SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1849.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 14. "Not Rich, Not Popular, but Intrepid." Number 50.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Devober & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

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Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

(The time of high water here given is for A. M.)

Dec.		H.	Sun. s	Moon s	H	W
15	Saturday,	7 39	4 13	5 31	11	2
16	Sunday	7 40	4 13	6 41	0	13
17	Monday,	7 40	4 13	7 14	0	45
18	Tuesday,	7 41	4 13	8 10	1	16
19	Wednesday,	7 41	4 13	9	2	48
20	Thursday,	7 42	4 14	10	10	2 24
21	Friday,	7 42	4 14	11	13	3 4

First Quarter 22d. 3h. 14m. aft.

MINERVA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
64, King William street, Mansion house, London

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Tables are prepared enabling persons to Insure, either participating in profits, or at the least possible cost. By the former method they realize all the objects of Life Assurance, and benefit by their own longevity, without the speculative risk of Mutual Assurance Societies.

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AT the FIRST division of Profits for the five years ending 31st December, 1841, the Reversionary Bonus averaged 31 Per Cent. *on the Premium paid during the preceding five years*. The equivalent reduction of Premium averaged nearly 17 Per Cent. *on the Annual Premiums payable during the succeeding Five Years.*

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Prospectuses and every information can be obtained at the Office of the Company,

[illegible] & CO., *St. John, N. B.* [illegible] 1849. *Agents for New Brunswick*

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

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February, 1848.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber.

I. WOODWARD,
Secretary.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
King Street.

THE Subscriber having leased the Premises known as the *Commercial Hotel*, situate in King street, a few doors below the St. John Hotel, is prepared to receive permanent or transient Boarders. The House has undergone a thorough repair, and every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of parties patronizing this establishment. OLIVER BYRAM.

St John Sept. 7, 1849.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE ABANDONED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, South park, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which complaints he was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS LEG!!!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases.*" You on let me see you again." This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Mosquitoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foes, Tarms and Coco-bay.

Bores, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Burns and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St John, N. B.

Miscellaneous.

ELM TREE HALL.

I love to tell a cheerful tale,
To happy hearted-mood;
Come read it with a willing mind,
For it may do thee good.

About twenty years ago there lived a singular gentleman in the old Hall among the Elm Trees. He was about three score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits; but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal.

His dress was as old fashioned as his habits.—He wore a cocked hat, richly embroidered, a waistcoat reaching nearly to his knees, and his shoes came up nearly to his ancles. No poor cottager stood in need of comforts which he was not ready to supply; no sick man or woman languished for want of his assistance, and no even a beggar, unless a known imposter, went empty handed from the Hall.

The sick he soth'd, the hungry fed,
Bade care and sorrow fly,
And loved to raise the downcast head
Of friendless poverty.

Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend to him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But much as he liked the society of the young, he had had a great aversion to that curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge. He used to say, "the boy who will peep into a drawer will be tempted to take something out of it, and he who will steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound in his manhood."

This disposition to repress evil, as well as to encourage good conduct, formed a part of his character, for though of a cheerful temper and not given to severity, he never would pass over a fault till it was acknowledged and repented of.

No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a servant, than twenty applications were made for the situation; but had there been forty, no one would have been engaged until he had undergone a trial, for a boy with a curious, prying disposition, he would not engage. It was on Monday morning that seven lads, drest in their Sunday clothes, with faces as bright as cherry-cheeked apples, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desirous to obtain the situation he applied for. Now the old gentleman being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that if any of the young people who applied to be his servant were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers, he might be aware of it, took care that the lads who were then at Elm Tree Hall, should be shown into this room one after another.

And first Joe Turner was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little; so Joe sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him, but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room that, at last, he got up to peep at them.

On the table was placed a dish cover, and Joe wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things, and as Joe was of a curious disposition he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep; so he lifted the cover.

This turned out to be a sad affair; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn by the current of air, flew about the room, and Joe, in his fright, put the cover down hastily, puffed the rest off the table.

What was to be done? Joe began to pick up the feathers one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in an adjoining room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room to the consternation of Joe Turner, who was very soon dismissed as a lad not at all likely to suit the situation.

When the room was once more arranged, Tom Hawker was placed there until such time as he should be sent for; no sooner was he left to himself than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine ripe cherries, and he thought that it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many.—He looked and longed, and longed and looked for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm. Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously, and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it in his mouth. It was excellent, and then he persuaded himself he ran no great risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it in his mouth.

Now the old gentleman had placed a few artificial cherries at the top of the others filled with cayenne pepper; one of these Tom had unfortunately taken, and no sooner did he put it into his mouth than he began to sputter in such an outrageous manner, that the old gentleman knew very well what was the matter. Tom Hawker was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal in it.

Bill Parker was next introduced into the room, and left to himself, but he had not been there two minutes, before he began to move about from one place to another. He was of a bold, resolute temper, but not overburthened with principles for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house without being found out, he would have done it directly. Having looked round the room, he noticed a drawer in the table, and inside up his mind to peep therein, but no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob that he set a large bell ringing which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons, and entered the room. Bill Parker was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him: he looked as though any one could knock him down with a feather.—The old gentleman asked him if he had rung the bell because he wanted any thing? Bill stuttered and stammered, but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent his being ordered off the premises.

Sam Tonks was then shown into the room, by an old servant, and, being of a cautious disposition, touched nothing, but only looked at things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open, and thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch further, looking down at the bottom of the door that it might not catch against any thing and make a noise. Now, had he looked at the top instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him, for to the top of the door was fastened a bag which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. Sam ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till the bag being pulled out of the barrel, the loaded shot began to pour out at a strange rate, at the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan made such a clatter that Sam Tonks was half frightened out of his senses.

The old gentleman soon came into the room to enquire what was the matter, and there he found Sam Tonks nearly as pale as a sheet.—Sam had opened one door, and the old gentleman soon opened another, bidding him walk out of it, and never again to show his face at Elm Tree Hall.

It now came to the turn of Ned Robert to be put into the room, and as it was in a distant part of the house, he knew nothing of what had happened to the other lads.

On the table stood a small round box with a screw top to it, and Ned, thinking it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscrewing the top, but no sooner did he do this, than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. Ned started back and uttered a scream, which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Ned with the bottom of the box in one hand, and the top in the other, and the snake on the floor. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, handing him out of the room, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time, therefore the sooner you are gone the better;" with that he dismissed him without waiting for a reply.

Harry Bull next entered the room, and, being left alone, soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him. Bull was not only curious and prying, but downright dishonest, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of the bookcase, he stepped on tiptoe in that direction, but the moment he touched the key he fell flat on the floor. The key had a wire fastened to it which communicated with an electrifying machine, and Harry received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk than he was told to walk off the premises, and leave other people to look and unlock their own drawers.

The last boy was John Grove, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never during that time stirred from his chair. John had eyes in his head as well as the rest of them, but he had more integrity in his heart, neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key, tempted him to rise from his seat, and the consequence was that, in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman of Elm Tree Hall.

John Grove followed his good old master to his grave, and received a legacy of fifty pounds for his upright conduct in his service. Read this, ye busy meddling, peeping, pilfering young people, and imitate the example of John Grove.

Agricultural Chemistry.

When a field is kept under cultivation from year to year, without the application of manure, the crops continually decrease, until at length, the land refuses to yield in return sufficient to pay the expences of tillage. The reason of this deterioration is obvious. Plants, you know, extract a part of their nutriment from the soil, and but a small proportion of the soil, consists of those ingredients which are capable of ministering directly to the wants of vegetation. Therefore, the land in a few years, becomes so far exhausted as to be unable to furnish as much food as the crop requires, and it becomes necessary that it should receive a new supply of the matter that has been abstracted. This matter may be directly returned in the form of manure, or the lost fertility, may, in a measure, be restored by allowing the land to be idle for one or more years. This last method is termed *fallowing*, of this I now purpose to treat.

Of fallowing, there are two systems—one called *naked fallowing*, consisting in ploughing the fallow land repeatedly, without cropping, thus leaving it naked, and exposed to the influence of the sun, air, and moisture, until it is supposed to be sufficiently recruited to produce a remunerating crop. The other method is to sow on the ground a fallow crop, (usually clover or buckwheat) which is afterwards ploughed into the soil. If buckwheat be sowed, it is ploughed in when in blossom, and left to form a bed of humus. This mode is sometimes called *green manuring*. But the more common, and in most cases the most judicious way, is to put clover on the field, which needs fallowing, and leave it for two or three years pasture. By this means, the field instead of laying idle, yields a profitable return; all benefit ordinarily derived by fallowing is obtained; a firm sod is made, which, when turned over with the plough forms a fine bed of humus, and the fertility of the soil is restored to a remarkable degree.

This method has almost entirely superceded the old one of naked fallowing, and is decidedly preferable, in most cases, though circumstances may occur where the other can be more judiciously practiced. This stiff, argillaceous, (clayey) soils, are often very materially benefitted by repeated ploughings and hard lumps become divided, air and moisture are freely admitted, and the land thus becomes well prepared for sustaining a vigorous growth of vegetation.

While all are willing to admit the advantage of a fallow, all are not agreed as to the manner in which these advantages are brought about. The explanation usually given by the unlearned is, that land after producing several crops in succession, requires rest, and like a wearied animal, is recruited by repose. But this explanation conveys an erroneous impression, and shows how easily the minds of many are satisfied by substituting a *comparison*, or a *name* for a *reason*. The term *rest* is certainly very improperly employed when applied to land in the same sense in which it is used with reference to animals. I will endeavor to explain to you in accordance with the views of some of our best modern chemists, the process which Nature adopts to reinvigorate an exhausted soil.

I told you in a former number, that soils were originally formed by the degradation and decomposition, (crumbling and wasting away) of rocky masses, and that the solid structures were originally composed of the same inorganic constituents as are found in the soil. Now the agency which reduces rocks to the form of powder, does not cease its operations when the change is effected, but continues acting upon the mineral particles until those portions essential to vegetable life are brought to such a state as to be soluble in water, when the roots of plants can readily imbibe and appropriate them as needed.

The progress of this decomposition is slow, and when a field is required to furnish food for a crop every year, for a succession of years it cannot be furnished as fast as it is needed: the supply is inadequate to the demand; and this is required to allow a new accumulation, or fresh supply.—Although the necessary ingredients, or food, may be in the soil yet it is not in such a form to be available, and Nature refuses to change her awe, or to act more vigorously than she is wont, merely to gratify the inordinate cravings of her creature, man.

And now another question arises—Can a field always be kept in a state of fertility by careful fallowing? I reply, it cannot. The soil does not contain an exhaustless supply of those ingredients which our crops require, and though land can be induced, by fallowing alone, to produce abundant harvest for a limited period, the time must arrive, when unless manure be supplied, barrenness will ensue. There are, as I have previously informed you, sixteen elements belonging to the plants, twelve of which must be furnished by the soil, and if any one of these which is required, be absent, the plant cannot mature though all other circumstances be favorable. Now, as by far the greater portion of all soils consists of matter which cannot contribute to the growth of plants, and as nearly every soil is lacking in a full supply of every ingredient which our crops require, it is unreasonable to expect perpetual fertility without returning, occasionally, to our field a portion of those constituents which have been taken from them.

Before closing this article, I will add a few more remarks on the subject of fallow crop, and green manuring. As the crop ploughed into the soil can only return to it the same inorganic ingredients which were drawn from it, we naturally inquire, what benefit can be derived from this course. The question is well worthy of consideration; for it would seem that if land can be thus enriched, it must disprove the theory that the fertility of the soil can only be preserved by returning to it, occasionally, new supplies of the matter which has been withdrawn. But the advantages of this system are only temporary, and may be thus accounted for:—

1. The bed of humus thus formed, improves the texture of the soil; allowing air and moisture to gain admittance, and these agents hasten that final decomposition of mineral particles which fits them for entering the circulation of plants.

2. The green, or fallow crop, draws nutritive principles from the air, especially carbon, and (indirectly) nitrogen, and these becoming incorporated with the soil are ready to aid in promoting the growth of the succeeding crop.

3. The roots of the green crop, having penetrated for a considerable depth in the soil, lower than the plough has ever reached, have drawn from below such nutritive ingredients as had become deficient near the surface.

These constituents after contributing to the formation of the stalks, leaves, &c., of the fallow crop, are again disengaged and left near the surface when this crop is buried in the soil and are now within the immediate reach of the roots of the succeeding crop. Clover and buckwheat are well adapted for fallow crops on account of their roots extending to a much greater depth than those of most other cultivated plants.

The effect thus produced, may be compared to that of a very deep or trench ploughing, as in both cases these ingredients, which lie below the reach of most plants, are brought near the surface.—The roots almost render the hard and compact soil beneath, into which they penetrate, more loose and porous, and thus, as in deep ploughing, the texture is improved to a considerable depth.—When after sowing a fallow crop the land is left for several years undisturbed, we must attribute much of the benefit afterwards observed, to the decomposition of mineral portions, as above mentioned.

CLASSES IN SOCIETY.—The pride may be justified whice boasts of belonging to the working and productive class,—those who create cities and fertile fields in a wilderness; who feed, clothe, and adorn their fellow-creatures; who live on the earnings of their own industry, not on the inherited gains of others, and repay society for what it bestows; who erect their monuments in streets and squares, in factories and palaces, in churches and ships, in bridges and railroads; who obey the divine law to eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, and inherit the divine charter to replenish the earth, and subdue it; but even here the temptation exists to make this noble word "working class" too much a sign of exclusion, a watch-word of contention, an indication of assumption, attention, and selfishness, which, though extended in selfishness still, and may become pernicious to society. Brains have their toil not less than bones; often as arduous, wearying, and ill repaid. Manual labor is worth but little without the directing power of intellectual labour. The accumulations of the capitalist are only the hoarded toil of bygone years. There must be distributors as well as producers. Society is constructed of various classes, the very best of which (whatever the standard by which it is pronounced the best) grows into a nuisance if it would be paramount, and domineer over the rest. In your own class there are various sections. Those into whose hands this volume is most likely to fall have strong political interests and feelings. There are others of you—many thousands—with whom, unhappily, these are subordinate to animal gratifications. They have no religion beyond that which pours libations to Saint Monday. When possessed of the franchise, they disgrace you by their venality. With others, a far superior section, politics are subordinated to theology. They have furnished about 1400 competitors for the prizes bestowed on Sabbath-day essays. You may accuse them, perhaps, of narrow views, of sectarian bigotry, of dogmatism; but they have been humanised by the preacher or missionary; their zeal is natural, and their mental culture creditable; they are right in abstaining from what they deem sinful; and who should not wish them God speed in their moral, careful and pious course? Look round you, then remember the diversities of classes, and the diversities in your own class. Society does not grow in classes any more than field flowers. There is everlasting variety, intermingling and mutual subservience. Classification is petty work. It neither discriminates wisdom nor virtue. Knaves play it off for their individual profit. Fools are gulled or fretted by it into loss or violence. It is artificial and arbitrary. Deep lines of demarcation are not best drawn by the means which gain our livelihood. If diversities are magnified, they become animosities. Mutual repulsion takes the place of harmonious combination. When your leaders, or those who would be so, pervert your honourable character of the working people into a source of class assumption or class contention, go to your mechanics' institute, taken a Latin grammar, and learn to construe "*Homo sum*."—*Lectures to the Working Classes, by W. J. Fox, M. P.*

REMEDY AGAINST BED FLEAS.—Take one ounce of camphor, wrap it in a linen cloth, and suspend it at the head of the bed, and as the camphor evaporates the bugs will decamp. We are assured by a person who has repeatedly made the experiment that it is a never failing remedy.

Scandal, like the river Nile, is fed by innumerable streams; but it is extremely difficult to trace to its source.

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.—"Mary" said George next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I wont love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer and that will stay all winter."

"George don't you remember my beautiful canary bird and it died in the middle of the summer and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it? My bird did not live so long as the tree."

"Well I don't see we can love anything. Little brother died before the bird and I loved him better than any bird, tree or flower. Oh I wish we could have something to love that would't die."

"George let us go into the house. I dont want to look at our tree any longer."

The day passed. During the school hours George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting and began to arrange the seeds they had been from day to day gathering the remembrance of their tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them towards his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should love to have a garden. I wonder if there ever was such a garden mother."

"Yes George I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A real garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*—a tree that never fades. That garden is Heaven. There you may love and love forever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let you treasure be the tree of life and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling without fear without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, he will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures and beside those still waters."

LONDON BANKERS.—The oldest banking houses in London are Child's, at Temple-bar; Hoare's, in Flee-street; Strahan's (formerly Snow's), in the Strand; and Gosling's, in Fleet-street. None date earlier than the restoration of Charles II. The original bankers were goldsmiths "goldsmiths that kept running cashes"—and their shops were distinguished by signs. Child's was known by "The Marygold—still to be seen where the cheques are cashed; Hoare's by "The Golden Bottle"—still remaining over the outer door; Snow's by "The Golden Anchor"—to be seen inside; Gosling's by "The Three Squirrels"—still prominent in the ironwork of their windows, towards the street. The founder of Child's house was John Blackwell, an Alderman of the city of London, ruined by the shutting of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles II. Stone & Martin's, in Lombard-street, is said to have been founded by Sir Thomas Gresham; and the grasshopper sign of the Gresham family was preserved in the banking house till late in the last century. Of the West-end banking houses, Drummond's, at Charing-cross, is the oldest; and next to Drummond's, is Coutts', in the Strand. The founder of Drummond's obtained his great position by advancing money to the Pretender, and by the King's consequent withdrawal of his account. The King's withdrawal led to a rush of the Scottish nobility and gentry with their accounts, and to the ultimate advancement of the bank to its present footing. Coutts' house was founded by Geo. Middleton, and originally stood in St. Martin's-lane, near St. Martin's Church. Coutts removed it to its present site. The great Lord Clarendon, in the reign of Charles II., kept an account at Hoare's; Dryden lodged £50. for the discovery of the bullies who waylaid and beat him, at Child's, at Temple-bar; Pope banked at Drummond's; Lady Mary Wortley Montague at Child's; Gay at Hoare's; Dr. Johnston and Sir Walter Scott at Coutts'; and Bishop Percy at Gosling's. The Duke of Wellington banks at Coutts'; the Duke of Sutherland at Drummond's; the Duke of Devonshire at Snow's or Strahan's.

A WAY TO TELL WHO MUST BE YOUR HUSBAND.—Take a St. Thomas's onion, pare it, and lay it on a clean handkerchief under your pillow; put on a clean smock; and, as you lie down, lay your arms abroad, and say these words:

Good St. Thomas, do me right,
And bring my love to me this night,
That I may view him in the face,
And in my arms may him embrace.

Then, lying on thy back with thy arms abroad, go to sleep as soon as you can, and in your first sleep you shall dream of him who is to be your husband, and he will come and offer to kiss you; do not hinder him, but catch him in thy arms and suffer to hold him, for that is he. This I have tried, and it was proved true. I'm I have another pretty way for a maid to know her sweetheart, which is as follows:—Take a summer apple of the best fruit, stick pins close into the apple to the head, and, as you stick them, take notice which of them is the middlemost, and give it what name you fancy; put it into thy left hand glove, and lay it under thy pillow on Saturday night after thou get'st into bed; then clap thy hands together, and say these words:—

If thou be he that must have me,
To be thy wedded bride,
Make no delay, but come away,
This night to my bedside.