

PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY DONALD A. CAMERON, Office in Prince William street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office.

Weekly Almanack. Table with columns for Day, Sun, Moon, and other astronomical data for the week of June 1-7, 1840.

First Quarter, Sun, 39m. evening. BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK. THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq., President.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK. HENRY GILBERT, Esq., President. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount, must be left at the Bank before six o'clock on Monday and Tuesday.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11 till 4 o'clock.

MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 10 till 4 o'clock.

Annapolis Academy, NOVA SCOTIA. Mr. FORBES, Principal of the above Institution, having moved to a more commodious house, can accommodate an additional number of Young Gentlemen, as Boarders, who, under his superintendance, will be instructed in such branches as either to Classical or Mathematical learning.

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The Garland.

TO A FULL-BLOWN ROSE. Flower! thy beauty cannot paint! I gaze on thee with wonder, and admire Thy fine construction, delicate and soft; Thy lovely hue—by animating tints— All fill the soul with admiration vast; And adoration fond, intense, and pure!

Miscellaneous.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

BY CHARLES P. LEBLEY.

(Continued.)

The speaker was about eighteen years of age, with a face strikingly beautiful—not merely in its contour, but in its expression, which is the index of a heart glowing with affection and sympathy, and a mind richly endowed with the treasures of intellect.

CHAPTER III.

On his second visit, Rodney regretted to find the symptoms of his patient more unfavorable. The nature of the disease was now more plainly apparent to him. It was an attack of the same kind which had been battling in the shades of poverty. Here, however, he stood on better ground. Among his poor patients, the exposure to which most of them were necessarily subjected, and the general unhealthiness of their situation tended to aggravate the disease, and too frequently did it produce fatal effects.

CHAPTER IV.

Strongly did the scenes into which Rodney was now introduced, contrast with those he had just left. The patient to whom he had hastened on leaving Mr. Danvers, was now in very reduced circumstances, and when he entered the lowly dwelling, more excited than ever did he realize the great disparity that exists in the allotments of mankind.

CHAPTER V.

As time passed away Rodney began to question himself as to the frequency of his visits to the house of the poor man. He did not attempt to conceal from himself the motives which actuated him, and he felt the probability of a reproach of his love.

CHAPTER VI.

What you know her then? said Clara, her countenance exhibiting a mingled expression—half anxious and half curious. This was Rodney's reply. "Though I have never had the pleasure of seeing your friend, I have frequently if not mistaken in the person, heard of her. Many of the sick have been frequent in her presence, and a sad heart has been made glad by her timely benevolence. You will convey, if you please, my thanks to your friend for her interest in my behalf, and for the aid she has rendered me in the present emergency of my duty among the poor and needy."

CHAPTER VII.

The more our young physician was thrown into the company of Clara Danvers, the less interest did he feel in his unknown chamber. She was in his thoughts, perhaps, as much as ever, but more as an object of curiosity than affection. At present however, his attention was wholly engrossed in the situation of his patient, whose case, he felt was exceedingly precarious. Should he succeed in "curing him through with life," as the technical phrase goes, he felt, from the standing of Mr. Danvers, that it would be of essential advantage to him as a young practitioner seeking notice. On the other hand, should he die on his hands, he knew for well there would be many, as in the majority of fatal cases, ready to throw the whole blame on the physician. Something had been omitted—some remedy neglected, or some improper medicine was administered—something had been or had not been done, which rendered the physician chargeable with the patient's death.

CHAPTER VIII.

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CHAPTER IX.

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ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1840.

whisper, as she noticed the anxiety depicted on his countenance. A doubtful shake of the head was the only answer. "Must he die! Can you not save him?" added Clara, who had overheard the question, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"I have never seen her here in hope, but we must be prepared for the worst," replied Rodney. He could not afford a word of encouragement—for he listened to the constant moaning of the sick man—the short hurried respirations—the hacking cough, and observed his restlessness and muscular tremor, too well he knew the meaning of these diagnostics—that his patient was hovering in the very jaws of death. His experience convinced him that he could do no more for him—his last hour had been put forth. If it proved unsuccessful death would inevitably ensue.

Clara turned away from him with an agonized expression, and burying her face in the pillow by her father's side, gave vent to her over-released feelings in low, suppressed sobs. "It is not that a fatal sign," again whispered the officious nurse in a voice scarcely audible, pointing at the same time to the sick man who pined with his feeble attenuated fingers continually at the bed clothes—"I have heard that it is a sure forerunner of death."

"Not always," was the physician's brief reply, scarcely heeding her, for his attention was wholly directed to his patient and the lovely being who lay beside her father in the very abandonment of grief—Frederick would have given words could he have but succeeded in gaining, in some degree, relief to his patient and the lovely being who lay beside her father in the very abandonment of grief—Frederick would have given words could he have but succeeded in gaining, in some degree, relief to his patient and the lovely being who lay beside her father in the very abandonment of grief.

Willingly would he have kept his station by the bedside of his patient through the night—not for any fee he could render him—but to comfort and cheer one whose happiness was more dear to him than his own. He felt that he was in the presence of a being who called him elsewhere, and with a sigh he left the princely mansion of Mr. Danvers to groups amidst the miserable habitations of the poor.

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Clara looked up in her father's face with a perfect countenance, although mantled with blushes, and said, "I know you do not consider me capable of my dear father, of being guilty of trifling on a subject involving the happiness of another."

"No, my dear child—I know your heart too well to harbor such a suspicion," replied Mr. Danvers, stopping down and kissing the fair forehead of his daughter. "I only feared that our young friend might be vainly nursing a passion for one who would not know his own value."

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dent perturbation audibly whispered, "Alas, sin, if you please, sin." He took her at her word and despatched slices to the others which rivalled Wood's.

"The cry was still they come!" turkey, nothing but turkey, would go down. All the fish waters had suddenly become factories. A legion of plates at his elbow, and it was now necessary for discretion some of the leg. His fate reached its crisis. In endeavoring to draw the fork from the dish, suddenly drove the ill-fated bird to the edge of the basin, and sent the gravy it contained, like a jet, over the dress and face of the distinguished guest, who, in consequence, was obliged to be translated to an adjoining apartment to be cleaned.

"Our friend had risen from his chair when he understood to disjoin the fowl; the perspiration stood in drops upon his forehead as large as lilies, and the servant thinking the chair was in his way, removed it on one side. Having the fork still stuck into the breast bone, he concluded to sit down again, but he was not aware that his chair had been shored one side, instead of lighting in it, he came plump upon the floor. He held upon the fork as a support, and the consequence was that the carcass of the ill-fated turkey flew over his head and struck against the wall of the room. No tripod opened under his feet as he nearly fell, tripped in honor of Mr. Garrow, a sharp exit, tripped in the most severe and dangerous manner, made a battering ram of his head against the door, and being partially stunned by the encounter between his skull and the mahogany, he made the best way he could.

"No miracle at all—this was head or which feet, 'Till he one day either come plump in the street'—it may seem right to a man—to trouble himself very much about his neighbor's business, but the end thereof is the great negligence of his own.

THE IRON SHIP JOHN GARROW.—This splendid vessel, the hull of which is built of iron, arrived in our harbor on Friday last, and has attracted a great deal of attention among those concerned in the shipping. The ship was built by the well known ship-builders, John Ronalds & Co., of Aberdeen, and has been named the John Garrow in honor of Mr. Garrow, of Liverpool, the ship-broker and merchant, and being lent to the firm of Anderson & Garrow, of that place.

The iron is seven inches from one inch to one half inch, tapering gradually from the keel to the top of the plates, which are three and a quarter inches thick, and are fastened to the ribs with iron bolts, the heads of which are six-eighths of an inch thick. The ribs are from two feet to two feet six inches apart, according to the size of the plates; they are made of double iron bars by half an inch. The beams consist of double iron bars, each of which are three and a quarter inches broad, and half an inch thick. There are a number of uprights from the keel to the deck; they are made of one and three quarter inch round bar iron, and extend within two single bars, fastened with claps and screw bolts. The extreme length of the vessel is thirty feet one inch beam, and a clear height of twenty feet in depth. The tonnage is about 400 tons, as it is supposed to be capable of carrying 400 tons at fourteen feet water. The deck is flush with a round house fore and aft. The standing rigging consists of patent iron wire rope, with a single iron cordage for the running rigging, and upon the whole, the vessel is very complete, and in the opinion of those who have seen it, it is the most perfect of the kind. We understand the John Garrow will be employed in the trade between Liverpool and London, and will be commanded by Mr. Garrow, an experienced and intelligent seaman; at the same time, the vessel will be attended by Mr. Garrow, the John Garrow leaves this with a general cargo for London, to load cargo for Liverpool, and it is considerably expected the passage will be made in eighty days.—Newcastle, England, Friday.

SUBJECT FOR EMBALMENT.—When Mr. Garrow made his progress public he was not aware himself, perhaps, of the use to which it could be applied. Several weeks ago the body of a boy, murdered under very suspicious circumstances, was brought to the large—the place where all persons who are murdered or murdered, and who are not immediately recognized, are exposed—and the veins were injected according to the plan of Mr. Garrow. The corpse of the poor boy remained several weeks in a state as when it was found a few hours after the murder, but it had not yet been recognized, but one cannot but admire the skill of Mr. Garrow in the preservation of the body. But for this discovery, the utmost time that the body could have remained at the Morgue would have been five or six days. The process is extremely simple, and attended with very little expense. It makes a solution, composed of sulphate of alum and borax, in proportion of two pounds of the sulphate to a pint of hot water, and injects it into the carotid artery; in summer three quarts of this liquid, and in winter less, according to the temperature.—Paris Letter.

HAPPY CONDITION OF THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—The condition of a community situated as are the great mass of agriculturists in New England, is more desirable than that of any other class of men within my knowledge. It does not rest upon the shoulders of women to this life—if it does not, it is a condition which is more happy as it increases the love of life beyond the age of sorrow, toil, and pain—it is a condition which the "tall, wise, and reverend head" may envy. Living within their own means, and the fruits of their own labor—enjoying abundance of the best products of the ground, and the first fruiting of the flock; the muscular powers are gathered; the mind is vigorous and active; by their own dependence solely on the goodness of God; their prudence having looked forward even to the destruction of a crop with a providence to supply its place; with abundant leisure for all healthy recreation and all needful rest; with no worldly cares and vexations encroaching on the reflection which aids the better judgment; in the midst of those social and domestic relations which throw a charm on life—which give to moral persuasion its greatest force, and which rear the tender thought to the ripe vigor of its highest usefulness; how can we conceive any state of imperfect, erring, dependant man, more truly enviable than that of the industrious, laboring, prolific farmer, who lives according to the best light of his own experience.

The merchant fails, nine times in ten, before a fortune is gained—the speculator, ninety-nine times in a hundred; the mechanic and lawyer gain only while the work is going on; the wages of the priest, like those of the common labourer, stop when he no longer works; the physician adds to his income no oftener than he visits the sick; the specific man; the farmer, more sure of success than either, in nine cases out of ten, certain of ultimate prosperity, lays his head upon the pillow with the reflection that while he sleeps his crops are increasing to maturity, and his flocks and herds growing in size and strength.—Gen. Hills, Address at Keene, N. H.

Earn your bread by honest and industry—your reputation by fair and upright dealing; Swindling is a bad policy.

A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus: "With sin and pasture the mulberry leaf becomes bitter."