

It is evident, however, that no connexion exists between them; and it would be the extreme of folly to suppose, because *ghostly* visitors have been known to seduce men and women to destruction by bodily appearance, that hence they must be allied to those infernal demons who entice our minds from that which is virtuous and good, without making any visible effort to accomplish their unnatural purpose. The king of darkness is often said to be at our elbow under some one of his popular appellations—sometimes as *James Smith*, often as *Old Nick*, and many other similar and equally familiar cognomens. It would cost us very little trouble to establish this fact beyond all manner of doubt; and, indeed, to shew that a marked difference *does* exist, we will allude to one instance, and we take the following, because it is well known. When Lady—or as we once heard her designated—*Mrs. Macbeth* exclaims, in all the phrenzy by which her mind was agitated when contemplating her future queenly title—

“Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall.”

It is evident she addresses her remarkable petition to the invisible inhabitants of another world, under the significant appellation of

“Ye murdering ministers.”

Without stopping to enquire into the policy of her seeking so questionable an alliance, or of her taste as evinced by the extraordinary exclamation, we would only remark that it is evident the “murdering ministers” did as she wished, although they made no *visible* appearance to accomplish their purpose. Hence we find her in a few minutes after talking with the utmost composure of “dashing her child's brains out.” Macbeth appears somewhat startled and astonished at her wonderful calmness and intrepidity, and wishes her to “bring forth male children,” from which we infer that he had a deep aversion to children of that particular sex. Indeed, so outrageous was her conduct, that both her doctor and women desired an opportunity of performing that feat which Colonel Despard has since peremptorily commanded, and Frederick advocated—namely, “*of standing off the grass* ;” or, in the words of the medical gentleman himself, they were as unanimous in exclaiming,

“Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should *hardly* draw me here,”

as joint stock companies have been in voting thanks to their paid managers. From the knowledge we have of the Scotch character, we are somewhat dubious whether the doctor would not have broken a vow, the declaration of which, it is evident, did violence to his national feelings.

Our intention in this paper was to have alluded to another class of ghosts of a somewhat similar nature to the Will o' the Wisp, and which class has been known to appear under various aspects, and with intentions of anything but a friendly character. We might furnish innumerable instances of this, did we deem the matter of sufficient importance. We might also cite the opinions of Horatio upon the subject, when imploring Prince Hamlet to eschew the invitation of his canonized father—

“What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness! *think of it.*”

Here there is an evident intimation given of a propensity which exists or existed amongst this extraordinary race to destroy those to whom they appeared; although in the above case we in some measure agree with Hamlet, that this ghost was “an honest ghost”—a ghost whose word might be safely taken “for thousand pounds” (*query!* in Bank of Australia stock?) and not a destructive spirit as Horatio's speech is calculated to insinuate.

Look again at the ghost which personated Banquo after his murder. What was his intention in appearing to Macbeth? Where the utility of frightening the poor Monarch in the way he did? making him roar, and rant, and rave, in a very unkingly manner, and much, no doubt, to the discomfiture and injury of his lungs. It is evident its object must have been to inflict torture; which, how high soever it may rank amongst ghostly virtues, is certainly one with which the Christian mind can never sympathize. Macbeth was a brave man—a man of nerve—he could not be daunted with trifles—*oh! no*. The rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, the Hyrean tiger, were insignificant playthings on which to exercise his thirsty and irresistible valor. They appear to have borne the same affinity to his courage, as the windmill and the barber's basin did to the overflowing bravery of the thrice renowned Don Quixote of chivalrous and ever-glorious memory. True, he says

“Our fears in Banquo stick deep;”

but it is equally true that “his *steel* in Banquo stuck deep,” from which we infer that his bravery was physical in its nature and not moral. Fleance also was to have been provided for, but he declined the honor, exclaimed “*no you don't,*” and embarked for the continent. It becomes a matter of curious speculation whether, supposing Fleance had fallen, he might not have had a ghost to personify him at the Royal feast: in that case there would have been two against one, the result of which might have been disastrous.

There is one other of a some somewhat similar nature to which we would briefly allude in support of the opinion we gave touching the reprehensible intention of some portion of the species, and as it is one of which history speaks, it will be found worthy of particular attention and regard. *Seize-her* (Cæsar) the Roman Emperor that wished to be—we do not allude to Nero, Caligula, or Domitian, as the orthography of the name would imply, but Julius, who was slain by Brutus in a fit of patriotism, the exuberance of which was rather to be lamented than otherwise—this Cæsar was, prior to the battle of Pharsalia, personified by one of these spirits, and appeared to Brutus one evening, when that warrior in rather a moody humour was smoking his pipe in his tent. On enquiry being made as to who he might be, and what the purport of his visit, he replied,—“I am thy evil spirit, Brutus. I'll meet thee again at Philippi.” “I'll meet thee there,” was the manly reply. This was a cruel declaration, and one for which the ghost, in our opinion, should be much reprobated. The ghost—hear it, ye makers of promissory notes!—the ghost was true to his promise, and Brutus perforated his body with his own sword.

There are many, we fear, who will doubt the existence of this interesting race; for we are well aware of the difficulty which exists in overcoming blind

and infatuated prejudice. Our labours, however, are undertaken for the benefit of others, and although we should fail in inducing our readers to discard their stubborn incredulity, we firmly believe we shall receive the reward due to so vast and philanthropic an undertaking.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Colonial Literary Journal.

"Now this is worshipful society."

SIR—May I hope for your indulgence, while I lay before you what I conceive to be a case of almost inconceivable distress, requesting the favour of your advice thereon. But lest, peradventure, the rareness of the circumstance should disturb the equilibrium of your philosophy, as it has already disconcerted mine, allow me, by way of exordium, to preface it with the following explanatory but very brief introduction. I must inform you then, I am a young man of a certain age, the exact date of which, to confound the envious, will advisedly remain a secret. I am a bachelor, and a constant reader, not to say admirer, of your Journal.

Imprimis: I have laid it down as a rule within myself, to act on all occasions of importance, as well as in the more ordinary affairs of life, in strict accordance with the most abstract ideas of reason and good sense, without regard to custom or appearance.

When I walk abroad, it is solely with a view to business, or respiration, and to take the fresh air. If the morning is cold, I generally take a few turns in the park; running, I believe, in as short a space of time as any gentleman of my corpulent habit might be supposed to do, from one end to the other, by way of exercise. I then return quietly to my lodgings, humming a favourite air, or repeating aloud a few lines from some Greek or Latin author, to renovate my lungs, and improve their tone. I confess this latter exercise subjects me to some few inconveniences, such as the impertinent remarks of a crowd of gapers, and the vulgar curiosity of sundry tradespeople, that shoot their heads out at their respective doors, as I pass, to the manifest detriment of their several avocations. Nay, 'twas but the other morning, that as I was returning home and innocently indulging my oratorical powers in a passage from Horace, a chubby faced grocer's boy suddenly thrust his head through a square of glass into the street, which caused me to start so precipitantly to the opposite side, that I unfortunately overturned, in my flight, a respectable elderly female, at the same time inadvertently poking an old orangewoman in the eye with the point of my walking cane, which I had placed under my arm for convenience. To complete my misery, a villainous constable who happened to be at hand, immediately apprehended me for the double offence of housebreaking and assault. So that before I could extricate myself from this dilemma my morning was spent, and the ardour of my rhetorical propensity considerably diminished; not to mention my loss of appetite through the adventure. My coffee too, on my return I found sufficiently cold, my landlady having in my absence, very considerably taken it into her head to explore all the pools and waterholes in the neighbourhood where I had been known to resort. This, sir, is one of the daily annoyances to which I am subjected by the impertinent interference of people whose manners and customs I have no desire either to injure or imitate. I am well enough inclined to be friendly and social, but, as I have already stated, on the principle only of good common sense. I am extremely agreeable in conversation, but protest most hugely against people speaking what they do not mean. I never tell any man that I am his devoted servant, but that I am his well-wisher; and would rather be considered a malcontent than drink his Excellency the Governor's health, if I were not dry. Thus, sir, by following the pure dictates of reason and my own inclination, *ex voto*, I have so far departed from the common practices of other men, that I am likely to incur the charge, if not of lunacy, at least of heretical schism.

But, alas! this is not all; I have not yet divulged a single particle of my real woe. I am still but *in limine*, 'at the outset' of my narration, which I will now endeavour to give in the best manner that the nervous excitement into which I have been thrown, will permit.

It is simply as follows:—I was lately invited by a friend of mine, to spend a few weeks with him at his house in the

country. I accepted the invitation, and found no cause at that time to regret my visit. I was received with marked attention and respect; and was entertained with every pleasure and enjoyment that a country life could afford. In short, I became most agreeably allured with 'pleasant groves and shady walks,' where, not always alone, I passed many of my leisure hours in reading or conversation. I may here premise that my friend, who is a well-meaning man, and a conformer to the faith of that class of people denominated quakers, is possessed of a very virtuous and amiable daughter, a plain modest girl, neither ill-looking nor immoderately handsome—though sufficiently attractive to captivate one of my susceptible temperament. To be brief, sir, I was—do I say *was*?—I am desperately in love: yet, scorning to take a mean advantage, or make any clandestine approaches, I immediately communicated the circumstance to my friend, disclosing to him the exact state of my affections. He was graciously pleased to approve of my passion; and after having "obtained leave," with the stipulated understanding to report progress, I gave due notice, and immediately proceeded to open the debate. Nothing could be more orderly or agreeable; I had every reason to expect a majority on the motion: the greatest unanimity of opinion prevailed throughout; and the word 'division' had, at an early stage of the proceedings, been abandoned by mutual consent, as being altogether unwarrantable and impertinent. And now, sir, comes the climax, the grand *dénouement* of all my misery. You are already acquainted with some of my peculiarities, and here I must inform you of another custom which I have adopted. I mean with regard to reading. It has long been a favourite practice with me, when I meet with any very interesting passage, particularly in poetry, to repeat the words aloud, and in what I conceive a tone suitable to the nature of the sentiments therein contained; accompanying the recital with such action of the body, as the passage itself may seem to suggest. I have good reason to suspect, (from certain whisperings among the servants,) that I had been overheard in some of these heroic fits, manifestly to my disadvantage—but to the matter. I had been one evening after sunset, walking alone in a pleasant arbour near my friend's house, very intently engaged in that part of 'Milton's Paradise Lost,' where Adam is described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself and all the works of nature

I must confess I was creating no inconsiderable uproar at the time, for I could perceive some birds that had lodged in the shrubbery overhead, continually shifting from place to place, evidently astonished at my performance. I had just arrived at, and was repeating with all conceivable vehemence, the following lines—

Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,

Tell, if you saw, how came I thus, how here?

when the sound of suppressed whisperings caught my ear. I darted immediately out at the entrance of the arbour, where to my utter amazement, I discovered the greater part of the family assembled, reconnoitering my evolutions through the branches. As soon as they had recovered their surprise at my sudden appearance among them, they took to instant flight, with the most alarming trepidation; maids running as for their lives, and children screaming and tumbling one over another, in their anxiety to leave your humble servant undisputed possession of the field. One little urchin having become so exhausted in the *melee* as to be incapacitated for proceeding farther, lay squalling on the ground, no one stopping to assist his flight or daring to attempt a rescue. I immediately proceeded to console my little captive, whom I justly considered my prisoner of war, surprised in a reconnoitre and captured by *sortie*. But as I attempted to approach, he rolled and kicked upon the ground, and became altogether so outrageously uproarious, that I apprehended the result, and very judiciously retraced my steps. The little fellow at length became pacified, and after sundry ineffectual efforts, made good his retreat.

I will not trespass further on your time, by relating all I suffered through this adventure.

From that hour I was watched and followed wherever I went, particularly if I walked in the vicinity of water; and the next morning on looking for my razors found they had been removed. I enquired of the butler, whom I had observed dodging me from place to place, whether he had seen them. The fellow looked me steadily in the face for some time without answering, but seeing that I was determined, replied dryly, he had taken them to sharpen, and after considerable delay, thrusting his hand into his pocket, and trembling from head to foot, placed them before me on the table.

I now concluded this impertinence was fairly at an end;

but no: he next began to busy himself about the apartment, evidently for the purpose of observing my movements. You may guess, Sir, I was not a little irritated at this insolence, and with considerable warmth desired him to leave the room.

He was slow enough to comply, but at length did so, casting a parting glance toward me of such pitiful condolence, that I felt much inclined to knock the fellow down.

I now began to think it high time to move my quarters, since every member of the family actually regarded me as a crazy, if not a dangerous person,

Even my friend himself, though his respect for me knew no change, yet his manner was considerably altered; and his attentions, which from this time increased, and waxed unremitting, became proportionably painful; being in fact more like the anxiety of a keeper for his ward, than the hospitality of a gentleman to his guest. All my fond hopes were dashed and overturned by this unlucky accident. For to continue my addresses to the lady under my present auspices, was an idea not to be entertained. In fact, it was no longer possible; the silly creature had positively refused to see the "crazed gentleman" again, except in the presence of a third party. I immediately packed up my trunk, and in a highly dangerous state of mental and bodily excitement, have this moment arrived at my lodgings in town. I lose not a moment in setting my pen in motion to lay the whole matter before your worship, and request your advice with all possible dispatch. What I desire to know of you, is, whether upon the evidence before you, I am really mad or not.

I can produce several testimonials that I demean myself with all customary sobriety before company! that I am not only docile and tractable, but perfectly harmless, and that I was never once in my life guilty of talking in my sleep. Nay, a certain friend of mine, who is greatly concerned at my misfortune, has secretly communicated to me his willingness solemnly to avow, should matters come to such a crisis, that he once observed me to sit alone for a full hour and eleven minutes, without once speaking to myself. This, Sir, with all submission, I take to be strong evidence in extenuation; but, lest further arguments might tend to my prejudice, as we commonly conclude that man guilty who takes most pains to declare his innocence, I shall conclude by requesting you to bear in mind, even should you be induced to issue a commission of lunacy against me, that I am, and ever have been, your undoubted admirer.

TIM HARMLESS.

P.S. No. 1.—If I must be mad, I desire the lady may believe it is for her.

P.S. No. 2.—I would have no objection to be confined to a ward in my friend's house provided the young lady were appointed my keeper.

To the Editor of the Colonial Literary Journal.

SIR,—A. and B. are partners, and C. and D. their opponents, at Whist. The former count eight, the latter four—it is B.'s turn to call the honours, but A. having ace, king, and knave of trumps, in his own hand, throws them down on the table before the turn for playing has come round to him, and claims the game!—is the act of throwing down the honors and "shewing out," as mentioned above, in any way contrary to the laws and regulations of Whist?

If, Mr. Editor, in the event of your not being able to decide the above question, you will have the kindness to place it before the public, and thus induce some of your numerous correspondents to solve the query, it will greatly oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

[We must trust to our readers for a solution of the above query.—Ed. C. L. J.]

LOCAL NEWS.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Annual meeting of the Sydney Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society was held in the Independent Chapel, Pitt-street, on Monday evening last. The Meeting was numerous and was addressed by the following gentlemen. The Rev. Dr. Ross (chairman), Rev. Messrs. Heath, Powell, Sunderland, Gill, (Missionaries lately arrived by the *John Williams*) Mansfield, Adam, Saunders, Draper, Dr. Lang, and Apera-amo, a native of Samoa. The proceedings of the evening were listened to with great attention, and appeared to give much pleasure. Amount of collections for the year ending July 1844—£57. 3s. 6d.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE following is an abstract of the result of the annual election of members of the City Council, on Friday last:—

Members re-elected—Messrs. T. Ryan, T. Smidmore, J. Neale.

Members added—Messrs. H. Fisher, A. Sillitoe, J. Henderson, G. Wilkie, L. Iredale, and J. F. Josephson.

Members retired—Messrs. D. Jones, T. Woolley, John Jones (absent) and David Taylor, (deceased.)

The Council for the ensuing year will therefore be composed of the following gentlemen:—

GIPPS WARD.—Messrs. Flood (Alderman), Agars, Chapman, Fisher, and Ryan.

BOURKE WARD.—Messrs. Macdermott (Alderman), Thurlow Driver, Brown, and Sillitoe.

BRISBANE WARD.—Messrs. Allen (Alderman), Coyle, Holden, Little, and Smidmore.

MACQARIE WARD.—Messrs. Wilshire (Mayor), Cowlshaw, and Henderson.

PHILLIP WARD.—Messrs. Broughton (Alderman), Neale, and Wilkie.

COOK WARD.—Messrs. Hill (Alderman), Pawley, Jenkins, Iredale, and Josephson.

THE ATLAS.—We have been favored with a "Prospectus of a new weekly paper to be entitled THE ATLAS Sydney Weekly Journal of Politics, Commerce and Literature." If but a portion of the inducements here presented for public patronage be actually accomplished, this proposed publication will merit it, even in these times of universal retrenchment.

THE missionary ship, *John Williams*, will positively proceed to sea, this morning, at half-past-nine o'clock, towed by the steamer *Cornubia*.—*Herald*.

BERRIMA.—A Court of General Quarter Sessions will be holden at the court house, Berrima, on Thursday, the 5th December next.

WOOL AND TALLOW.—We are glad to learn by the late arrivals from England, that the tallow sent from this colony realised £42 11s. 4d. per ton in the London market. Wool has also advanced three farthings per lb. upon the last quotations.—*Chronicle*.

THE TEETOTALLER AND HIS DRUNKEN SPOUSE.

(From Hood's Magazine.)

THE next morning the teetotalter rose, and went to his occupation abroad, as usual, for he was the Co. of a small linen drapery establishment in the city: but he was sadly unfit for business: as who could be otherwise, with his heart as heavy as a slack baked loaf, his head as confused as mixed pins, his nerves as unstrung as the harp of Tara's halls, and altogether as unhinged as the gates of Somnauth. In fact, he entered the shop with such a melancholy face,—as if he had forsworn even animal spirits,—that his partner anxiously inquired after his health.

"Why, middling, had a bad night?"; but he did not add that he was having almost as bad a day from his waking dreams; nor that, from the perturbation of the optic nerves, the pink sprigs on the printed cotton before him seemed to be wriggling about like clusters of worms. There was a half-mourning chintz, too, with round black spots on it, that rolled about distressingly like *her* eyeballs.

"And how was Mrs. B.?" inquired the partner.
"Why, pretty well, thankee," as indeed she might be for all he knew; but alas, for all he knew, she might be, at that very moment, as he had seen her in his vision, namely, with her whole frame drawn into an arch only resting on the heels and the back of the head. She was, perhaps, even swelling to that portentous bulk, with a head huge as three, and a face changing from pink to purple, like the shot silk in the window. He even seemed to smell—it might be the odour of the dye, from the stuffs and bombazines—but in his nostrils it was the smell of a narcotic associated with sleep everlasting.

In vain he tried to get rid of the gloomy impression; it clung to him like a wet garment, chilling him to his very soul. At sight you would have set him down, not a teetotalter, but a confirmed drunkard; his hand shook so, he never snipped the linen with the scissors with the right nick; his eyes dazzled so, that he offered puce ribbons to match with snuff colour, and declared bluesatin to be the best raven black. As for the bills, he could neither make them out, nor sum them correctly; he was

too busy with the bills of mortality; and he invariably gave the wrong change. In short, to use a common phrase, his mind was poisoned, and as a natural consequence, his thoughts were corroded, his fancies discoloured and distorted, and Reason in a high delirium. As usual in such cases, his brain swarmed with horrible images; and the most trifling realities assumed a prophetic significance.

"What a frightful pattern!" exclaimed a maid servant, as she turned over some remarkably cheap gingham.

The teetotaller glanced at the piece she pointed at, and thought so too, for it was sprinkled over with spots of *livid colour and red edges*.

"And this is not much better," said the girl, tossing aside a remnant of a *flesh-coloured ground, blotched with yellow, green, and purple*.

"And that's wus," said the female, rejecting a third sample, "I don't see nothing I like;" and she proceeded to deposit her small purchase of pins and tape, and half a yard of flannel, in her basket, out of which she first took an article that either occupied too much room or would have endangered the rest—a bottle of some deleterious mixture for the flies, and marked "poison," in large letters. The linen draper shuddered at the sight, but attempted a grin of pleasantry.

"Are you going to drink that, my dear?"

"No; it's for missus."

"Gracious Heaven!" ejaculated the teetotaller, but under his breath, and hastily pushing three shillings and two penny pieces towards his customer, as the change out of her half-crown, for he was almost crazy at the ominous coincidence: "It's meant, yes it's meant for a warning." And snatching up his hat, without more notice or ceremony than if he had absconded with the till or the cash box, he bolted out of the emporium, and ran home, if it was a home, and to his wife, if he had a wife, of which he had as many doubts as one could tie up in a yard of black crape.

Rap—rap—rap!—No one came to the door.

"My worst fears then are realized!"—but the conclusion was premature, for the door suddenly opened, whilst his hand again conclusively grasped the knocker, and pulled him into the passage. With trembling nerves, and a palpitating heart, he instantly rushed into the parlour; she was not there! Nor yet in the drawing-room! But her bonnet and shawl lay on the round table. His wife had been out! Perhaps to lay in a fresh stock of pine apple rum, for he had made way with the bottle in the cupboard. Perhaps, dreadful thought! to purchase some or all of the deadly drugs she had threatened to swallow. With renewed alarm he hurried up stairs to the bed-chamber, and threw open the door. Yes, thank Heaven! there she was, and alive, and without a blotch on her face. But he had yet his minor misgiving.

"Ellen, you have been out."

"Well, I know I have."

"To the King's Head?"

"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with drinking."

"What do mean?"

"I mean what I say, John," replied his wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word, "You—will—be—troubled—no—more—with—my drinking—I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST!"

"I knew it," exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!"—and, leaving one coat flap in the hands of his wife who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—sprang down the stairs, both flights, by two and three steps at a time—ran along the passage, and without his hat, or gloves, or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the steps two ragged little girls, a quarter loaf, a basin of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the children were hurt, or even to see whether the infant dripped with gore or molasses. Away he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the Borough, heedless alike of porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"I say," muttered the errand boy as he staggered from the collision.

"Do that again," growled the placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're goin'," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares; whilst a dandy, suddenly thrust into the kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch them.

But on, on, on scampered the teetotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he Camilla, to the shop,

number 240, with the red, blue, and green bottles in the window—the chemist and druggist's—into which he darted, and up to the little bald man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My wife!" "Poison!" and "Pump!" "Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the surgeon-apothecary with professional coolness.

"Both—all sorts—laudanum—assnick—oxlic acid—corrosive sublimity;"—and the teetotaller was about to add pine-apple rum among the poisons, when the doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No." But remembering the symptoms overnight, the teetotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she was turning all manners of colours, like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapius, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of elephantine syringe with a very long trunk—he set off at a trot, guided by the teetotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear madam, be content to let that remain a little and accumulate interest, like a sum in the saving's bank.

Now, when the teetotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bed-room, which was a great convenience; for, before she could account for the intrusion of the stranger, may even without exactly knowing how it was done, she suddenly found herself seated—more zealously than tenderly or ceremoniously—in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something, which was certainly neither maccaroni, nor stick-liquorice, nor yet peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colours that he had described,—if she was not yet quite so blue, green, yellow, or black, as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure that she soon would be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent; so with a vigorous kick and a push, at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It's to save your precious life, Ellen," said the teetotaller, very solemnly.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs. B, who would have added, stick, but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube into her mouth; not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," entreated the teetotaller, confining her hands, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pob—wob—wobble," said Ellen. "Hub—bub—bub—bubble," attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat besides the windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," said the teetotaller, "you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Assnic and corrosive sublimity," said the teetotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic, aqua fortis," continued the druggist.

"I have taken no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"Why that your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter, "No more it shall, for I've took—"

"What ma'am; pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven! What!"

"Why, then—I'VE TOOK THE PLEDGE!"

AN EXPRESSIVE DEVICE.—A young fop, ordering a seal, expressed his desire to have something engraved upon it to denote what he was. "You cannot have anything better," observed the jeweller, "than a cypher!"

SELECTIONS FROM REJECTED PIECES.

[ACCORDING to promise (see editorial note—page 302.) we publish a few extracts from rejected original pieces, which we might have doubled or quadrupled, but could not lay our hands upon others. At the same time, we are bound to observe that we have many pieces by us which, no doubt, were creditable to the writers, but yet did not, in our opinion, possess merit sufficient to entitle them to publication. One or two productions, which we formerly rejected, may yet, as a proof of our candour, be inserted among our *accepted* pieces.—Ed. C. L. J.]

TO DO IT?

To be a Squater Bold and Free
And only think of Cash too't
What Bonepartee made us see
No Lips or Eye with lash too't
How grinning 'tis to bear the Cold
Can that Create a Ration
When all your help is only Gold
And make a Botheration
To wonder how your Fathers lived
And all the World before 'em
If Truth is right and no one fibd
Then Build They could and shore 'em
But if a Dolly's shown a Childe
Or Cork the way to screw it
And must the Tame yet ask the Wilde
How Fathers once cut Suet

The Pussy pan cramp'd in a hole
And you won't help it out then
Don't blame the Cat for what is stole
Altho' You are such Stout Men
You may be Riding in a Fog
And Posts might give a black Eye
The Chimney swept won't spoil the Prog
Or Cooks oft miss a Jack Fly
But what of that as you are Brave
And have no foolish notion
Six foot of Sand you need not Crave.
To take a Downward motion
The Calves for Butter now to Drown
Such Price we have to rue It
Mock Turtle why its out of Town
Which is the way to do it?

I Fancy All we have to say
Is only Just to be Right
Yet heres such lengths to run away
That will not keep the Shoe tight
But why so Careful when its Dry
Is twenty Spokes too few Yet
Cheer up my Lads you soon may fly
So now Afford to do it

TO THE MORNING.

Again your welcome rosy morn
Upon the wings of Fate
Who bore thee, through, the sable law
Where Darkness, Sat in State.

With crown, and Sceptre to prepare
His chains, to bind the light
While gloomy chaos, through the air
Resounds, the praise of Night.

And seeks in vain, again to sway
The Space of worlds unknown
Before the Beaming Smiles of Day
Enshrin'd them, for their own.

Thy Smiles Invoke, the early Day
Thy mantle, doth unfold,
I'ts azures, of A, Purple ray
And clouds adorn'd with gold

Thy Fragrance, through, the groves up borne
Ascends in Saffron Flames.
While gentle Songsters, at the dawn
Of twilight, Bring their strains

All Nature, lavish, in thy praise
With grateful Joy prepare
To greet, the early morn, and raise
A tribute, to the Fair.

To withstand the many Ties, which connect Man with society to chiefly depend on his own Labour for Subsistence, would be rather a Dry Story at Sea, and a Phelanthropist with one eye might see it Two Wet, upon Land. Ignorance can, have a monstrosus Satisfaction being deceived—Peticularly in a Live Turtle Cook'd, it becomes a Babylonia Interpreter most profound in Wisdom and goes into the understanding Like the Deep Sea-lead in the Chops of the Channel—

How is Man to make any thing out of nothing? doth he give the increase No! Where is the Moral Balance then. If Self dependence should only help Self, It multiplys false teaching Indulging or Sharing either Genders of Evil, do not Produce Good—There your selfish Virtuous Spirit is stopd, and Consciousness like the Leech is only to know Covetousness when it Burst.

EXTRACTS.

LORD HEYTESBURY had been gazetted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE House of Lords had rejected the claim of Sir Augustus D'Este to succeed to the Sussex Peerage.

TRADE was very flourishing. There was a prospect of a good harvest. The July wool sales were progressing satisfactorily; and a rise of 3d. per lb. had taken place on prices last quoted.

STATISTICS OF BANKRUPTCIES.—The total number of bankruptcies in England and Wales, for 1843, is recorded as 1112: of those, wine and spirit merchants, inn-keepers, and victuallers, hop merchants, distillers, maltsters, and brewers, are 151, being more than 13 per cent of the whole—*London Temperance Journal*.

WHY is a hired labourer like a traveller?—Because he is a journey-man.

PA AND MA.—Why is the letter D like a squalling child?—Because it makes Ma mad.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

October 31.—The schooner *Marian Watson*, 146 tons, Captain Taggart, from Hobart Town, the 23rd October.

November 1.—The barque *Dublin*, 429 tons, Captain Jones, from the Downs the 5th, Plymouth the 10th, and St. Jago, the 25th July, with a general cargo.

November 2.—The steamer *William the Fourth*, 53 tons, Captain Wiseman, from the Clarence River, the 28th ultimo, with wool, &c.

November 5.—The barque *Parrock Hall*, 425 tons, Captain Goldsmith, from London the 15th, and Portsmouth the 22nd July, with a general cargo.

November 5.—The brig *Tobago*, 136 tons, Captain Thomas, from Launceston the 28th ultimo.

DEPARTURES.

November 1.—The brig *Louise*, Captain Tucker, for Hobart Town.

November 2.—The brig *Emma*, Captain Fox, for Adelaide.

November 4.—The schooner *Cookingatta*, Captain Napper, for Auckland.

Births.

On the 28th instant, at her residence, Berrima, Mrs. Higgins, of a son.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. Elliot, at her residence, Macquarie-place, of a son.

On the 31st ultimo, at Maitland Stockade, the lady of Captain Day, 99th Regiment, J.P., of a daughter.

Marriage.

On the 28th August last, at Oswald, by the Rev. W. Ross, George Mitchell Harper, second son of the late W. Harper, Esq., of Oswald, to Janet Wright, eldest daughter of Colonel K. Snodgrass, C.B., of Eagleton.

Deaths.

On the 5th instant, the infant son of Mr. P. J. Elliot, Australian Subscription Library.

On the 5th instant, at Parramatta, William, the infant son of Mr. Woolls, aged four months.

REMOVAL.

J. READING'S GENERAL PRINTING OFFICE is THIS DAY REMOVED from 133, King-street, to 316, Pitt-street North, (opposite to A. Foss' Chemical Drug, and Grocery Establishment,) where every description of PRINTING will be performed, as heretofore, with correctness, neatness, and dispatch. The Office of the

"COLONIAL LITERARY JOURNAL"

is also removed to the same place, where all communications intended for the above Journal are requested to be forwarded. 31st October, 1844

A CHALLENGE,

TO ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND ALL THE WORLD BESIDE.

WALKER'S PATENT GROATS.

THIS ARTICLE, if tested, will be found to contain more nutriment, than any similar article of the kind. E. Walker is prepared to prove that two thirds of the quantity of the above, if made in a proper manner, will be equal in nourishment, and of a thicker substance, than the usual quantity generally recommended by others in the directions for use.

Another desirable property belonging to Walker's Patent Groats is, as regards the great safety for export—not liable to that change which the English manufacture is, by turning sour on the voyage, avoided by the patent mode of preparation, and greatly aided by the spontaneous growth of the grain grown in this Country; while free from the artificial culture which causes so much moisture in the *farina* of the English grain, and scarcely ever eradicated or sufficiently prepared.

Enough already is before the public to satisfy them that Walker's Farinaceous Food, (for Children and for Persons with impaired digestion,) ought not to be despised, and which for the future will be packed in Tin Canisters, in order to preserve its most agreeable flavour. With the usual white label—sealed and signed Edward Walker—that only being genuine.

Wholesale orders to any extent will be immediately attended to; any export order exceeding ten gross of either article, terms, half Cash, and the remainder when the goods are resold.

Manufactory, Old Botany Road.

TO THE ELECTORS OF COOK WARD.

GENTLEMEN—I beg to acknowledge with feelings of deep gratitude, the high mark of distinction you have conferred on me, in electing me one of the guardians of your interests in the City Council.

It is not possible, Gentlemen, for mortal to command the favour of all, but this I can assure you, that I will endeavour to deserve it.

As I purpose never to compromise by too great temerity the interests or purse of the City, so will I never shrink from asserting and defending its legitimate rights.

I beg to remain, Gentlemen,
Your faithful servant,

L. IREDALE.

1st, November 1844.

TO THE ELECTORS OF PHILLIP WARD.

GENTLEMEN,—In announcing to you the state of the poll, as decided by the Aldermen and Assessors at their revision this morning, namely—

Neale	206
Wilkie	205
May	204
Tierney	87

You will perceive that I have been unsuccessful by the minority of ONE vote only.

It is difficult for me to convey to you in any adequate words the very grateful sense I entertain of the promptitude and zeal with which I have been supported by so large a number of your body, which inspires me with confidence, that, on some future occasion, I may probably be returned as one of your representatives.

To those numerous friends, non-electors, whose kindness and co-operation have been gratuitous and valuable, I beg leave also to offer my warmest thanks, and shall ever be,

Your obedient servant,
THOMAS M AY.

Parramatta-street, Saturday, November 2.

TO LET.

APARTMENTS suitable for Offices, together with Stable and Gig House, if required, situate in a central part of Pitt-street, near King-street, for particulars apply at the Office of this Journal.

November 6th, 1844.

DISPATCH.

A. GROCOTT, Engraver, Printer, and Stationer, in returning his grateful thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him since his commencement in the above business, by the gentry, merchants, and shopkeepers of Sydney, begs to inform them that he has this day completed (at considerable expense) his plan for printing and pressing upwards of 1000 Bills, Cards, Circulars, &c. &c., in 24 hours from the time of the order being given, thereby removing all the inconvenience and delay hitherto attached to the Copper-plate printing, and which is effected by *Hot Pressing* the whole of the work entrusted to him, a plan never yet introduced in the Colony.

To Gentlemen about going up the country or to the neighbouring Colonies, this arrangement will produce a decided advantage, as they can at any time have 100 cards printed and ready for delivery 2 hours from the time of the order being given. The celebrity which A. G. has earned in the *Gold and Silver Printing*, needs no comment at his hands, as those parties who have already employed him, show their satisfaction by paying a second visit, A. G. in conclusion begs to impress upon the minds of the public the fact that he is not "*A Shilling per Hundred Printer*" but professes to perform all work with despatch and on reasonable terms, which has proved the greatest satisfaction to him, by receiving a steady increase of business since his commencement, during which time he has not lost a customer.

Printing, Foolscap, Post, and other papers, together with a good selection of Stationery always on hand at a reasonable figure.

476, George-street, opposite the Barrack Wall.

N.B.—A. Grocott respectfully offers his personal services to the Trade, as it is well known he can turn out their work with greater despatch, than can be performed at their own establishments.

Colonial Literary Journal,

AND

Weekly Miscellany of Useful Information.

THE TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION to this Journal are, THREE SHILLINGS per Quarter, in Town; Country, THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE; payable, in every case, in advance.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS:—For one inch, and under, Three Shillings; and One Shilling for every additional inch, each insertion. Advertisements will be received until Two o'Clock on Wednesday afternoon; but cannot be withdrawn later than Nine o'Clock on Wednesday morning. Advertisements must specify on the face of them the number of times they are to be inserted, or they will be continued till countermanded, and charged accordingly.

All communications must be addressed to "The Editor of the *Colonial Literary Journal*, General Printing Office, 316, Pitt-street," (post paid.)

Agents for this Journal.

Sydney, Mr. W. Jones, Circulating Library, Brickfield-hill.	
Parramatta	Mr. Hugh Taylor.
Windsor	Mr. Walker.
Bathurst	Mr. Tress.
West Maitland	Mr. Galloway.
Camden, Campbelltown, Penrith, and	
Liverpool	Mr. C. Lester.
Gunning	Mr. Hawthorne.

Printed and Published by JAMES READING and FRANCIS SANDOE, at the General Printing Office, 316, Pitt-street Sydney, New South Wales.