THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Weekly Almanack.

MARCH.		R. Sun.	S. MOON	H. W.
26	Saturday,	5 52	6 9 *Rises.*	11 33
27	Sunday,	5 51	6 9 8	8 0 5
28	Monday,	5 49	6 11 9	25 0 35
29	Tuesday,	5 48	6 12 10	38 1 10
30	Wednesday,	5 47	6 13 11	43 1 43
31	Thursday,	5 45	6 15 morn.	2 19
1	Friday,	5 44	6 16 1	23 3 0

Full Moon, 26th, 9h. 0m. morn.

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 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: W. P. Ranney.

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: James Lawton.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, 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: Hon. John Robertson.

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.]

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

Miscellany.

FOREIGNERS IN THE METROPOLIS.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for January.)

If you stroll down Regent-street, the Quadrant, and Waterloo place, any fine afternoon, you cannot fail to remark vast numbers of exotics in glossy black silk hats, with mustaches and whiskers to match, hard, inexpressive coats, flash satin vests, unwhisperables plaited ridiculously over the hips, glazed leather boots, and a profusion of Birmingham jewellery and Bristol stones. These gentry smoke very fast, talk very loud, or rather chatter intolerably, and look killing and impudent at the ladies as they pass. Like Sampson, their strength lies in their hair; flowing locks, well-oiled, brushed and curled, form a fair proportion of their general stock in trade. By their fashion of wearing their hair, you may get at their politics. The Bonapartist is known by a short bristly mustache and staring hair; *la Jeune France* is represented by young gentlemen wearing their hair clubbishly, after the fashion of the Jacobins; those posteriorly hirsute gentry are Republicans to a man; partisans of the existing dynasty wear whiskers *a la* Louis-Philippe, and cut the mustache; the Legitimatists may at once be recognized by dressing like gentlemen. The avocations of these capillary peripatetics are mysterious, and not to be got at without difficulty. It is to be feared that the commodities they deal in are chiefly contraband, and, like themselves, very much in the fancy line—artificial flowers, ladies of pleasure, *rouge, rouge et noir* smuggled lace, loaded dice, Chantilly veils, fiddle strings, gamesters, *ormoulu*, clocks, and *Cheraliers d'Industrie*. The *habitat* of the animal, as naturalists would say, lies almost altogether about the Quadrant, Waterloo-place, and Leicester square, especially the latter, where *Hotels Francaises* and *Cafes a la mode de Paris* abound, and where may be had *dineers a la carte, vins a tous prix*, and *pain a discretion*. Hereabouts, moreover, are most of those inferior gambling houses, or "silver hells" where so many young men about the town get relieved of their superfluous cash; houses of no particular reputation; cigar-shops, where other commodities than cigars are saleable—we presume you *smoke*; cheap gun shops trinkum trankum shops; salacious book and print shops, thorns in the side of the Suppression of Vice Society; small shell-fish shops, and equivocal emporia of every description.

In the coffeehouses about this Frenchified neighbourhood, the gentlemen we have been introducing to the reader abound in such numbers as to make it necessary to set aside a "petty France" in each, for their particular accommodation. Here, under the auspices of a "Napoleon le Grand," in plaister of Paris, crowned with a wreath of *immortelles*, they play dominoes, smoke, and read the *Charivari*, *L'Ami du Peuple*, and *Le National*, and may be heard any night in the week, especially on Sundays, discussing politics and things in general.

Italians do not master sufficiently strong here to enable us to depict their peculiarities *en masse*; nor is there any very striking individuality, still less marked nationality, giving them particular claims upon our notice.

The Savoyards are noted as the monopolists of our out-of-doors music—the minstrels of the streets and lanes, the grinders of our extrinsic harmony; hateful are they in the sight of porters of Inns of Court, and much beloved of little children and nursery maids; frampish old maids and bitter bachelors, who have no music in their souls, drive them away rudely from their inhospitable doors; but tender mothers with many little ones welcome them on each Saturday with half-penny crusts, and cheese-parings, paying them, wanderers far from their friends and native land; while circumhabitant infancy and childhood congregate around the smiling minstrel, melted by the pathetic cadencies of "All round my hat," or stimulated to saltatory exercitations by the toe-and-heel-inspiriting air of "Jump Jim Crow." The Savoyards, among whom, by the way, are comprised Tyrolese, Genoese, Sardinians, and Italians proper have their ambitions like other men; one is happy in the possession of a pair of white mice—another glorified in the tricks of a mischievous monkey; all grades of mechanical music belong to them, from the discordant hurdy-gurdy to the imitative of a full band. The *ne plus ultra* of their art, however, is the conduct of their "*comedie*," as they call it, which being interpreted, meaneth no more nor less than the puppet-show. The poor Savoyards are eminently gregarious, huddling together in narrow courts and alleys on the northern side of Holborn, whence you may see them set out in groups, on Sunday mornings, for Primrose-hill, Hampstead, and Highgate, where in the shady woods or sunny meadows, they idle, away the livelong summer's day, indulging in fond remembrances of their far distant mountain home, and laying up in their pulmonary apparatus as much fresh air as serves them for the week ensuing. It is truly miraculous how those poor creatures make out life, paying, as they do, extortionate sums for the use of their music mills to those who make a trade of letting them out for hire, faring hard, ill-lodged, and exposed to all weathers; yet they do struggle on in the hope of saving a few pounds, wherewith to support their aged parents, or settle themselves for life in the pleasant valleys they have left behind. Spaniards we see little of in London; they form a very minute fraction of the adventuring foreigners who swell our full tide of existence. Incapable from character and habit of exertions of trifling ingenuity, and from the long and destructive wars that have desolated their country, indifferent to trade, manufacture, or commerce, they have neither great nor petty business to attract them here. The wine, cork, fruit and cigar trades occupy a few merchants of no great note in the city; a few obtain a precarious subsistence by teaching their language, or the guitar; they have no peculiarities to distinguish them from other continental foreigners, except it may be the high feeling, grave deportment, and formal politesse, characteristic of their nation; whenever you meet a Spaniard in London, you may be sure, whether he be poor or rich, you come in contact with a gentleman.

Germans we have in the abundance: musicians, teachers of languages, clock-makers, book-binders, and artisans of various descriptions; mute, inglorious Stulzes in great numbers, attracted hither by the uncontrollable propensity of our indigenous ships to indulge in the striking absurdity of "strikes." Your German in London resemble your German anywhere else; heavy, dunder-headed, gross, beer-and-bacco-bemuzzed individual, but dogged and steady at his work, patient, and generally trustworthy.

Americans are to be found in the commercial quarters of our world, but by no means in the numbers they contribute to Liverpool, where they may be found at every evening party. As we do not in these papers intend to inflict upon the reader descriptions of that which we have not had leisure and opportunity to contemplate, we cannot undertake to describe the American in England.

The Hebrew nation next claims a share of our attention, as representing the most numerous, important, and wealthy body of distinct people in London. Within the area about Bevis-marks, Houndsditch, St. Maryaxe, and Petticoat-lane, you might readily imagine yourself transported to Frankfort, Warsaw, or any place enjoying a superabundant Jewish population; here every face is of the shape, and somewhat of the complexion, of a turkey egg; every brow pencilled in an arch of exact ellipse; every nose modelled after the proboscis of a toucan; locks as bushy and black as those of Absalom abound, and beards of the patriarchal ages. Here, and hereabouts, Isaac kills beef and mutton according to the old dispensation; Jacob receives accidental silver spoons, and consigns gold watches, now warranted never more to lose a second, to the crucible, kept always at white heat in his little dark cellar, and no questions asked. Here, at the corners, Rebecca disposes of fried liver and tatoes, smoking hot, on little bright burnished copper platters, to all the tribes of Israel not prohibited by law to eat, that is to say, to all who possess the solitary "browns" wherewith to purchase the appetizing dainty. Solomon negotiates in the matter of rags; Esther rejoices in a brisk little business of fat fish fried in oil—a species of dainty in which the Jews alone excel. Moses and Aaron keep separate marine stores, where every earthly thing, furtively acquired, from a chain cable to a Cardigan, finds a ready sale. Rachel, albeit a widow, dispenses from behind the bar "short" and "heavy to the thirsty tribes. Ruth deals wholesale in oranges and other foreign fruits. Melchizedec dabbleth in Hebrew books and tracts. Absalom sells opium and Turkey rhubarb. Mordecai is a "crimp," the vulture of seafaring men. Nothing is to be seen above, below, around, but Jewish physiognomies, Jewish houses and Jewish occupations.

We are no advocates for renewing the barbarities of the Edwards and the Henries, when a Jew's tooth was rated at 1 third, good and lawful monies of our Sovereign Lord the King, or for making our talented friend Nasmyth extractor-general of the tusk tax; yet we must candidly confess, that when we see the daughter of a Christian man patrolling the streets decorated in the trumpery properties of a Jewish brothel, while the devil's dam, in the shape of a hideous Hebrew hag, follows the poor unfortunate, like the shadow of death, to clutch the wages of her shame, we really think a Christian Government might, without any hazard of public odium, string up at the doors of their own dens Mother Abrahams, Mother Isaacs, and Mother Jacobs. But, after all, perhaps it is better as it is; if this abominable traffic must be connived at, it is better that those should have the monopoly who have nothing in common with us save that which the weasel has in common with its prey—those who have made a god of mammon worshipping the golden calf with the tenfold idolatry of their fathers.

There are various kinds of industry—the industry of enterprise, the industry of saving, the industry of toil; the industrial characteristic of the Jew is industry of overreaching; other men are content to do business, the Jew must do *you*. A curious instance of this irreclaimable propensity in the Ten Tribes to catch with instinctive claw whatever does not appear to be honestly come by occurred no great while since in the city. A respectable man, possessed of a considerable stock of an article which hung heavy on his hands, and which happened to be particularly suitable to the Jewish market, offered his commodity to several of the nation at a great sacrifice, but without success; a happy thought struck him that what their hard hearts might deny their charitable avarice might afford; accordingly, in the clouds of night our trader repaired to the warehouse of one of the Moseses, remarkable for his constitutional politesse in abstaining from impertinent questions of the "how came you by it" form of interrogation, acquainting the Jew with his possession of a certain quantity of a certain article which he was obliged to dispose of under peculiar circumstances. Moses jumped at the bait like a ravenous pike, and under the supposition, natural enough under the circumstances, that the goods were stolen, actually offered, and paid, more for the articles than the fair market price. When the truth came out poor Moses, who purchased the articles *bona fide* stolen, as he fondly imagined, was overcome with the agonizing thought that they had been honestly bought and paid for; the speculation, so foreign to his line of business and his ideas of mercantile honour, overcame him, and taking a sharp razor, he cut his way through the jugular, as Dr. Jonathan Swift would have said, "to his own place.

Many and wondrous are the shows of London; but among all the London shows there is not to the reflecting student of human nature a more remarkable show than the Clothes' Exchange of Cutlar-street, Houndsditch, or as it is popularly called Rag-fair. It is a scene full of speculation—full to overflowing; a lively picture of the vicissitudes of sublunary things.

A foolish, extravagant, and mischievous term has crept into our dictionaries, which is productive of much detriment to the Christian, and great wealth to the Hebrew nation, when applied, as it usually is, in derision of our faithful habiliments—the word 'worn-out;" and a more dissipated word, a word more addicted to running up bills and running out money, a word more directly subservive of the liberty of the subject who is in the habit of encouraging it, does not exist under the "W's" of any known vocabulary. It is a villanous word, and has been the ruin of many a respectable family. Your child's clothes lately made are "worn out;" your wife's gowns, paid for only a month ago, are 'worn out,' though we know very well the gowns are good as new, the only thing worn out being the fashion; her bonnets are "worn out' in consequence of the changeableness of the weather—meaning of the fashion; your servant's liveries and livery hats are always worn out, which is no way wonderful considering that wearing out everything belonging to their masters is the chief end of their existence; your harness is worn out, your horses are worn out, your carriage is worn out, last of all your patience is worn out. Everything in your establishment is worn to a thread, and so are you. Go study morals in Rag-fair; any hour of the day from 9 o'clock in the morning till 6 at night, will you hear eloquent sections from the lips of rabbis upon the wickedness and folly of supposing that any habiliment in human shape divine can ever be worn out; go, dull clod, and behold the hats, coats, gowns, petticoats, bonnets, and shawls, which you and your wife, tempting the wrath of Providence, have sacrilegiously sold as good for little, or benevolently given away as good for nothing. There may you behold the third best hat you presented to ourselves the other day, in regard to what you were pleased to call our distinguished literary attainments, and which you told your lady wife you might as well give way, being half a size too little for your head, besides not being worth three halfpence, and which we incontinently truckled for twelpenneyth of Betts's patent brandy; to-morrow that hat, furnished into a second birth, new lined and banded, will be found ticketed in Holywell-street at six-and-sixpence, not merely as good, but, as Moses will tell you, clinching the asseveration with an oath, "More betterer as new." Regard that chaos of old boots—boots, did we say? old leathers rather; a bushel of boots for one-and-sixpence; next week, having gone thro' the hands of a score of renovators, you may behold these identical leathers, black-balled to the nines, on a stall in Field-lane, sold for half-a-guinea a pair, and warranted to anything—wear and tear only excepted. Behold the venerable ruin of a coat;—powers of tatters! is it possible that Mr. Pobble O'Keefe, the Irish importer (we should have observ'd before that three of the four provinces of Ireland are clothed out of Rag-fair), is about to add that venerable remain to his dilapidated "properties?" It is so. He has turned the vestment inside out over and over again, looking for the right side, but in vain; the garment having been turned so often that both sides are wrong ones. Now he holds it expanded upon his arms between him and the light, which streams in broken rays through sundry apertures. Anon he exhibits a "joey" between his thumb and forefinger; Moses extends three digits in reply; the Milesian shakes his head; the Hebrew plucks his beard, dances about on his axis, uttering untranslatable imprecations. Mr. Pobble O'Keefe, moved by the pathos of Moses, exhibits in addition a couple of Browns, the bargain is struck, the "tin" is transferred, and the rags forke it into the wareroom above stairs, to be packed for exportation. Thousands and tens of thousands of transactions like these make up the mighty business of Rag-fair. The adventuring tourist, however, who would see it in all its glory, must take care not to choose Saturday for his visit. This, the busiest, most bustling day of the week in other quarters of the town, is here and hereabouts the day of Hebrew rest, recreation, and devotion. On the afternoon of Friday all business is suspended. The men perform their weekly ablutions, and the women, having set their houses in order, put on their dresses of bright scarlet or staring yellow, and having decorated themselves with earrings, bracelets, and necklaces of the precious metals, or, in their default, of mosaic gold, bring forth chairs and tables, seating themselves before their several doors, in the true Oriental fashion. Then issue forth the male children of Judah, dressed in all their best, to exchange courtesies with Rachel and Rebecca. Tables covered with cloths of imposing whiteness, upon which candles burn during the evening, are placed near the windows. A Friday supper answering to our Sunday dinner is prepared, of the best each house affords, and if we may judge from the savoury steams that permeate the ambient air, provisions of the best are hereabouts in great plenty.—On summer evenings, when the weather permits to its full extent the out-of-doors, relaxation in which this peculiar people delights, Petticoat-lane swarming with black flowing locks, olive complexions, scarlet, crimson, yellow, and orange dresses, mosaic gold, and imitative precious stones, realizes to a vivid imagination those Oriental bazaars where in Haroun al Raschid delighted to wander, unnoticed and unregarded in search of the picturesque in human character and conduct. Saturday, in the Hebrew *quartier* is a day of devotion and of rest.—The perpetual din of the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and the compulsory idleness of the Christian Sabbath, are exchanged for complete repose. Every shop is shut, every avocation suspended. If the traveller happen not to encounter the congregation in the way to or from the synagogues, in the course of his perambulations he may readily imagine the neighbourhood utterly deserted. It is a truly striking contrast between the almost conventual silence on that day of Bevismarks, Houndsditch, and St. Mary Axe, and the excessive noise and bustle of Whitechapel, Bishopsgate, and Leadenhall. How our Sabbath is observed in the Jewish neighbourhoods may be best estimated from the following notice, which we observed, on our latest visit to Rag-fair, posted against the booth which the authorities have lately erected for the better accommodation of those engaged in "de ragish bishness." The notice is as follows:—"Business will commence at this exchange on Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock. By order of the managers, Moses Abrahams." The care which the members of the Hebrew persuasion take of their own poor is highly creditable to them as a body, and worthy all imitation. You see many poor Jews, but never a Jewish beggar. Their hospitals, asylums, and benevolent societies embrace every variety of distress to which their unfortunate brethren may be exposed. Instead of hunting, as we do, for paupers and vagabonds over the face of the earth whereon to bestow their benevolence, their laudable selfishness takes care of its own in the first instance, and their overplus only finds its way to general purposes of charity. The sooner we begin to imitate our Hebrew fellow citizens in this particular the better.

Gypsies we see little of in London; this nomade tribe seldom penetrates into our streets, or take up their abode permanently among us. We recollect once, and once only, seeing one of their caravans pass along Cheapside, on its way to Fairlop fair, in all probability. A tribe of wandering Arabs could not have excited more astonishment; the swarthy countenances of the men, the muscularity of the women, wrapped up in tattered blankets, with scarlet kerchiefs bound around their heads; the children barefooted and all but naked; their moveable house, the chimney smoking as they journeyed along, rendered the group a show of the moment to be stared at, laughed at, and forgotten.

In regarding the multitudes of adventurers, foreign and domestic, to which London affords an asylum and a livelihood, of one sort or other, we cannot be insensible to the small amount of individual wealth they accumulate, or to the insignificance of their services. It is to the character of the native born citizens that this mighty world owes all its wealth, all its influence, and all its importance.

How petty, in comparison with our London merchant, our London tradesman, our London manufacturer, appear the chattering Frenchman, the fiddling Italian, the plodding German; in comparison with the magnificence of London industry and enterprise, how poor is the position occupied even by the tortuous, over-reaching, chicaning Jew! It is to ourselves we owe all that we call our own; the supremacy of the law, based upon free institutions, gives that tranquillity which is the parent of prosperity, and that prosperity which has enabled us to reap the rich harvest of our glory; hence the solidity of our national character; hence our aversion to rash unconsidered change, the instinctive feeling of men who are aware that change produces disturbance, and who know that disturbance is but the portal to decay. From the establishment and fixity of our institutions have we derived all that has made us avowedly, in the eyes of the most envious and hostile nations, the most powerful nation upon earth. Can we be more than the most powerful? The unimportance of the foreign adventurers who swarm in our streets to the great interests of this great world suggests contrasts favourable to our national pride, in contemplating the magnitude of the interests intrusted to the keeping of our countrymen by foreign Powers; Englishmen organizing natives, and commanding them, for the Sultan and the Czar; Englishmen drilling and commanding the armies of Greece, and the auxiliary legions of Portugal and Spain. This self-laudatory topic is, however, extrinsic to our subject, and we leave the vainglorious reader to pursue it for himself.

INVENTION OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.—M. Delecluze has lately made a discovery among the manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci, carrying back a knowledge of the steam-engine to at least as far back as the fifteenth century. He has published in the *Artiste* a notice on the life of Leonardo da Vinci, to which he adds a fac-simile of a page from one of his manuscripts, and on which are five sketches with the pen, representing the details of the apparatus of a steam-gun, with an explanatory note upon what he designates under the name of the "Arcitonneere," and of which note the following is a translation:—"Invention of Archimedes.—The architonneere is a machine of fine copper, which throws balls with a loud report and great force. It is used in the following manner:—One third of this instrument contains a large quantity of charcoal fire. When the water is well heated, a screw at the top of the vessel which contains the water must be made quite tight. On closing the screw above, all the water will escape below, will descend into the heated portion of the instrument, and be immediately converted into a vapour so abundant and powerful that it is wonderful to see its fury, and hear the noise it produces. This machine will carry a ball of a talent in weight." It is worthy of remark that Leonardo da Vinci, far from claiming the merit of this invention for himself, or the men of his time, attributes it to Archimedes.—*Paris Print.*

FRENCH BEGGARS.—The beggars by profession begin, as soon as you are in sight, with a monotonous drawl of set words, all pronounced on one key, and precisely the same to every passer-by. Perhaps it is well for their own interest that they generally ask you to give for the merit of the gift, or the prayers they promise to breathe for you, for certainly there is nothing in themselves to prompt it. How different have I often thought it was from the genuine eloquence of Irish beggary, which makes the heart ache so bitterly that it would almost be a relief to give one's last sixpence! The begging in France is simply asking for money, while the beggar looks all the time as comfortable and as well fed as yourself. It is true they ask only for one sous; but in the valley of Campan, when you have given them that they make no scruple to ask you for another. Nor is this only on the public roads. There is scarcely any place so retired but you hear the pattering of little bare feet behind you, then loud breathing which diffuses around you the perfume of garlic; and, as soon as you look around, the demand is made and persisted in for a length of time proportioned to the ability of the supplicant to keep pace with you.—*Mrs. Ellis's Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.*

EXTRAORDINARY WORK.—David Squire, smith, of Barnstable, undertook a short time since, in order to decide a small wager, to make four dozen horse-shoes, in a workmanlike manner, in the short space of three hours. The wager came off on Monday, and he accomplished his task in the unprecedented period of two hours and twenty-five minutes, including seven minutes lost time occasioned by a slight accident. We are informed that he made twenty-two shoes within the last hour. A competent judge was called in to examine the work, and he pronounced it properly executed.—*Western Luminary.*

REPRESENTATION OF LIVERPOOL

SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS.

MR. SAMUEL HOLME rose amidst general applause, to second the nomination of Sir Howard. The cheering having terminated he spoke nearly as follows:—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—We are again about to be plunged into the excitement of an election, but I hope it will pass by with less than its usual turmoil. If, in being deprived of the services of Mr. Cresswell, we had had any trouble in finding a suitable successor, I should have experienced some difficulty in addressing you to-day.—But it ought to be gratifying to, the inhabitants of this great town to know, that such is its character for loyalty and public spirit, that one of the loftiest order and the most exalted rank may feel proud in representing its opinions in parliament. (Cheers.) We applied to Mr. Cresswell during a period of great excitement to permit us to put him in nomination, and most nobly did he respond to the call. Through him and his noble colleague did we fight the battle and gain an important victory. (Cheers.) I call it important, because Sir Robert Peel's motion of want of confidence in the Melbourne administration was only carried by a majority of one; and had we not on the occasion to which I allude, ejected Mr. Ewart from the representation of Liverpool, Lord Melbourne would have had a majority of one, and that majority with him and his forlorn hope, would have been a sufficient inducement for them to misconduct the business of the country. (Tremendous applause.) A second time did we fight the battle, and on that occasion had little difficulty in gaining it. The eminent talents of Mr. Cresswell are now required to adorn the bench, and by a salutary provision of our constitution, to render justice pure and unsullied at the fountain, he has done with the political stems. The extent of his legal acquirements, united to the excellency of his personal character, justify the choice which the premier has made, and while he will add dignity to the seat of judgment, all will admit that the ermine will fall with grace on a distinguished lawyer and an excellent man. (Loud cheers.) In your name, my fellow-tradesmen,—for I leave the merchants to speak for themselves,—I thank him for the alacrity with which he responded to our call, and for the faithfulness with which he has supported those great and vital principles, for the maintainance of which he was elected our representative; and you will join with me in the wish that his career as a judge may be as successful as it has been as our advocate, and that his legal knowledge may now be serviceable to men of all parties and of all conditions. (Cheers.) I will now say a few words in reference to the honourable baronet, who is again a candidate for our suffrages. The scientific acquirements of Sir Howard Douglas, his knowledge of commercial matters from his long and brilliant governments in Canada and the Ionian Islands, the experiments of a life of profound investigation and reflection, his high military reputation, and his great moral worth, all point him out as eminently qualified to represent the opinions of this great community. Do you wish to know his feelings on protestant education?—While Governor of New Brunswick, he founded a college at Fredericton, subscribed himself a munificent sum towards its erection, and promised to procure from government a sum equal to that subscribed by the inhabitants. This he performed, and in addition founded a scholarship at his own cost, as the Douglas medal of that college testifies. Sir Howard is the firm and uncompromising supporter of education based on scripture, such education as we all approve of, and such as we have resolved to maintain. (Loud cheering.) Some of our opponents have said—"True we admit Sir Howard to be an excellent officer and a good man, but we want a commercial man to represent a commercial town." Well, sir, let us meet this question at first where is the consistency of those who raise the objections? Instead of assertions let us look at actions. Who brought forward Mr. Brougham for Liverpool?—was he a commercial man? Mr. Creevy? Was he one? Who nominated the earl of Sefton?—That noble lord was not a commercial man. Who gave us Mr. Ewart? Was he a commercial man? Mr. Elphinstone? Was he one? Lord Palmerstone? Was he one? Why, sir, the whig party are themselves inconsistent, for with the exception of our two townsmen, of whom at least may be said to have brought forward, I can only recollect one gentleman having any pretentions to be a commercial man, whom they have brought before us. Mr. Morris, of whom none of us have ever heard before, and many of us will propably never hear again, was a tiny drop precipitated by the flying colours of radicalism, and as suddenly exponded in a gleam of conservative sunshine, which that moment shot forth. (Cheers.) I will recollect that Mr. Canning was objected to, not because he was an unfit representative for a commercial community, but because he was identified with those glorious principles which we are anxious to see paramount in the government of England, and which thank God, are now paramount. (Cheers.) Mr. Huskisson, too, a most suitable representative for a commercial community, was objected to on similar grounds, and it requires little sagacity to see that it is not so much a commercial but the political unfitness of Sir Howard Douglas that renders him the object of their antipathy. (Great applause.) Let me illustrate my meaning. An architect may be a competent judge of the stability of an edifice, and may be acquainted with all the details necessary for its construction, and yet he may be unable himself to erect the structure. An engineer may be well acquainted with the nice contrivances, and the various motions required in the steam-engine, and yet be enabled to forge the rods or to cast the cylinder; and so many a man of talents, by experience and observation, by scientific acquirements and profound research, be well acquainted with the theory of commerce, and with the wants and productions of every nation,—he may possess a knowledge of international law and of those fiscal regulations which are the hinges of commerce, the air it breathes, and yet he may not, strictly speaking, be a commercial man. As well might we argue that a merchant should not be shipowner unless he can build and rig and steer his ship. (Loud cheers.) I grant that a knowledge of commerce is required in all our legislators, not merely in those who represent Liverpool, Hull, and Bristol, but in those who represent every constituency; for a member is not to legislate for Liverpool alone, but for commercial England, for manufacturing England, and what, I trust, she will ever remain, that we may be as independent as possible of foreign nations for the bread we eat—I mean for agricultural England. (Continued cheering.) Is not Lord Sandon as fit a representative for commercial Liverpool as Lord John Russel for commercial London? (Yes.) And will not Sir Howard Douglas be a more suitable representative for this community than Mr. Gibson for Manchester, Mr. Fox for the Tower Hamlets or the Hon. Mr. Berkely for Bristol?—(Loud cries of "yes.") And yet we hear nothing of the commercial unfitness of these gentlemen; and it is probable, that had Sir Howard Douglas been a whig, those who object to him now would suddenly have discovered in him the most suitable capacities, together with all the virtues that can adorn and dignify human nature. (Loud cheering.) Sir, England has now arrived at a critical period of her history. Her dominions is boundless; her influence is unlimited; her language is heard in almost every place where the winds blow, or the ocean rolls.—The enterprise of her merchants has penetrated every clime, and her looms supply the human race in a hundred colonies and dependencies. (Applause.) And although for a period—I trust a brief period—commercial gloom has overspread our land, and many of our population are experiencing great distress, yet still her wealth and industry exceeds that of any other nation; and by skill management and sound legislation, the sun of prosperity will again kindle that wealth and industry into a new flame, to give employment to our artisans, and enable the country to develope her mighty resources. (Loud cheers.) But all this grandeur—all this extent of empire—may have its limits. Nations like individuals, have their rise and fall. Great Britain has been victorious in war and prosperous in peace, because she has been governed on fixed principles, and has possessed a constitution which has repressed tyranny and spoliation from whatever quarter it has proceeded—whether from the monarch or the people—which has zealously guarded the individual liberty of all, and secures to all the possessions of that property which is the fruit of honest industry—which offers an asylum to the victims of tyranny from every land—which encourages virtue, while it discountenances vice—which invigorates, while it cherishes and sympathizes where it cannot heal.—(Loud cheers.) But above all England has risen triumphant, and has gone on step by step to her present greatness, since she became protestant England—(loud cheering)—and as long as she remains the depository of divine truth—as long as she nationally recognises the power and the worship of Him by whom kings reign and nations flourish or fade—while she conquers, not to aggrandise, but to protect—while she upholds a pure church, and her constitution remains based on eternal truth, which is interwoven with her structure and pervades her sentiments—so long will England flourish and maintain her glorious supremacy. (Loud applause.) But, if she is smitten with the spirit of republicanism—if she discards the lessons of wisdom which history teaches, and lapses into that latitudinarianism which is the indubitable precursor of national decay—not all the valour of her fleets and armies, not all the wisdom of her senators can save her, but she will sink into decrepitude, and finally into ruin. (Great cheers.) It is because Sir Howard Douglas is a man of protestant conservatism, who will uphold the British constitution in all its essential elements—who will give protection to national industry, and foster national feeling—who will not be dazzled with the specious and tinsel theories of the day, nor sacrifice that constitution at the shrine of liberalism or expediency, that I call on you my fellow-townsmen, to identify yourselves with him on this occasion, again to display your loyalty, and again to uphold the character of our town. (Loud cheers.) I will not enter upon any of those great questions which agitate the community at this time as it would lead me into a long speech. (Cries of "go on.") I will conclude by seconding the motion of Mr. Robinson and requesting you with one heart and one mind to discard every feeling. I am convinced that you will return to parliament as your representative, unfettered and unshackled, the friend and comrade of the illustrious Wellington. (Loud and long-continued cheering followed the expression of this sentiment during which Mr. Holme resumed his seat.)

THE WALDENSES.

No. III.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON RECORD.

SIR.—The department of public instruction is one of great importance as an auxiliary to the Evangelical labours of a clergy, and as a preparatory step for the advancement of the Gospel. In this department the schoolmaster is of the highest moment.—The greatest care ought to be used in the selection of masters *competent* to teach; and, if possible also, such as have the constraining love of Christ shed abroad in their hearts. When masters are cold and formal themselves the pupils must be expected to be cold and formal also; the teacher ought to be a central fire in the system, imparting rays of light and heat to the scholars around him.

Much care has been taken of late on this interesting subject by the Waldensian pastors, many new and salutary regulations having been adopted in the Synod of 1839. In each of the fifteen parishes there is one principal school seated near the church, and several subordinate schools scattered amongst the hamlets. The principal school is open the whole year, and others only certain parts of the year. I believe chiefly during the winter and spring, or severe months. The masters are called "Regents;" those of the principal schools must have a certificate of capacity and morality from the Table, after having sustained an examination; and likewise these Regents must have previously passed a considerable time in the Normal School at Lausanne, in Switzerland. This is a recent regulation. The masters of the subordinate schools are appointed with care likewise, but I believe they do not go to Lausanne.

How lamentable is it to think that, in the wise and powerful nation of Great Britain, education is on so insecure and uncertain a position. In Prussia, no person can be a teacher, even in families, much less in schools of any kind, without having a diploma, procured after an examination from certain public authorities. In France no person can open a school, even for private instruction, without a diploma, received after examination from similar authorities; but, alas! in Great Britain education, except in the colleges and universities, and some schools of particular foundations, is left for the speculation of persons who should fail of other modes of obtaining a livelihood. Governesses and tutors, and masters and mistresses of schools, offer themselves to the public without any previous examination by competent evidence of their fitness to teach. Hence, so many unqualified governesses and teachers, and masters and mistresses of schools present themselves, as well as many highly qualified, in every sense, literary and religious, to teach; so that parents and guardians are very often greatly perplexed in making a choice. In fact, we are sadly low in the science of teaching. I hope much from the great attention to the all important subject, which for some time past many important persons have given, and from the stir which has been produced, that ere long our country may be blessed with some *sound national system of normal education, where teachers of all kinds and both sexes may be able and be obliged* to receive a sound, systematic, and professional education, literary and religious, to fit them for the momentous care and responsibility of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," of cultivating the faculties of the mind, instead of merely loading the memory, of duly training and exercising the body, of regulating the passions and affections of the heart, of establishing, in fact, in the young mind good practical principles of action, both from *science*, from *literature*, from *experience*, from *Huguenc*, as well as *the pure and transforming Gospel of Jesus Christ*; in short, of training up the rational and immortal being for the duties and offices of the *present* life, and for the hopes and blessedness of the *future!* There are some model schools in Great Britain for training teachers, chiefly of the poorer classes. I have seen one lately in the Home and Colonial Infant School, London; it is very interesting, and calculated to be useful, but there should be a national normal system for all kinds of teachers.

The pastors of the Waldensians are plainly alive to the importance attached to the teacher's fitness for his most important office, and hence the recent regulation which requires their principal Regents to pass some time in the normal school at Lausanne. Their want of pecuniary resources compels them to take masters of an inferior grade for the subordinate schools. All the schools are strictly under the visitation, the examination, and superintendence of their respective pastors; and these persons, as in our own country, give a more or less zealous attention to this part of their clerical care, according as they have more or less enlightened zeal, and as the love of Christ more or less constrains them. The Regents of "*the great schools teach the truths and duties of religion*;" they employ a catechism, that of Osterwald, and the sacred Scriptures in French and in Italian, and the New Testament in the Patois of the country; "*they teach reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, French, and sacred music.*"—The Patois New Testament was printed in England, I believe, at the expense of the Bible Society; it was a translation made by M. Bert, who was recently Moderator, under the guidance of the indefatigable Colonel Beckwith. This Patois New Testament, as also the Diodati Italian Bible, Protestant version, and what is astonishing, *the Italian Bible of Martini, Romish version, when printed without notes and comment, are prohibited by the Church of*