THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

November.	H. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.
11 Saturday,	6 50 4 39	Rises	10 10
12 Sunday,	6 51 4 38	4 34	11 20
13 Monday,	6 53 4 37	5 8	11 59
14 Tuesday,	6 54 4 36	5 50	0 19
15 Wednesday,	6 56 4 35	6 41	0 53
16 Thursday,	6 57 4 34	7 41	1 38
17 Friday,	6 58 4 3[illegible]	8 46	2 18

Full Moon 12th, 6h. 46m. morn.

Public Institutitons.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: H. Johnston, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Simonds, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Robt. Rankin, Esq.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before three o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: J. V. Thurgar, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's.—Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Miscellany.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE DESTROYER.

[continued.]

During Monday the deserted little St. Helens were removed, accompanied by Miss Churchill, to the residence of Mrs. Ogilvie, the General continuing in ——— Street to receive Colonel St. Helen when he should arrive, and—in what way he best might—break to him the disastrous intelligence of his wife's infidelity and flight. As it was uncertain when and from what quarter, Colonel St. Helen would reach the metropolis, it was of course impossible to anticipate or prevent his arrival at ——— Street, even had such a measure been desirable. Up to Tuesday he had not made his dreaded appearance. On the evening of that day, however, a post-chaise-and-four, covered with dust, rattled rapidly round the corner of ——— Square, and in a few moments the reeking horses stood panting at the door of Colonel St. Helen's. before either of the postilions could dismount, or the servant open the hall-door, or General Ogilvie, who was sitting in the diningroom make his appearance, the chaise door was opened from within. the steps thrust down, and forth sprung a gentleman in dusty traveling costume—his left arm in a sling—and rushed up to the door of the house. While his impatient hand was thundering with the knocker the door was opened,

'Is Mrs. St. Helen'—he commenced, in eager and joyful accents, which, however, suddenly ceased at sight of the servant standing, pale as death, trembling and silent.

'Why—what's the matter?' stammered Colonel St. Helen—for he of course it was. 'Ah, Ogilvie!' rushing towards the General, who having paused for an instant before presenting himself, now quitted the diningroom and hurried up to the startled Colonel.

'My dear St. Helen!' commenced the General, his agitation apparent. A mighty sigh burst from the swelling bosom of Colonel St. Helen, as he suffered himself to be drawn into the diningroom.

'What's all this?' he enquired in a hoarse hard whisper, as General Ogilvie shut the door. He was for a moment tongue-tied at sight of the long dreaded apparition which now so suddenly stood before him. The Colonel's face became overspread with a deadly hue as he made the enquiry, and his right hand still locked that of General Ogilvie in its rigid grasp.

'St. Helen, you must bear it like a man and a soldier,' at length commenced the General, recovering himself. 'The chances of war'———

'Is she dead?' gasped the Colonel, without moving from where he stood, or relaxing his hold of General Ogilvie's hand.

'No,' replied the General, turning as pale as his companion.

'Then—what—in the name of God!—tell me,—whispered Colonel St. Helen, his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, while the drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. At a word spoken in a low tone by General Ogilvie the Colonel started as if he had been stabbed, and then lay extended upon the floor. The General sprung to the bell, and shouted violently for assistance. The room was instantly almost filled with servants. One of them was despatched for me, and another for the nearest surgeon. The latter arrived in a very few minutes, and I was in attendance within little less than a quarter of an hour, for the man, knowing my carriage, stopped it as I was entering the street in which I lived. I found Colonel St. Helen propped up in bed in the arms of General Ogilvie—his coat and waist-coat and neck-handkerchief only had been removed, and his shirt-collar thrown open. The heavy snorting sound that met my ears prepared me for the worst. Colonel St. Helen was in a fit of apoplexy. Within a minute or two after my entrance the jugular vein was opened—that in the arm had given no relief. Oh, that his infamous wife could have been by my side as I gazed upon the lamentable object before me! Here, woman,—behold your handiwork!

He had been ever foremost in fight—he had braved death in a thousand forms—the flag of victory had often waved gloriously over him—he had quitted the field with honourable wounds—his grateful country welcomed her gallant disabled son—his affectionate wife, he thought, stretched forth her eager arms to receive him—after months of agony, on the wings of love he had flown seven thousand long miles to be—blasted, as here he lay before me!

Sad sights have I seen in my time, but when one so bad as this? My swelling heart overpowers me! Poor Colonel, what can my art do for thee?

And thou, Alverley, come hither thou for a moment, slayer of the peace and honour of thy brave brother soldier! Quit for a moment the cockatrice, thy companion, to look upon this victim of your united treachery! Oh, out upon thee! thy presence corrupts the air! *Down down to hell!* But no—I rave—society will presently welcome you again, gay Alverley! to her harlot bosom!

Though a large opening had been made in the jugular vein, though the blood was flowing copiously, no impression whatever seemed made or likely to be made. upon the violence of the attack. I therefore recommended opening the turgid temporal artery—which was done—and large blisters to be applied to the nape of the neck and to the extremities—the usual means resorted to in violent apoplectic seizures. I waited for upwards of an hour, and was then obliged to leave my unhappy, but perhaps happily unconscious patient, in apparently the same state as that in which I had found him. I paid him a visit early in the morning—still he lay in extreme danger, having been bled twice during the night, but without any sensible effect. I willingly acceded to the General's desire for an immediate consultation with Sir ——— ———, which accordingly took place about two o'clock. The result was that we expressed a strong opinion that, unless a decided change took place within an hour or two, the attack would prove fatal. Why should I wish it—I thought—otherwise? What hopeless anguish would be spared him were he never to awake to a consciousness of the tremendous calamity that had befallen him! What could life henceforth be to *him?* How could his grievous wounds be healed, or even stanched? How could his wrongs be repaired, mitigated, or concealed? What bitter agony would the sight of his children even force into his heart! I thought of all this, and for a moment did not feel anxious that success should attend our strenuous efforts to save him. They succeeded, however, and in three or four days' time it seemed probable that the unhappy sufferer would live to become acquainted with the full extent of his misery—to drain perhaps the cup of sorrow to the dregs. I was in the room when his eyes gave almost their first look of returning conciousness. Oh, contrast to the gay and happy man I last saw him before his departure for India! His hair was now somewhat of an iron-grey hue—his complexion had become deeply bronzed by his constant exposure to the rays of an Indian sun. Despite, however, his present extreme exhaustion, and the sunken sallowness of his countenance, it was impossible not to perceive its superior air—the lineaments of that bold and resolute character for which Colonel St. Helen had ever been distinguished. But where was the wonted fire of those dark eyes that were now directed towards me drowsily and unconsciously? Was he then aware of the cause of his illness, or was the frightful truth breaking bitterly and slowly upon his reviving faculties? God grant that the latter might prove to be the case, or the consequences might be disastrous indeed!

For nearly a fortnight he lay in a kind of lethargy, never once speaking, or apparently taking any notice of what was passing about him. Innumerable calls were made at his house, and enquiries concerning his health by a large circle of attached and sympathizing friends. His Royal Highness the commander-in-Chief sent almost daily to know how he was going on. As soon as I thought it advisable, I intimated my anxious wish that he should have the advantage of a change of scene; and as soon as he was able to be removed, travel by easy stages to Cheltenham. He simply shook his head, sorrowfully, at the same time raising his hand as if deprecating the mention of it. Of course I desisted. The next time I called his female attendant met me on the stairs, and gave me to understand that he had begged the proposal might not be renewed, as he was determined not to quit ——— Street. Before leaving him that day, General Ogilvie followed me, and told me that the Colonel, who had not once made any allusion to what had taken place, suddenly enquired in the course of the morning, in a faint tone, where his children were; and on being informed, expressed a wish to see them.

After some hesitation I consented to their being brought the next day, for a few minutes only—the General having assured me that I could not over-rate the fortitude of his suffering relative. 'Depend upon it he will bear the sight of them,' said the general, 'better than you imagine, though certainly his nerves must have been much shaken. How shall we arrange it? I shall very much wish you to be present, Doctor, if you could contrive it.' I promised not only to be present, but that, as I could easily arrange it, I would myself call and bring Mrs. Ogilvie and the children; and so it was decided. The next afternoon, therefore. about three o'clock, on my return from visiting a patient in the neighbourhood of General Ogilvie's residence, I called there, and found Mrs. Ogilvie on the point of going out, not having received any intimation of our arrangement. She instantly, however. agreed to accompany me. 'And how are your little nephews?' I enquired.

'Oh, they are very well,' she replied, with a sigh; 'a child's grief is not very deep or lasting; Arthur was as merry the next morning after leaving ——— Street, as if nothing had happened! Now and then, however, he asks me where his mamma is, and when he shall go to see her, or when she will come here? But when he sees me sometimes suddenly turn aside my head, to hid the tears that force themselves into my eyes, the poor child thinks I am angry with him, and kisses me, throwing his arms round my neck, and saying he will never ask to see his mamma again. He soon however, forgets his promise,' added Mrs. Ogilvie with emotion. 'Here they are at present, as merry as they can be,' she continued, opening the folding doors, and walking into a room that looked upon a pleasant garden. 'Alas that they should ever hear of what has caused all our sorrow!

The two little boys were romping about upon the grass-plot in high glee, running after and rolling over one another. How like the elder one was to his wretched mother! The same bright blue eyes, the same beautifully-formed chin and mouth!—I dreaded the effect of his standing suddenly before his father! The younger child. George, as lively as a cricket, and as brown as a berry, bore some little general resemblance to his father.

Oh, how could your mother look upon your little faces, and listen to your prattle, and feel your tiny arms embracing her, and forget that she had borne you! That they were the fruit of her womb? That your little lips had a thousand times drawn nurture from her maternal bosom! All the myriad of delicious agonies and ecstasies of a mother! Her generous, confiding, absent husband!—How could she, knowing all this, recollecting all this, deliberately surrender herself to destruction, and prefer the blighting companionship of a fiend—an adulterer!

'Now Arthur and George,' said Mrs. Ogilvie as we approached them in the garden—'you must be good children, and go and get dressed, and I will take you both out'——

'What! a drive in the carriage? I love the ponies!' replied George eagerly.

'Yes, my love, we are going to take you to see papa.'

'No, no, I shall not go there! I don't like my papa! He has taken my mamma away!'

'No, child, do not talk such nonsense: papa has done no such thing. Poor papa is very ill,' replied Mrs. Ogilvie, tremulously, 'and wishes to see his little boys.'

'I don't know my papa,' said the child, pouting, and sidling away from us. 'He's a very, very great way off—but if you'll let mamma go with us, then I don't care.'

'Your papa,' said I, observing Mrs. Ogilvie's emotion, 'does not know where your mamma is!' The child seemed quite puzzled at all this. 'Will you go with us, then?' he enquired, turning to Mrs. Ogilvie.

'Yes, love.'

'Is'nt my papa a very great officer?' he enquired abruptly. 'He has killed—oh, such a number of people, I am told! Do you think he will like to see us?'

'Yes, indeed, Arthur—and he will love you very dearly!' replied Mrs. Ogilvie, with a faltering voice, leading her little nephews into the house. They were not long in being dressed, and we were presently on our way to town. I began to feel rather more apprehensive of the propriety of allowing the interview when I saw how his mother was running in Arthur's head. Suppose he were bluntly to ask his father what had become of her? I whispered my apprehensions to Mrs. Ogilvie, and found them shared by her. She had not seen her brother since his return from India, and declared herself perfectly incapable of bearing an interview with him at present, even were he able to receive her. As we turned into ——— Street the children became very restless; and when we reached the house Arthur looked up at it apprehensively, and refused at first to quit the carriage. We succeeded, however, in inducing him to do so, and in pacifying him, and both the children were conducted into the library, where Mrs. Ogilvie undertook to occupy their attention while I repaired to the Colonel's bedside to ascertain how he was. I found him very little changed from what I had seen him on the proceeding day, except that there was an evident restlessness and anxiety about the eyes. Probably he was aware that his children had arrived. General Ogilvie who rarely quitted the chamber of his suffering brother in law, sat in his accustomed chair beside. I sat down in the one usually placed for me; while my finger was on his pulse, and my eye on my watch, the Colonel said, in a low tone—'They are come, are they not?' I told him that they were below.

'Let them be brought up then, if you please—but only one at a time,' said he, a faint flush appearing on his cheek. General Ogilvie immediately left the room, but not without first casting an anxious glance at me.

'You are both, I can see, apprehensive on my account,' he whispered: 'but I am perfectly aware of my situation. He must not be long in the room, however, I may not be so strong as I think myself.' In a few moments General Ogilvie returned, leading in his little companion who entered with evident reluctance, looking with some fear towards the bed where his father lay.

'You are a very good child, Arthur,' said I, in a soothing tone, holding out my hand to receive him—inwardly cursing at the moment his resemblance to Mrs. St. Helen, and which just then appeared to me stronger than ever. 'Come and ask your papa how he is!' The child came and stood between my knees. Can I ever forget the look with which that father and son, on this their bitter meeting, regarded one another! Neither spoke. It would be in vain to attempt describing that of the former: as for little Arthur, his face showed a mingled expression of apprehension and wonder. 'Speak to your papa,' I whispered, observing him slowly moving away—'he is very poorly!' He looked at me for a moment, and then faintly exclaimed, gazing at Colonel St. Helen—'Papa, I love you!' The poor Colonel turned his head away and closed his eyes. In vain he strove to compress his quivering lip; nature *would* conquer, and the tears soon forced themselves through his closed eyelids. I wish Mrs. St. Helen could have seen the unutterable anguish visible in his features When he turned again to look upon the little countenance so much resembling *hers!* After gazing thus for some moments in silence upon the child, he whispered, 'Kiss me, Arthur!' He did so.

'Do you love me?' enquired his father.

'Yes papa!' The Colonel stretched out his arms to embrace his son, but his left arm instantly fell powerless beside him. He shook his head, and sighed.

'Do you recollect me, Arthur?' he enquired. The child looked at me, and made no answer.

'Do you love your little brother George?' asked the Colonel, languidly.

'Yes, very much—I'll go and fetch him, papa—he will love you too—he is down stairs.' Every fibre of Colonel St. Helen's face quivered with emotion. His eyes overflowed with tears, and he whispered—

'I feel I cannot bear it! he had better go.'

'General,' said I, 'will you take him down stairs? We fatigue Colonel St. Helen.' But he made no answer. He was looking away, and the tears fell. I therefore rose, and after lifting up the child again to kiss his parent, led him down stairs, thankful that he had not tormented his father by any allusion to his wretched and degraded mother. On my return, I found Colonel St. Helen much exhausted, and evidently suffering acutely from the distracting feelings excited by his son's presence.

He recovered, but very slowly, during the ensuing month, from as severe an attack of apoplexy as I had ever witnessed. The grief that was preying upon his heart soon showed itself in the settled gloom with which his emaciated features were laden, and which, coupled with his dangerous illness, and the very violent remedies we were compelled to adopt in order to subdue it, reduced him almost to a skeleton. He had, indeed, fallen away most surprisingly. A fine muscular man when in health, he looked now as if he had returned from India in a deep decline. He would sit alone, and speechless for hours; and took even his ordinary nourishment with visible reluctance. When his children entered into his presence—they were brought to him daily he received them with affection, but his manner oppressed them. Alas! he had now no smiles with which to welcome and return any of their little overtures towards cheerfulness; in the midst of any faint attempt at merriment on their part, he would rise, and suddenly clasp them to his widowed heart in silent agony.

The manner in which, at a former period of his illness, he had rejected the proposal made to him of a change of scene, prevented its being renewed. One morning, however, he suddenly asked General Ogilvie if he could give him a home for a few months; and on being assured of the affectionate welcome with which he would be received, he expressed a desire to quit ——— Street on the ensuing morning. He forthwith gave directions for his house, with all its furniture, of every description, to be sold; and the clothes, trinkets, and such personal ornaments of Mrs. St. Helen as were in the house he ordered to be destroyed. He exacted a pledge to this effect from General Ogilvie. On its being given he took his arm, and—shadow of his former self!—stopped languidly into the General's carriage, drew down the blinds, and quitted ——— Street for ever. The day after, in passing the house, I saw great staring bills in the window, and a board on the walls—'This House to be Sold.' To this day I never glance at such objects without being suddenly and painfully reminded of the events which are detailed in this chapter.

I could gain no intelligence whatever of the destination or movements of Mrs. St. Helen: it was generally supposed that she had gone, and still remained abroad, in company with Captain Alverley. I expected in each day's paper to hear of her having committed suicide; and for that reason, never omitted to cast my eye over a paragraph headed with 'Coroner's Inquest,' or 'Distressing Suicide.' Not so, however: she was reserved for severer sufferings, a more signal punishment, a more lamentable end! Captain Alverley made his appearance in London about six weeks after the elopement; and in passing along St. James's Park he came up to his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, who was returning on horseback from the Horse-Guards. He drew up, and motioning Captain Alverly, his *aide-de-camp*, to approach, rebuked him sternly and indignantly for the cruel and infamous outrage he had committed, commanding him never again to enter his presence. The Duke rode off with a haughty scowl, leaving Captain Alverley apparently thunderstruck. This incident found its way into the next day's papers; and Captain Alverley, perceiving himself in general bad odour, threw up his commission, and withdrew, it was supposed, to the Continent. The excellent Duke of York, indeed, evinced from the first the greatest sympathy with Colonel St. Helen; and as soon as he thought he might safely do so, sent him a letter by a distinguished general officer, also a friend of the Colonel's, full of the kindest and most condescending expressions, and intimating his wish to see him at the Horse-Guards at the earliest possible opportunity. He added that he was authorized to state that his Majesty had expressed a sincere sympathy for his sufferings, and the highest approbation of his gallant conduct abroad. The Colonel sighed on reading these flattering communications.

'Tell his Royal Highness,' said he, 'that I am very grateful for his condescension; and the moment that I am able I will attend him personally to say as much.'

'I was not exactly authorized,' said Lord———, 'to mention it to you, but you are to have ———th; I heard his royal highness say as much.'

'Pray tell his Royal Highness,' replied the Colonel, with a melancholy air, 'that I cannot accept it—for I return to India by the next ship!'

'Good God! Colonel St. Helen,—return to India!' echoed Lord———, with an air of infinite astonishment.

'*Can I remain in England?*' suddenly enquired the Colonel—with a look that silenced Lord———; hastily rising and standing for a few moments with his back turned towards him, evidently overpowered with his feelings. Neither spoke for a few minutes.

'I cannot tell this to his Royal Highness,' said Lord———; 'I know he will ask me about every thing that has passed at our interview.'

'Then tell him, my Lord, my last words to you were, that my heart is broken, but my will is not. I shall go to India, if I live—and that as soon as possible!'

Lord——— saw that he was inflexible, and abstained from further importunities.

Three months had now elapsed from the day on which Colonel St. Helen arrived in England to encounter so fell a blight of his fondest hopes, his brightest prospects: and he had made his final and gloomy preparations for returning to India. Notwithstanding the sympathizing and affectionate attachment of General and Mrs. Ogilvie, had it not been for the daily sight of his children—those innocent, helpless, deserted beings, whom he was himself about to desert—he would have lost almost all sympathy with mankind. His heart yearned towards his little sons—but his resolution had been taken, and was unchangeable, to return to India, and amidst the scenes of direful carnage he had there quitted, to seek, in an honourable death release from the agonies he suffered. He arranged all his affairs evidently on the basis of his being about to take leave of England for ever. His purposes with reference to his children might have been varied, but for the fond and zealous guardians he found for them in General and Mrs. Ogilvie. It was not until within a very short period of his departure, that he could bear to ask from the former a detailed account of all that had happened. He heard the name of Alverley mentioned in silence. He enquired for a while where he was supposed to be, and never again alluded to him. The name of Mrs. St. Helen never escaped his lips.

When he presented himself before the Commander-in-Chief, he met with a most gracious reception. His Royal Highness shook him warmly by the hand, and with a quivering lip assured him of his sympathy and personal regard.

'Is your resolution to return to India, Colonel St. Helen, unalterable?' enquired the Duke. The Colonel bowed: his air and manner satisfied the Duke of the uselessness of expostulation. No: in vain were the entreaties of royalty; in vain the passionate tears and embraces of his sister; in vain the energetic remonstrances of General Ogilvie; in vain were his children flung by his sister into his arms and upon his knees in an ecstacy of grief. His darkening countenance told how vain were all such appeals. His passage was engaged in a ship quitting the Thames in a few days time. His servant had already packed up almost all that was to be taken abroad. The dreaded morning arrived; he tenderly embraced his sister and his children before setting off for town; finally, as he had determined, but only for a few hours as they supposed, understanding that he would return in the afternoon to bid them adieu for ever.

(*To be Continued.*)

The Sunflower.—The seeds of the sun flower not only fatten every kind of poultry, but greatly increase the quantity of eggs.—Their effect upon pheasants and partridges are the same. When cultivated upon a large extent they are capital food for sheep and pigs. The leaves, when dried, form a good provender for cattle; and the dry stalks, when burnt, produce abundance of alkali.

Important to Farmers.—A gallon of unrefined barnhorn mixed with two bushels of mould or ashes and sown broadcast over one acre of turnip land after the seed is sown, will protect the plant from fly, as well as the insect which occasionally attacks the ball.

A secret for pudding makers.—Dr. Rotherham in his philosophical experiments, positively states, that in making puddings, every two table-spoons full of clear water is equal to one egg, and that a greater proportion of snow will make the pudding so light that it will not adhere together.

The Sunday's Dinner in London.—Take away the Sunday's dinner from the working population, and you would take away half the pleasure of their existence. Just as the streets are crowded with people returning from church or chapel, and the servants of the licensed victuallers sally out to supply each customer with porter, the bakers open their doors. Then issue a stream of persons, male and female, the father or the son, but more generally the mother or the daughter, bearing home the family dinner, which for the charge of two pence, has been cooked in the baker's oven. Out of some baker's shops there will be brought in a few minutes upwards of a hundred dinners, joints of meat or huge pies. Let a stranger walk about one o'clock on a Sunday throughout any part of London densely inhabited by the working classes, and his olfactory nerves will soon testify to him how universally enjoyed is the Sunday's Dinner

The News-Monger.—Some people are never happy but in hearing or telling the news. A person being in a public house one day, asked a stranger who came in, "What news?" Says the the stranger, "Why 10,000 men having risen to day. The news-monger, supposing the stranger referred to a rebellion in the country, asked him, "What do they intend to do."—"Why, go to bed again, at night,' said the stranger.

What we call Duties.—Every man ought to pay his debts—If he can.

Every man ought to help his neighbours—If he can.

Every man and woman ought to get married—If they can.

Every Representative in the Legislature ought to inform their constituents what they are about—If they can.

Every man should do his work to please his customers—If he can.

Every man should please his wife—If he can.

Every wife should rule her husband—If she can.

Every woman should sometimes hold her tongue—If she can.

Every Lawyer should tell the truth—If he can.

Every preacher of the gospel should be a christian—if he can.

Every reader should add something to the above—If he can.—*Petersburg Constellation.*

Witch Ordeals in India.—Persons suspected of being witches are often subjected to very cruel treatment, especially if the ordeal to which their neighbours have resourse should convict them of the crime. In India, as well as in Europe, it is supposed that a witch will float upon the water; but there are other tests by which their acquaintance with the black art may be proved. Oil poured in a leaf with a little rice, forms one of those trials; should the oil run through when the names of the accused are called over their guilt is established. There are numerous ordeals by which the thief may be detected besides the one most commonly practised, of causing the suspected parties to chew rice, an operation which, however easy to those who have nothing to fear, becomes difficult to the conscious delinquent, whose mouth, parched and dry, refuses its function, and upon examination the rice is found whole. Another plan is to rub the upper stone of a mill with assafœtida, the stone being so placed as to appear to be suspended in air; the persons implicated are obliged to go one by one into the appartment, and to touch this stone, all being assured that it will fall and entrap the head of the guilty person, consequently the thief takes care not to touch it, and the operator having smelt the heads of the whole number easily selects that which has committed the theft.—*Asiatic Journal.*

[*For the Chronicle.*]

THE GENTLE PASSAGE OF ARMS,

AT MADAWASKA,

A Ballad, by Peter Peterkin, Esq.

Long had this world
Of our's, been twirled
Round its diurnal axis;
And round the sun
As long had run
Collecting solar taxes;

Since dire alarms,
And din of arms,
Had marred mankind's repose;—
Since deadly feud
And seas of blood
Had multiplied their woes.

Save that in Spain,
The crown to gain,
Two furious factions fought;
But which should win,
The Don or Queen,
Was hardly worth a thought;

For nearer home
Grim war had come,
E'en to our very borders;
And valour's fire
Rose high, and higher,
And threatened wild disorders.

There is a land,
Quite nigh at hand—
A land of milk and honey;
Which did create
Some heat, of late,
'Tween Jonathan and Johnny.

Each said 'tis *mine*,
But neither, *thine*—
A monstrous difference truly!
Therefore they would
Not cool the blood,
Nor take the matter coolly;

But, leaving words,
They took to swords,
Resolved to end the quarrel—
Convince their foes,
By dint of blows,
And win a crown of laurel.

The Mainetes, they
Began the fray,
With proclamations dreadful;
While women's hearts,
By fits and starts,
Were filled with fear, 'tis said, full.

And "Uncle Sam"
The oriflamme
Of border war, unfurled;
Resolved to make
All smoke, and shake
The kingdoms of the world.

Goose Greely, who,
The country through,
Must range as if 'twas his'n;
On finding fare
Both cheap and rare,
As he lay bound in prison,

Most eager was
To spurn the laws,
Soon as again at large;—
His beef, he knew,
And pudding, too,
Would be the public's charge;

So round he roved
The land he loved,
And, with a "ready pen,"
The census took
All in a book,
For "out and come again,"

But we've a mind
That he will find,
(And dearly to his cost)
It hard to beat
A quick retreat,
Unsanctioned by his host.

The State of Maine,
Once, and again,
(Let them that doubt go ask her)
Were eager for
The "tug of war"—
Stark mad for Madawaska.

Resolved was she,
Righteousfully,
Her state-rights to maintain,
And give to John,
Should he come on,
A belly-full of Maine.

And should her friends
Dare thwart her ends,
'Twould prove an ugly joke—
She'd hit them full
Smack, on the skull,
With a back-handed stroke.

She went to work,
Like turbanned Turk,
To muster men and horses—
Armed, *cap-a-pie*,
In panoply,
To *whip* the British forces.

Chock full of fight,
And matchless might,
They river crossed and puddle,
And near as drew,
Quick marching to
The tone of "Yankee Doodle."

Zounds! how they trod
The trembling sod,
That gave a hollow sound,
As thirsting for
The blood, that war
Sheds, plentiously, around.

The frogs and snakes,
In bogs and brakes,
With sudden fear were quaking;
The birds they flew,
And wild beasts, too,
In time to save their beacon.

The very trees
Were ill at ease;—
The beach, the birch, the spruce,
Showed they could feel
The dread of steel,
And trembled in their shoes.

Both horse and foot,
Could "load and shoot"—
'Twas all they knew of fighting;—
To hit the eye
Of Squirrel high,
Was what they took delight in.

Much did they boast—
As much almost,
As craven gasconades,
Of fell foes slick,
In battles hot,
Invaded, or invaders.

Like Bobadill,
They each could kill
His forty men a day,
With as much ease
As toasting cheese—
Such men of metal they.

Well! let them come,
And be struck dumb,
We said, "among the suddens"—
As bayonet
Appears, to let
The day-light through their "puddens;"

For Yankees, they,
Our legends say,
Turn, quick, upon the heel,
And make retreat,
With nimble feet,
At sight of British steel.

But should a ball
Among them fall
And stop their vital breath
They hardly know
What lays them low,
Ere they are "done to death."

Your random shot
May hit, or not,
They think, or may be dodged;
But ugly steel
Will work its will,
When in the stomach lodged.

Stout Johnny Bull,
Of courage full,
Scoured bright his rusty armour;
And, as he swore,
His wrath ran o'er,
And grew, from warm, to warmer.

Then, all around,
Was heard the sound
Of chariots, armed for battle;
So fierce were they
For the affray,
They hardly needed cattle;

But onward rolled,
As we are told,
From sunrise e'en to sunset;
Resolved to kick,
A dust up, quick,
Before, or at, the onset.

While from our throats
Flowed forth the "notes
Of dreadful preparation;"
The horses neighed,
The trumpets brayed,
And all was excitation.

The drum and fife
Spoke loud of strife;
(The Latin word is *bellum*)
One made of *box*,
With aërial cocks,
The other *ash* and *vellum*.

The public press
Could not do less
Then raise its voice on high;
And set mankind,
With rage grown blind,
Like types thrown into *pie*.

Each clamourous goose,
That could produce
A something, from his quill,
Aloud did think
In "printers ink,"
With little of good will.