petition had been refused, with the simple statement of the legal reason for thus dealing with it, all would have been done which the occasion required. The preaching and flog-

ging too, we think altogether supererogatory, and may perhaps make some of the Parramatta citizens mentally say to their New Chairman,—

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick us down stairs.

One of the surest indications of strength of character is the ability, at any time, to resist a secret inclination to express feelings or opinions which the judgment pronounces to be improper for the occasion; and it has always been, to us, a sure test of the inherent sound sense and good taste of the late Chairman, (Mr. Cheeke, we mean) that notwithstanding his office was altogether abolished, for aught he knew, by a vote of the Council, not one word, good, bad, or indifferent, did he publicly utter about the matter, although he had numerous opportunities for this kind of display.

THE ATLAS STATE TRIALS.—No. 2.

Court of Areopagus.

Important and memorable Trial of *Sydney Morning Herald, Esquire*, for Constructive Treason against the Colonists of New South Wales. Reported by our own Reporter.

ON Monday morning at ten o'clock (before the Court of Areopagus, and an uncommon Jury, lately grafted on the ancient jurisdiction), this notorious, and, in some respects, rather interesting prisoner, was placed at the bar, to take his trial for divers flagrant misdemeanors, committed by him against the welfare of society at large. The indictment, which consisted of several counts, charged the prisoner—1st, with having unlawfully, maliciously, and fraudulently, administered to the said society, divers, to wit 1000, doses of certain narcotic, and strongly soporific mixtures, disguised in the form, and going by the name of leading articles, which leading articles, or soporific mixtures aforesaid, being then taken into the heads of divers of Her Majesty's lieges, had produced excessive drowsiness and deep sleep, to the detriment of their business, and against the peace and comfort of the human mind, its faculties, and felicity. The 2nd count charged that the prisoner, afterwards to wit, &c., &c., maliciously, injuriously, dogmatically, and conceitedly, assumed to lecture Governors, Legislative Councils, and the People at large, through and by the means of the drowsy mixtures aforesaid, without being in fact in any degree qualified for the office he had gratuitously undertaken, against the peace and comfort of society at large, their interest and dignity. There was a 3rd count for prosing—a 4th for bombast—a 5th for timidity—a 6th for want of independence—a 7th for impudence—and, lastly, a count for general incompetency.

The vagaries and eccentricities of this offender, having long been noted by the public, his appearance in the dock, doctored of his usual assumed importance, was looked for by a crowded court, with much interest, and no small show of excitement. It was amusing, before the prisoner was actually put to the bar, to overhear, as we of the ATLAS overheard, (being as we are everywhere, and hearing everything) the speculations of the simple-minded people, as to what sort of a looking entity *Sydney Morning Herald* was. From the Protean manifestations of that part of him which the common form of expression had entitled his mind, the most varied anticipations had been formed by different persons as to Prisoner's personal appearance. Expectation ranged among a great variety of characters; and people seemed equally prepared to meet a horse dealer, a Methodist parson, a showman, a sheep boiler, a philosopher, or a flying pieman. The man himself, however, soon settled all these innocent speculations, by presenting at the bar a person clad in rather decayed black, to which a shabby genteel air was imparted, by means of a scrupulously clean white neckerchief, done round the throat with that kind of eye to effect, which in the mouths of the vulgar, entails on that respectable article of dress the playful appellative of "a white choker." He was of moderate stature, and of that oddly complicated expression of countenance which made it difficult for you to say whether impudence, fear, conceit, or indecision, most predominated. It was a sort of "Composite order" of countenance, made up of all these qualities. He had sufficient self-possession, when called upon to plead to the indictment, to hold up his hand, inky from his last offence, and cry "not guilty!" with a vigour which seemed intended to prevent the possibility of a mistake. The indictment being read, he, through his Counsel, Dr. Faustus, with whom was Mr. Busler, tried the usual experiment of these people, an expedient which had been previously tried, and had failed, in "the case of the Merino Brothers," reported by us a fortnight ago; namely, moving the Court to require the Prosecutor to elect, on which charge he would go, as there were offences, it was alleged, of different degrees of enormity, alleged on the record. This attempt to cut down the chances of conviction was however at once overruled, the Court declaring that the above several counts only contained differently described forms of the same offence; viz., the crime of passing himself off, on false pretences, as a best possible Public Instructor; being in no wise calculated for so sacred a trust. We will not harrow up our readers' feelings by reporting at length the startling statements of the Public Prosecutor, or by giving in detail the evidence against the Prisoner. It was, alas! but too conclusive. Witnesses out of number were called, from town and country, who had been seen fast asleep on roadside inn benches with Prisoner's articles open before them. It appeared satisfactorily to all, as the Attorney-General not more forcibly than truly said, "that not poppy, nor mantragona, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, could medicine a man to that sound sleep he might get at any time from *Sydney Morning Herald*." One man had suddenly died a few days before the trial, and it was clearly proved that he had read the *Sydney Morning Herald* on the very morning of the day of his death. (Great sensation in court.) In this case an ignorant Coroner's Jury had returned a verdict, Died of ossification of the heart, instead of Heraldification, or Heraldry of the head. One very intelligent witness asserted his conviction that the general depression throughout the Colony, was to a great extent attributable to the drowsiness the *Herald* had diffused wherever it had found entrance. Half an article he considered sufficient to procure an after-dinner nap, but you

could not sleep soundly through the night, when nervous or excited, upon less than a whole one; but this sort of thing habitually, he considered, would be very injurious to the constitution. Other misdeeds of various kinds were proved against the Prisoner, shewing the manner in which he had, from time to time, misled the Colonists, but as these same circumstances are also fully set forth in the defence, we need not here say anything about them.

The case for the prosecution, a very strong one, having closed, Dr. Faustus, looking as deeply affected as his respectfully indorsed brief demanded of him, rose to address the Jury for the defence. He had the honour to appear before them as counsel for the Prisoner, and, although not instructed to disprove the actings which had been brought home to his client,—alas! would that they could be disproved,—he was instructed to show, and he believed he should show, that his unfortunate client was not one for whom laws were made. He would show that Prisoner was not accountable for his acts; and that he had been in this state for seven years past—a state of semi-demi, moral, and political, or, speaking more familiarly, he might say, a state of "half-and-half" Insanity. Dr. Pritchard, an authority who had pitched it very hard on this subject, said "that moral Insanity consisted of a morbid perversion of the natural feelings, affections, temper, habits, and moral dispositions, without any notable lesion of the intellect, or knowing and reasoning faculties, and particularly without any maniacal hallucination." He wished he could say his client's complaint did not exceed the mild form of it, thus described; for, alas! it was not without maniacal hallucination with him, as the Jury certainly would see when the evidence of his ravings about aerial carriages, and "hatching empires" by steam, came to be detailed to the Court. "Individuals of this description" (meaning the description of the Prisoner) said the judicious Beck, in that splendid monument of human misery, his Medical Jurisprudence, "are often, before the idea of their Insanity occurs, reputed to be of singular, wayward, and eccentric character. They commit many equivocal actions." Many commissions of this sort would be proved in the case before them. "Their temper and disposition are found to have undergone a change, probably in consequence of some misfortune or loss, or from some shock to the constitution." The Prisoner had had great numbers of losses by the insolvencies of his customers, whom he had, perhaps, helped to reduce to that state; and it was supposed the Prisoner's constitution had undergone a shock, from the strength of his feelings, and the weakness of the dividends. The learned Counsel then stated the evidence he should call (as it appears below), and proceeded afterwards in the following manly strain of argument and adjuration:—"In conclusion, he would implore the Jury to decide this case calmly and dispassionately. Here was a public Journal before them on trial for wilfully setting the Colonists to sleep, and maliciously attempting to mislead those who were too wide awake to be affected by his soporific sentences. Here was one whom he, Dr. F., was free to admit was not a philosopher."—"I'm sold," roared the Prisoner; "he's got it in his brief, that I am a Philosopher. His Honor told Prisoner, he had better leave his case in the hands of his Counsel." "Here was one" continued the learned gentleman, (superior to the interruption) who, if not a philosopher, was certainly not a traitor. The Jury would try this case by the weights and scales of reason, and not by their passions. They would not allow their minds to dwell on the mortifying fact, that they had for seven years past been supporting and purchasing Insanity by the sheet; had been subscribing three guineas a-year for the better promulgation of delusive doctrines. He mentioned these things, because his experience told him, that sometimes unconsciously to themselves, such considerations weighed on the minds of a Jury, when considering their verdict. Indeed, he would confess they had operated somewhat on his own mind, adversely to the Prisoner, until he Dr. F. came to know more of the case, by being retained in it.

Some disgusting by-stander here exploded into an undeniable laugh, for which he was speedily frowned out of court, by the Court.

Dr. Faustus proceeded: there might be, there perhaps were coarse minds in Court, which instinctively put a construction on these words, quite foreign from his thoughts; but he would show these persons, that he held them at their just value. He had practised in that Court for many years, and all who knew him, knew well that he had never forgotten the felon in the fee. To return to the individual in the dock, he called on the Jury to reflect but for a moment on the excitements of one holding his position; counselling the Colonists on their general affairs; commenting on the business of the world; attending Courts of law; proving on Insolvent Estates, (a deep groan from the Prisoner,) defending actions for libel; (a yell from the dock, which for a moment directed every one from the learned speaker;) marshalling the advertisements, and getting in the money. (Low moaning from the direction of the dock) Much had been said of the "genus irritabile vatum," but no one ever seemed to understand or make allowance for the "genus irritabile editorum." Was it to be wondered at, that even his client's faculties, had given way under the pressure of these multifarious excitements? He Dr. F. would now call his evidence, and then leave his client with undisturbed confidence, in the hands of the sensible, penetrating, strikingly respectable, and thoroughly metaphysical-looking Jury, he saw before him.

The learned Counsel then called Dr. Bland, who stated that he had known the Prisoner by his works, for some years, and had listened very attentively to the evidence in the present case. Was not exactly decided, whether Prisoner's complaint was moral or political insanity, or a curious mixture of both. Had no doubt however, that he was insane, for most of his actions in the Political way, were fatuous, decidedly fatuous. Should have no hesitation so to certify, on account of the public, as well as for the sake of the Prisoner himself. Witness never knew a man, he might say he had never seen a man, who could long withstand the stupefying effects of *Sydney Morning Herald's* articles. Had several times found himself, when reading them, or rather endeavouring to do so, going off into an unnatural slumber, and had only been able to bring himself to, by turning suddenly to Stubbs's advertisements. Witness was intimately persuaded, that it was only these latter more lively compositions, that sold the paper.

[The look of the Prisoner at the Witness, at this stage

of the evidence, was so very malignant that we cannot describe it]

One characteristic of insanity was the ill-balanced state of the patient's faculties. By this Witness meant the occasional subjugation of the intellect and passions, to some prevailing hobby for the time. For instance, as had been stated, Prisoner had once pestered the Colony almost to death about steam. Nothing could advance us as a people so fast as steam. The Colony was invited by him, day after day, to cover itself with glory and steam-boats. He seemed to think that Empires could be hatched by steam, as well as eggs. Witness believed this fatuity had cost the Colony dear; for a number of unreflecting people, excited by the insane enthusiasm of Prisoner, had expended their money in these expensive articles, until about fourteen or sixteen of them were moored safely in Darling Harbour doing nothing; whereupon Prisoner abruptly dropt the subject altogether, just as the owners would have been gladly taught how to employ profitably so many vessels of this description in a small community of 150,000 souls. Witness considered this to have been one of those gigantic hoaxes or practical jokes in which mad people indulge, being, as they generally are, very fond of mischief. At other times Prisoner had much affected the society of the Clergy, and a Diocesan Meeting was his delight. He took great pleasure in licking the dust before a Bishop, and yet to men generally would give himself airs of superiority, and had a ludicrous, and self-complacent habit when speaking of himself of saying, "THE *Sydney Morning* does this"; or, "THE *Sydney Morning Herald* yesterday observed that." Thought this as strange as if any ordinary man, John Smith for instance, were to say, "the John Smith observes this," or, "the John Smith remarks that." Prisoner seemed to love a beef salter, or a sheep boiler, next after a Bishop. He had lately taken a decided turn for tallow. He would sometimes speak most authoritatively on matters of which he was profoundly ignorant. For instance, a few months back he said there were not above two men at the Australian Bar who were fit to be promoted to the Bench; and yet he knew nothing as to the qualities or acquirements necessary for a Judge, and still less as to how many, or which, among the men he was pretending to criticise, possessed these qualities and acquirements in the necessary degree. Upon the question of Education his intellect was in a shocking state. He called himself a Denominationalist, and refused his consent to any wholesome food whatsoever being given to the famishing minds of children, because he and some others who ran mad with him were not allowed to supply the seasoning for the dish. Meanwhile the children's minds were starving, and Prisoner with insane complacency, said, it was quite proper they should do so, under the circumstances. When told that useful knowledge communicated by moral and competent teachers, would benefit the minds of the young uneducated, he contended with violence, that mental food could be of no use to the young, unless prepared and administered by clerical cooks, who had themselves been trained in the established kitchen. One great sign was the inability to follow up any course of action into any rational result. Recollected Prisoner some three or four years ago suddenly discontinuing public and political disquisition altogether, and at the same time breaking out into a paroxysm of ruralities, touching pip in fowls, the different kinds of grasses, the fattening of geese, &c., &c. Another remarkable delusion of Prisoner's was, that he would sometimes sit in a dirty hole in George-street, and fancy he was directing, controlling, and correcting, men and things throughout the Colony. He was thus perpetually acting the fly on the chariot wheel. Of his arrogance and conceit when speaking of public men, witness would give an example. In the Prisoner's paper of the 10th of January instant, was an article headed Port Phillip Plot; (and, by the bye, it was of the essence of a madman to be always smelling a plot;) in that article Prisoner, with reference to something Mr. Boyd had said from his seat in the Council, wrote thus; "We were half inclined to give that gentleman a severe reprimand." (Loud laughter, which was instantly checked by the Judge.) Another strange delusion Prisoner had suddenly taken up, was that men might travel through the air, by means of aerial carriages. So energetic had he been on this subject, that witness recollected Prisoner concluding a raving mad article, something in this ranting strain, "man must be lord of the air." He was quite gone for some time on this hobby. He cut the boiling pot, the exportation of horses, and every other consideration for this exciting subject. He pictured to himself a Hackney aerial coach stand, or coach flight, or whatever it may be called, floating about a quarter of a mile above George-street, and occasionally swooping down like a hawk, to pick up a passenger. It was plain that Prisoner thought the day was not far distant, when he might get into one of these vehicles opposite the Barrack-wall, and direct the driver to set him down at Constantinople. When, however, some one suggested that the Krim Tartars and the Turks were not likely to take in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, he abruptly dropped the hobby, and had never since referred to it. At this stage of Dr. Bland's evidence, it was observed that the jury were whispering together, whereupon the Chief Areopagite asked them if they wished to make any communication to the Bench? The foreman answered that they did not require to hear further evidence. They were all satisfied Prisoner was quite mad, and had been so for a considerable period. The bad times, they thought, had merely within the last three years brought out the phenomina of insanity more plainly than they were seen before. The Jury, therefore, under the Judge's direction, found Prisoner Not Guilty on the ground of insanity, but wished to know for the sake of the public, what was thereafter to be done with the lunatic.

The learned Judge said, that the effect of their verdict would be, either to confine the Prisoner in Tarban Creek for life, or to cause him to be handed over for safe-keeping to some friend, who, in law, would be called the Committee of the Lunatic. Several of the Prisoner's friends here stepped forward, and respectfully requested of the Court to appoint a guardian of this description; whilst the Prisoner himself burst into tears, and implored the Judge not to send him to "the Creek," as he had a great number of accounts to get in. The Prisoner, now that his fate was sealed, appeared quiet and composed, and we never saw Ophelia herself, on the boards of our beloved Drury, look more mildly, yet movingly, mad than