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This is pride, this is *tyranny* with a vengeance. The envious toad puffing itself up with swelling words of vanity to the size of the ox. It may be said, perhaps, there is no great mischief in words. Read what St. James saith. "The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth. And the tongue is a fire—a world of iniquity; it setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell."

The "unruly evil of the tongue full of deadly poison," is fearfully manifest in the profane and treasonable pamphlets by which the people of England are insulted. Aye insulted,—for I am dishonoured by being appealed to as capable of the foulest crimes, assassination, treason, rebellion, and such like; spoken and written to, as if I were an Italian robber, or one of the disciples of the ferocious Robespierre, who was guilty in the first instance, of shedding royal blood, and afterwards became a tyrant, whose guillotines made the streets of Paris to flow with the blood of the people.

To return to our narrative, the whole of Queen Square was in darkness, the rioters having put out the lamps. In the large hall, the lamps were still burning, and through the shattered doors and window frames shewed distinctly the interior of the lower apartments, now filled with constables who had defended the staircase from the rioters. During the evening, Sir Charles Wetherell escaped by the roof, and soon afterwards left Bristol, as was publicly intimated next day at noon.

These disgraceful outrages having proceeded thus far, how ought they to have been checked? When ought the dragoons to have been ordered to charge? Whose duty was it to give the orders? These and other knotty questions it is understood will be solemnly investigated, and I intend to pass them over.

It is much to be feared and lamented, that up to this period, and beyond it, many of the labouring classes, who would have shrunk with horror from taking any part in a theft or house breaking, gave