THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

September.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon.	H. W.
21 Saturday,	5 46	6 0	3 32	10 36
22 Sunday,	5 47	5 58	4 49	11 16
23 Monday,	5 48	5 56	Rises	11 53
24 Tuesday,	5 49	5 55	6 25	morn.
25 Wednesday,	5 50	5 53	6 51	0 33
26 Thursday,	5 52	5 51	7 29	1 16
27 Friday,	5 53	5 49	8 12	2 2

Last quarter, 29th. 5h. 4m. evening.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. W. Crookshank.

Commercial Bank.—Henry Gilbert, 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: G. T. Ray, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: W. H. Street, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

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

Miscellany.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

(Continued.)

Scarcely had the corpse of the unfortunate Englishman fallen heavily upon the earth, when his so lately peaceful house was filled with the tumultuous band of plunderers, displacing everything, destroying whatever was unsuitable for removal, and shouting and singing in an ecstasy of fiendish triumph. By this time, however, the blacks sallied forth in crowds from their little huts, and hastened towards the mansion, from which, at the same instant rushed a half-naked and terrified man, pursued by some of the pirates. It was the commander or overseer of the slaves, among whom he threw himself, shouting, "Socorro! acqui estan los pirates!—Help! To the rescue! The pirates are upon us!"

To this cry the pirates replied, "Death to the torturer of the slaves! Death to the oppressor and murderer of the negroes!"

The blacks, already hesitating, were decided by this artful appeal to their passions, and made way for the pirates, who seized upon the miserable overseer, and, in spite of his frantic struggles, cut his throat under the very eyes of the numerous slaves to whom but a few hours before had been law. The sight of the man's blood, which gushed forth in torrents, had an electrical effect on the fierce sons of Africa; a cry of fury burst forth from among them, and rushing forward they tore the yet warm body litterally to pieces, and then joined in the pillage of the house.

One of them cast a burning brand into a window, and in a few minutes a cloud of smoke, mixed here and there with a wave of fire, darted from every opening, extending the influence of the ravaging element in every direction of the exterior as well as interior of the house. Just at that period I perceived a white figure dart through one of the windows on the ground-floor, and rush with the speed of a frightened bird towards the forest, followed by one of the pirates.

"This victim, at all events, I might save, be she whom or what she might."

Taking a short cut, I placed myself opposite to the poor fugitive, who had about fifty paces the advance of her pursuer.—As the former came near enough to allow of my distinguishing her features, I was for an instant rendered completely motionless by mingled surprise and joy. I speedily recovered myself, and exclaimed aloud, "Ermance!"

"O God! I am saved then!" was the reply, and she fell senseless and powerless into my arms.

The brigand who had pursued her stopped when within about ten paces of us; it was my direst and most villanous enemy, Lorenzo. I laid down the senseless Ermance, and precipitated myself upon him.

"Infamous miscreant," I exclaimed, "at length, then, I can punish your villanies!"

Cruel and murderous wretch as this was, he was no less a dastard. He had only courage for crime; fighting, even for his life, was by no means to his liking, and he endeavoured to take flight; but, after eluding a blow, that he feebly aimed at me with his boarding axe, I grasped him by the throat and dashed him to the earth.

Whatever may be thought of my avowal, I confess that it was with a positively luxurious feeling of rapture that I thrice buried the blade of my knife in his black and callous heart.

I now returned to Ermance, and, to my great grief and perplexity, I found all my efforts to recal her to herself utterly unavailing. While I was pondering how to act, under circumstances at once so novel and so embarrassing, my ears were saluted by a shrill whistle; the peculiar signal which had for a long time been agreed upon by Peters and myself, in the event of either needing the other's aid. Answering in the same note, I soon had the pleasure to see him hastening towards me, and bringing with him the servant of Ermance.

"Parbleu! Daumont," he cried, as he neared me, "you have done the cursed barber's business in real workmanlike style; for I just now saw him yield up his soul to that devil who certainly possessed it. But time's very precious, and we must make the most of it. All around lights are flashing, doubtless borne by those who are hastening to attack our sharks, and if we do not very speedily make our escape, we stand a very fair chance of being hanged without ceremony."

After much and persevering effort on the part of Zelia, the servant, Ermance was restored to consciousness, and the first impulse of us both was to rush into each other's arms. Peters, however, allowed us but brief time for endearments. He truly enough said that every instant was precious. We hastened forward, therefore, and by daybreak had gained one of the great mountain roads. Fortunately, Peters, while the house was being pillaged, having possessed himself of fifty doubloons, we were enabled to procure horses, and on the following day we arrived in safety at the Havannah.

How lovely is the Isle of Cuba! What richness has its soil, how vigorous its vegetation! When, arriving in the offing, you gaze upon the bluish outline of its mountains, whose bold points are veiled and softened by dense clouds, ignorant of the surpassing richness of this fertile coast, you can perceive nothing but deformity and sterillity, and you wonder where it is that you are to seek that new Eden, of which, in Europe, you were charmed with such marvellous accounts. Soon, however, on approaching still nearer to the shore, you perceive that the air is laden with a thousand soft and balmy odours; as if by magic, those mountains which you at first thought so arid, show themselves covered with vast fields of coffee-trees and sugar-canes, interspersed here and there with shrubberies whose green leaves delight the eye, while their fruit and flowers give forth odours, the exquisiteness of which no pen, however eloquent, could describe; and at the same time you perceive, at the foot of those mountains, long and spacious plains intersected by streams and woods of palm trees, while the numerous hill-fountains leap gushingly forth towards the sea in a thousand sparkling lines of diamond and silver. On the mountain top, proud and splendid, appears the habitation of the planter, its green-painted casements well-nigh hidden by banyan trees, while somewhat lower down are grouped some twenty or thirty dingy-looking huts, the smoky habitations of the slaves and their families. It is now that you begin to recognise the Eden, the promised land of which you have heard and read so much; and if wishes could hasten your arrival in port, swift, indeed, would now be your rate of sailing. Be not too sure, however, that you ought to congratulate yourself upon arriving of this lovely isle. Perhaps, at the very moment when you are doing so, a long slender bark, painted ominously dark, glides along the shore, darts out upon you like lightning, and throws her numerous crew upon your deck; woe to you, then, for that crew are pirates.—Even if you have gained your so much desired port, it is probable that your doing so is real misfortune. For in this beautiful land an ounce of gold is a sufficient price for a murder, and the negro poniard may reach you, and just as probably in open day as in the midst of night—in the midst of the thronged street as in the depths of the forest. And, then, there is the hideous yellow fever, twin-sister of death, which rarely leaves in peace the European who comes hither to brave her. Yes, Cuba is indeed a lovely isle; but chiefly will you find it so when, sailing past it in fine weather and with a fine breeze, you have for a long time enjoyed its ardent sky, its long savannahs, and its voluptuous and profuse perfumes. Specially lovely is this isle, when, instead of yielding to its deceitful charms, and being tempted by them to a nearer acquaintance, you have seen it only from a distance, and are thus enabled to preserve a delightful reminiscence of it.

The Havannah, the capital of Cuba, is in itself a complete epitome of the whole island. In the lower quarters you are, on your first arrival, bewildered in the maze of crooked and narrow streets, composed of immensely high houses, provided within with immense openings, with persians to exclude the burning rays of the sun on the outside, and with immense bars of iron to exclude the robber.

In the faubourgs, the Havannah presents a more smiling aspect; elegant houses disclosing the delicate yellow of their façades in the midst of bouquets of camelias and magnolias, while farther and farther are seen groups of cocoas, or of bananas, with their long and drooping leaves. At evening, when the beneficient coolness at length allows and invites egress from the interior of the city, these faubourgs are alive with promenaders, both mounted and on foot.

If, quitting the faubourgs, you return towards the sea, the port presents to your notice its scene of bustle and animation. On a vast bay, the ordinary anchorage of ships of war, the red and yellow flag of Spain is close neighbour to the union-jack of England, the stars and stripes of America, and the tri-color of France. Further on, the merchant ships are so numerous and so dense, that you can scarcely discern the water upon which they float. Upon their decks numerous stalwart fellows, with naked arms, red woolen shirts, and little tarred hats, make the whole scene resound with their joyous songs.—Upon the quays you are deafened by the cries of negresses ranging their coast apples in huge pyramids, and offering you a fruit that reminds you, almost painfully, of your own far-distant county. The huzzas of the sailors, the loud tones of merchants bargaining, the rumbling of the vehicles carrying the foreign merchandise, which has been taken in exchange for bags of coffee or sugar, form in this quarter a concert at least as strange as it is discordant. Farther on still, you perceive the narrow entrance of the harbour, defended by the celebrated fort of Moro. A large ship, under Spanish colours, darts through it into the passes, saluting the fort as she goes through; it is a richly-laden galleon, destined, very probably, to be speedily captured by the independents.

But, alas! the Havannah, beyond any other place, has hideous and horrible contrasts to its picture of marvellous prosperity. Here you may stumble over the still warm body of a man, the dagger which deprived him of life still remaining in his cleft heart—some unhappy victim of an imprudent word on his own part, or of a most vile cupidity on the part of his murderer. And the crowd go and come with such indifference—'tis only an ordinary sight to them.

Disgusted and horrified, you pass onward. You hear joyous sounds, and perceive a group of foreign sailors sallying from some low wine-shop, where they have imbibed more than sufficient spirits to deprive them of all the very little sense they ever possessed. The absolutely scorching rays of the ardent sun pour down upon their uncovered heads. They are far too drunk to cover their heads; it looks lubberly. On a sudden two or three of these silly fellows fall to the ground and lie there perfectly motionless. You hasten towards them; but all your speed does not enable you to avoid being too late. The yellow fever has seized upon its prey; a black and infectious putrescence surrounds their corpses; return in another hour, and you will find the worms at work upon them.

Such are the various aspects presented to the stranger by the Havannah—the finest port in the world; the city of death and riches, of splendour and of mourning.

On reaching the Havannah, Ermance agreed to take advantage of the very first opportunity to sail for France, and, on our arrival there, to join our hands and destinies, as we had long since joined our hearts. Peters, rejoiced beyond measure at having escaped from a business which he had long held in hourly increasing abhorrence, was as desirous as we were for the hour of departure, and we all waited with extreme impatience the occurrence of an opportunity. Unfortunately there was no French vessel then at the Havannah, except a man-of-war, the Iris, which was compelled to remain on that station some time; otherwise I could easily have obtained a passage in her. On my arrival at the Havannah, I had made it my first business to wait on the French consul there. Conceiving it best to keep my adventures on board the Shark a profound secret, I merely exhibited to him the documents necessary to convince him of my respectability and identity, and that done, he strongly interested himself in my behalf—how unfortunately will presently be seen.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS.

THE earth is hushed in slumber sweet,
And blissful dreams my fancy greet;
The balmy south, like fairy's sighs,
Doth scarcely to a whisper rise;
The moon sheds forth a silv'ry ray,
More witching than the brighest day;
The night-bird trills her strain of love,
And glittering are the worlds above;
The peaceful ocean murmurs near,
And falls like music on the ear—
Music, such as spirits breathe
At the holy hour of eve!
A thrilling symphony of soul,
O'er which cold art hath no control!
A wildly floating melody
Of Nature's own sweet harmony:
And yet, upon mine ear it falls
Like tones fond mem'ry oft recals,—
Like tones of one I love how well—
Hearts may conceive, but *lips* ne'er tell!

Ingenious Smuggling.—A most extraordinary and ingenious mode of smuggling tobacco and cigars from Holland has been lately discovered, which is, perhaps, without parallell in the history of the contraband trade. A ship called the Lord Strangford, now lying alongside Brewer's Quay, was entered at the Custom-House in the early part of the week with a cargo of timber from Rotterdam. The logs were about to be landed, when an accident induced the captain to examine them, and it was found that the logs of wood were hollow, and were filled up with tobacco and cigars, a plug being inserted at each end of the same colour as the wood. One of the logs having become warped by the weather, the plug fell out, and discovered the fraud intended on the revenue. On examining the remainder of the timber it was found that a large hole, about six inches in diameter, had been scooped out in each, and filled with cigars and tobacco. The captain immediately gave information to the Customs, and the contraband cargo was seized and landed yesterday. The quantity of tobacco and cigars exceeds five tons, and the value is upwards of £3,000.—*London Paper.*

Socialism.—We have hitherto refrained from noticing the vagaries of the disciples of the infidel Owen in Liverpool, from an impression that any interference with them on our part would be the means of giving them an importance which we did not think they deserved. They have, however, we find, operated injuriously to a very great extent amongst the lower orders of our townsmen; and on that account, therefore, we are glad to observe that a course of three lectures is to be delivered in the present week, at the Music Hall, by a gentleman who is fully competent to expose their blasphemous and atheistical tendency, and the organised means now used throughout the country to disseminate them. The first lecture, we understand, was given last night, and was well received by a numerous auditory.

Conservatism in Shropshire.—Shrewsbury and Ludlow are doing their duty nobly, by preparing to meet the enemies of the church and constitution foot to foot, whenever an election shall come, should they venture a contest, which we much doubt. In the first an "Operative Conservative Association" has been formed with the greatest success. Placards have been issued, requesting the conservatives of Ludlow to meet at the Feather's Inn, in the borough, on the evening of the 12th instant, for the purpose of forming a permanent association, the loyal gathering on the occasion surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine friends of the good cause. Thomas Childe, Esq. was called to the chair, and he acquitted himself most admirably in the discharge of his duties, as chairman of a meeting that promises to lead to the happiest results. James Davies, Esq. of Elm Lodge, was appointed president of the association; James Baxter, Esq. vice-president. Upwards of 80 members were immediately enrolled, and the prospects of the future success and usefulness of the association were unanimously admitted to be as cheering as the loyal conservatives could wish.—*Hereford County Press.*

Romantic Incident.—Castle of Drachenfels.—On the night of the 6th instant, this spot, consecrated by the genius of Byron, was the scene of extraordinary commotion. It seems that Mr. J. O'Brien, an Irish gentlemen, and a Mr. George, an Englishman, left the neighbouring island, which is now occupied by a hotel alone, the former residence of Roland's betrothed, and over which the tower stands, to enjoy, by the moonlight, the beauteous view from the castled heights of Drachenfels. On arriving at the scene, their attention was aroused by the loud screams of some one in distress, and apparently a woman. On descending lower, and in the neighbourhood from whence the voice proceeded, they beheld a man, dragging by the hair a female; and, from her violent struggles and terrified appearance, and the direction he was moving, (a few yards more bringing him to a fall of near three hundred feet, in the direction of Bonn,) his bloody intention was apparent. Mr. George, the more active of the two, and who possesses a knowledge of the language, got immediately before him, and questioned him as to his meaning in thus acting. Nothing disconcerted by the sudden appearance of an interrupter of his bloody intentions, he drew forth a knife, and, declaring the woman his child, vowed vengeance against any one who would interfere between them. During the parley of words, Mr. O'Brien arrived upon the spot; and, seeing in two a fresh obstacle to his first intent, he rushed with an open knife at the girl, who had, during the interruption, disentangled herself.—Mr. O'Brien, from behind, immediately struck him with a bludgeon; and the effect, we regret to say, extended farther than he purposed. Stunned by the blow, the miscreant reeled and fell, nearly fifteen feet, to all appearance, lifeless.—From the appearance of the body, by the light of the moon, and the heavy breathing of the man, Mr. O'Brien, not supposing that he could live for any time, remained by the body, while Mr. George alarmed the neighbouring village. The man was immediately removed to his house, within one mile of the scene; and medical assistance, from the town of Bonn, was procured. He has suffered a slight fracture, and a hurt on the right side; but, at the hour we write, his life is declared in no danger. His name is Brementhal, and his daughter having been seduced, and reaching his ears, led him to this bloody intention. So free from all censure did the neighbours suppose Mr. O'Brien, from the mutual explanations of Mr. George and the daughter, (Mr. O'Brien, from not knowing the language, being unable to communicate with them,) that they peremptorily refused his surrendering himself to any constituted authorities, or leaving their protection. The morning after the miscreant's life was declared free from danger, the poor girl, accompanied by her companions, arrived at the banks near the hotel, presenting flowers to her deliverers. Mr. George, whose benevolence is only equalled by his large fortune to support it, has held out no small hopes to the seducer; and honoured marriage, it is supposed, will crown the scene of strife.—Ems, 14th July, 1839.—*Correspondent of a London paper.*

CANADA.

The late Collision.—From a gentleman who was on board the *Lady Colborne* when the collision took place, and in whom we repose confidence, we have obtained a copy of the following statement, which we are assured, can be corroborated by a dozen persons who witnessed the whole transaction. This statement has been made before the Notaries:

Between the hours of 11 and 12 on Saturday night the 24th instant, having left Three Rivers, we observed the sparks from the chimney of a steam boat, apparently about three miles ahead. The Pilot being on the look-out, the Master went down to the lower deck to change his clothes, not wishing to leave the main-deck, and desired the Pilot to keep a good look-out. He had not been long on the lower-deck, and being in conversation with the Engineer, when the pilot rang the large bell for the Engineer, the Master immediately ran on the upper deck, and the Engineer to his engine. On arriving on deck, he observed the other steamer to be steering to the north; he ordered the helm to be put a-port, and hailed the other steamer to hard-a-port her helm, but receiving no answer, and finding she did not alter her course, he ordered the helm of the *Lady Colborne* to be put to starboard, and rang the bell for the Engineer to stop the engine, which was promptly attended to, when to their great surprise, they observed the *Britannia* steamer coming full speed into the starboard foregangway. The Master hailed them to stop their engine, which they did not until she drove into the Lady Colborne, cutting away the guard and the hull of the vessel to within two feet of the water's edge. The Britannia then reversed her engine, and bore away. The Master of the Lady Colborne hailed them to stop, but to all his repeated calls they made no answer, and kept their course to Three Rivers.

The Lady Colborne, besides suffering much damage, had one cask and one barrel of oil stove in, and one barrel lost.—*Quebec Transcript.*

Trial of Jalbert.—With reference to this important forthcoming event, the Montreal *Herald*, of Friday last, makes the subjoined remarks. It remains to be seen whether the Sheriff will be fortunate enough, this time, to procure twelve *honest* men to investigate the evidence adduced by the crown officer.

Jalbert's trial for the murder of Lieut. Weir, 32nd regiment, has been fixed for Tuesday next, and will be the first on the list that day. Already are the same kind of machinations in operation which produced the acquital of Nicholas. Should any professional man be detected in such practices, we trust that His Excellency will at once deprive him of his commission. Had some of those rebel lawyers who now move about so jauntily, been so served, it would have put a stop to many manœuvres of the description to which we allude. If they have not been so punished, we cannot blame the Government here; for the same policy that set Wolfred Nelson and his brother traitors at liberty after having murdered British soldiers, has, no doubt, fettered the hands of our respected Governor. We suppose that the power to which we allude acts for the best, as far as it is capable of judging; but it is most wofully in error. Decision, energy, and the bestowal of unlimited discretional power on our Governor, are the only means of keeping this Province in due obedience.

Since the above was in type, we received the Montreal *Herald* of Saturday, containing the following additional particulars:

A most amusing attempt was made by Mr. Charles Mondelet yesterday, in the case of François Jalbert, to withdraw the plea of not guilty pleaded by him to the indictment for the murder of the late Lieut. Weir, and substitute a plea of "Pardon of Her Majesty, as granted in the Proclamation of amnesty of the Earl of Durham." The argument of Mr. Mondelet was most ably refuted by the learned Solicitor General, Mr. Stuart, with his usual clearness of expression. The most absurd part of the affair is, as was shown by the Solicitor General, that the prisoner was indubitably excepted from receiving the grace conferred on the political prisoners, not only by the Ordinance passed by the Council, *but by the Proclamation itself!* We can understand and appreciate the exertion of an advocate in defence of his client; but the imprudent intrusion upon the valuable time of a Court of an application wholly unfounded, should be checked, and we regretted that the honourable Judges did not at once end the argument. The front bench in its contents was so typical of the parties who support Mr. Jalbert, that we must shew it up. Messieurs Cartier, Lafontaine, Walker, Cherrier, and Mondelet, supported on one side by the *ci-devant* Lieut. General Hubert and Mr. Berthelot, and on the other by Mr. Ouimet, late President of the Sons of Liberty, and flanked by Colonel Fereol Pelletier. Will the insolent bravado of these men have an end? When we say "these men," we allude to all but Mr. Walker, whom we regretted to see brought into the middle of such a family. How many of the above gentlemen have been present at the mounting of the gaol guard during the last winters? Easily answered—*all* but Mr. Walker!—*Transcript.*

The trial of *Jalbert*, for the murder of Lieutenant Wier at St. Denis on the 23d Novr. 1837, was going on at Montreal, and excited much interest. The following is from our Correspondent:

Tuesday evening, Sept. 3rd.—The trial of Jalbert, for the murder of the late Lt. Wier, came on this morning before the hon. Judges Pyke, Gale and Rolland.—The Jury is composed of eight Canadians, four British,—C. Atwater, John Maybell, George Fraser and — McKeyuker. The case was opened by the Solicitor General, A. Stuart, Esq.: five witnesses have been examined; the Jury will be sent to Swords Hotel. The evidence given by Guertin (a witness for the crown) on the trial, differed so much from the facts he disclosed in his affidavit before the Majistrates immediately after the murder, compelled the Attorney General to move the Court that he be committed: he will, I believe, be indicted for perjury.

Counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Walker and Chas. Mondelet.

FRUITS OF LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.

(From the Hereford County Press.)

England is now about to reap the bitter fruits of that disgraceful system of whig truckling under Earl Grey, and whig-radical truckling under his successor, by which was first forced upon the country that now *radical*-denounced measure, the *reform* bill; and, secondly, municipal *reform* bill. And if the loyal and well-disposed were not, of necessity, partakers in the humiliating lesson, no reflecting person could say it was not fully deserved by the late and present ministry.

We recollect the time when the people were prompted to outrage and agitation, that a Grey might be forced back upon the sovereign; and then it was that the first fatal admission was made by the rulers of the land (the whigs in office), that the will of the people might be placed above the law!

Then it was the unions of Birmingham and elsewhere were prompted to hold their treason meetings, breathing threatenings and terror to the wily legislature itself; and now it is they have dared to practice what whig and radical authorities have basely allowed the people to imagine was right.

It is not long since the cut-throats, who go about sowing sedition under the designation of conventionists, held one of their agitation meetings at Liverpool, at the time Lord John Russell was feasting with the mayor of that town, and what said his lordship at that corporation dinner, in reference to the chartist meeting, the principal orator at which was Feargus O'Connor? His lordship said, "The chartists were justified in holding such meetings, and he had no doubt the good sense of the people would prevent any mischief arising therefrom," or words to that effect. Well, the meetings proceeded, and first a royal proclamation was issued to put down meetings by torch-light; and now an army of police and military is barely sufficient to save one of the largest towns in the empire from becoming a prey to universal destruction by fire and pillage.

Birmingham and its trade has, for ten days, been a prey to riot and agitation of the most fearful kind, and, finally, the mob is allowed to carry on the work of destruction, and to fire and gut houses for an hour and a quarter, says Lord John Russell in parliament; but the riot began as early as four in the afternoon, and yet not a magistrate is at hand to give orders for the preservaton of life and property. At half-past eight at night, the reign of terror at its height, the mayor, a son of the union *bagging* M. P., Mr. Scholefield, has to be fetched a mile and a half before any step can be taken, or the police or military be allowed to act. Nay, the mob actually knocked out the windows of the public office, the police being inside, and no attempt is made to repress the outrage! This is protection for life and property under whig-radical misrule and municipal *reform!*

We should like to know if a person was to throw a stone through any shop window, and a policeman were at hand, whether he would wait for orders before he laid hand on the offender, even though no riot was threatened? Yet here was riot, pillage, and terror at its height, the very stones and brick-bats flying about the ears of the police in the public office, and not a man is allowed to lift his hand either in defence of himself or the public, for want of orders from that pink of *modern inventions*, a borough magistrate!

When Lovett, the secretary to the "Convention" (as the most of scoundrels is called who assisted to hatch this state of things in Birmingham and elsewhere, and every one of whom has done or said what he ought to be hanged or transported for, if we had had a government that had moral courage and principle enough to vindicate the laws and the country), was before the magistrates of Birmingham, one of his judges, appointed by Lord John Russell, was the notorious Mr. Muntz—whom this same Lovett, to his face on the bench of magistrates, declared to be a trustee at the moment for the fund raised to furnish the "Convention" with ways and means! To this Muntz uttered not a word of contradiction—yet he is still a borough magistrate, though Frost is dismissed.

Well may the people defy the law when such characters are its administrators.

But this comes of whig and whig-radical patronage of unions in high places.

The *Standard* of Thursday says—

"The ministerial writers persist in denying that [illegible]