

C. C. L., so often before mentioned. The unfortunate man in Colonial tweed, who seems uniformly to be selected as the victim to every species of cruelty and violence, is struggling on the ground with two of the largest blood-hounds, which have seized him by the throat, and seem disposed to put a speedy end to his earthly sufferings. On the extreme left of the picture are seen a fine herd of cattle undergoing the operation of throttling from the fangs of the C. C. L. dogs. The figures of the three horsemen are given with great spirit. That of the right hand rider is expressive of earnest and yet timid deprecation. He is represented as saying, "Give them an occupation for seven years. Don't throttle them now, you can always do that whenever you please. I don't say exactly a lease, but—" Here he seems to have broken off, probably from finding that no attention whatever is paid by the Wildgrave to his well meant representations. In this personage we had no difficulty in recognizing the Colonial Secretary. The left hand rider, who is evidently the favourite councillor on the present occasion, and in whom we thought we saw a distinguished member of the Executive Council, whose opinions have coincided only too well with those of the Wildgrave himself, is urging on the sport with hand and voice. Yes, we grieve to say it, the beloved of Maneroo, he to whom, according to Richard Brooks, Esquire, the whole Colony lies under obligations for his constant and unwearied exertions to promote its best interests, especially in stamping on land, which would otherwise have been actually worthless, the very respectable value of £1 an acre, and taking away all incitements to luxury and extravagance, by cutting down to a modest and even a humble limit the overgrown profits of sheep-farming. This personage is represented in the picture as making a very ungracious return for the gratitude of the Maneroo Settlers. He is waving his hand with an air of triumphant encouragement, and exclaiming, "Concentrate them! Concentrate them! They will take up less room when they are dead." The face of the Wildgrave is expressive of the most stormy and contradictory passions. Rage and fear, obstinacy and vacillation, triumph and despair, are all battling there for mastery. Were these sheep and kine, whom he is represented as relentlessly butchering, really instinct with the spirits of his enemies—were the unhappy herdsman really the representative of the territory it is his office to rule, his brow could not be darker, or his teeth more resolutely set. The white foam stands upon his lips, and his hands are clenched with the frantic energy of one whose eye has seen its desire upon his enemies.

The speech which he is making, we regret we cannot give at full, owing to the following circumstance. It is related that when Apelles was painting a mad dog, he was unable to work up the mouth to his satisfaction. With all the impatience of genius, he flung his brush at the picture, and thus produced by accident what had been denied to art. The artist who painted this picture was forcibly struck with the resemblance between his own effigiation of the Wildgrave and a mad dog, and being a classical scholar, thought he could not do better than imitate his mighty predecessor. He therefore—we shudder while we relate it, but truth is something stranger than fiction—skimmed his brush deliberately at the head of the Wildgrave, in whom we fear our readers have already recognised the Viceroy, and him indeed, as Homer has it, he missed, but the speech which was issuing out of his mouth he hit, and obliterated the greatest part of it. The following *disjecti membra poetæ* are all we were able to decypher:—"60,000 Squatters—five farthings—a brass farthing—must and shall—don't care—Monop—" Whether this last word was a portion of Monopoly or Monops we know not. In support of the latter conjecture, we may remark, that the speaker's conduct towards his subjects closely reminds one of Polyphemus, who pent his victims up in a narrow space, and devoured them one by one at his convenience.

The sky of this picture was remarkable. Immediately over the heads of the figures was the cloudless blue of Australia; but in the distance were rolling up dark and thunder-charged clouds, portending, as was remarked to us by our Cicero, that the fun was a great deal too good to last.

PUSEYITE ASSOCIATION.

We committed an error in last week's ATLAS, in our account of the meeting of the Puseyite Association. We stated that no Clergymen were present except the Rev. Mr. Walsh, whereas it appears that five were present—two Clergymen strongly opposed to Puseyism, and the Chairman, having, by a curious coincidence, either been seized with a sudden indisposition or mistaken the day of meeting? We were led into this mistake by two causes; the one, the omission of their names in the report in the *Herald* of February the 27th. Much did that report say of Mr. John Dillon, Mr. Fairclough, Mr. J. Smith, and Mr. Hawkes; but the clergy, except Mr. Walsh, were passed over in ominous and contemptuous silence. As we are no Puseyites, of course we were not there, and we, therefore, fell into the trap laid for our ingenuous youth by the crafty *Herald*, whose suppression of truth, has, with shame and sorrow we confess it, led us most unwittingly and unwillingly into something very like a suggestion of falsehood. Our second reason was because—as Lady Fairfax said of her husband at the trial of Charles I.—we thought that they had more wit than to be there. In this, alas! we were mistaken. The more's the pity!

We have thought a good deal what it could be that induced the *Sydney Morning Herald* to suppress the presence of these Reverend Gentlemen. Why do we read of Lowe and not of Sconce (perhaps, by the bye, this might arise from the learned gentleman being rather minus in that particular). Why is Metcalf commemorated and Grylls suppressed? To what cause do we owe the elevation of Woolley, and the depression of Adams; and why, oh! why, is John Dillon suffered to monopolize that prominent space in the public eye which might have so much more advantageously been filled by the Rev. Mr. Elder? Was it because the *Herald* felt that these gentlemen had no business there, and that on the principle that equity presumes everything done which ought to be done, it was justified in treating them as absent because they should have been so? Was it any suspicion that clerical personages had no more business in what

professed to be a lay society, than a Bishop on the judicial bench, or a Judge in the pulpit. If so we must congratulate the *Herald* upon being so far in advance of these Reverend Gentlemen, and also upon the happy stratagem, so truly worthy of Puseyite tactics, by which it suppressed the melancholy and mortifying fact that the so called Lay Association of the Church of England was a mere puppet show, and that its clerical exhibitors, yielding to an indiscreet, but not unnatural eagerness, did not content themselves with arranging the wires, and quietly waiting behind the scene the catastrophe of the drama, but audaciously presented themselves in the proscenium, and thrust their clumsy fingers between the eyes of the spectators and their inanimate and awkward puppets. Suppression was, we admit, the most obvious method to a mind tinctured with the ethics of Puseyism, to get out of this disagreeable admission—unfortunately the usual good luck of the Church (as in defiance of the letter and spirit of the articles, they delight to call their own little segment of belief) had deserted her in this instance, we beg to call the attention of the *Herald* to our correspondent's letter, which shows how the presence of the clergy at a meeting exclusively lay may be justified, since it can no longer be concealed, upon the most improved principles of Puseyite logic, drawn from that ample storehouse of fair and candid reasoning, the 90th Tract for the Times.

OF THE COLONIAL LAND AND EMIGRATION COMMISSIONERS.

We have never been satisfied with the origin of this Board—nor convinced that its *modus operandi* is well adapted to the vast interests committed to its superintendence, or worthy of the people with whose destinies it has to deal.

A Council and Chamber of the Indies which watched over Spanish colonization, consisted of the ablest men in Spain. The British Board of Control for our Indian affairs, is entrusted only to some of our ablest statesmen; and the Board of Trade and Plantations, is not composed of chickens, but of able practical men. The creation of a new Colonial Board was reserved, it would appear, for the days of Whig-Radical reform, when Commissionerships afforded the means of perpetrating jobs in a convenient shape—three at once, by the appointment of Boards, for the arrangement of every imaginable public matter, down to Punch and Judy, and the redress of every grievance that could possibly form a string to the harp of a party so long out of office—and so hungry for it, as the whigs.

We object, on principle, to all Boards, and more especially to one composed of two young men, and one old stager—to any Board, indeed, of three persons, were it only because they afford to one, the power of acting on the divided responsibility of three. Individual responsibility is indispensable in matters of great moment; public interests are of the last importance, and should admit of no escape from it to the members of any such trio. The two wisest may be of different opinions, which enables the third, perhaps a fool, to decide the question as he pleases.

Boards, in short, afford convenient means of giving office to fools—but are very dangerous as affording also the means of acquiring power by designing men. A very slight knowledge of the human understanding may enable us to see that the hold on the mind of each of the three is not diminished by two-thirds only; but, on the contrary, that any one of such a trio, when relieved from the check which personal responsibility imposes on all men, must feel a degree of license and freedom from restraint, not unlike that enjoyed under a mask—or, if it were possible—such an incognito as a triple impersonation might enable him to indulge in; such as Kings might sometimes find very convenient, and Ministers of State delight to assume.

The men in England, to whom a Secretary of State may find it convenient to intrust our Colonial interest, should be under no such mask, but clean handed, and above all suspicion of participation in a job of any kind.

The solemn absurdity of attaching to the dictum of a Board more value, when it deserves so much less than the cautiously framed report of any one responsible, person may amuse a philosopher; but what shall be said for the Statesman, who could set it up as an authority to which he should himself refer on questions pertaining to his own office? The best defence, probably, that he could offer, would be, that such a Board could go further into details, but in this case, their services as Clerks, would be more in good taste, less expensive, and the public would be much better satisfied with the Minister's own judgment.

The establishment of a Colony on the self-supporting principle in New Zealand, had been the favourite hobby of an old hanger-on of the Whigs, when the discoveries in Australia, and the prosperity of New South Wales, drew his attention (unhappily for that Colony!) to the Australian shores. A company was formed for the colonization of South Australia on his plan—a plan, of course, to raise money, out of which he, as chairman, had a salary—and it is needless to explain here how the thing took with Radical Members of Parliament, Wakefield, the Saints, friends of Aborigines, &c. It short, the brief history of South Australia is before our eyes, and the heads of its chapters may suffice here, as thus:—How the projector had access to the Colonial Office, when it fell into the hands of his friends—How Mr. Stephens, from the Colonial Office, attended the dinners given by the Company, and drank toasts to the "self-supporting Colony"—How the self-supporting scheme failed, and £130,000 was obtained as a present from the mother country—What tackle and dead weights were cast upon other colonies to support that one above water—What prices, what land regulations were imposed, what encouragement to emigration were withheld from these, what support afforded to this, by depriving the former of all those advantages in which the crude South Australian scheme was deficient—How convict labour was poured into islands which did not want it, and drawn from vast regions inaccessible without it—What mighty advantages were derived from an active body of Directors at home, and from agents at their office in the Adelphi—And, finally, how the Chairman and projector was transformed into the salaried head of a Board of Land and Emigration Commissioners

for all the Australian Colonies to sit in the rooms at the Adelphi.*

Now it may be easily supposed that the advantages of South Australia held out to people at home, must have been very great to induce them to prefer land there at 20s. per acre, to land in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land at 5s. per acre. It was found, however, that notwithstanding the magnificent views and plans of the city of Adelaide shewn at the Adelphi, and the wonderful advantages of self-sustained government cried up there, the elder colonies still possessed superior attractions. The Reports of the Board soon balanced these, by recommending a quadruple price to be set on the lands of the elder Australian Colonies.—For why? Gouger, the partner of Wakefield, was Colonial Secretary in South Australia.

For the character given to the other Colonies of Australia—in those days at the Adelphi, we can refer to many who have since come here from Adelaide, who declare they found it difficult to believe from what they heard in London, that there existed any honest men in New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land;—or, that any land could be had for sale elsewhere than in South Australia.

In the very chambers of the speculators who started that Colony—originated the Board of Land and Emigration Commissioners, to whom a Secretary of State now refers all affairs relating to land and emigration, throughout the world. Can we wonder at the high price of land, or at land regulations unfavourable to other Colonies? That emigrants are not such as we require—that all other Australian Colonies languish—when such a drag holds back the wheels of Colonial Government! The chrysalis is not more identical with the butterfly—than the first head of that Board was with the projector, shareholder, and proprietor of the self-supporting bubble; nor have cold and ice more affinity, than the land regulations which have interrupted the progress, and checked the prosperity of other Colonies—with the recommendations of the Board which originated in a Colony of speculators.

Can Ministers really place confidence in a Board of such suspicious origin? a body which still retains the same soul given it at its birth. The same young gentleman, whose Colonial ideas are limited to Canada—first pupil to the author of the South Australian scheme, now presides, as the oracle on whose responses the fate of Colonies depends.

*Tis true 'tis pity; Pity 'tis 'tis true!

We cannot take leave of the self-supporting Colony without a word on the all-supporting Colony of New South Wales, of which we, ATLAS—are proved to be the type. A Colony which not only supports itself, but has spared money to its "self-supporting" neighbour—also to New Zealand; supports too, the felon-population of the Mother-country: finds police and gaols for their safe keeping; and has suckled and fed all the younger Colonies about her.

She now resembles a first-rate ship of war, with others in full sail—but all laying to with their canvas aback for a collier, which they have saved from sinking, but whose skipper has the Admiralty flag on board, and therefore signalizes to the gallant ships a-head, to drop astern.

* How Lieut. Grey was sent by the Colonial Office to take horses from Timor, and explore forthwith all Australia!—How he was wounded, and how he shot the native with his own hand—How he discovered the rivers Stephens and Gairdner, and was made Governor of South Australia—and, lastly, how Captain Stokes, R. N., could not find the said rivers afterwards, might form the heads of other wonderful chapters "in this Renowned History."

DISTRICT OF GRANT.

Wamba, the son of Witless, the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of a District Councillor.

Ioanho.

It would be fortunate for society if the power possessed by any agent for working mischief, were proportioned to its obscurity, or to the disregard in which it may be generally held. The experience of mankind, unfortunately, proves that too often this is not the case. The less tangible the poison, the more subtle and deadly its influence; and it is not until after it has pervaded the streams of life, and brought under subjection the whole economy of the animal being, that its malign and pestilential character is truly appreciated. So it is with District Councils. They have been repudiated by the Colony at large—declared to be impracticable, so far as regards any good end—a mere tyrannical device for extorting money from the pockets of the ruined Settler. Employed as an agent within the boundaries—the antitype of the newly devised Squatting Regulations to be enforced beyond the boundaries—they leave the harassed and ruined Colonist without hope. If residing within the limits of location, and already tottering on the brink of ruin, by the unmerciful and *Shylock*-like exaction of quit-rents, he is to receive the *coup de grace* in being subjected to the machinery of District Councils, destined to squeeze from his veins the last vital drop. If, to avert this last alternative, he fly beyond the boundaries, and seek refuge from oppression in the remotest wilderness, again he is pounced upon, and laid hold of by the fangs of a relentless Government—a Government that no misery can soften, no ruin however complete can inspire with compassion, or induce to forego its pound of flesh.

Such being the relative attitudes of governor and governed, what shall we say to the man who, regardless of his own interests and those of his adopted country, can allow himself to be seduced into a co-operation with the former—to become the passive instrument of a tyranny destined to crush the whole community? We call upon such men to halt ere it be too late; to forego the small gratification of calling themselves "Wardens," and "Councillors;" and, at the sacrifice of perhaps a little vanity, divest themselves of offices and attributes that can only serve to make them objects of suspicion and dislike.

The foregoing remarks have been elicited by some of the proceedings of the District Council of Grant. It is said that the Arch-liend has won the consciences of men, either by lending them money, or enabling them to get into debt. So would it appear to have been with these Men of Grant. In an evil hour they allowed themselves to be seduced by the new-fangled "Cap and Bells," sent them from Sydney, by the high-sounding vocables—"Warden," and "Councillors." Having committed the unutterable folly of putting on the Cap and assuming the Bells, and having moreover incurred a debt

of £500, to enable them to wear the graceful costume with becoming dignity, they seem reluctant to part with such costly appendages. They cling to them with a degree of pertinacity calculated to excite wonder, and certainly worthy of contempt, were it not for the reflection that these gentlemen do not enact the farce at their own expense—that Cap, Bells, and all the other paraphernalia, must be paid for, out of the hard earnings of the Settler—that assessments, levies, confiscations of property of various kinds,

—Nomina mille
Mille nocendi artes—

are all necessary accompaniments to these "serio-comic" displays. One of the actors in the corps of performers at Gelong has, it appears, been induced to forego the blushing honours attached to his office, upon receiving a promise of payment of £150. The whole affair is ably handled by our ingenious cotemporary, the *Gelong Advertiser*, and as the transaction will meet with merited castigation at his hands, it is unnecessary for us to allude to it further. The remoteness of the District where these things are enacted, ought not, however, to induce us to shut our eyes to them—Sir George Gipps has already pointed it out as the locality where his favourite scheme is to receive its full development, and be made to furnish an example, either for the imitation or the execration of the rest of the Colony. It is from a knowledge of this fact that we have resolved to drag from their secret recesses deeds which, if confined to the mere actors, and those in immediate contact with them, might be deemed unworthy of notice, but which, when adopted as precedent and example for the rest of the Colony, are calculated to excite feelings of the deepest alarm.

PROMETHEAN PUPPETS.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
Desectam, et insani leonis
Veni stomacho apponisse nostro.

Hor. Lib. 1 Od. 16th.

From clay, a Man Prometheus prest
With fire from Heaven, did heat him,
Till even mighty Jove confest
At man-making he beat him.

Shamed by a Man, Jove vengeance took
Upon the arch deceiver,
—He chained him fast upon a rock
And Vultures tore his liver.

Our new Prometheus—high Sir George,
Joys in such new creation
And strikes fresh sparkles from the forge
Of his imagination.

He took a set of puppet chaps
Wherever he could find em
And rattled Stanley's thunder-claps
Before 'em and behind 'em.

One lightning flash a Treasurer made,
And two a Warden brightened;
Sheet lightning Councillors, their trade
To tax the unenlightened.

Complete and finished every shape,
Lord Stanley gave the word,
Gipps pulled the string, the world's agape
—But not a puppet stirred.

Again he pulled the tiny threads,
They moved not—and he wondered
For all the time above their heads
His fifty pounder thundered,

He raved, he stormed like any Turk.
He threatened and he thrashed 'em,
The little puppets would not work,
So in a rage he smashed 'em.

So like Prometheus be his end
When Vulture claws shall tear him;
Or, if they will not tear their Friend,
An Eagle will not spare him,

J. L. T.

BARNEY'S BASIN.

I am happy now to see in a complete state the basin and break-water of Wollongong, they will, I sincerely trust, prove of essential and permanent benefit to the district.—Governor's reply to the Illawarra address.

He tells us he is happy now.

AND a large store of happiness he must have within him, for certainly we never saw anything less calculated to produce felicity than the contemplation of the basin, or rather dock, at Wollongong. It is always melancholy to contemplate the waste of labor and capital, but more especially the construction of costly and useless works in a new country, where the sums which can be devoted to such purposes must be so exceedingly small, and the advantage derived from their judicious outlay so exceedingly great. Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a sight to the reflecting mind as one of these abortions. That rottenness should succeed ripeness is natural, that it should precede it is disgusting and distressing. It was with these feelings that we viewed the basin at Wollongong, and as we did so—shall we say it?—we thought of the honored name of Barney almost with bitterness. Here, said we to ourselves, is not exactly a pretty kettle of fish, but a refuge for ships, made rather upon the principle of a kettle, a place in which the water may boil and foam, and be a little more tumultuous than in the open sea. This thing, thought we, though certainly not a break-water, will surely prove a break-steamer. It is just large enough to hold one; the waves rise and fall in the inside just as they do out, so that it is impossible to prevent the steamer from coming violently in contact with the rock. The rock won't break, so the steamer must. How far it might have been worth while to make a break-water according to Sir Thomas Mitchell's plan, we leave more accomplished engineers than we pretend to be to determine; but we venture to assert that money spent in scooping out a frame to break ships in pieces, is money

thrown away; and so far from sharing his Excellency's happiness we think disgrace is aggravated by compliments, and failure embittered by congratulations. We know not how this chef d'œuvre of Colonel Barney has contrived to sneak out of the immortality which we had laboured so successfully to fling around the productions of his genius; but we beg to proffer our acknowledgments to the warden of the district of Illawarra, and his Excellency himself, for reminding us of this brightest quartering in the escutcheon of the late lamented Colonial Engineer.

Original Correspondence.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND LAY ASSOCIATION.

MR. ATLAS—I gather from an article in your journal of last week, that you consider *Clergymen* had no business at the meeting of the Lay Association. This may seem to your benighted mind to be a fair conclusion. Caught by the meaning of words, and looking to the context for their interpretation, you argue with a coarse and blundering straightforwardness, wholly unworthy of the metaphysical subtlety which ought to distinguish the opponents as well as the advocates of a faith which subsists upon the finest and most impalpable distinctions. You no doubt think that that which is clerical is not lay, and that which is lay is not clerical. You never were more mistaken. The word "Lay" is opposed to the term Lawyer, as well as to Clergymen, and it may be that the Church, looking upon all Lawyers as thorough-bred sons of perdition, was anxious to exclude them from the Association. It may be said that Lawyers were the principal speakers—I know that, but how could the Church help it? It may be said the Clergy present did not speak at all, which may be represented as an admission that they had no business there—I know that, but what is that to you?

Again, the word "lay" is evidently derived from the Greek λαος (people), and I should like to know how you would get out of the following syllogism:—All people are laymen, the clergy are people, therefore they are laymen.

Again, the title of the society, the Church of England Lay Association, must not be construed literally. You showed in the article above mentioned, that the Society does not comprehend the whole Church of England, but only the Church within the Church, or what you irreverently call the Puseyite party. Now if this word Church of England be to be construed in a restricted sense, so as to exclude most members of the Church of England, why should not the word lay be construed in an extended sense, so as to include the clergy, and what are popularly but erroneously called laity. The truth of the matter seems to be, that all clergymen are laymen, whenever it is convenient they should be, but that no laymen are ever clergymen.

Yours in disgust,
HYBRID.

THE MORNING HERALD'S LECTURE ON MORALITY.

DEAR ATLAS,—If thou art not altogether dead with laughing at thy old lady cotemporary's serio-comic stricture upon such views as thou hast virtually assumed of the *Morality of Cerebral Physiology*. If thou (presumptuous "Infidel" that thou art) hast still audacity enough to lift thy excommunicated head, amidst the hootings and revellings that await thy weekly coming. If thou hast still, I say, temerity enough to publish, in defiance of thy Leviathan cotemporary's desires; permit me, I beg, to trespass so far upon your columns, as to reply, to a part of their superlative vituperations.

Presuming upon such permission, I at once pass over with the contempt it merits, the absurd but common inclination to indulge in a foolish ridicule of that science which (fortunately perhaps, for their own vast self-esteem and the credit of Phrenology) they do not understand,—and beg a moment's consideration of the charge of *Fatalism*, so unhesitatingly preferred against the *Zoist's* Cerebral conclusions.

Nothing, to me, could demonstrate more satisfactorily, the ignorance which blinds their eyes to the true position of the *Zoist's* speculations, than the manner in which they have preferred this charge. They falsely assume, in the first place, that man in general (and not Knatchbull in particular) is not, according to the *Zoist*, a free agent, (I need hardly stop to say, that they no where affirm anything half so postposterous), and then they rant indignantly against the consequent errors of their own assumption!

"Mankind, according to the *Zoist*," says the *Herald*, with the awful consciousness of uttering something horrible, "are the passive instruments of a mysterious but inevitable Cerebral Fate." Impiety, indeed! But who but arrant blockheads will assert that man is not guided and controlled by the faculties of his mind? Who will presume to assert that the idiot is responsible for actions, the consequence of which his deficient organism renders him incapable of estimating? The idiot is unquestionably denied free agency, but do we when we thus regard these pitiable objects of imperfect formation, begin to doubt that God created them as well as the rest of mankind, or venture to call in question the justice or the righteousness of that Creator's will, because of such exceptions to his general rules? The character of every being is, I affirm (with the *Zoist*), a compound product, the result of a peculiar cerebral organism, and of the external circumstances which act upon it. This is as clearly a law of nature as any which the investigations of science have elucidated; and for that dissenting oracle to assert, that "it is neither the law of Moses, nor of Christ, but the law of the *Zoist*," is absurdly ridiculous—the law of gravitation might as well be called the law of Newton. It gives us, however, about as fair a criterion of the meagreness of their Philosophy as any with which they could as briefly have favoured us.

I do not desire to charge the writer or writers of that resplendant article with the voluntary perversion of truth, and they must therefore pardon my attributing it to ignorance.

As with the idiot's acknowledged incapacity for intellectual distinctions, so was it in the case of the wretched Knatchbull, he was not capable of self-control, and whoever denies this assertion, denies it against a multiplicity of facts, denies it against the evidence of a long life of vice and infamy. It is true they may shuffle the question if they please, and affirm

that this degraded being could have controlled his vice, had he so willed; but what do they gain by this mere change of terms? It is just as evident that he *did not will*, as that he *could not rule*, this power of action against the evil direction of his mental faculties; and the creation of the will, the power, or the faculties of the mind, is alike referable to God, if that is the way by which these opinions are to be resolved. Are not the idiot, the madman, and the inherently depraved as much the creatures of God's ordering, as is the noble being whose genius sheds the highest lustre over the glories of Philosophy?

Man under all circumstances is the creature of his organism, and his organism is not self-created. But are we, therefore, because of a few unfortunate exceptions to the rule which proves mankind to be by the necessary preponderance of intellect and virtue free, responsible, and self-dependent—are we, therefore, I ask, to cry out against the righteousness of the Creator, or otherwise denounce with scoff of infidelity, these ill-conceived beliefs?

The *Zoist* affirms that it is not in the power of man to resist the influence of his mental faculties, and such assertion is essentially true; but the writer in the *Herald* is either in gross ignorance of the fact, or has not the common honesty to state that the science of *Cerebral Physiology* teaches those who are capable of learning, that mankind in general are not idiots, or madmen, or inherently depraved, but that, on the contrary, they have such an organism as by education, and the influence of circumstances, enables them to resist and triumph over sin, and consequently that mankind in general are responsible for their actions. Knatchbull was an exception to the general rule, and therefore, like the idiot or the madman was an irresponsible creature.

It would be in vain, I know, to attempt a more minute explanation of the theories of *Cerebral Physiology* for the edification of the writers in question; they would not comprehend it, or if perchance they did, might still so wrap it up in the mysteries of their peculiarly superstitious nonsense, as to satisfy their readers that they had nailed their orthodoxy to the mast, closed their "sincerely believing" eyes against these impious assaults of science, and with true Christian charity had turned deaf ears to those deep swelling inspirations of awakened conscience, which day by day proclaim the sin of blotting out the crime of murder by a formal, premeditated, and cold-blooded repetition of the horrible offence.

Waiting with deep anxiety to learn the dire effects of this solemn ebullition of "outraged morality" upon the tender susceptibilities of thy weak nerves,

Believe me, Dear Atlas,

To remain your devoted admirer,

A PHRENOLOGIST.

March 12th, 1845.

PORT PHILLIP.

By our last arrivals from Port Phillip, we find that His Honor the Superintendent had gone on a tour of inspection to Gipps Land, for the purpose, it is surmised, of arranging the sale of Crown Lands in that District.

The election of Civic Officers took place on the 1st instant. The following gentlemen were elected:—Dr. Palmer, Mr. W. H. Campbell, surgeon, and Dr. Sandford.

Dr. Lang had addressed a letter to the Presbyterians of the District, soliciting a guarantee of £300 per annum towards the support of the Presbyterian Church unconnected with the State.

Commerce seems to be improving, and the trade of Melbourne is spoken of as being at present tolerably brisk.

PORTLAND BAY.

The Town of Portland was laboring under great excitement, arising from an attempt having been made, on the 18th ultimo, to destroy Cameron's Inn. The ruffian who attempted it had placed an oil can, containing a large quantity of powder in it, in the passage, and set fire to it. Although it did not take full effect, much damage was done. The person who is supposed to have done it was committed to take his trial.

The papers speak of the steadiness with which the country at the back of Portland is being located, and the inconvenience suffered by the Flockmasters in consequence of no vessel having been laid on at the Bay to take in their wool, which is now obliged to be forwarded to Launceston and Melbourne for shipment.

The Government have advertised for tenders for the erection of a Pier on rather an extensive scale. This, if carried into effect, will tend much to the rapid rising of the town and neighborhood.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

By our last arrivals from the Sister Colony, we find that the Legislative Council had met on the 19th ultimo, having been, as His Excellency Sir Eardley Wilmot tells them, specially called together to consult on the best means of providing for the deficiency in the Ways and Means, in consequence of the Land Fund having ceased to exist; to remedy which he proposes to lay on certain *ad valorem* duties on foreign goods imported into the Colony. This fact having become pretty generally known previously to the assembling of the Council, meetings were called, and petitions prepared, praying that no further impost of a nature so materially affecting the humbler classes might be inflicted, and calling on the Government to commence a wholesome and effectual retrenchment by docking some of the higher Officials of their enormous and ill-earned salaries. We view these demonstrations with feelings of pleasure, as they plainly shew that there is an embryo spirit within, which will ultimately lead to views of a higher order.

Great alterations and improvements in the way of building were taking place in Hobart Town. This argues well as showing an improvement in trade generally. A new Literary Society, in addition to those already existing, was about to be formed, to be called "The Tasmanian Society for the acquirement of Useful Knowledge." All Societies for the intellectual and social improvement of our fellow men we hail with pleasure, and sincerely wish the Society may prosper.

INDIA.

By papers received per the *Coringa Packet*, to the close of the year, we find nothing of general importance to the Colony, with the exception of a sale of horses, which were shipped from here per the *Blundell*. The sale took place on the 16th and 21st of December. The average sum they brought was about £94—one shipped by T. Icely, Esq., M.C., fetched £250.