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THE ATLAS OF THIS DAY CONTAINS:—

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SERVILE INSOLENCE.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Sydney, 11th January, 1847.

SIR—I have had the honour to submit to the Governor your letter of the 7th instant, in which you transmit the copy of a resolution passed on the previous day by the District Council of Parramatta, and embodying a request that his Excellency will be pleased to grant the inhabitants of the town of Parramatta the privilege of using the Government Domain as a place of recreation, as has been the custom heretofore. And I am instructed to inform you in reply, that his Excellency has ascertained that the Government Domain at Parramatta was not allowed to be used as a place of recreation until latterly, when the premises and grounds had fallen into disrepair and neglect, and that the grounds at Parramatta are now occupied by Sir Charles Fitz Roy, on condition that the establishment be kept up at his Excellency's own private expense.

I am at liberty to add, that his Excellency has no wish to prevent respectable persons who may wish to walk in the grounds from taking exercise, and his Excellency's overseer has orders to that effect; but as the house and domain are appropriated to the Governor as a place for his own recreation and retirement from business, His Excellency must decline to throw the domain open indiscriminately to the inhabitants of Parramatta, as, were he to do so, it would prevent his Excellency residing there.

Finally, I am directed to observe, that his Excellency cannot but express his surprise that the District Council of Parramatta should consider it a part of their duty to interfere with the private arrangements of the Governor.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
E. DEAS THOMSON.

The Warden of the District Council of Parramatta.
THE Parramatta District Council, so long as they had a Governor who would pamper them with the spoils of a public revenue, were among the most decorous of incorporeal bodies. They dreaded the vice-regal toe as much as if they had a body to be kicked—they dreaded the vice-regal oaths as much as if they had a soul to be permanently effected by their influence. But those blissful days are over, and the whine of the sycophant is exchanged for the bluster of the bully. This Council seems to have a monomania for theft; and not being allowed to rob the public, it immediately applies itself to pluming the Governor. It claims a right over land kept in order at his expense, and reserved for his private recreation. This right is either legal, or not. If legal, let the first member of the Council who is excluded by the overseer for want of respectability (a contingency by no means improbable), try the right in an action for the exclusion. By the verdict of a jury Sir Charles Fitz Roy must be bound, as well as any other of her Majesty's subjects. But if this right be not legal, it is no right at all, and the attempt to enforce it is like the swaggering insolence of an unwelcome guest, who obtrudes himself upon the involuntary hospitality of a courteous host. The Council must have been reading the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," and consider it the best fun in the world to treat their neighbour's house as an inn, and his pleasure grounds as a public promenade. The rebuke which Sir Charles administered was no less just than severe. We are glad to see that, instead of truckling to these miserable upstarts like his predecessor, he treats them with a contempt which they merit. Should their importunity continue troublesome, they are easily got rid of. He enjoys a power over them more frequently enjoyed by Turkish than British Governors. He can annihilate them when he pleases. The job could be effectually done at a very small expense—a writ of *quo warranto* would restore Drs. Hill and Anderson to their numerous patients—

Mr. Oakes to his slaughter-house—Mr. Byrnes to his auction mart—and Mr. Nichols to the police office.

The *Herald*, who never said a word for public liberty till the cry for it became too strong to be resisted, comes forth as the champion of private licentiousness—of this easement, as the lawyers call it, which the modest public of Parramatta wished to establish in the government ground. Without one spark of American independence in politics, the *Herald* comes forth as the advocate of American intrusion on domestic privacy. If public opinion wants a man's garden—his dining-room—his bedroom—public opinion must have it. So say the Yankees—so says the *Herald*—so says the District Council of Parramatta. Their motto is, "Respect your own interests in public matters—encroach upon your neighbours in private." They propose, moreover, that when the domain has thus been wrested from the Governor, it should be kept up at the public expense. The whole colony is to be taxed for the pleasure ground of Parramatta—and not of Parramatta merely, but of every paltry town which contains persons impudent enough to ask for it. And this proposition emanates from the *Herald*, the advocate of District Councils! If District Councils be good things (as the *Herald* says) let them work—let them tax—let them distract—let those who like them pay for them—but do not let us have, as the *Herald* proposes, a District Council to find folly and impudence, and a Legislative Council to find money to maintain them in local importance.

Duf. SCENA ACADEMICA.

If men do not mind making themselves ridiculous, they ought not to mind being laughed at, and oftentimes a good-humoured placing of a subject in a ludicrous position, saves the complainant from something more severe, but less laughable.

From the "Herald's" attack on the
Correspondent of the ATLAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Professor,	Hyleus, Catulus,
Simius, Catulus,	Molossus, do.,
Indagator, do.,	Cynidium, do.,
Bigener, do.,	Cirratu, do.

PROFESSOR.—Catuli Carissimi, in Rudimentis Grammaticæ Latinæ Etonensis quid scriptum est? quomodo legis?

SIMIUS.—Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est.

PROFESSOR.—Euge catule! Canis emunctæ naris olim eris. Dies clarescit et crepusculum fugat: exercitationes poeticas incipiamus. Augumentum propositum *Informatorum* Recordatio est. Attamen prius dic mihi, Bigener, quapropter præceptor vocatur *Informator*.

BIGENER.—Quia linguâ [canino-Latinâ] lambit catulos in formam caninam.

PROFESSOR.—Versute catelle, subtilissima, tuo ingenio, natura ambigua prehendere dedit. Agite, deliciæ, exemplar præponam, quod diligenter imitando, proprios informatores posthac prosequi discatis; quemadmodum voluit Sanctus noster Veridicus—hoc enim sub titulo, hujusce Fundator Latibuli, "quietis ordinibus" Beatorum adscribetur.

(Lugubre cantat.)

Me quoties merui, toties, validoque lacerto,

Exrucians, teneras Cetule dure nates

Torsisti; cunctans sævâ brevis arte loquelæ—

Nuda dorsum inum, flagitiose puer—

Audin' quæ dico? culpamne refellere queris?

Cessator! nebulo! Stulte pudende tuis!

Triste domus dedecus, quin hoc te crimine solvis?

Dic, tanti sceleris, quæ tibi causa—tace—

Bisne negare nefas? renuis ne faterier?—aufer!

Dum blateras, verbis, verbera mista cadunt

His illa alternant—verba alternantia pœnam

Ingeminant—durum est, voce morante, pati.

Catuli consensu latrant—Mirabile auditu! Ut elegi

Movent! ut nos ad vivum attingunt!

Indagator.—Sed unde, quæso, istud nomen, "Cetulus?"

PROFESSOR.—Diminutivum est a nomine cetus, quod a Græco Κητος derivatur; unde etiam fortasse cognomen Anglicanum Keate.

Indagator.—Anne, ad staturam, diminutivum refert?

PROFESSOR.—Minime. Eo utor, ut "summo honore et reverentiâ Informatorem proprium prosequar" Hujusmodi enim locutio blanditiâ argumentumque amoris habetur. Sed tempus pretiosum teritis, catuli. Eligidium imitemini; et caveat ne sit nimis proxima imitatio. Incipite

(Catuli concentu latrant.)

Bow wow pro docto, catuli, latrate magistro—

Bow wow pro virgâ, atque hanc moderante manu.

Bow wow pro multâ quâ forsân luce fruemur!

Bow wow! lux menti dulcis et alma venit!

Bow wow pro natibus, per quas incussa, nitescet!

Bow wow pro Sancto tollite voce, canes!

Bow wow! Est Sanctus! Romanus! Præsul! et omni*

(Bow wow!) legeferi callidus arte Solon!

(Bow wow!) divinum jus inculcare tyranni

(Bow wow!) et verum dicere semper amat

Bow wow! hinc bow wow! tibi, suavis homuncule, bow wow!

Bow wow! et valeas—care pusille vale!

PROFESSOR (graviter ingemens).—Proh pudor! latratores cur latratîs? (Voce submissâ).—Hei mihi! "Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurrit." (Alto voce).—Hyleus, Cynidium, cur latratîs; Molosse, ne ringaris. De quo nunc agitur? Cirrate huc adi.

Omnes Catuli.—Bow wow, bow wow, bow wow.

PROFESSOR.—Heu! rabies inopina vos corripuit—ne mordeatis me, O meæ deliciæ!

* Catuli acriter.—Bow wow wow, bow wow wow.

PROFESSOR (pavide).—Hydrophobum, etiam nunc, me ipsum Sentisco. Væ misero mihi! Sub Caniculâ natus sum. Quocunque modo, e Latibulo effugieudum est. Ave Maria! Virgo virginum! tuum serva. E periculo, te faustâ, me eripiam; et Sanctum Veridicum huc allicere conabor; ut Dæmona latrantem, qui catulos repetivit, iterumque possedit, exorcismo, quam celerrime, ejiciat.

Hyleus.—Horrescens per fenestram saltu evasit.

Molossus.—Prosequamur catuli condiscipuli, cum bow wow wow; ferociter que ululantes, scurram literarium in urbem venemur.

A LOOSE TRANSLATION.

PROFESSOR.—Dearest Pups, what is written in the Eton Latin Accidence? how read you?

Pug.—To rise betimes in the morning is very wholesome.

PROFESSOR.—Well done—you'll be a clever dog by and by. Day dawns, and drives off the twilight. Let us begin our poetic exercises. The subject proposed is the Recollection of our Informers. But first tell me, Mongrel, why a Preceptor is called an Informer.

Mongrel.—Because with his (dog-Latin) tongue he licks pups into dog-shape.

PROFESSOR.—Cunning pup, your ambiguous nature has given you to apprehend the most subtle things. Come, Pets, I'll set you an example, by studying which diligently, you may learn to do honor to your own Informers hereafter; as our St. Veridicus has desired—for under this name the Founder of this Kennel shall be added to the quiet Calendar of the Blessed Saints.

(He chants mournfully.)

As oft as I deserved, with potent arm,
You did my breech, O Cetulus, some harm;
With broken phrases, 'twas your cruel joy
To eke out pain.—"Unbutton, wicked fault—
D'ye hear me?—What—expect your fault to gloss—
Idler, foredoomed your father's brain to cross!
O worthless boy! your friends disgrace and shame!
Why not at once acquit yourself of blame?
What cause for such a crime—be silent—say,
Dare you deny?—Not own your guilt—Away!"
While thus you rate, in mingled torrent fall
Your strokes and words—your words embitter all
The culprit feels, and most his heart appal.
'Twas hard to suffer pain; but harder still,
To find your voice protract it at your will.

* Romanus—Sive propter Litinitanen; Sive propter religionem.

The Pups with one consent.—Wonderful! How moving are your verses! How they touch us to the quick!

Beagle.—But whence, I pray you, comes that name, "Cetulus?"

Professor.—It is a diminutive from the word *cetus*. This is from the Greek *Κητος*—whence probably the English surname Keate.

Beagle.—Has the diminutive any reference to structure?

Professor.—By no means. I use that form that I may pursue my own Informer with the utmost honor and reverence. This style of address is esteemed a compliment and evidence of affection.

But you are wasting your precious time, Pups—now imitate my verses, and take care that the imitation be not too close. Begin:—

(*The Pups in Concert.*)

Pups, for our learned master bark bow wow;
Bow wow! for rods and the hand that sways them now.
Bow wow! for all the light we soon shall find!
Bow wow! it comes so genial to the mind?
Bow wow! for buttocks too—when there flogged in,
Soon shall we feel its pleasant glow begin.

Raise with your voice, nor let the cry be faint,
A bow wow for our new-created Saint—
Saint!—Roman!—Pontiff!—in the Squatter's cause,
A Solon at the knack of making Laws.
Bow wow! the right divine of kings he preaches,
And loves to state the truth in all his speeches.
Bow wow to thee, then, little man—Aye! now,
Dear little Saint, farewell—bow wow! bow wow!

Professor (deeply groaning.)—O fie! barkers! why do you bark? (*In a low voice*)—Alas! Force nature out, the jade will still return—(*aloud*)—Barker, Lapdog, why did you bark—Mastiff, you need not show your teeth—what are you plotting? Spaniel, come hither.

All the Pups.—Bow wow, bow wow, bow wow.

Professor.—Alas! sudden madness has seized you. Bite me not, O my pets.

The Pups (sharply).—Bow wow wow, bow wow wow.

Professor.—I begin to feel Hydrophobia already coming on. Ah, miserable me! I was born under the dog-star. I must escape from this kennel how I can. Hail Mary! Virgin of Virgins! save thy servant. By thy help will I snatch myself from danger and endeavour to entice St. Veridicus hither, that he may exorcise as quickly as possible the barking Devil which has returned to, and repossessed my Pups.

Barker.—He has leaped through the window with his hair on end.

Mastiff.—Let us pursue him, fellow Pups, with a bow wow wow, and barking fiercely, hunt the literary charlatan into the city.

Bow wow. A nondescript-dog latin word, sometimes governed by a verb and taking the nature of a substantive. Sometimes it is an interjection and answers to hurrah. When accompanied by a display of teeth it betokens anger.

THE GENIUS AND THE GHOST.

The scene is supposed to be an open space in the air. Time—about midnight. Enter the Genius of the City of Sydney, a modern sprite, dressed in corporation robes mingled with clouds and mist; Genius is in great alarm, being pursued by a huge, brazen, phantom, clad in black and yellow, and covered with chains.

Ghost.—Poor fainting victim of fatigue and fright,
Once more I bid thee cease this bootless flight;
In vain, in vain, you fly with puny skill,
Perplexed and foiled by any superior will.
Stay then—with fate a foolish strife resign,
The spell my presence casts has marked thee mine;
Nor can you find in ocean, earth, or air,
A spot so safe but I will reach you there.

Genius.—Ah! me more close the hideous phantom glides,
Vainly I shrink from his gigantic strides—
Is this fresh terror or fatigue that flings,
Such sudden weakness o'er my drowsy wings;
In stifling agony my frame is bound,
In mortal tremor seems the immortal drowned.
Pale spirit of the night whose steps have traced,
This devious journey round the airy waste;
Behold me here, for evil or for good,
By thy malignant power at length subdued.
Haste then, thy nature, purpose, name disclose,
What life sustains, what ether round thee flows.
Art of the heavenly or the hellish host,
Hobgoblin, genius, phantom, demon, ghost.

Ghost.—Alas! and am I then so soon forgot,
So changed by time and wealth that Sydney knows me not;
What though in earth, were laid my strength and bloom,
Though black corruption drag me from the tomb—
Those keenly searching eyes might surely trace,
Some well-known features in this rugged face.
Lo! on my phantom hands these labor-stains,
These airy manacles and ghostly chains,
On my scarred back this ghastly writing trace,
Which death's strong alchemy could not efface;
The livid troughs by frequent scourges gored—
What not one look—one kind remembering word?

Genius.—That voice does sound familiar like the chimes,
Of some old ditty known in early times,
Awakened by its tones a thousand dreams,
Start into life by scintillating gleams;
Whose pale and fitful radiance seems to cast,
A chain of memories flashing o'er the past—
Excuse me friend!—a little further pray—

Ghost.—Dare not to fly since I command you stay.

Genius.—Think not I meditate a vain resistance,
But might we not hold converse at a distance?
Just so—Let's have between us a few paces,
'Tis well to keep all people in their places,
Familiarly contempt produces,
Grades, ranks, and orders, have important uses.
I am not wont to mingle with the hosts,
Of common goblins and of vulgar ghosts;
And with a character to lose, I must
Know somewhat of the spirit whom I trust.

Ghost.—Know then I am the Ghost of Transportation.

Genius.—Oh! Heaven preserve me from contamination!
Have I been flying a convicted thief?
Thank goodness! our acquaintance was so brief.

Ghost.—There was a time you gloried in the name,
Which now you shrink from with affected shame;
It seems ethereal natures are imbued
With human baseness and ingratitude.

Genius.—I will not play the hypocrite though weak,
But freely answer if you freely speak.

Ghost.—Proceed then freely. Force would vainly bind
The still untold convictions of the mind.

Genius.—First, then, I see no reasonable cause,
Why you should touch me with your filthy paws;
I therefore beg you'll keep yourself aloof,
And next—what mean you by this rude reproof.

Ghost.—Vain fool! as weak in head as base of heart,
What hand but mine has made thee what thou art?
Who first, the wonder of incredulous eyes,
From swamps and sandhills bade your city rise?
Who this bleak shore's inhospitable waste,
With parks and fields, and smiling gardens graced—
What magic influence reared these trim abodes,
Who pierced your forests with these metal roads—
Who through this savage landscape's wild retreats
Led your long avenues of busy streets—
Who broke with commerce the diluvian sleep,
Of this calm harbour and its tranquil deep—
Who built a nation on this lonely coast,
Of a new world the glory and the boast?
A convict nation from whose tainted root,
Sprang goodly stems and cultivated fruit—
Who those wild gangs to citizens transformed,
Their barren souls with novel virtue warmed;
And sent them forth to people the far-west,
With peace, prosperity, and plenty blest.

Genius.—Be just and temper this unequal praise,
With deserved censure of those dubious days—
Of what dark records is their history built,
Of cruel tyranny and frightful guilt;
Then by remorseless might what deeds were done,
Starvation—stripes—the gallows—and the gun—
What daily danger mocked uncertain life,
What constant murder sprang from constant strife.
A Heaven of doom above, a Hell below—
All human pity closed on human woe—
These were the blessings by your influence wrought,
And these the good your tribe of felons brought.

Ghost.—The common cant of all designing rogues,
Weak minded fools and selfish demagogues—

Genius.—Foul shade! whom destiny and darkness send
To you, be truly what your words pretend;
And to this freshly liberated shore,
Would the old plague of felony restore.
To like the dawning of a second birth,
Your coming precludes your return to earth—
If you be leagued with some whose selfish trust,
Is to reanimate your buried dust—
To them I say beware—to you depart—
Oh! rather plunge a dagger in my heart,
Or rack with tortures this immortal frame,
Than make a traffic of exploded shame;
Or soil our new born freedom with the crimes,
And black pollution of those hideous times;
Know then your offer from our souls we spurn,
Nor to our vomit would like dogs return.

Ghost.—From these heroics if you can descend,
And hear the counsel of a former friend,
Their utmost height see pampered wages reach,
See credit stranded on her lonely beach;
This profitless pursuit the squatter fly,
And dying commerce seek another sky.
See ruin stalk abroad a daily shape,
See public coffers, reft of customs, gape.
Officials sympathise with failing trade,
Through places lost and salaries unpaid—
With promise plentiful but payment lax,
See rulers still inexorably tax,
Till nation, rulers, government and all,
Top-heavy shake or violently fall.

Genius.—Oh! welcome ruin, welcome every grief,
But do not bribe us with such base relief;
We have that hateful atmosphere withstood,
That fearful pestilence of crime and blood.
We passed it by with pale and breathless flight,
And breathing freely in this gentle light:
For future times its blessings would secure,
And if not pure ourselves, would keep our children pure.

Ghost.—In Sydney's sky what magic influence dwells,
This passing air what healing virtue swells,
That could so soon your old corruption change,
Oh! metamorphosis abrupt and strange!
To this new purity's unsullied whiteness,
This noon-day lustre of miraculous brightness—
Where now are gone those felon hordes who came,
In monthly ship-loads of contagious shame;
The constant streams of wickedness that ran
In muddy currents since your birth began.
Oh! where there none among the crowds which hurled,
Such brave defiance on the convict world.
Those meetings, sober, orderly, and wise,
Who felt so sorry to see wages rise,
Yet waged a moral war on transportation,
And shrunk, like you, from my contamination.
Oh! were there none among that holy crew
Who Freedom's bliss by former contrast knew?
Some name, methinks, amid their lists appears
Whose owner served his seven or fourteen years—
These furious orators declaimed, whose sires
Were from the gallows saved to turn esquires!

There might absconded hirelings curse at will
The well remembered horrors of the mill;
The cell's disgorged victim clear his throat,
Fearless of bars, and conscious of a vote;
And these, to make morality secure,
Would close your harbours on the homeless poor,
To give their purity its utmost scope,
Would on the felon bar the gates of hope,
And drive him hence with sanctified bargues,
To rot and fester in Tasmanian gangs;
From this blest land, where plenty smiles on toil,
Where crime but fattens the reforming soil;
Would bid their convict brother turn aside,
With the cold sneer of Pharisaic pride,
Would bid him go abroad and perish there,
Amid that thickening chaos of despair.
I hate the charity whose selfish art
With love upon its lips, but malice in its heart,
Its very virtues would monopolise,
And make exclusion reign in Paradise.

But ye who freely sought this southern clime
Without the badge, if not the taint, of crime—
Self-righteous, spotless, calculating host,
Who make morality your modest boast,
Who point, with cool and quiet self-applause,
At cherished statutes and unbroken laws.
Ye virtuous emigrants! who from the brink
Of crime and woe so sensitively shrink,
Among your saintly myriads are there none
Who blush at former crimes in secret done—
Know ye no moments past, however long,
When your frail virtue faltered into wrong—
No times, ere Heavenly mercy bade you mend,
When fortune more than virtue stood your friend?
Oh! think, may not some friend, more dear than life—
Some father, brother, lover, sister, wife,
Some cherished name that fills the eye with tears—
Read on the pages of departed years?
Oh! may not such, by strong misfortune driven,
Herd with those outcast sons of earth and Heaven—
Oh! may not such, beneath some bitter blow,
Some sudden outrage of capricious woe,
Beset by daily want, by daily care,
In the hot impulse of his keen despair,
Urged by the present wish, the prompting time,
For once—once only—lift the hand to crime;
Then by impatient justice snatched, and sent
To share with crowds their hopeless punishment—
Oh! may not such, when shivering at the last,
That forlorn spirit shudders o'er the past,
Upon your cruel heads, with gasping breath,
Launch the irrevocable curse of Death,
From you who bid the wanderer turn away,
And wrest from hopeless guilt its comfort and its stay.

I would, when nations hoist a moral name,
That judge and jury might decide their claim,
I would not ask alone what victims swell
The bloated gang, or gorge the stifling cell—
What ragged rogues the indignant tipstaff locks
In midnight dens, or convoys to the stocks—
What nameless crowds some public jail restrains,
With vulgar handcuffs and plebeian chains,
The horde of felons reared to deeds of ill,
Whom, scarce polluted by the blood they spill,
Malignant justice drags, with vain display,
To choke and stiffen in the blaze of day,
Or sends abroad, where she may chance to find
Some simple race of primitive mankind,
To spread where no resisting force controls
The rank contagion of corrupted souls.
I wish opinion to be sound and strong
Where justice flinches from the unpunished wrong:
I ask what system of your partial times
Bestows impunity on chartered crimes;
What guilt some vile expediency protects,
Politeness smiles upon, or fear neglects.
For splendid faults what sanctuary, and which
Shelters the showy vices of the rich.
What wealthy ruffians, hedged around by awe,
You cherish, scatheless by the arm of law.
If might can reach what merit would not dare—
If men are honored by the clothes they wear—
If patriots at the shrine of tyrants fall—
If hollow conscience truckle at their call—
If stubborn priests on liberty look sour,
Or base religion bow the knee to power—

When in his gay barouche, or tandem neat,
Some fat insolvent whirls adown the street,
Thinking the while, no doubt, what charming sport
He had with Law Commissioner and Court,
And meets some wretch his arts to ruin led,
Whom his false schedule robbed of clothes and bread,
Who in his threadbare vesture shrinks, and feels
The sprinkled blessings of his chariot wheels;
When he, rich rogue, whose keen commercial eye
Each passing object glances gaily by,
That creeping wretch so pale and so forlorn
Shall dare accost with fashionable scorn,
Or to his victim impudently dote
The base compassion of his knavish soul,
When he shall still be honored and caressed
At social boards—a sleek and favored guest—
When crowds around him bend in servile style,
Awd by his frown and flattered by his smile—
When such the bays that crown a villain's brow,
I ask—Is this your moral city now?
At midnight balls, where mirth is faint and hot,
See yonder flushed and fashionable set;
Behold him, staggering with his weight of wine,
Mid laughing crowds pre-eminently shine.
The devil that obscures his slender sense
Inspires a more than usual impudence.
Then see him boldly mix with drunken skill
In the mad polka or the staid quadrille—
See some fair creature's palpitating waist
By his hot arm lasciviously embraced—
See the soft cheek of virgin beauty blaze,
With the wild babble of his senseless praise—
See aged dames his battered jokes beguile—
See sober matrons chuckle at his smile—
Hear sons and fathers praise his "cheerful mood"—
"A little swipy," or "a little screwed"—
See next at church some slender victim stand,
Whose parents liked the honor of his hand—