

**FOR THE CHRONICLE**  
THE GREAT STORM POURED OUT HIS TEE ON THE  
GREAT RIVER.—NATIONS IN MOTION.

**Prophecies and prophecies said,**  
**The signs of coming events were:**  
**And prophecies that said**  
**This Year of Wrath did commence.**

**The age of the world sounds alarms;**  
**The signs of the end seems in train;**  
**And nothing can stop us from saving,**  
**But Jesus, to the Saviour of Men.**

**The Scourges must all be suffered,**  
**And God, with an unerring skill,**  
**These hosts, that are mortally grieved,**  
**Will cause, to work His Will.**

**As the world, mighty energies rally,**  
**The agents of Hurts from his soul;**  
**Kings and nations, and all**

**Subservient, shall fall at His feet.**

**The signs of the times urged war;**  
**That in Anno Domini may end:**  
**The battle-field covered in gore,**  
**With slain of all climes doomed to attend.**

**Vast oceans will birds of the air,**  
**Then roil and roar on the plain,**  
**The highest and lowest are there,**  
**Fronzionously strewn on the plain.**

**Three fatal strife-souls have flown**

**From the dragon, Fates, Peoples and Beast,**

**Man's dismal trumpet has blown,**

**And manes war in the East.**

**The glorious time is at hand,**

**When our foes will offend in a tale;**

**And soon trumpet shall stand,**

**Against her all hell can't prevail!**

**The thoughts of evil nations are hard'd,**

**The true Church of Christ stands secure;**

**'Tis with you to the end of the world.'**

**The word of Emmanuel's sure!**

**The time will have quickly passed on**

**When every true Protestant clan,**

**John, millions of masses, as one,**

**In the Protestant Faith, to a man.**

**Brighton's empire will remain,**

**The Protestant world's sure vanguard;**

**By Heaven ordained to sustain**

**The Protestant Faith by the Word.**

**God save and bless our great illustrious Queen;**

**Long may she live in peace and bliss to reign;**

**Landsk. Dec. 4th, 1853.**

#### TAKE BACK THE KING

**Take back the ring, dear Jamie,**  
**The ring you gave to me,**  
**And I'll give back the crown you yeasted,**  
**Beneath the broken tree;**  
**But of the bark my heart again**

**It's a' I has to give;**

**Gin a' comes marry no,**

**I promised to my daddy,**

**I after he slipped awa;**

**Whate'er her befa;**

**I'll faithful keep my promise,**

**For a' the world to see;**

**Sir Jamie, if ye wanna wae**

**Ye canna marry no,**

**I canna leave my mamma;**

**She's a' I canna leave;**

**A' wee thing on her knee;**

**Nae mair she'll ca'ns my gowden hair;**

**Nor buse my smood and braw;**

**She's auld and frail, her sen are dim;**

**And sun will close on a'**

**I canna leave my mamma;**

**Her journey is nae lung;**

**Hir heut is when she'll go to the moos;**

**Whare it is when she'll gang;**

**I'd a' it horns noise;**

**To watch her steps in hielups aye;**

**As she is youth, watched mine.**

**Exhorting in Australia.—A short time since,**

**some of our humblest citizens in this country,**

**allured by the accounts continually reaching**

**them from the antipodes regions to Australia,**

**resolved to quit the land of their birth, where**

**fame frowned upon their efforts, and to proceed to**

**the rising colonies of the far-off country mentioned.**

**Shortly after their arrival, however, the world for**

**them burst—left home in town, and**

**equipped with all speed to the diggings, in the**

**hope of realising that fortune which his prolific**

**face had pointed before he quitted the shores of**

**Old England.** After enduring the burning heat of

**the sun's noon, and the scorching rays of the**

**midday moon, with many other sufferings and privations which a 'digger' can only**

**experience, the poor fellow succeeded in obtaining**

**'diggings' to the value of £400. Brighton's wife**

**required to town, where he had left his**

**parents, and the same day making his hasty**

**return, and the same day making his hasty**

**return, with all the vulgar anger of a shrewish**

**woman.** The deserted husband, it is cheering

**to learn, has again been successful, for according**

**to accounts recently received by a gentleman in**

**the town, from his son, he had amassed about**

**£5000, the expenditure of his worthless spouse**

**—Chichester Chronicle.**

**Gascons in America.—A short time since,**

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**A man's fortune often depends upon the lines**

**he writes, a solid writer has ruined many**

**a clever fellow, and a careless dropping of saliva**

**upon his bosom cut off two bright prospects.**

**A friend of ours recently got into a similar**

**situation, and when the pieces of the shell, and conse-**

**quently the teeth, were all gone, he was low by**

**two days, and another 24 about to lead to**

**the grave in 40,000 pds. of delirium, by anoxia,**

**swelling four-and-sixty rigid writhings—**

**the jaws, when open, have a**

**clawed appearance, and you are interesting to**

**see him.**

**To Frampton Epox.—The way to preserve eggs**

**through winter is simply this—**

**Put them in boiling water, and they will**

**remain fresh two years to year, to the other**

**end of the globe, and then, when the shell, and conse-**

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