THE Weekly Chronicle

Terms—15 shillings per annum ;] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. IV. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1840. No. 41.

The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by LEWIS W. DURANT & Co. at their Office in Mr. D. M'Millan's building, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

MAY.	R. SUN. S.	MOON.	H. W.
13 Saturday,	4 15 7 44	2 40	10 29
14 Sunday,	4 15 7 45	rises.	11 8
15 Monday,	4 15 7 46	3 42	11 44
16 Tuesday,	4 15 7 46	9 29	morn
17 Wednesday,	4 15 7 46	10 1	0 21
18 Thursday,	4 15 7 46	10 24	0 57
19 Friday,	4 15 7 47	10 50	1 32

Full Moon, 14th, 10h. 10m. ev.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, 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: C. C. Stewart, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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: A. S. Perkins.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—R H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: E. DeW. Ratchford, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, 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.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

☞NOTICE.

THE Public are hereby informed, that the Partnership heretofore existing between GEORGE EAGLES and the subscriber, as the firm of GEORGE & EDWARD EAGLES is this day dissolved.

EDWARD EAGLES.

Indian Town, 10th March, 1840.—3m.

Notice.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of JAMES DOBIE, late of this city, deceased, are hereby requested to present their claims for adjustment; and those indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

JOHN ROBERTSON, *Administrator.*

Saint John, 5th February, 1840.

NOTICE.

THE accounts of all Persons remaining indebted to the late Firm of W. H. STREET & RANNEY, and which have not been adjusted by the parties giving Promissory Notes or other accepted security, will be forthwith put in suit.

W. H. STREET.

St. John, 6th Feb. 1840.

☞NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of the late Mrs. MARGARET A. HANFORD, will please render the same for adjustment; and those indebted to said Estate are requested to pay the same forthwith to the subscriber.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, Jan. 14, 1840. *Administrator.*

J. M'LARDY'S

New Baking Establishment, near the Post-Office, Princess-st.

WHEAT and Rye BREAD of superior quality, being manufactured on the most improved plan and warranted free from souring.

Victoria Tea BISCUIT fresh every day. Breakfast ROLLS every morning at 8 o'clock.

Ship Bread made to order, in the best Greenock style.

15th November.

Dr. Poett's Eradictor.

THE celebrity of this Medicine, in curing recent cases of Gonnorrhea, generally in 24 hours, and when the disease is of longer standing, there is no medicine so efficacious. There is no case of Gleet, Seminal, Weakness, Fluor, Albus, &c. &c. wherein any preparation has been so uniformly successful in eradicating every vestige from the constitution. Warranted to contain no mineral substance. It is as pleasant as it is certain, and retains its virtues in any climate. For sale by appointment, at the Circulating Library, by

Feb. 21, 1840. A. R. TRURO.

NEW-BRUNSWICK

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

THE above Company having been duly organized, is prepared to effect Insurances on Houses and against loss or damage by Fire. Persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from Insuring in becoming Members of the said Company will please make application at the office of CHARLES GALLAGHER, Esq., corner of Market Square and Prince Wm. street, where the articles of association, bye-laws, rules and regulations may be seen, and the rate of Premium for Insurance ascertained. The Company will attend every day (Sundays excepted) from ten to three o'clock, for the purpose of deciding upon any applications which may be made.

☞ A box for the reception of applications will be kept at the office.

St. John. Feb. 21, 1840.

Bright Porto Rico Sugar.

33 HHDS of the above (a prime article) Received this day per Schooner *Star.*

April 24. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

More NEW GOODS.

VICTORIA HOUSE.

THE Subscriber has this day received, ex Ship *British Queen*, from Liverpool, a variety of new and Fashionable GOODS, among which are the following:

Plain and Figured SILKS in all colours;
Plain and figured Bonnet SATINS;
Bristol and Turc SATINS;
French and English RIBBONS;
French worked COLLARS & CAPES;
48 Rich Velvet SHAWLS & CAPES;
140 Pieces printed SAXONY CLOTHS;
250 Challie & Muslin Delaine DRESSES;
75 Rich figured Mantua DRESES, new styles;
30 Taglioni WATERPROOF COATS;
20 do. do. CAPES.

☞ *Cash only—No second price.*

WILLIAM DOHERTY, JUN.

Dec. 13, 1839.

☞NOTICE.

THE Proprietors of an extensive and valuable Establishment in Nova-Scotia, about 80 miles from St. John, comprising a large saw-mill, Store, Blacksmith shop, Dwelling Houses, and other Buildings, with a ship-yard complete and commodious in every respect—also a valuable Herring Fishery, are desirous of associating with themselves, some person or persons who would make a certain advance of Capital and take the personal superintendence of the concern, becoming interested to a certain extent.—The Buildings have been erected within the last three years, and are, together with the whole Establishment, in a most efficient state, and adapted, from the peculiar advantages of situation and construction, to carry on an extensive business in ship building, lumbering, and other departments. For further particulars apply to

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, April 3d, 1840.

KIRSOP & SONS,

Architects, Stonecutters, and Builders, from England:

BEG respectfully to acquaint the Gentlemen of this City and Province, that they have commenced business as above in Saint John. Their experience in some of the best Buildings in the North of England, enables them to furnish plans and specifications on the most improved and approved principles, and are now prepared to contract or otherwise engage to erect buildings of any magnitude or fashion. Persons wishing their services can find them at Mrs. BROOK'S Boarding house, Church street. April 9.

Storage.

STORAGE to a moderate extent may be had in the subscriber's Brick Warehouse, which being fitted with Iron Doors and Window shutters, may safely be considered as FIRE PROOF. Entrance from Prince William street.

Feb. 7. JAMES T. HANFORD.

NEW FANCY GOODS,

Per Eagle, from London:

THE subscriber has just received from the Warehouse in London, a good assortment of English and Foreign TOYS; China Toys and foreign Shells for chimney piece Ornaments; Clapshaw's warranted Cricket Bats, Balls, & Wickets; Fancy Baskets, Ladies Work Boxes, Perfumery, Victoria and Adelaide Perfumes, Rowland's Warranted Macassar OIL; Hair, tooth, Nail, Shaving, Cloth and Flesh Brushes; English and German Flutes, Fifes, Octaves and Violins and Violin Strings. WM. MAJOR,

10*th April.* *Prince William street.*

Also.—A few splendid Accordians with instructors, Naples soap, &c.

On Consignment,

Daily expected per *Sovereign*, from Hull, to be sold on arrival:

1,800 Kegs White LEAD;
25 do. Spanish Brown Paint,
25 do Imperial Green, do.
25 do. do. do. of 14 lbs each,
25 do. Yellow Paint,
25 do. Venetian Red, do.
20 Hhds. Putty in bladders; 30 hhds. and half hhds Boiled Linseed Oil, 30 hhds. & half hhds. Raw do. 11 Casks Paris White; 7 Casks Pipe Clay, in squares—with a quantity of Vegetable SOAP; patent Palm do.; patent Palm Candles, &c.

17th April. MACKAY, BROTHERS & CO.

RECEIVED,

Per ship "St. Martins":

13 BALES Irish BACON; 76 boxes dipped Candles; 40 do Irish yellow SOAP.
10,000 Lady SLATES; 10,000 Countess, ditto.
1 Cask slating NAILS; 45 bbls Coal TAR;
2 Tons Oakum; 4 smith's Anvils;
20 Boxes C. W. TIN, 20 do I. C. Pontool do.
5 Do. I. X. do. 5 do. D. C. do.
30 Tons English IRON, well assorted;
5 Do swedish Iron; 1 do. Blister STEEL.

On Hand,—50 tons No. 1 Monkland Pig IRON; 30 dozen Farmer's Spades; 120 do. do. Spades; 10 dozen Ballast shovels; 10 pairs Forge Bellows.

April 3. WILLIAM CARVILL.

Absconded,

FROM this Office, on the 16th instant, an Indented Apprentice named *James Doak.* All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting him, and any person found harboring said Apprentice, will be proceeded against as the law directs.

Chronicle Office, April 17, 1840.

Oatmeal.

JUST received—3 Tons Fresh Ground Oatmeal, which will be sold low by early application to the subscriber. HENRY S. GAULT.

17th April.

SERVANTS WANTED.—An Experienced GROOM, or one who understands the care of Horses,—Also, an experienced Cook can get a situation by applying either at Mr. Truro's Library, St. John, or Jackson's Hotel, Fredericton. High wages will be given: none need apply without a good character. 10*th April.*

Bleached Canvas, Nets, &c.

Now landing for the subscriber:

5 BALES superior Bleached Canvas; 3 do. Hemp Carpeting; 2 casks containing Herring Nets—sent to order.

ALSO—20 Puncheons very fine quality Retailing Molasses; A small lot of E. I. Company's Bohea TEA. JOHN V. THURGAR.

15th May.

Miscellany.

THE VICTIMS OF GAMING,

BEING

Extracts from the Diary of an American Physician.

THE HISTORY OF AUGUSTINE ROBWOOD.

AUGUSTINE ROBWOOD was a native of Mooreland in the county of Worcester, Massachusetts, born of respectable parents, although they occupied a humble sphere in life. His father was a small farmer and a hard-working, economical man; his mother — the fit wife of such a man — was an amiable and industrious housewife. Besides Augustine, they had two daughters.

The village of Mooreland was one of those beautiful, secluded spots, embosomed in the hills, which once in a while waken in the traveller an emotion of such calm, serene and peaceful happiness. It was not on any great post-road, and perhaps it owed somewhat of its quiet appearance to its remoteness from that bustle and excitement which always follow more or less in the train of your gay and glittering stage-coach. No such modern innovation had reached Mooreland. There no crowd of aspiring hostlers occupied themselves all day in trying the paces of some broken-down nag, or in patching and vamping up for sale some worn out hack. Here, in this peaceful village, no ambitious stable-boy amused by puffing a long-nine, or annoying the neighborhood with the crack of a stage whip. No factory, with its busy wheels, its noisy looms, or revolving spindles, disturbed the repose of the scene. No grog-shop, with its thousand nameless annoyances and nuisances, polluted the natural as well as the moral atmosphere of the place. The village was situated, as I said before, among the hills. A quiet brook meandered through the valley, and on its banks, for half a mile or more, were scattered on a wide street some twenty or thirty rural dwellings. At one end of the street stood the church, with its old-fashioned spire pointing to the sky, and its four sides ornamented—as the good villagers believed—with as many windows as could well be stuck into it, insomuch that it might without great impropriety be called a glass-house. An abrupt hill rose behind, and relieved it beautifully, I might almost say sublimely. The hill was precipitous on the side towards the street, and was covered with a thick growth of ancient pines, some of which, deprived of the bark and deadened by the lightning, nodded their bare and weather-beaten trunks in the wintry wind, and gave an air of dreariness and age to the scene, which contrasted well with the comfort which appeared to reign in the hamlet below.

One tavern, in the centre of the village, presented for a sign an Indian chief,—the same sign, which, although it had been repaired and varnished, had always hung out its modest welcome to the traveler ever since the days of early Indian warfare, when, on the banks of that very brook, in the street of that very village, a desperate skirmish had taken place between the pilgrims and the aborigines. This skirmish was known by the name of 'Mooreland Fight,' to commemorate which, this rustic inn was built on the spot, although without this monument, tradition well preserved the history of the battle, and many of the neighboring cottages could show marks of the fight in the holes pierced by rifle balls.

Above and below the tavern, on the street, were scattered the houses of the villagers, mostly unpretending one-story edifices, having a cottage-like air; but if the houses were small, the same objections could not be made to the barns, which were generally of a large size, well shingled and protected from the weather, with each a row of sheds, to provide a sheltered barnyard for the stock in winter. Nor must we forget the mountain-like woodpile which adorned the enclosure of every house. O, ye who have never seen any fires but the smoking, bituminous Newcastle, or the sulphureous, life-exhausting anthracite,—ye know nothing of the comfort of an ancient fire,—ye cannot comprehend what a world of good cheer, what visions of happiness arise from an old-fashioned woodpile, adapted to the wants of the equally old-fashioned chimney. I will not expatiate on this theme, so fruitful of many recollections. There stood the magnificent woodpile and the mighty barn, and the snug and comfortable cottage. No more than two houses on the street could boast of paint. One of these was the doctor's, adorned with white; the other was a deep crimson red, odd-shaped, gamble-roofed building, owned and occupied by old deacon Jorum, who kept the only store in the village. How well are these scenes impressed on my memory! The stately spire of the church; the village-green in front, the village-churchyard behind,

"Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;"

the spreading elms, over-arching the street; the old Indian chief, in front of which the annual training attracted the attention of the whole village; the well-remembered hills around, fruitful of berries and of game; and old Ben Bailiff, the constable, whose office was almost a sinecure, and who, in addition to his civic duties, brought the mail once a week from the town of W. How old Ben would ride on his old mare, more especially when he brought a President's message or a Governor's speech which the simple inhabitants of Mooreland were well content to receive about a month after they were delivered. Little they knew of expresses or railroad cars; they would have looked upon a story of a horse traveling ten miles an hour, very much as they would upon the account of Jack's seven-league boots, and considered it equally fabulous.

How well I remember the fuss all over town upon one occasion when Deacon Jorum was going down to the General Court, for he was always the representative; it would have been considered a sort of high treason to think of anybody else. The good people always voted for him as a matter of course. Indeed it is probable that many people supposed he had a hereditary right to the office; the deacon himself always seemed to imagine that he had as decided a claim to it as to his house or to his farm. On one occasion the deacon was persuaded to take Mrs. Jorum with him down to Boston, perhaps if I should say commanded, I should only repeat the common tradition of Mooreland, for it was a matter of notoriety in the neighborhood, that the deacon, great as he was, had a grey mare in his stable. Oh such preparations! such arrangements! It was the town's talk for a month before. Half the inhabitants in the village assembled opposite the deacon's red house to see them off. Ben Bailiff was to take them with the mail to W., where they were to get into the stage for the residue of the journey. For the purpose of escorting them with proper dignity, Ben had chartered an old-fashioned chaise at W., and had brought it over the evening before. It was such a vehicle as does not now exist, big enough for three or four people, heavy enough for three or four horses. Oh the shouting of the boys, as Ben drove it into town from W.! His entrance into the village was quite a triumph. As W. was twenty miles from Mooreland, it was thought necessary to take a seasonable start, in order to arrive there before dark, so the chaise was drawn up about seven o'clock in the morning. First the capacious box was well stowed, then a long blue pine trunk brought out and corded on behind, then a chubby, square red box, tied on in front of the dasher, which was to answer for Ben's seat. Afterwards two or three old calimanco pockets, stufled full of odds and ends, were laid in front, and finally old Madam Jorum herself, in all the glory of a plum-color lustring and red riding-hood over it, made her appearance, and after stopping at the door to give repeated charges to aunt Sarah and uncle Josh and the rest of the folks, she was duly lifted into the chaise. Then came the deacon attended by the minister and the selectmen. A proud day it was for Ben Bailiff as he trotted his old mare off at the rate of three miles an hour. Every eye almost in the village following after and admiring the dignified equipage.

I will not detain my readers with any further description of the village, but only call his attention to one low-roofed cottage not far from the meeting-house. Nothing in its exterior distinguished it from the neighboring buildings. There was about it the same air of neatness and comfort which characterized the place. Here dwelt the minister, who, like Goldsmith's clergyman,

"Was passing rich with forty pounds a year."

He was a venerable man at the time of which I speak, who presented all the dignity of age without its feebleness. Age to him was "like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." He was about sixty-five years old. Here he had grown up, here he had administered the consolations of religion for upwards of forty years. The children of the parish seemed to him to be his children, and he appeared to them, not the austere teacher, but the kind and benignant parent.

This clergyman had a daughter, the child of his old age. She was now fifteen. If I should undertake to describe the beauty of Emily Price, I should probably fall into some hackneyed description, and talk of a marble forehead and expressive eyes and finely rounded limbs, &c. &c., which after all would convey no image to the mind. In fact it is impossible to describe beauty. It is a something "which never was and yet is always," and the most lovely person that ever existed must derive something from the imagination of her admirers, in order to make her the perfect thing which a lover always fancies his mistress to be. I will not, however, go into a metaphysical argument on this subject, but appeal at once to everybody's experience of the different opinions which prevail in relation to this matter, which prove clearly that imagination must enter more or less into the notion which every one forms of beauty.

Emily Price was the last of five children, and the only remaining relative of the old clergyman. The rest of his children and his wife—look for them in the churchyard, and there you will see their graves marked by a simple white slab. Emily was his only remaining treasure—and not his only, for the whole people of the parish, all considered her their beauty and their pride.

My hero, whom I have left so long, was the lover of this beautiful and innocent girl—the son of Mr. Price's next neighbor. They had grown up together, they had played together on the green in their childhood, they had together rambled among the hills, and strayed on the banks of the river. The ripest berries, the brownest nuts, the sweetest flowers had Augustine even then gathered up for Emily. The good old minister, attracted by their innocent playfulness, had early taken notice of the blooming boy, and perceiving in him something, as he thought, indicative of uncommon talent, offered to give him the advantage of his books and instruction. The parents of Augustine had intended him for a farmer, but proud of their boy, and flattered by the clergyman's offer, and in fact influenced by his advice—for the people of the parish considered the opinion of Mr. Price infallible—they yielded a willing assent to the proposition.

Mr. Price was fully satisfied with the progress of Augustine in his studies, and as his parents were not able to finish what the minister had begun, by sending him to college, it was determined that he should continue his literary pursuits in his native village until he could find some opportunity to obtain a profession.

This opportunity occurred when he was about eighteen years old. He had an uncle residing in Boston, who agreed, if Augustine could obtain a situation in an office where he could study law, that he would give him his board in his own family. Farmer Robwood immediately called on the minister, who advised him by all means to take advantage of the opportunity, as one too favorable to be neglected, and the old gentleman accordingly concluded to strain his feeble means to promote the prosperity of his son; for to a man like Augustine's father, whose resources were so limited, even the trifling expense of his outfit was a serious consideration.

Sorely did the time of parting press upon his mother and sisters, and upon Emily. The love that in childhood had blossomed, maturity had strengthened. How could it be otherwise; although all their neighbors were good and honest, but few of them were blessed with cultivated minds. These two were the only intellectual companions of each other, of the same age. As to the good old man, Emily's father, he had no objection; the happiness of both was dear to him, and he saw no better way of securing it, than by uniting them together, and therefore cheerfully gave his consent to their union, whenever Augustine should have commenced business for himself with a reasonable prospect of success.

Once again the lovers wandered over each scene so dearly beloved, so identified with all they knew of happiness. Alas! how little did either of them, or their friends, know of the perils, the snares, the temptations of the great world into which he was going! How little could they imagine the misery in store for them! Dangers, which to their unsophisticated minds were unknown, lurked everywhere around. Now, however, all was bright. True, the hour of parting was sorrowful, but hope appeared in the distance and presented a cheering prospect for the future. They could easily fancy that the time had arrived, when already an eminent lawyer, Augustine would come home to claim his bride, and remove her to a scene of splendor and magnificence, such as they imagined a city life to be.

The time of parting has come and gone. Young Robwood, by a fortunate accident, having obtained an introduction to an eminent lawyer of Boston, was permitted to complete his studies in his office, and such was his industry, fidelity, and attention to business, that at the expiration of his term of study, his patron, a man of generous and liberal feelings, and disposed to assist a young person of merit, proposed to make him a partner. This offer was gladly accepted, and making only one condition, that he should be allowed to visit his parents and friends, he prepared to commence a career which he flattered himself would end in distinction and wealth, and, more than all, which would enable him to realize the dearest wish of his heart, that of a union with Emily.

(To be continued.)

Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort.—When a specific which, by long and successful experiment has proved itself a balm for any of the "ills which flesh is heir to," is counterfeited by empyrics, who for the love of gold will tamper with human life and happiness, it is the duty of the press, and should be its pleasure, to protect the community against such wicked imposition. Within a few weeks past, a counterfeit of Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort has been put forth in this community, palmed upon we know not how many, unsuspecting victims of the base duplicity of the counterfeiter. Upon ascertaining that there must be fraud somewhere, we set ourselves to work to investigate the merits of both the old and the new Balsam, and, determined to protect the public against imposition, let the consequences fall upon whom they might, we diligently examined documents and witnesses, and put ourselves in possession of all the facts relating to the medicine which could be obtained. The result has been our perfect satisfaction that a highly respectable and talented medical gentleman, named Thayer, of No. 375 Bowery, is the true and sole proprietor of the original, genuine Balsam, and that the rival article which has been falsely represented as the inestimable medicine known as "Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort," is a pure unmitigated humbug. The public, therefore, will do well to guard against further imposition in this matter, and allow no impostor to dupe them into the purchase or use of any such medicine not prepared by Dr. Thayer.—*New York Sun.*

Agents for the sale of the above—Messrs. Rushton & Aspinwall, A. B. & D. Sands, New-York, and Mr. A. R. Truro, St. John, New-Brunswick.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER TO HER BABE

Smile while thou mayst, my gentle child,
Hope's sunlight is before thee;
Soft be thy slumbers, soft and mild
Thy mother watcheth o'er thee!

Smile while thou mayst, my beauteous boy,
Thine are the happy dreamings
Of childhood; bright and pure thy joy
As pearl, or diamond's gleamings!

Smile while thou mayst, 'mid flowers and streams
Thy spirit is reposing
In tranquil bliss, in lovely dreams—
How joyous their disclosing!

Smile while thou mayst—that cloudless brow
May yet be dark and shaded;
That cheek so bright, so blooming now,
May yet by grief be faded!

Smile while thou mayst, for time may bring
A blight, the worm of anguish:
Like some gay bird reft of its wing
Thou yet mayst droop and languish!

Smile while thou mayst—the fairy flowers,
The sunshine, and the brightness,
The bliss of these enchanted hours,
The gay, th' innocent lightness—

Smile while thou mayst—those all must fade,
Must vanish and decay,
The rainbow hues be cast to shade,
The visions melt away!

Smile while thou mayst, and may Heaven smile
Upon thy infant head,
Sorrow from thy poor heart beguile,
And blessings o'er thee shed!

Smile on my babe—I half forgot
My sorrow when thou smiled!
My lovely one, bliss be thy lot!
Heaven bless thee, O! my child!

The murder of Lord W. Russell.—The most painful feeling of horror and the greatest excitement was occasioned on Wednesday morning, 6th May, in the neighbourhood of May-fair and Park-lane, London, by the discovery that Lord William Russell had been murdered in his bed at his residence No. 14, Norfolk street, Park-lane. His lordship's establishment consisted of a French valet and two women servants; and when the latter rose shortly after six o'clock, they were surprised on descending the staircase to observe his lordship's bedroom door standing wide open. On entering the room, they were shocked by perceiving that his lordship was lying in bed, quite dead, with the bed-clothes close over his chin; but on more minute examination, they were horror-struck to find that his Lordship's throat was cut from ear to ear, and that the bed was saturated with the unfortunate nobleman's blood.—The alarm was instantly given to the valet, and by him to the police; whereupon a communication of the melancholy intelligence of his lordship's death was despatched to several members of the Russell family, who, without delay, arrived in Norfolk street. They had been preceded in their arrival by Mr. Commissioner Mayne, accompanied by several inspectors, who proceeded to examine the premises. A towel was found placed on his lordship's face when discovered, but no marks of blood were to be seen in any other part of the room than in the bed itself. His lordship's watch is missing, and two or three silver forks; but if a robbery has been committed, it is to a very trifling extent. On examination of the back part of the house, it was found that the catch of a bolt had been broken off the back door, and that some marks were upon the door itself; but the appearances which presented themselves were thought by some of the officers to be of a very suspicious character, in fact, to have been made "for the sake of appearances," and not by actual violence used for the purpose of effecting an entrance from without. At first a suspicion was excited against a valet who had for some time lived in his lordship's service, until about ten months ago, when he left, it is stated, in consequence of having given offence to his master. This man only entered the service of Lord Mansfield on Wednesday, and it would be very unjust towards this individual not to state that he has accounted satisfactorily for his time. At present there is nothing beyond the most vague conjecture to attach suspicion of criminality against any person. The street was crowded during the day by persons anxious to learn the details of the tragical occurrence, and numbers of noblemen and gentlemen, who had enjoyed the honour of his lordship's acquaintance, called at the house to learn the truth of the report, which had from an early hour become very widely spread through the west end of the town, many scarcely crediting the truth of the statement. It is supposed that the noble lord was aroused from his sleep by the thief or thieves, and that he was murdered to prevent an alarm being given; but from the undisturbed state of the bed clothes it appears that there could not have been any struggle between the deceased and his murderer. A burglary was also committed in Seymore-place, in the immediate neighbourhood of this most shocking murder, on the same night, and plate of considerable value was carried off by the thieves.—Ern.

A GOOD JOKE.—If a person who is nominated as one of the Sheriffs of London refuses to serve, he forfeits £300. A singular rule, but one that actually exists notwithstanding. In order to punish Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel for their present opposition to the present Sheriffs in the Parliamentary privilege affair, it is proposed to nominate *them* at the next election, and, as they will certainly decline the honor, they will have between them to plunk the pewter to the tune of six hundred pounds.