

# The Chronicle

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**The Chronicle.**  
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**Weekly Almanach.**

Day	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	Su.
10 Saturday	27	5	6	27	0	40	
11 Sunday	7	28	5	7	47	1	30
12 Monday	7	29	5	9	10	2	17
13 Tuesday	7	30	5	10	23	3	6
14 Wednesday	7	30	5	11	13	3	58
15 Thursday	7	31	5	12	20	5	7
16 Friday	7	32	5	0	53	6	11

**Public Institutions.**  
**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: James Kirk, Esq.  
**Commercial Bank.**—Charles Ward, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: A. W. Whipple, Esq.  
**City Bank.**—John V. Thurgor, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Monday and Thursday.—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: C. C. Stewart, Esq.

**New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.**—John M. Wilton, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]  
**Committee for December: N. Merritt, William Jarvis, John Kimer, Esquires.**  
**Savings Bank.**—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays.—Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.—Acting Trustee for December: J. R. Parlow, Esq.  
**Market Dealers.**—L. I. Bell, Broker.—The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted).—Committee for December: James Kirk, Robert Summers, John Walker.

**Atticallan.**  
From the Diary of a London Clergyman.

## THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

[CONTINUED.]  
Continues to visit Mr. C.—The cause of his malady.—A vision.—His own attachment.—Idea of love.—Its character.—Qualities.—How seldom felt in its purity.—Mr. C.—a cousin.—Their mutual attachment.—Disturbed.—The lady's underclothes.—Mr. C.—his distress.—His consequent illness.

From this time I saw Mr. C.—almost every day, for several months; and though he wasted so slowly as to render it scarcely perceptible but after long intervals of time, still it was evident that he was gradually declining. During my numerous visits, I had occasionally heard a repetition, of the text not fancy; but the most dominant peculiarity of his distemper was the daily communion which he seemed to hold with some imaginary being; and, during these strange conversations, he would become so absorbed as not to notice the entrance of any one into his apartment. He would, moreover, at times, talk with an ardour and eloquence quite amazing. The effect, however, was always singular, as only his part of the dialogue was heard; the replies of his imaginary interlocutor being like the visionary speaker—a mere waking dream. Still to the invalid it appeared as if a reality and an enjoyment; for nothing could exceed the expression of fervid joy which his features invariably exhibited during these singular conversations.

While he was in this agreeable delirium, he was never allowed to be disturbed, as it always produced a hypochondriacal paroxysm. When the fit was over he would talk so calmly and rationally, that no one could suspect his mind or heart to be in the slightest degree disturbed.

It was about this time that he one day gave me an insight into his malady, which satisfied me there was no real delirium of mind in his apparent hallucinations. After he had been particularly animated with his shadowy visitor, he said to me one morning—

"My dear sir, you must not doubt think it strange to hear me talk so frequently as you have done, with a being of my own imagination, for it is nothing else; yet, strange as it may appear, to me that being, as real as if she existed in the beauty of her form and features before me. I know myself to be suffering under one of those delusions arising from nervous sensibility, when objects are brought to the mind's eye, in so tangible a shape, that we positively seem to feel them, and hear them converse. This, then, is the secret of my distemper. I am daily visited by a being, between whom and me the heavy ocean rolls,—yet I have her once, at least, during every day, at my side, in form as palpable as the living prototype. I am aware of the delusion, I know full well that it is the effect of disease; nevertheless, I cherish the visitation, because it is a balm to my soul. I am sure I would not survive a day if it were not for the stimulus given to my weakened frame, by this literally fantastic, but virtually real intercourse."  
I was a good deal surprised at this com-

munication, and asked him to what he attributed a communion so singularly imaginative, and yet from which he derived so much positive satisfaction.

"That is somewhat a long story," he replied, "but you shall hear it; and when you have done so, you will probably be less surprised at the diurnal visitations of my aerial companion."

But perhaps you may recall scenes and objects that may shake your feeble nerves, and thus aggravate your palady. Do not run the risk of producing emotion. I can hear your story at some future period, when your improved strength will enable you to tell it with less risk."

"It will be a delight to me to tell it. I do not find every day a man into whose bosom I can pour, with pure and holy delight, the one deep secret of my soul. I have found such a man in you, and long to make you the depository of a secret, that has never yet found its way beyond the sanctuary of my own bosom."

There was an animation in his tone, and a fervency of purpose, in the whole expression of his fine features, which convinced me that, to oppose his determination, would only aggravate the excitement into which he was evidently rising. I therefore acquiesced in what he wished, and begged him to proceed.

"You will perhaps smile," he began, "when I tell you that love is the cause of my malady. The confession, I know, by the worldly philosopher, would be considered at once as the infallible diagnostic of a weak mind; but experience has often told the wisest man, that when the excited feelings of the heart rise up in rebellion against the sage abstractions of the head, they obtain the mastery, and the greatest sage becomes as weak as his resistance as the veriest fool. Nor wasocrates the only philosopher who has turned his love to a beggarly account.

"To my love for a woman, who first encouraged that love, and then cast me from her for another, I owe the distemper which, by degrees, bringing me down to the dark chamber of death. I feel—I am not far from that state which puts man and the worm in the same bed together, and where the latter has the supremacy; and this I owe to my misplaced affections upon a woman. I am aware there are thousands who would laugh at what they might term my folly; but such have never loved. Love is not the infirmity, if it be one, of vulgar minds; neither can it be felt by depraved hearts. It is too refined for the one, too spiritualized for the other; it is, therefore, only understood and felt by few. It is a little indigenous in the breast of a Sybarite as in that of a cannibal. The power of the passion is, indeed, known more or less to all, and especially of that master passion, so often the bane of human happiness, by stigmatising the tenderest feelings of the soul, and inundating it with a flood of deluging impulses, which eventually terminate in disgust. But love pure and undefiled, though 'strong as death,' is the offspring of sentiment as well as of passion; to the former the latter is subservient. It is the principle which combines all that is great and excellent in the physical, intellectual, and moral constitution of man; and however the mere citizen of the world may affect to despise it, there is not one gleam of human happiness of which it does not constitute the essence. It is the dominant ingredient combining the several elements of good, and it becomes associated, as it were, with the moral combination. In fine, it is the fountain from which everything is derived, that can be lovely in heaven, or attractive upon earth: for 'God is love.'

"Let it not, however, be imagined, that I am here contending for the existence of that mere abstract principle—that dreaming nonentity which Plato was wont to idealize amid the groves of Academics, and which some senseless visionaries even of our own times, who play fantastic tricks before high Heaven, have affected to worship as a beautiful abstraction. No! the deep feelings of my lacerated spirit remind me but too often that love has a vital existence within me, and is not to be repudiated by a shadow; that it is not merely a spiritual emanation, but the joint production of matter and spirit; how otherwise could it belong to humanity!

with the spiritual, which constitutes that love so especially adapted to the human condition. Where it abides warm and true in the human bosom, it is not to be eradicated. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. It is as a new life within us, and expires only with the last spark of existence.

"Having now fully expressed my notion of this divine passion, I shall proceed with my history, which is indeed a sad, and to me, a painful one. My mother's brother dying when I was about twelve years old, left an only child, an infant, of whom my parents took charge, and she was brought up as one of our family. Having known her from a babe, my attachment to this little cousin increased with every year of her growth. As she advanced towards womanhood, she bade fair to be one of nature's choicest works. In my eyes, at least, she was beautiful. She was as dark as a Spaniard, with eyes of a soft liquid hazel, hair of a deep chestnut, and a countenance altogether radiant with animation. Her extremely dark skin gave an originality to the character of her head and the cast of her features altogether indelible. I had loved her as an infant; I loved her as a child, and as a woman—may I perfectly adore her. In our ages there was just the difference of eleven years. From her infancy she had appreciated my fondness. As a boy I used to take her upon my knees, and cherish her with earnest endearment. As she advanced towards maturity, she looked upon me with an approving smile, returned my caresses with the unrestrained fervour of artless affection, and appeared happy in my love.

"When I first declared to her how completely she was mistress of my heart, a tear stole down her cheek, and she expressed the joy she felt at having secured the affections of a man dearer to her than all upon earth. Our vows of eternal constancy were mutually pledged, and we looked forward to her attaining her twentieth year, for she was then only sixteen, as my parents and her guardians did not think it desirable that she should be married before that age. Nothing could exceed her apparent happiness, and I considered myself in full possession of her love. She appeared to live but in my presence, and apart from her I had no joy.

"Thus passed on several years of our innocent lives, until she was nineteen, and I thirty. There was not a thought which she did not communicate to me, neither was there a feeling of my heart to which she was a stranger. I loved her with an intensity of which no one can have an idea who has not loved with the like fervour, which I fully imagined to be the case with her. She knew not her own heart, it had not yet been tried, and could not endure the test. It fell at once, as soon as the touchstone was applied to it. It was an impulsive, but not a faithful heart. When the time arrived which had been fixed for our marriage, she put it off upon some plausible pretence, which I believed to be valid, and, living in her presence, felt but little disappointment.

About this time an illness, with intervals of remission, of six year's duration, but from which she recovered, prevented our union. After her recovery, she promised finally to be mine, with her health however, came treacherous. A youth—boy, eight years younger than herself—attracted her notice. He was shy, timid, slight youth, with light hair and red cheeks; and to him she resigned her affections. The boy was flattered, and swore a reciprocal attachment. Towards me she soon grew cold. Her coldness fell like an icicle upon my spirit. I sought an explanation, when she plainly confessed that I was no longer beloved. This was to me the bitterest agony I had yet endured. I literally adored that girl; but she adored not me. How my soul staggered, when I first made the discovery! At this time the worldly man may smile; but recollect, sir, that mine had not been the fierce impulsive passion of a few months, produced by the glow of beauty, and kept alive by the excitement of false rapture, in which the mere animal feeling predominates over the spiritual. My affection had been of progressive growth: from the infant to the woman, I had loved one who repaid my affections with reciprocal endearments, and finally promised me her hand. My whole being was embued, and I may say nurtured, with the absorbing sympathies which she had kindled within me. Had the passion been one of a few weeks, or even months, I could have relinquished her without a great struggle; but, when she had grown round my heart, like a creeper round the oak,—to tear from it that which had imparted to it a sort of spiritual vitality, was like tearing open an aneurism, and voiding the fountain of existence. My very life seemed to flow through the rupture. It was to me the blow of death. The issue is not yet consummated, but I feel that I shall die of the shock of that irreparable infliction.

And for whom has she cast me off! For a youth of the most common order of mind; refined neither in manners, nor in understanding; in a condition of life too much beneath the level of her own, and with only the counterbalancing qualities of goodness and honest principles. Alas! I was deserted for a rustic boy.

"It is nearly a year since the blow was struck which levelled my peace for ever; but I feel myself still. The blow has reached my vitals, and not an hour passes that I do not feel the sickness of death come over me—a sad reminder that he is not far off.

"You have seen that mine has been no common struggle. You see me now, a man who had attained to the full meridian of existence, with a mind, I may say, none of the weakest, prostrated like a tree that has been upheaved by the storm, with a single root in the ground, that puts forth from the trunk a few scattered twigs, of sickly, but evidently failing, vegetation.

"I am overcome by the intensity of my feelings. Forgive me now, and visit me again to-morrow, when you shall hear the remainder of my sad history."

I quitted him without a comment, seeing that it would only distress him. He was, manifestly a man of extreme sensibility, and as I feared, with a broken heart. I could not but perceive that his love had become part of his nature, and that the wound which he had received was communicated to the whole man. The affection of years is not easy to be subdued; and in a really fervid temperament, never placid, but esteemed, the man for what the world calls weakness. It was, however, the weakness of a noble nature; the frailty of a pure and amiable heart.

**INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO ENGLAND.**  
When Gregory, honourably distinguished among Popes as the Great, thought of extending the influence of his religion in the western part of the British presented an inviting field. Her ancient Church, which in better days would probably have inspired any Roman attempt at intercession, had become a mere name. Gregory was well aware of these advantages, and judiciously determined upon improving them. His determination related to the island of Great Britain, to an impulse from on high. Nor is this view unreasonable. Providence, undoubtedly, views upon the minds of men, and orders their affairs, to further only his violent designs.

the Bretwald's presence. Ethebert might readily have felt some fears of magic. At all events, there were those around him who would hardly fail of expressing such apprehensions, and an appearance of over-haste in approving the Roman mission seemed, probably, very far from polite. Augustine's first reception, accordingly, was in the open air; and being thus considered less likely to take effect. The prior explained his object as no other than an anxious wish for guiding the King, and all around him, to those everlasting joys above, which it was the privilege of his ministry to promise on conversion. "Fair words and promises are these," Ethebert replied; "but being also new and untried, I cannot relinquish for them principles long and universally professed among my countrymen. Your distant pilgrimage, however, and your charitable purpose of communicating to us what seems of surpassing excellence to yourselves, justify claim on my hospitality. I shall therefore provide you with a residence, and the means of living.—Nor do I restrain you from endeavours to spread your opinions among my people."

The residence provided was at Canterbury, and the missionaries entered that city to take possession of it, with all the imposing insignias of the cross, the mitre, and the chanted litany, which had dignified their introduction to the Bretwalds. Of their speedy success there are abundant assurances. Ethebert, probably long a converted christian, seems to have openly professed himself a convert soon after their arrival. Nor, obviously, could such an example fail of operating extensively upon the people.

Bishop Aethelberth happened to say, in the House of Lords, while speaking on a certain bill then under discussion, that "he had prophesied last winter that bill would be attempted in the present session; and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet." My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a person, desired the house to remark—"that one of the right reverend fathers has set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he does not know that prophet, by his name, unless to that famous prophet, Balaam, who was proved by his own ass." Attorneys, in reply, with great wit and elegance, exposed this rude attack, concluding that "since the noble lord has discovered in our numbers such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parable; I am sure that I have been prophesied by nobody but his lordship."—*Table Talk.*

Quills are taken from the wings of ravens, swans, turkeys, and peacocks, as well as geese, and in some parts of the world the people write with reeds, particularly the Turks, Moors, and other inhabitants of the East. When the word pen occurs in our English translation of the Old and New Testament, we must not understand it as a pen made of a quill, but of an iron style, or a reed, with which the ancients wrote. The iron style was slant at one end, like a pointed needle, to write with at the other blunt and broad, to scratch out what was written and not approved of. Goose-quills are supposed to have been in use among us between four and five hundred years, and many of the quills used in England come from Hudson's Bay, Hamburg, and Ireland.

It is obviously impossible to enumerate the amount of the individual living creatures which are always existing in our globe, and partaking of its produce in some way or other, yet so admirably are the whole placed and disposed, and the size and movement of each, so carefully regulated and adapted to us and to each other, that we are neither disturbed by the number, nor even conscious of it. There is no crowding, no confusion; the enormous amount is nowhere visible to our eyes. We seek to search it out in order to know it. We must calculate from what we can observe, before we can perceive or believe the ever palpable but unobtrusive truth. What but an all-mighty and all-adjusting sagacity, infinitely beyond the highest expansions of human genius, could have arranged such inexpressible multitudes of living, sentient, and ever-moving beings into positions, limitations, and habits so wisely appropriated to each, so productive of comfort to every one, and yet so conservative of the harmony of the order, and the general welfare of the immense and multifarious whole.—*SARON TRAVEL.*

**Natural Philosophy & Mathematics.**  
**VELOCITY OF WATER-WHEELS IN THE NIGHT.**—Popular notions must always be a subject of curiosity and interest in the bosom of inquirers, who these notions are founded on observation, and are not based on any scientific principle, are more extensively diffused among millers (though many of them may not believe in it), than that which ascribes a greater velocity, in the night than in the day, to a water wheel under the same head. Were there should be any difference, none of the believers in this doctrine have ever been able satisfactorily to explain. To argue against it has been futile, because early prejudice was stronger than the powers of reason; and therefore, no other way remained that could prove effectual, but to bring it to the test of experiment. For this labour we are indebted to professor Cleaveland. His statement, which follows, is contained in a letter to Professor Silliman, and published in the *American Journal of Science and the Arts*.—In a former letter, I mentioned the opinion existing in this part of the country, that saw mills move faster during the night than the day. The explanation usually given by the workmen is, that the air becomes heavier after sunset. I selected a fine day in August, and request-

ed that all the mill gates might remain stationary for twelve hours. After two o'clock P.M. I suspended a barometer in the mill; the pressure of the atmosphere was equal to 30.19 inches; the temperature of the water just before it passed the mill gate was 72 degrees Fahr. The log was then detached from the saw, and the number of revolutions of the wheel, being repeatedly counted by different persons, was 96 in a minute. At midnight I again visited the same mill. The barometer stood at 30.26 inches, the pressure of the atmosphere having increased seven hundredths of an inch. The temperature of the water was 72 degrees, the same as at the preceding observation, although it had been a little higher during the afternoon. The log being detached as before, the wheel was found to revolve precisely 96 times in a minute, showing the same velocity as at the preceding noon. The depth of the water was the same during both experiments. The workmen were satisfied that the result of the experiment was correct, but still they seemed to believe that it would be different in a cloudy night."—*American Railroad Journal.*

**To Purify Cold Shot Iron.**—A very simple process is practised in some foundries, which consists in throwing on the loupe at the moment when it is formed, half a shovel full of powdered flux, and keeping it afterwards exposed to the air of the bellows for a few moments, before it is carried to the hammer. The flux thus employed is a lime stone, which yields lime of good quality. Its effects on the loupe are very prompt, depriving the iron of the silicic or phosphate of iron, which, as is well known, renders the iron brittle when cold.—*Ibid.*

**METHOD OF BRONZING IRON AND GUN-BARRELS.**—Gun-barrels when dunked are less liable to rust, and any of them, of whatever price, may be treated by a very simple method, which will diminish their readiness to oxidise. When the iron is well scraped and cleaned, cover its surface with a coating of butter of antimony. If one is not sufficient, two or three coatings may be given. The iron thus acquires a honey-reddish brown colour, which is not unhandsome, and which preserves it from rust. When the iron has acquired the desired tint, wipe it carefully, warm it a little and then rub it with white wax, until there remains no longer any visible traces of the wax. This renders its preservation complete.—*Ibid.*

**A good Sift, or victual-preserver, is prepared by making it a double case of wire gauze, and filling the interval with fresh charcoal, in fine pieces. Fresh meat when suspended by hooks from the top, will keep good and sweet for a week in the safe, in the hottest weather.—*Ibid.***

**METHOD OF COATING BRASS AND PLASTER CARTS, SO AS TO GIVE THEM THE APPEARANCE OF MARBLE;** by M. PLETARIE.—Into a wooden tub or trough, put a strong and warm solution of alum. Into this plunge the bust or plaster cast, previously made perfectly dry, and let it remain therein from fifteen to thirty minutes; then suspend it over the solution, that the superfluous portions may drain off, and when it is cold, pour over it a fresh portion of the solution, and apply it evenly by a sponge or cloth. Continue this operation until the alum has formed a crystalline coating over the whole surface. Put it aside, and when perfectly dry, polish it with fine sand paper, or glass paper, and complete the polish with a cloth slightly moistened with pure water. A wooden vessel is best for the solution, warmed by steam from a boiler, because metals are apt to colour the solution. This coating gives greater solidity to the substance, and possess the whiteness and transparency of the finest marble. It equals the strength of marble in any circumstances, and is not liable to be injured by acids.—*American Journal of Science and the Arts.*

**NEW IRON STEAM BOAT.**—The strongest iron steam boat, ordered from England by the Steam Boat Company of Georgia, arrived in pieces at Savannah, last week, on board the British ship Keyotee, Captain Main, from Liverpool. Her length is 120 feet, her beam 26 feet, and her depth 21 feet. It is estimated by her builders that she will draw, with all her machinery and every thing on board, 2 feet 3 inches. She will have an engine of 46 English horse-power, on the low pressure principle.—*American Railroad Journal.*

A blacksmith of Milan, named Ponti, has discovered that by suspending, lengthwise, one of the corners of the anvil by means of a ring, the noise of the hammer may be almost desisted. This discovery, would be of great importance in large towns, where the noise of the hammer is so serious a nuisance.—*Times.*





