

# The Morning Chronicle

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ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1840.

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## Exactly Almanack.

MAY—1840.	SUN	MOON	FULL
13 WEDNESDAY	4 35	7 17	2 55
14 THURSDAY	4 34	7 18	3 15
15 FRIDAY	4 33	7 19	3 37
16 SATURDAY	4 32	7 20	3 59
17 SUNDAY	4 30	7 22	4 21
18 MONDAY	4 29	7 23	4 43
19 TUESDAY	4 28	7 24	5 05

First Quarter 16th, 6h. 6m. morning.

## BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

DISCOUNT DAYS—Wednesday and Friday. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for Deposits, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for Loans, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for the sale of Bank Notes, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for the sale of Bank Notes, from 10 to 3.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK. HENRY GILBERT, Esq., President. Discount Days—Wednesday and Friday. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for Deposits, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for Loans, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for the sale of Bank Notes, from 10 to 3.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. R. H. LAYTON, Esquire, Manager. Discount Days—Wednesday and Friday. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for Deposits, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for Loans, from 10 to 3. Hours of Office for the sale of Bank Notes, from 10 to 3.

NEW-BRUNSWICK MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY. Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 10 to 3. JAMES KING, Esquire, President. All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

## Patent Medicines, &c.

DR. BRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA FOR THE HAIR—Its positive qualities are as follows: 1st. For infants' keeping the head free from scurf and causing a luxuriant growth of hair. 2d. For ladies after childbirth, restoring the skin to its natural softness and firmness, and preventing the falling out of the hair. 3d. For any person recovering from any debility, the same effect is produced. 4th. It used in infancy till a good growth is started it may be preserved by attention to the latest period of life. 5th. It keeps the hair from dandruff, strengthens the roots, imparts health and vigour to the circulation, and prevents the hair from changing colour and getting grey. 6th. It causes the hair to curl beautifully when done up in its night cap. 7th. Children who have been weaned are sometimes afflicted with the eruption in the head, which is immediately and perfectly cured of them by its use. It is infallible.

## FRECKLE WASH.

Vaughan and Peterson's Red Lini-ment. SUPERIOR to all other applications for Rheumatism, Chliphants, Sprains, Numbness of the Limbs, Weakness and Stiffness of the Joints, Sore Throat, &c. By rubbing the Lini-ment well into the head with a hair brush at going to bed and then covering the head with a flannel night cap, the relief afforded is instantaneous in that tedious and painful form of the disease, Rheumatism in the Head. Numerous cures in all the above affections have come under the observation of the proprietors.

## Superior Concentrated Extract of Rose, For Pies, Puddings, &c.

## Hay's Liniment for Piles.

## Pot & Sweet Herbs, for family use.

## Dr. Shubal Heves' celebrated Rheumatic, Nerve and Bone Lini-ment.

APPLIED morning and night, has cured hundreds. It gives relief in the swelling of the glands of the throat, and relieves the numbness and contractions of the limbs, and will take swellings down, and inflammations out of the flesh, rheumatism, bruises, and sprains. It gives immediate relief; it strengthens weak limbs, and extends the cords when contracted.

## Universal Corn Cure.

## MILK OF ROSES.

## Whitin's Patent STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

## DR. WEAVER'S Celebrated Worm Tea and Salve.

THE proprietor in recommending this long tried and celebrated medicine to the public, is supported by the infallible test of experience which it has stood for a great number of years with unexampled success, as well as by the testimony of most respectable citizens, who have used it in their families. The action of the medicine is not only to expel worms, but by its tonic powers to prevent a return of them, by removing the weak state of the digestive organs, on which their production mainly depends.

## INDIAN'S PANACEA.

## DEPILATORY POWDER, For removing all superfluous hair.

## LOOK OUT FOR IMPOSITION.

A base attempt has been made to imitate Hay's Liniment, and in doing so they have stolen the name of the proprietors. Never buy Hay's Liniment unless it has a splendid engraved wrapper, and the written, and signed signature of CONROCK & CO. on all others must be impostures. Any person sending any other article, by the name of Hay's Liniment, either wholesale or retail, will be prosecuted for a violation of our copyright. The name of Mr. Hay may be found copied on our outside wrapper, seeing that no other person knows any of the component or essential parts of this Lini-ment—and that he will not reveal the secret for twenty years.

## ARABIAN BALSAM. BUFFALO OIL.

All the above Medicines for sale by Conrock and Co., New-York, and at the Circulating Library, German Street, next door to the Post Office, St. John. May 5, 1840. A. R. TRURO.

BLANKS for sale at this Office.

## The Garland.

### A FATHER'S GRIEF.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,  
From a fair daughter's cheek;  
To read upon her pensive brow  
The fears she will not speak;  
To mark that deep and sudden flush  
So beautiful and brief;  
Which tells the progress of decay—  
This is a Father's grief.

When languor, from her joyless couch,  
Has scathed sweet sleep away,  
And heaviness, that comes with night,  
Departs not with the day;  
To meet the fond endearing smile,  
That seeks, with false relief,  
Awhile to calm his bursting heart—  
This is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice  
Its welcome music shed,  
And find within his lonely halls  
The silence of the dead;  
To look unconsciously for her,  
The chosen and the chief;  
Of earthly joys—and look in vain—  
This is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,  
While life is ebbing fast;  
To mark that once illumined eye  
With death's dull film o'ercast;  
To watch the struggle of the frame  
When earth has no relief,  
And hopes of heaven are breath'd in vain—  
This is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,  
And life is pain no more—  
Not when the dreary tomb has clo'd  
O'er her so lov'd before;  
Not when the cold oblation comes  
To lend his woe relief,  
But with him to the grave he bears  
A Father's rostral grief.

For, Oh! to dry a mother's tears,  
Another heart may bloom;  
But what remains on earth for him  
Whose last is in the tomb?  
To hope his child is blest above—  
To hope their parting brief—  
These, though they soothe—but death alone  
Can heal a Father's grief.

TO  
Good night, good night! 'tis the hour for retiring,  
The toll of the day and its pastime are o'er,  
Thou art dull and "tired nature" re-quires  
To light up thy spirits and beauty more—

Good night, good night! and calm be thy slumbers,  
Thy mind will wander in thy dreams,  
May angels watch o'er thee, and chase its soft moments  
The frown from thy brow, and implant there a smile—

Good night, good night! may thy dreams, lightly stealing  
All care from thy heart, speak of pleasures to come,  
The good that is far, thus kindly revealing,  
Be it riches, or fame, or endurances of home—

Awake, awake! see the parasitery  
Is gorgeously robing with light,  
I would that the beams of thy sparkling blue eye  
He not rival'd by rays still more bright—

I would that thy beauty still rival'd the rose  
And peace ever dwell in thy breast,  
Awake, awake! I sweet hath been thy repose,  
Cautious innocents lull'd thee to rest—

Awake, awake! Nature's charms will impart  
Calm delight—view the daisied green,  
I would that thy pencil could rival her art  
In sketching this exquisite scene—

Awake, awake! 'tho' enchanting thy dream,  
The sun has just kiss'd yonder hill,  
With his genial rays, and to thee art my theme  
Till his kiss there and to thee still—

Kingston, April 25th, 1840.

## Miscellaneous.

THE ACQUISITION OF RICHES.—Solomon says that "he who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent;" and again: "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." Perhaps no other proverb uttered by the wisest of men are verified with more unvarying certainty than these. Occurrences in this community have been rife with illustrations of their unerring truth. Diligent, honest industry, with prudence in the gratification of our passions, must either beget riches, or what is as good, contentment. But when a man becomes discontented with his lot, imbibes a thirst for riches, and bends all his energies and ingenuity to their speedy attainment, he is too apt to become careless about the means by which he resorts. He enters upon the pursuit of his all-absorbing object like the boy in the chase of the butterfly; with eye intent on the gilded flutter, curvetting about in its zigzag course, he heeds not where he treads—anon he stumbles into a ditch, and away goes the painted fly, leaving its pursuer to recover from his disadventure and the mortifying reflections upon his folly in the best way he can.

The ordination of heaven is that man must labor for his support: and it is not easy to contend this ordinance, and set it at naught. Great speculations may bring riches in a day, but those same riches may take wings to themselves and fly away ere the close of that day. The fortunate result of one speculation, in nine cases out of ten, but stimulates the passion for riches, and tempts to further adventures. Rich-freighted argosies may continue to fill the coffers of the adventurer; may fill them fifty-fold beyond what would have rated a prudent man—and yet an unforeseen event may sweep away all his gains in the last speculation he designed to hazard. The picker may return unbroken ninety-nine times from the well, and yet be broken on the hundredth.

When we look around us and see the poverty, guilt and misery which so often come of inordinate ambition to be rich, we are ready to exclaim with the poet:

"Content alone can make us great,  
Content is riches, honor, all beside.

"He, midst his thousand kingdoms still is poor,  
That for another crown doth woo;  
'Tis only he is rich that wishes for no more."

(Richmond (Va.) Compiler.)

## Irish Gold Mines.

It appears from the Irish papers that government have given their sanction to the working of these mines, which have at various times excited the attention of mining adventurers; and we are led to believe that gold may be calculated upon being found in any quantity. The gold district extends over a space of ten miles, in a half circle, from the Croghan mountains; and gold has been found in the streams flowing from the different springs which this district gives rise to. Every flood carries down some portions to what is called the common stream, whither the peasantry used to assemble to gather what they could. Large pieces of magnetic iron ore, and other substances have been found, denoting the extraordinary metalliferous properties of the country, and the analogy which they bear to the gold country of South America is remarkable. This work is now in progress, but whether it is the intention of the parties to work it singly, or as a joint stock concern, we know not. Gold is now being raised and the work of discovery in progress.

CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.—Soon after the Copernican System of Astronomy began to be generally understood, an old Connecticut farmer went to his parish with the following inquiry: "Doctor T., do you believe in the new story they tell of the earth moving round the sun?" "Yes, certainly," "Do you think it is according to Scripture?" "If it's true, how could Joshua have commanded the sun to stand still?" "Umph!" quoth the doctor, "no wonder, if Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he not?" "Yes," "Well, it stood still, did it not?" "Yes," "Very well. Now did you ever hear that he set it a going again?"

When the Grand charge was about being made at Waterloo, the gallant Marquis of Anglesey rode along the line exclaiming, "Now, my fine fellows, for the honor of the household troops." The Guards were in front, next to them the Blues, the Greys, and then the Emusskillingers. After forming "four deep" a Cornet of the Emusskillingers recognized, nearly in front of him, his acquaintance, Cornet M'P—n of the Greys, whom he accosted with a "How are you, Mac? how do you find yourself?" "Oh," said Mac, "I'm pretty well, thank you; how are you?" "I'm just thinking about my mother and sisters in Scotland," The Hibernian, void of timidity, as though anything were about to occur, answered Mac with, "Is it your mother and sisters you're thinking about? Faith then, I'm just thinking what a precious funk my tailor would be in if he knew where I was now."

A Country Clergyman.—He had been vicar of Yatton for some time, and with a wife and two children, for fifteen years. His parish was almost as soon, and as often as the doctor—no matter what sort of weather, or at what hour of the day or night. He thinks he has never, bustling about the village, with his rusty stick, clear, cheerful eye, hair white as snow; with a small stout figure, clothed in his suit of rusty black (knee-breeches and top-boots), his fortune and silver, and his little church-yard; and when he looked at him he felt that he had done his duty by the dust of his bones, and that he was a good man, and a good man almost as soon, and as often as the doctor—no matter what sort of weather, or at what hour of the day or night. 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