

although the newspaper report is very much condensed, we nevertheless possess enough to prove that the arguments were drawn from our science; and that he no doubt laid down the doctrine of philosophical necessity with clearness and precision. He could not have chosen a more fitting opportunity; and we heartily wish that the same truths may soon be advanced before all the judicial benches of our own country.

Our judges are perfectly ignorant of the causes which produce crime. They are uninformed, and we are sorry to add unreflecting. They act upon the assumption that a man can be a moral or immoral character just as he pleases. This doctrine is an offshoot of the religion of the day. The laws are founded on these views, and the clergy declare that these views are correct. Fatal error. Fatal to the rapid advancement of humanity, and fatal to the progressive amelioration of the evils we are deploring. This fundamental error must be removed, because it strikes at the root of all the rational means to be used for the improvement of the race. Before, however, this is accomplished, there is a great deal to be done to overcome bigotry and prejudice. Such views as we are here advancing are considered injurious in their consequences, and men are afraid to entertain them.

Men grow pale,
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light.

The irrational opinions generally embraced regarding the freedom of the will, are advanced and supported by the religious teachers of the people. They tell their pupils that they are free agents, and that by "faith" and "the Grace of God" they can lead a virtuous life. They denounce crime and immorality, but declare that punishment must visit the offender, because by his own *wiffulness* he has arrived at his present state. How can such doctrines improve a people? How widely different the doctrines of philosophy? Philosophy clearly proves that the character of every being is a compound product—the result of a peculiar cerebral organism and of the innumerable circumstances which have acted, and are still acting upon it. We therefore say that the actions of a man must necessarily result from his organic constitution, and the circumstances which surround him at any stated period. This is a law, and it is not in the power of man to resist. The conduct of Knatchbull was inevitable, and we have no doubt might have been predicted. An inferior organism, throughout life under unfavourable circumstances, was certain to produce a vicious course of conduct. There are beings, and the daily press teems with accounts of their misdeeds, whose propensities are so energetic, and so little under the control of their feeble intellectual and moral faculties, that their lives are one continued scene of profligacy. They carry their mark with them, and yet society will not take heed;—they proclaim by their daily actions that they require confinement and benevolent care, and yet we leave them till that catastrophe occurs which *could* have been foreseen and *ought* to have been prevented, and then as a climax to our insane proceedings, we hang them to prevent further trouble, and for the purpose of warning future evil doers.* How well Mr. Lowe placed this before the jury. He said, "The prisoner is one of those persons for whom laws had not been made; and who, although for the peace and welfare of society, he ought to be placed under the most severe restraint, and ought not to be held responsible for his actions." And again: "Could they believe that a man with the great advantages originally possessed by the prisoner could have fallen, step by step, in the lowest depths of disgrace, unless urged on by some resistless demon of insanity?—by whom, if guilty of the crime now laid to his charge, he had been incited to its perpetration. The existence of this internal impulse to evil, although dangerous in its operation to society at large, should not subject the possessor of it to the most dreadful punishment of all, for a crime which he could hardly be held answerable for, and it could not be contended that the ends of justice would be more answered by allowing a person of this description to expiate his offence on the scaffold, than by the public execution of any savage animal, which had done an act of cruelty with similar want of controlling power over its actions."

We fully agree with this; but what said the judge? Can any one suppose that he had ever reflected on the causes of crime—on the means of preventing it—on the nature of his own constitution, and of the beings surrounding him? Had he ever reflected on the responsibility attached to his office? He was not sitting in judgment, as Mr. Lowe told him, "merely as the avenger of blood." How little such subjects had troubled him we may gather from the following portion of his charge. "The only excuse for crime was that of an actually unsound mind at the time of its perpetration; and whatever attention so abstruse a question as the formation of the human mind might have created among the philosophers of Europe, he apprehended that a simple question of facts, propounded to twelve reasonable men, might be very easily determined upon without resorting to any such abstract reasoning." A simple question of facts presented to twelve men would most probably enable them to ascertain whether the prisoner on trial was, or was not, guilty of murder; but surely something more than this is required. Surely humanity demands something more than the ascertainment of the fact, to be succeeded by the common-place proceeding of demanding punishment and passing sentence. Surely, the destruction of a fellow-creature is a matter of some weight and consideration; and, to take the lowest ground, should not follow the committal of a crime, without an inquiry into the cause producing it. Such barbarism is a reflection on the age; but, alas! when will it be removed? Our judges it is clear are not the men to move, for they declare the punishment of death to be "well-merited,"—our senators, with a few exceptions, entertain destructive views,—and the people, as a mass, are not yet sufficiently enlightened with regard to their own structure, and the formation of their own character, to entertain rational and benevolent views concerning one who has offended them. It is left then for the few to struggle for the many,—for the rational to instruct the irrational,—for the humane to soften and enlighten the inhuman, and on all occasions to enforce the views our science teaches, and thus hasten the

* The female to whom Knatchbull was to have been married the day after he committed the murder, attended his execution dressed in widow's attire! And as another specimen of the good effect of an execution on those who witness it, we give the following on the authority of an eye-witness and a friend, and one on whom we can place the greatest reliance. This scene occurred in one of our penal colonies not long ago:

When the body of the criminal was cut down and brought within the precincts of the gaol, the governor said to the hangman, "You have not done your duty, sir."

Hangman.—"I am sorry for that, sir; I always try to do so. What did I do wrong?"

Governor.—"You did nothing right; the noise, instead of being under the ear, was quite at the back of the neck; moreover, the rope was not tight enough."

Hangman.—"Why, sir, the rope was so tight that I saw his face choking,—as red as fire; and as for the knot (appealing to a gentleman, a bystander), don't you see, sir, that its the drop as makes it almost impossible to hit it *fine*; it will slip back in the best hands, when there is a long drop. I've been here twelve years, and it's a hard case that I can't after all give satisfaction."

Governor.—"I shall send you a week to the cells."

Hangman.—"I hope not, sir."

Governor.—"Where is the rope?"

Hangman.—"I've sold it to a gentleman for a guinea."

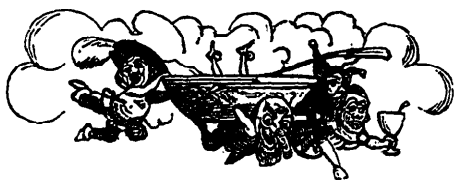
period when our system of criminal jurisprudence shall be in accordance with the dictates of reason and justice.

But we are told that these views have no place "in the law of England, common sense, or morality." We have looked in vain for common sense or morality in the charge of Judge Burton. It is a perfect piece of absurdity—full of twaddle—and contains statements which no rational being can receive.

"If wickedly disposed men said his Honor will yield step by step to the approaches of the evil one, they must expect to be led at last by the tempter to that precipice, down which it was his desire to cast them!"

"The very term of the information was, that the prisoner 'not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigations of the devil,' had committed the crime laid to his charge; and it could not therefore be contended that the offender was to be exonerated from the consequences of his offence, by the very reasons which were alleged to have actuated him in committing it."

What an appeal to reason! What logic! Now, we confess that we should draw a different conclusion. It appears to us, that if a being is seduced by a power which he did not call into existence, and over which he has no control, then there is a very urgent reason presented, why he should be exonerated from the consequences of his offence. By Judge Burton's own shewing—by his own doctrine—it is clear that the prisoner could not avoid acting as he did. Little children are sometimes frightened by fanatical teachers, who tell them that the devil moves about "like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;"—but that an educated man, and that man a judge sixty years of age, should deliberately advance such an insane dogma, and tell a poor wretch he is about to sentence to death, that he brought himself to his present state, because he *would* yield to the approaches of the "evil one," and that he *ought* to have resisted the advance of the "tempter," is really almost past belief. When the judicial bench is made the rostrum from which is promulgated such ignorant and superstitious views, it is melancholy to contemplate the injury which must be inflicted.



A Bobol of Punch.

SYDNEY INGREDIENTS.

A PASTORAL AFTER VIRGIL.

Gubernator, Squatterius, *Chaunters*.—Colonizæ Quæstor, *Judge*.

ARGUMENT.

Gubernator and Squatterius, after a few hard hits upon Colonial misgovernment and Vice-regal license, resolve to try their skill at a stave; and accordingly make their *empty* friend, Colonizæ Quæstor, the judge of their performances; who, after listening to both parties, is so awfully bothered betwixt affection for his place, and the hard lines of Squatterius, that he is compelled to make the race a dead heat, and recommends the stakes to be drawn: his decision being, that Gubernator retire to make fresh jokes, and Squatterius to carry them.

Gub.—Squatterius! rest thee, with thy starving sheep;
Come, sit by me, and watch we'll jointly keep.

Squat.—I thank thy care; for, sooth to say, 'tis clear
That flocks need double watch when wolves are near.

Gub.—What means the knave! dost think that ought of harm
Can flocks assail beneath my fostering arm?

Squat.—Nay, check those frowns, nor ugly faces make;
Who license gives, you know, will license take.

Gub.—Hold thy unflattering tongue; the power is mine,
As Representative of "Right Divine;"
And porkers willing, gods of Rome and Greece!
I'll give thy well shorn flocks another fleece.

Squat.—In vain you'll try, on Razor-back though born,
To closer shave what thou'at so closely shorn.

Gub.—Dar'st, grumbler, try a song before we trudge?
Squat.—Aye, twenty, Griper!—who's to be the judge?

Gub.—Colonizæ Quæstor comes in nick of time—
Squat.—To Burke the beautiful and the sublime.

Gub.—No, scoffer, no! to give a judgment true—
Squat.—Or yield to Caesar more than Caesar's due.

Gub.—Quæstor, stand by, attend to our behest—
Squat.—From ruined serfs to fill thy empty chest.

Gub.—Brawler, begin, or ruin will ensue—
Squat.—What less than ruin can I hope from you?

Col. Q.—Mild terms, my friends, for though we're told soft tones
Don't butter parsnips, and put fat on bones;
Yet sure 'twere best to let your blood run thinner,
Especially as each has had his dinner.

Squat.—Aye, with Humphery's Duke I dined beneath the myrtle;
Whilst he in regal halls regaled on turtle.

Gub.—From "Lion Stanley" I myself begin,
Who, thanks to ignorance, still keeps me in:
Mine be the task to make him blind as mole,
And vaunt his charities from Pole to Pole.
To him the praises of this sphere belongs,
He backs my sophistries, and chaunts my songs.

Squat.—The Queen I love—'tis she my soul inspires,
And bears me scatheless through your Stanley's fires;
And, when the blaze of truth dispels the fog,
The dense miasma of your fetid bog,
Her open heart will chase your harpies hence,
And free the land from grinding impotence.

Gub.—Dream not of this; for seven long years and three
To George and Dragon you must bend the knee:
My own apprenticeship already past,
I've set up business for myself at last:
Adown your throats tax on tax I'll cram—

Squat.—Reflect; *Ne auro ultra crepidam!*
Forgive me may thy past oppression's wrack,
But "the last feather breaks the camel's back!"
Thy rocky bonds, men's hearts, however crush'd,
Will like the o'erpepp'd channel wildly burst—
Beyond the mazes of official wiles,
There beam a Monarch's never dying smiles;
A vernal island in oppression's sea,
Where man may anchor safe from tyranny;
There shall our shattered ships securely ride,
While thou art whelm'd beneath the treacherous tide;
And noxious sea-dogs with their demon bark
Shall halt the coming of their kinsman shark;
While slimy reptils, monsters of the deep,
Within thine eyeless skull shall vigil keep;
Or from thy rotting carcase turn away,
As loathing food more loathsome far than they—
Then, like King Richard's cares, our misery
In Ocean's bosom broad shall buried be.

Col. Q.—So little difference in your singing lies—
That—pon my honor—both have won the prize.
This my award; Great Triton homeward tie

And weave fresh nets to catch the smaller fry:
Squatterius, you retread your arid plains,
Keep up your weather-eye while Sirius reigns:
To both—(the lord and mate of Eastern harem)
G. forge fresh chains;—You, Squat, in silence bear 'em.

PUNCH'S DEFINITIONS OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

Ere the pale faces came, our fathers called things by their right names:
Truth stood for truth; and honor meant not treachery.

Address of the Red Indian.

What is Gold?—Gold is the mainspring of action; and offers in itself a continual paradox. Men dive into the deepest bowels of the earth, and perch themselves upon the loftiest gibbets to obtain it. Like an incubus it broods over the miser's bosom; and flits like a meteor through the dreams of poverty. It both opens and closes the heart; it chills old blood, and makes the youthful current glow like lava: it desolates cities, and lays waste territories: its carving knife is the sword; its food, hearts torn from quivering carcasses; its draught, human blood. Intrinsically it is but a dull yellow metal, inferior to tin, in lightness; and iron, in use. When coined, however, and put into circulation, it embraces all the properties of "tin;" far outweighs iron; and is looked upon as a "sovereign" remedy for all evils.

What are Sponges?—Sponges, in their most common acceptation, are marine substances sticking to rocks; but there are terrene sponges which adhere with tenfold tenacity to places and pensions, and sustain themselves upon the vitals of the people. There is a lower class of worldly Sponges, which may be known by their invariably appearing at the meal-times of families whose table is well spread. Sponges are also used by Insolvents in clearing off an accumulation of rubbish in their books. The Bank of Australia has lately found the Sponge remarkably useful; and it has been recommended on even a broader scale as a means of paying off the "National Debt." In great Britain there are houses termed "Sponge-houses"—which by the learned are *briefly* called, *caupona quibus debitores comprehensi detinentur, pruisquam in carcerem conficiantur*—more *diffusely* designated by the unlearned, as "going into Quod." The cakes who are confined in these establishments are very properly called "Sponge-cakes."

What are Contracts?—Contracts are arguments entered into between two parties; in which the sole business of each seems to be to cheat the other without incurring "legal responsibility;" (such is the term!) both, however tend to the same *ultimate* goal: hence the celebrated verse in the "Modern Devil's Walk."

The Devil into the play-house turned
To damn a new made actor;
But such low food he quickly spurned,
As he spied a "Great Contractor."

There is another species of Contract called a "Marriage Contract," in which the same rules are invariably preserved. Lust on the one side—Avarice on the other—Perjury on both. A *trousseau* and a settlement, the India-rubber of life, erasing the faint pencil marks of "Love and Honor."

What are Points?—Points are of many kinds: Ex-gra. The man of the world makes a point of swindling every one. The soldier gains, and oftener loses, existence at the sword's point: while the wiser tailor whom he despises, lives alone by the needle's point. The rich make a point of being disagreeable to the poor; while poverty retaliates in envy, hatred and malice. A tragedian's point consists in tearing his hair, rolling his eyes, stamping his foot, and twisting his form into all that variety of tortuous combination which affords the most lively illustration of an attack of the colic, or bite of the centipede. Comedian's points consist in elevating the digitals to the proboscis, thrusting the tongue into the hollow of the cheeks, and forcing an audience to discover some irresistible drollery in expressions of infinite vulgarity. Nigger melodies, and low comic songs are great points now-a-days, which accounts for the want of point in Mozart, Rossini, Anber, Balfé, &c., &c. Geographically defined—Points are necks of land running into the water where useless batteries are erected like "Dawes' Point." Mathematically defined, the extremities of lines are points; and, with felons attached, very serious points, indeed!

What is Truth?—A word in every-body's mouth; but which seldom comes out of it.

What is Justice?—A sharp sword in the hands of power; and generally unsheathed.

What is Honor?—Seducing your friend's wife, and perforating his person with a bullet before breakfast, as an amusing afterpiece to the previous tragedy.

MOTTO, CUT IN A VENAL PEN.

"Per fas et nefas" is my maxim strong;
To write for him who pays through right and wrong."

PUNCH ADDRESSES HIS PEN.

My own, worn stump! nay shun me not,
Nor give me frowns as dark as ink;
Dissolve, old friend, that angry spot,
And from my mental fountain drink.

Together let us wander free
Through sun-flecked glades, where fragrant limes
All living with the humming-bee,
Recall the sweets of other times.

Or over Ocean's bounding breast,
Where swift the Stormy Petrel flies,
Together let us seek the rest
Which Man in sternness here denies.

A moment stay and watch the gleam
Which crimson's beauty's Parian brow,
As in her warm, luxurious dream,
She hears her lover's whispered vow.

Now view that dark, dismantled shed
Where starving paupers huddled lie;
Earth will not yield a narrower bed
When nature summons them to die.

But mournful themes we'll not resume,
Too deep thy cut for such as thou:
Start not! nor ruffe up your plume;
I'll only nib, not split you now.

CON. (Communicated.)

We have received the following Con, through the "lion's mouth;" and cannot help thinking that it must have come from our old friend, the *Herald*; but, from whatever source it sprang, we feel bound to insert it for the good of the Colony—

"Why is Mrs. Charles Meredith's work on New South Wales so very dry? Because it was written in the time of the drought."

By the way, the above lady was considerably annoyed that the inhabitants of Bathurst seemed to consider their wool a much more staple article than herself; and, in revenge for the slight, her work handles them pretty severely; but we presume that, amongst the thinking minds of "Young England," the pique, or rather *piquant* falsehoods of the late Miss Twam-ly, will not have more effect than any other body's lie. The only two pleasurable objects over which she appears to have stumbled, are the "Waratah,"

(*Telopea Speciosissima*) and the "Green Frog;" into the latter of which (singular fancy!) she wished to be metamorphosed; perhaps with the idea that Mr. Meredith,

Her lily white duck,
Might have gobbled her up.—

In the fierce drought of the time, and with her impassioned admiration for flowers, it would have been a much more natural wish for her, "to have been changed into a watering-pot."

IMPORTANT TO GOVERNMENT.

We are delighted to observe that Mr. Samuel Lyons has advertised a large quantity of "Oil and Head Matter" for public competition: the latter comes in most opportunely for the Government Members, as, previously to the opening of the Council, they will be enabled to lay in a stock of that valuable article, the want of which was so apparent in them during the last Session. Should they take advantage of this sale, we have every right to expect a preponderance of "Mr. Oiley Gammon" over "Sampson Brass" in future.

"WELLINGTON FALLS."

In the latest *Hobart Town Courier* we note the above startling announcement, which has roused our Laureate, Shribbs from his slumbers:—

The Duke has fallen! Would the news were true
That Baron Bickerstaffe had tumbled too!

PUNCH'S TRADE REPORT.

Porter in cans was inclined to be flat; but ale brewed with a large quantity of hops was much more lively; and ginger-beer was decidedly a rising article. Copper was still, owing to a deficiency in tin, except amongst a few bustling individuals who made brass answer the same purpose. Bark (quinine) went to the dogs altogether, while rhubarb and magnesia were looked upon as complete drugs. In soft goods, tweeds received a slight check; calico ran entirely counter, and ribbons were sent to Coventry. Dresses (silk) were cut by the yard; and prints did not make much impression by the piece. No depression was felt in hats which kept at the head of the market; this arose in some degree from an influx of country settlers, who, having "worn their beavers up," were compelled to make a sudden call for new ones. Paper was stationary; and even that used for "flying kites" was at a discount. In consequence of a disagreement in some real trumps at the close of the market, we observed a few cards change hands, which, in all probability, will make blank cartridge go off rather briskly.

JOHNNY AND MELBOURNE.—NO FABLE.

WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE.

Here Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow.
Garrick.

"Here Johnny," said Melbourne, (who out had been dining,
And had taken about half a dozen of wine in),
"Find me out a fit Governor for New South Wales,
Your model a Turkish Bashaw with three tails,
He must strictly obey every order from us,
Never minding the Colonists' anger or fuss,
He must find out the Colony's means and resources,
And tell us how best we can finger their purses,
He must know how to make his new subjects obey,
And must not attend to one word that they say,
If firm when he's wrong, he may doubt when he's right,
And hard-headed enough, we don't want him too bright,
With an eye to our wants, and a clear understanding
Of salary's worth, and his place's long standing,
Though his manners be rude, and his tongue somewhat rough,
For the country and people he's sure good enough,
And as an inducement to do the thing right,
And behave honest to us, we'll make him a Knight."
At the Premier's desire away Johnny trips,
And returned the next morning with Governor Gipps.

J. L. T.

JUGGLING JEMMY.

Inscribed to the Electors of Camden.

Some sing Jim Crow,
And jump "jis so,"
And some, like Leigh Hunt, of Rimini-pimmi,
But sweeter to me
Is the "thimble and pea,"
In the hands of wee wee Juggling Jemmy.
Oh, my juggling juggling Jemmy,
My juggling, smuggling, jobbing Jemmy—
View the juggling crew,
From Moreton Bay to Peru,
There's none like you, my Juggling Jemmy.
This wee wee man,
Of the conjuring clan,
In Camden's vales is the pride and wonder,
His tools are small,
Yet they are his all—
But small as they are, not so the plunder.
Oh, my jobbing juggling Jemmy,
My jinking, slinking, sly-boots Jemmy;
For a wee wee man,
You're a great charlatan,
My jinking, jingling, juggling Jemmy.
It's a brilliant array
To see day by day;
(A sketch deserving Hogarth's pencil)—
With his tools of trade
Around him array'd,
And he himself Sir G.'s utensil.
Oh, my darling Camden Jemmy!
Thou nameless Whig Utensil Jemmy—
A tool not unfit
For John Punch's wit
Affords Sir G.'s utensil Jemmy.
But the thimbles and peas—
You may laugh as you please
It's really on these his fame is founded;
Beating Sydney to sticks,
For the depth of his tricks,
As th' electors he gulls "with applause unbounded."
Oh, my nimbling trimming Jemmy!
My smirking, quirking, jerking Jemmy.
Tasmania, I trow,
Has no such show,
As Camden's jerking Australian Jemmy.
First he takes a small pea
And lets every one see
It fairly put beneath the thimble:
You think you're looking on,
When lo! the pea is gone—
You are so blind, and he is so nimble.
Oh my nimble-fingered Jemmy—
My prince of all the jugglers, Jemmy,
The black Hindoo
Would look quite blue
Compared with you, my juggling Jemmy.
Next he puts the thimble down
And wagers you a crown
That the self-same pea will be found below it:
And there, quite secure,
He has it, as sure
As he is a witch, or John Punch is a poet.
Oh my cogging, cozening Jemmy,
My shifting, shirking, shuffling Jemmy,
Let England produce
A second D. G. Roos,
Camden will trump him with juggling Jemmy.

Next he takes thimbles *twain*
And the pea shows so plain,
Beneath the one, that who can doubt it?
Yet you had better beware
For it's vanish'd in air,
Or gone to that which you saw without it.
Oh my nimbling, quibbling Jemmy,
My slippery, shiny, sliddery Jemmy,
You may hold an eel,
But you plainly feel
It's vain to think of holding Jemmy.
Last he takes thimbles three
And under each puts a pea,
And you risk, it may be, some small speculation.
When not pea, nor bean,
Nor money is seen,
All merged in Sir G.'s appropriation.
Oh! my patriotic Jemmy,
Our surplus-making-taking Jemmy—
You may button your fob
Against the swell mob.
But not 'gainst Sir G. and his juggling Jemmy.
If for fair play you call
He takes thimbles—peas—all—
And opening his mouth with a huge hiatus,
He makes you his bow,
And as conjurers know how,
Swallows the whole of his own apparatus.
Oh, my gniping, gaping Jemmy,
My wriggling, saigling, *Wiggling* Jemmy—
Count the juggling clan
From Homebush to Japan,
And find me a man like my juggling Jemmy.

MOON-LIKE VISIONS!

God save the King!—It is a large economy
In God to save the like.

Byron.

St. George was sitting in imperial state—
His bearing haughty, though his look was dull,
For multitudes of mischief had been done of late,
And yet the *cheat* by no means was too full,
For since the cursed Squatters would debate,
Those devils had taken a longer, stronger pull—
And a pull altogether, as they say
At sea—and would not let him have his way.
At length he rose, and, with a bitter sigh,
He said, this measure I will not forego;
Whit brazen front I'll give them all the lie,
Or hint their understandings are so so,
Ask them to read, with more attention, my
Regulations—and they'll find it so.
That what is written is not what is meant,
And sure with this they all must be content.
His Council all were sadly out of tune,
Nor could they tell him what he next should do,
They thought it strange the scoundrels should presume
In any case to take a different view
From him. Hat he said that in the moon
Allotments should be laid out, fair and new,
Balloons should be laid on, and daily sail,
Or that the aerial should take the mail!
The folly of the scheme could not affect
Your Excellency—who is not supposed to know,
Or care, where Surveyor Generals may direct
New townships to be formed; or were it so,
What cares your Excellency? To give effect
Sell at half price! you are sure they can have no
Redress; their money once received,
Your object was distress should be relieved!
And then those silly fools of Gundagai,
Whose land so recently has all been flooded,
Can buy again allotments in the sky,
When once the first balloon aloft has scudded.
A pound an acre is not very high,
In regions that so brilliantly are studded,
And when again deceived—why let them curse,
They've bought it still—"For better or for worse."

AUSTRALIAN FLORAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.

A Botanist with a conscience will understand the saying, that no weeds grow on earth, except in the heart of man; and we fully felt the force of this saying on Wednesday last, as we surveyed the treasures which were exhibited at the Autumnal Show of the Floral and Horticultural Society. Our space will not allow us to indulge in the pleasure of describing the beauty of the specimens, nor to advert to the many delightful associations connected with this exhibition. We must therefore content ourselves, with subjoining a list of the prizes, and to express our cordial approval of the excellent arrangements made by the Committee.

VEGETABLES.—Judges, Messrs. Kenyon, Pye, and Bowman; Secretary, Mr. Tobin.—John Baptist, Altringham carrot, 1st class prize; John Nobbs, long red carrot, 2nd class prize; John Nobbs, red cabbage, 3rd class prize; Michael Magill, cucumbers, 2nd class prize; Henry Richards, medicinal carrot, 3rd class prize; John Nobbs, cabbage, 1st class prize; Thomas McCulloch, kidney potatoes, 3rd class prize; Joseph Kenyon, rough white potatoes, second class prize; John Nobbs, a collection of salad, 1st class prize; John Williams, egg plant, 3rd class prize; John Nobbs, onions, 2nd class prize; Joseph Kenyon, Rio pumpkin, 2nd class prize; John Hardy, peas, 1st class prize; Felix Wilson, celery, 2nd class prize; Felix Wilson, N. turnip, 3rd class prize; Thomas McCulloch; bush squash, 2nd class prize; Thomas Barker, pumpkin, 2nd class prize; J. Baptist, capsicums, 2nd class prize; J. Baptist, tomato, 3rd minor prize; J. Baptist, asparagus, 3rd minor prize; Felix Wilson, French beans, 2nd minor prize; T. Shepherd, silver beet, 3rd class prize; J. Baptist, rhubarb, 3rd class prize; F. Wilson, red beet, 1st class prize; J. Baptist, a collection of herbs, 2nd class prize; — Lepier, knole cole, 3rd class prize.

FRUIT.—Judges, Messrs. McBean, Turner, and Gray. Secretary, Mr. Bibb. R. Russell, wine grape, 1st class prize; J. Kenyon, wine grape, 2nd class prize; J. Kenyon, wine grape, 3rd class prize; D. Stewart, table grape, 1st class prize; J. Kenyon, ladies' raisin grape, 1st class prize; J. Kenyon, table grape, 2nd class prize; W. V. Thomas, queen pineapple, 1st class prize; W. V. Thomas, queen pineapple, 2nd class prize; Robert Russell, providence pine, 3rd class prize. Apples—A. Lindsay, Ribston pippin, 1st class prize; Joseph Kenyon, golden russet, 1st minor prize; A. Spurway, nonsuch, 2nd class prize; — Lepier, Alexander, 3rd class prize; — Lepier, Alexander, 2nd minor prize; A. Spurway, Alexander, 1st minor prize; Robert Russell, pearmain, 1st minor prize; Joseph Kenyon, pearmain, 3rd minor prize. Pears—Vince Carr, Crasanne pear, 1st class prize; Vince Carr, Maria Louisa, 2nd class prize; Joseph Kenyon, golden beurré, 1st minor prize; A. Spurway, pound pear, 1st minor prize; H. Jupp, quince, 3rd minor prize. Plums—Thomas McCulloch, Coe's golden drop, 1st class prize; Joseph Kenyon, magnum bonum, 2nd minor prize. Sundries—Mrs. Black, figs, 3rd minor prize; Eustace Smith, peaches, 1st minor prize; — Lepier, peaches, 2nd minor prize; Isaac Mobbs, oranges, 1st class prize; Vince Carr, oranges, 2nd class prize; Alexander Spurway, Lisbon lemons, 1st class prize; — Lessier, Lisbon lemons, second class prize; Alexander Spurway, navel orange, 2nd class prize; Alexander Spurway, limes, 1st minor prize; Vince Carr, sweet lime, 2nd minor prize; D. Shep-

herd, strawberry guava, 1st minor prize; G. Allen, medlar, 2nd minor prize; Henry Alport, walnuts, 3rd class prize; Joseph Kenyon, almonds, 2nd minor prize; Vince Carr, shaddocks, 2nd minor prize; Vince Carr, pomegranate, 2nd minor prize; Vince Carr, almonds, 2nd minor prize; Richard Hipkiss, almonds, 2nd minor prize; Felix Wilson, Cantaloupe melon, 1st minor prize; Mrs. Black, bananas, 2nd class prize; Curwen Boyd, water-melon, 3rd minor prize; Vince Carr, cherrimolia or cherimoya pears, 3rd minor prize; J. Baptist, netted Cantaloupe melon, 3rd minor prize.

FLOWERS, &c.—Judges, Messrs. Lynn, Oliver, and Kidd; Secretary, Mr. Meyer.—G. J. Rogers, first best six dahlias, 1st class prize; Michael Magill, second best six dahlias, 2nd class prize; J. Baptist, third best six dahlias, 3rd class prize; Michael Magill, first best collection of dahlias, 2nd class prize; J. Baptist, second best collection of dahlias, 3rd class prize; Henry Richards, second best seeding dahlias, 2nd minor prize; G. J. Rogers, best seeding dahlias, 1st minor prize; J. Baptist, third best seeding dahlias, 3rd minor prize; J. Baptist, manettia glabra, 2nd class prize; J. Baptist, cobra scandens, 1st minor prize; Thomas Barker, thumbergia alata alba, 1st minor prize; T. Barker, thumbergia alata leuta, 2nd minor prize; G. J. Rogers, salvia splendens, 1st minor prize; Thomas Sheppard, a collection of China roses, 2nd minor prize; Thomas Sheppard, seedling China rose, 1st minor prize; J. Baptist, cactus Akermania, 1st minor prize; W. W. Thomas, cactus Akermania species, 2nd minor prize; Robert Russell, cactus Akermania species, 2nd minor prize; Robert Russell, cactus Akermania species, 3rd minor prize; J. Baptist, rhododendron ponticum, 3rd minor prize; F. Wilson, mimosa pudica, 2nd minor prize; Henry Richards, gloxinea spenosa, 1st minor prize; Henry Richards, salvia patens, 2nd class prize; T. W. Smart, coreopsis Drummondii, 3rd minor prize; T. W. Smart, fuchsia yulii, 2nd minor prize; T. W. Smart, fuchsia, Dalstonii, 3rd class prize; J. Baptist, hibiscus rosa sinensis, 3rd minor prize; Robert Russell, Hernbergia lutea, 2nd minor prize; J. Baptist, cyrilla pulchella, 3rd minor prize; Henry Richards, pansie, 3rd minor prize; No ticket—begonia Evansiana, 1st minor prize; D. Shepherd, Godetia Lindleyana, 2nd minor prize; Robert Russell, amaryllis Josephina, 2nd minor prize; E. Pollard, Jun., balsams, 1st minor prize; T. W. Smart, balsams, 2nd minor prize; D. Shepherd, balsams, 3rd minor prize; Michael Magill, cockscomb, 3rd class prize; E. Pollard, cockscomb, 1st minor prize; G. Allen, cockscomb, 2nd minor prize; Henry Richards, gomphrena globosa, 3rd class prize; Henry Richards, aster sinensis, 1st minor prize; F. Wilson, polyanthus tuberosa, 2nd minor prize, E. Smith, centaurea Americana, 2nd class prize; Eustace Smith, amphrephis intermedia, 1st minor prize; A. Lindsay, phlox, 3rd minor prize; Eustace Smith, a variety of asters, 2nd minor prize; Eustace Smith, tropaeolum canariensis, 1st minor prize; J. Baptist, a collection of zinnia, 3rd minor prize; F. Wilson, collection of marigolds, 1st minor prize; F. Wilson, African marigold, 2nd minor prize; F. Wilson, Lophosperinum grandiflorum, 2nd minor prize; F. Wilson, pavonia Tigridia, 2nd minor prize; F. Wilson, pansies, a collection, 3rd minor prize; T. W. Smart, Pentstemon Gentianoides 2nd minor prize; J. Staff, a sunflower, 3rd class prize; J. Baptist, hops, 2nd class prize; J. Staff, millet, 3rd minor prize; J. Baptist, a bouquet, 3rd class prize.

WINE.—We are sorry to say that in consequence of some mistake, no specimens of Wine, that could be admitted for competition, were forwarded to the Committee:—consequently no prize was awarded.

TOBACCO.—The only samples forwarded were from Mr. Walthall, through his agent Mr. Wilkinson. A 1st class prize was awarded to the specimen of Negrohead; and a 3rd class prize for the sample of Cavendish.

The following prizes were also awarded:—Cook and Staddon, for preserved fruits, a 2nd class prize; J. Cunningham, for preserved peaches, a 3rd class prize; J. Cunningham, for preserved tomatoes, a 3rd minor prize; J. Hall, dried raisins, 2nd class prize; W. N. Thomas, coffee plant, 1st class prize; R. Henderson, Tea Bohea, 1st class prize; J. S. Norrie, castor oil, 2nd class prize; J. A. Campbell, bees-wax, 1st minor prize; S. F. Man Colonial Starch, 1st minor prize.

SUPREME COURT.—INSOLVENCY JURISDICTION.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5.

(Before their Honors the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice a'Beckett.)

IN THE INSOLVENT ESTATE OF J. T. HUGHES,
EX PARTE ROSETTA TERRY.

The Chief Justice pronounced judgment in the above case, which was an application on the part of Mrs. Terry to have transferred to her certain shares in the Hunter River Steam Navigation Company, the certificates of which had been deposited with her by Hughes as security for a certain amount which he had collected on her behalf in the shape of rents. The decision turned upon the fact that Hughes had been the ostensible owner of the shares up to the time of his insolvency; and their Honors decided that this being the case, the Act was imperative in requiring that all property thus held should go to the trustees for the general benefit of the creditors.

The Solicitor-General, who appeared on the part of the trustees, urged upon the Court the claim of the latter to have allowed to them the costs of opposing the application.

The Chief Justice remarked, that having considered the question very fully already, the Court had come to an unanimous conclusion that the point upon which the case had been determined being wholly a new one, costs ought not to be awarded on either side.

PLAN OF DISTRIBUTION.

The following was confirmed by the Court.—In the estate of Gore and Co., a dividend of 5s. in the pound.

CERTIFICATES.

The following certificates of discharge were confirmed by the Court.—James Hassall, Michael Joshua, Robert Eagling, Christopher Moore Wilson, John Foley, Hercules Watt.

IN THE ESTATE OF MICHAEL GANNON, EX PARTE SAMEUL LYONS.

This was an application upon the petition of Samuel Lyons, wherein a Judge's order had been granted, whereby the above-named Michael Gannon had been called upon to show cause why his estate should not be sequestrated for the benefit of his creditors.

The Act of Insolvency set forth in the petition as the ground of the present application, was the alleged refusal of Gannon to point out any property upon which a levy might be made to satisfy a judgment of £57 19s. 9d. obtained against him by the petitioner. The answer of Gannon to this was, first, that no legal demand had been made upon him; and, secondly, that he had not refused to point out property as alleged.

The Solicitor-General supported the petition and order, and Mr. Darvall opposed.