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AGAINST

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"It is a truth, this Chartist agitation has thrown to the surface no more numerous and more valuable than the 'Purgatory of Suicides.' If there be any one so fitted to represent the manufacturing masses, to describe their wants, and expound their wishes, as he—*Kenilworth Independent*.

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"Let Cooper throw away his Chartist notions—and what has a poet to do with rude questions of politics, of Charters, and political facts, and the like?—and he may take his place high up in the Temple of Fame, as one of England's greatest and truest-hearted poets. The man who can write such exquisite songs as this little volume abounds with, may, and he will, carve out for himself a name as enduring as the language in which he pens the 'thoughts that breathe, and words that live.' Altogether, this is the best Christmas book we have yet seen."—*Leicester (Tory) Journal*.

"We are happy to meet Mr. Cooper in this light department of poetical labour, and to find that his muse can for a while lay aside her sternness, and, ceasing to brood over human wrongs, can yield to the impulses of the season, and sympathise with the kinder emotions of social festivity. The poem before us proves how much the earlier efforts of the author were imbued with true poetical feeling. The notes exhibit a learning that is surprising when the writer's history is taken into account. And yet this self-acquired learning is but one of the many singular features that characterise the productions of this singularly gifted man, a poet of Nature's own making, whose extraordinary genius cannot fail, ere long, to exhibit still higher manifestations of its powers and versatility."—*Kenilworth Independent*.

"A clever fellow is our Thomas, the Chartist, full of rough common sense, and as much imagination as could possibly find room in a head so crammed with the hard knotty prosing of politics. On the present occasion he has essayed, in his own peculiar way, a metrical story, which, although at times uncouthly written, is written with a heartiness that forms a pleasant relief to the many-penned rhymes of most of our poets who have sung of the moon and stars above, and the streams with the flowers below, till ordinary folks are sick and tired of hearing them. We have not for a long time met with so much of poetry that we could read through with half as much pleasure."—*Charlton's Literary Register*.

"Not that we have seen the 'Prison Rhyme,' nor any of the poet's efforts of Mr. Cooper, we certainly were not prepared to find from the poetry of so high an order as the volume before us. The author of 'The Wise Saws' has written a Christmas Rhyme, which bids fair to compete successfully with the best productions of Byron or Shelley, and which, without any great exaggeration, might be compared to the hitherto unequalled verse of John Milton. It is remarkable that every thought is clothed in poetic diction—almost every line, taken apart, presents a poetic image of surpassing beauty."—*Glasgow Standard*.

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ESTATES TO BE SOLD.

We have again to express our hearty thanks to the several secretaries and friends who have transmitted advertisements of estates to be sold, and to ask a continuance of them to our favour. The next purchase must be in Lancashire or Cheshire; and on Friday next Mr. O'Connor purposes starting upon a tour of inspection. We beg for a continuance of those favours.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1846.

IRELAND.

We have laboured zealously and incessantly to bring the real state of Ireland home to the understanding of Englishmen. We have not only appealed to their sense of justice, but we have appealed to their interest. We have shown that every twenty shillings paid in the labour market to the expropriated Irishman, whose labour, under a proper government, would be required at home, causes by competition the abstraction of thirty shillings and more from the English labour market. We confidently affirm, that if Ireland was properly governed, and that if the invitation of simple justice was held out to Irish labourers, now competitors in the English market, that not a single Irishman would remain in this country—that is, with the exception of those who from intermarriage or business are tied to the country by connexion or association. And, now that the Saxon rulers of Ireland have threatened to compel the Irish people to violate all the forms of hospitality—the brightest characteristic of the nation—by making it a transportable offence to give a night's lodging to a stranger; now that the Peers of England and the Commons of England have proclaimed war against Ireland by the enactment of another foul Coercion Bill—for to say and to commit acts of cruelty towards Ireland are one and the same thing—it is time that the English mind should be fully instructed as to the several causes which lead to the perpetration of crime in Ireland.

Whenever the people of Ireland demand the most simple act of justice, they are met with coercion as the necessary preliminary towards the administration of justice—the manifestation of a more kindly feeling, and as the only means of inducing English capitalists to speculate in Irish labour and Irish traffic. Coercion is ever passed at railway speed, but the promised justice has never yet found its way to the land. For now full five-and-forty years has the country laboured under all the horrors of a political union, and during that long period we have had commission upon commission, committee after committee, reports that the youngest man could not read in the longest life: each specific grievance has been described, and familiarly exposed, until, at length, the whole category of complaint is brought under the knowledge of the government in the report of Lord Devon's commission, upon which the Minister was pledged to act. That report has been long enough in existence to have ensured the correction of at least some of the crying grievances therein described; but up to this hour, with the exception of a Ministerial "feint" made by Lord Stanley in the Lords, there has not been the slightest attempt to correct the brutality and depravity of the landlord class, the plunder and ferocity of the middlemen, or the cruelty and robbery of land and law-agents.

The charge of every judge to the several grand juries of the several counties, for long before and long subsequent to the Devon inquiry, all went to confirm the existence of the sought-for tranquillity—the tranquillity which was necessary to ensure the correction of the manifold abuses complained of; a tranquillity which was only broken by the despondency created by Ministerial indifference to the horrors under which the report showed the Irish people laboured. Can it be longer said that the government is now in ignorance of the cause of Irish crime; or will the most puling metaphysician dare to tell us that a people who assert justice that the law denies, with a full knowledge of the cause of crime, possessed by the Minister, are more culpable than those who perpetrate the cause, while they take savage vengeance upon a people whom they have thus insulted?

The grievances of Ireland have been represented to be want of tenure, dear law, the facility with which a landlord of straw can break a tenant of steel, the little inducement offered for the expenditure of capital upon the erection of farm buildings or the improvement of the soil, absenteeism, and the inevitable consequence of substituting a tyrant irresponsible agent for the responsible owner, who has duties to perform as well as rights to exercise. These have been enumerated as the principal grievances of Ireland, and their existence has been long known to the English cabinet. Why, then, is it that there has not been even an advance in the road to correction? It is because the Irish people are neither represented in their own press, in the press of England, nor in the House of Commons. However, it is worth the trouble of recapitulation again to enumerate the several remedies that we have proposed for the pacification and satisfaction of the Irish people.

We have proposed, both in and out of the House of Commons, that the Irish landlords should be compelled to give their tenants leases for ever at a corn rent; by which arrangement the landlord would invariably receive the annual value of the land estimated by the annual produce, which is the only fair mode of calculation. A system which would at once develop all the resources of the country, call forth its latent capital, and call its labour into action at an increased value. A system that would do away with the complication of tenant rights, compensation, and all the follies of what is called fixity of tenure. And in all cases where land is now too dear, to estimate its value by the finding of a respectable jury of farmers, according to the principle adopted when government or corporations require land or houses to be pulled down or surrendered for streets, railways, poor-houses, or other public works.

To take away the power of distress, and to allow the landlord to recover the value of his land by the same process of law that a shopkeeper or any other tradesman is now compelled to recover his debts—by action at law. What can be more ridiculous than the idea that the landlord, at twelve o'clock on the 25th of March, or 29th of September, is empowered by law to enter and distress for the half-year's rent just due. Moreover, it is a notorious fact, that an extensive Whig landlord in the West of Ireland enables his cottier tenants to pay their rents by putting them as keepers, at a shilling a day and a shilling a night, upon the larger farmers.

To appoint assistant baristers of known character and integrity to preside at quarter sessions—not Orange Protestants selected for their politics, or bad Catholics chosen for their subservience, but men in whom all classes will have faith and trust, and to give them an equitable as well as a legal jurisdiction, from which there shall be no appeal in all cases between landlords and tenants.

To abolish tithes. To allow the people of Ireland to elect their own magistrates, as the people of Scotland now do. To levy a graduated tax, commencing heavily upon absentees, and becoming less till it devolves lightly upon the occupying farmer himself, as a fund for national agricultural and labour premiums.

To borrow ten millions of money upon Exchequer bills at two per cent., and lend it out upon proper security to the Irish farmers for improvements at six per cent., which, after deducting a hundred thousand a year for the necessary expenses, would leave a profit of three hundred thousand per annum to be expended on public works in Ireland.

To consolidate the several Stamp Acts inflicting fines upon landlords, who failed to give stamped receipts for all sums received from their tenants; or this provision might be dispensed with, if an equitable jurisdiction was given to the Court of Quarter

Sessions, where an unstamped document would be equally valid as a stamped document in a court of law.

To impose a tax of at least two per cent. on all landlords who manage their estates by agents, and to prohibit the employment of attorneys in such service. To establish in each county a court of registration and deposit, where, in case of dispute between landlord and tenant, the tenant may lodge his rent, receiving a supersedeas from the officer to stay proceedings, until the case was heard before the assistant barrister.

To destroy the vexatious, whimsical, and expensive law of Replevin, which merely multiplies costs for the sheriff, and protracts proceedings, until the poor litigant is destroyed by delay.

Now, if we leave out the abolition of tithes, will any man tell us that we have proposed one single change that it is not in the power of government to effect? And, upon the other hand, will any one assert that a single alteration that we have proposed would be an act of injustice, or even harshness, to the landlord who sought no more than a fair remuneration fairly rendered for his land? Or will any one venture to assert, that under such an altered state of things, one single agrarian outrage would be annually committed in Ireland? Or, upon the other hand, shall we be told that coercion is indispensable, to afford a fair trial to any measure calculated to heal the wounds of Ireland? On the contrary, coercion is always the proof of terror, and what is conceded to terror is ever followed up by the increase of outrage.

If the English reader will carefully peruse the page of Irish history, he will find that every savage act committed in Ireland is a consequence of landlord tyranny, the law's oppression, or deferred justice. And although riots have arisen out of distressing conflicts, yet we defy proof that any landlord, who has done no more than attempt to exact the full amount covenanted to be paid in the lease, has been injured or molested. It is only when the landlord violates his contract by ousting his tenant, who has paid up his rent in the hope of letting his farm for a larger sum, and thus making profit of his labour and capital, that violence is offered to his person. But now that Ireland is about to be coerced, the red box is to be crammed with Irish atrocities; and more factious fights at fairs, where death ensues, which was not long since the rule, but is now the exception, are set down in the catalogue of Irish murders. And the Times, true to its savage calling, and bitter at the failure of its squabbling commissioner, is endeavouring to hound on English malignity against Irish crime.

We have no sympathy for the patriots who make merchandise of Ireland's every sorrow, but we have sympathy for the Irish people, who misplace their confidence, and are dupes to their own fervid imagination. While we now write, our mind is turned to the sad horrors being this moment committed in unhappy Ireland, and we call attention to the scenes that are now being enacted, to the grievances that we are about to depict, and to remedy which, after forty-five years of union, and after Lord Devon's report, Coercion is the government remedy.

This is an awful day for Ireland. This is the 25th of March, and called Lady-day—one of the days upon which "TYRANT LANDLORDS TURN TENANTS OUT." No pen can describe, no artist can truly illustrate the appearance of Ireland upon Lady-day and upon the 29th of September. Many and many a thousand labourers are at this moment walking over the threshold of the miserable mud hovel, which they themselves have erected, and of which they have contrived to pay the rent punctually, but from which they are now being ousted, in order that the "tyrant landlord" middleman, or farmer may receive some few shillings more from some needy interloper. There is but little difference between the worst middleman and the worst farmer as regards the treatment of tenants and labourers—the poor labourer is the one solitary unprotected individual, who is banished about the world at the whim or the caprice of both. And here is the picture of Ireland at this moment. The miserable cart with a miserable starved horse stands trembling at the door, while the peasant, his weeping wife, and the oldest and youngest of his children, are gathered round the cart, the dreary (three-legged stools), the spinning wheel, the dresser, the pot of straw, and a few black sticks dinged with smoke, and perchance a frame of an old bodice and a family dead chest, while the younger children stand shivering around the door, and the following dialogue takes place—"Wish, mammy, what are you pulling out the things for? Let us in, we're cold." "How'd your tongue, ashore, don't you see you can't go in, we're all going to 'fit.'" "Wish, then, mammy, where are we going to?" "Augh, you my jewel, God is good, and he only knows. I suppose your daddy will make some shelter by the ditch side with the dresser and the old chest." Well, the fire is put out, the dog is ejected, the cat is in the arms of some of the "grawls;" as the ceremony of ejection requires that no living thing belonging to the old occupants should be in the house, and that every spark of fire should be put out. This ceremony being over, the beastly agent walks in, takes the possession, gives it to his "TRUSTY," who remains inside until the miserable fragments are placed upon the cart, with the younger children and cat on the sop of straw that served the night before for a bed, the mother, perhaps, carrying the youngest in her arms; and thus arranged, the mournful cavalcade leaves, the miserable hut that the father had built, and that promised them shelter for life, the poor peasant leading the horse, and all moving in the saddest melancholy. The mother sobbing, the father howling, the children howling, and the neighbours all standing at their doors, joining in the cry of sorrow. They go on till some sheltered spot presents a chance habitation for the night, and there, if not routed by the ACTIVITY of the police, they spend their first night of misery; for, in comparison, was cheering, joyous, and comfortable. If the miserable peasant is allowed to sojourn in this miserable spot until his wife and children are seized with fever, or struck down from grief, should chance to meet their tyrant murderer, and not take off his hat, he is branded as a disaffected White Boy, and hunted, till, in the proud spirit of manly vengeance, he secures for himself that justice which the oppressor's law denied him. In mercy to the feelings of our readers, we close the picture here.

THE TEN HOURS' BILL.

In our article of last week upon the Ten Hours' Bill, we expressed to some of the friends of the measure our suspicion that it would be again shelved, and our intention to apprise the country of the fact, but were dissuaded by the assurance that such course might do injury to the cause. That we were correct, however, subsequent events have proved. Of course, we attach no blame whatever to Mr. FIDELITY, whose health, we are aware, has been so indifferent of late as to make it impossible for him to undertake the labours of so arduous a task. We conscientiously believe that no working-man feels more anxious upon the subject than Mr. FIDELITY, and no one can, we believe, be possessed of more zeal upon the subject than he is.

Our remarks, therefore, must be taken as altogether apart from Mr. FIDELITY's compulsory postponement of the motion. The subject is one, however, upon which we feel such irrepressible emotions, that no tenderness to individuals or parties can or shall prevent us from the rational and manly discharge of our duty. We state with sorrow then, that, irrespective of the real cause of the postponement of the question, Lord ASHLER has been the man who has cast a blight upon the subject. He has coquetted with the Short Time Committee, and the Short Time Committee have allowed themselves to be made mere machines in his hands. They are not working men, and, therefore, cannot possibly have that lively interest in the success of the measure that is entertained by the slaves for whose relief it is intended. Resolved, therefore, that the conduct of the measure shall pass into the hands of those not likely to be influenced by GOVERNMENT CONVENIENCE OR PERSONAL

MOTIVES, we will not, in the language of Lord ASHLER, "BY GOD'S BLESSING," longer tolerate party coquetry upon a great national subject.

The Short Time Committee must either seek the moderate struggle, or they must give way to, and be replaced by, such men as JAMES LEACH, DANIEL DONOVAN, and others, who work for their bread, and will have a fellow feeling for those who do likewise. We must have a Short Time Central Committee of Working Men adults, a Short Time Central Committee of working youths, and a District Committee of adults, youths, and female operatives, in every district throughout the kingdom. The people shall not longer be galled by lordly influence or political trickery—the government's weakness is their opportunity; and not even to please him, will we be parties to relieving them from their embarrassment, or assisting him in his game of "chuck-razz." If the Short Time Committee were sincere and in earnest, RICHARD OASTLER would now be in the House of Commons, and, in spite of imploring or opposition, would stop the business of the nation, which means the money-mongers, until the business of the English children was first performed. This cause requires as its leader the head that has thought, the heart that has humanity, the mind that has power, the tongue that has flippancy, and the arm that has nerve. And if we are obliged to stand alone with the working class party, we will buckle the armour of strife upon the children's champion, and place him in the arena of dispute to fight their battles.

We are disgusted with the paltry trafficking in infant blood, and we care not whose tender feelings or lordly prejudices we offend. We tell the people that they are sold to ministerial convenience, and if they want to be released from the house of bondage, they must do their own work. OASTLER understands this question better than any other man living, and the people understand him, love him, confide in him, and will obey his word of command. This is a question second to none in importance, and we only hail the policy of PEARL for the chance aid it promised; and shall we, then, lose the opportunity that factious enmities has afforded, and shall we now retreat, when victory should be within our reach? Never! Our cry must be—

ONWARD, AND WE CONQUER!

BACKWARD, AND WE FALL.

BRITISH SYMPATHY FOR POLAND.

London has "pronounced"—the movement has commenced, which, "come weal come woe," shall, with the people's help, never be abandoned until Poland is independent and free.

We had purposed to have written at some length on the glorious demonstration at the Crown and Anchor, but we have not room—we must for the present defer expressing our thoughts. The very lengthy report we have given of the meeting will sufficiently excuse our silence for this week.

London has commenced the good work, let the country support the movement. Let Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow move at once. Poland must be redeemed.

We direct the attention of our readers to two important documents emanating from the Polish democrats, which our readers will find below. British sympathy has been immediately responded to by Polish gratitude. Hurrah for Poland! Hurrah for the fraternity of nations!

HORRIBLE MURDER!

The above remarks were already in type when the London morning papers of Friday brought us the following—

LATEST FROM GERMANY.—SENTENCE ON THE PRISONERS.

The Courier de Varsovie contains the following:—The undermentioned is the result of the investigation set on foot on the events at Siedlce, and the arrest of various persons:—

1. That a conspiracy took place with ramifications in the Polish provinces.

2. That the head of the conspiracy, Bronislas Dombrowski, sent from Poznan, was chosen leader of the conspiracy on the right bank of the Vistula.

3. That the principal abettors were Pantalon Potokinski, Stanislas Koleschewski, Ladislas Zarski, Jean Lydzinski, and Antoni Deskur. The agents and accomplices of Dombrowski were Stephen Dobrytosh and Stanislas Ruprecht. All these individuals, brought before a council of war, have been found guilty of rebellion and sedition. According to the powers entrusted by His Majesty the Emperor, the Prussian-Governor, after sentence pronounced by the military tribunal, ordered Potokinski, Koleschewski, and Zarski to be hung, the first at Siedlce, the other two at Warsaw. As regards Dobrytosh and Ruprecht, their sentence is to be commuted to the scaffold to banishment to Siberia, with a loss of all their rights. Mirecki and Deskur are deprived of all their rights, and share the same fate as Dobrytosh and Ruprecht. Lydzinski, who showed a true repentance, is equally banished to Siberia, with a loss of all his rights, after receiving 500 stripes. The law to enter into full force, according to Art. 178, book 1, of the military criminal code. As regards any property falling to them by inheritance, it will be adjudged according to Polish law. The sentence was fulfilled the following day at 10 A.M., in front of the Citadel, with the exception of Potokinski.—*Universal Prussian Gazette*.

We cannot comment on the above—we are agitated, bewildered by our emotions. Good God! Is there neither bolt from heaven nor brand on earth to blast or smite these hellish tigers to the dust? Oh! Lord DUDLEY STUART—oh! Dr. DOWLING, is it "not the right time" to declare war to the death against these devils? Alas! that these words of ours must be mere words.

A word, and only a word this week on the press. The Morning Advertiser (of Thursday) has nobly justified and applauded the Crown and Anchor meeting. The Sun (of Thursday evening) admits that the meeting was "precisely what it should have been, especially as being the representative of the sentiments entertained in this vast metropolis." The Times—that infamous journal, which Coercion justly designated as "the bloody old Times"—contains (in its impression of Friday morning) a most infamous attack upon the meeting. We have not room this week to do justice to this brutal enemy of truth and justice, but more next week. We will merely notice the conclusion of the "Times" leader:—

If the Polish patriots are wise and honest, they will repudiate the officious friendship of the 'National Chartist Association,' and, by turning a deaf ear to evil counsellors, vindicate the justice of her cause and the purity of their motives.

Our answer shall be the addresses from the Poles themselves, following this article. Let the writer in the Times read those addresses, and (as he will do) gnash his teeth for vexation.

Let the people do their duty. Let the meeting on Monday evening next, at the South London Hall, Webber-street, Blackfriars-road, be an overflowing demonstration. We urge the active men of South London to immediately make the necessary arrangements.

"THIS IS NOT ONLY THE TIME, BUT THE VERY TIME!"

TO THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Brothermen,—In the name of our noble fatherland, we thank you for your sympathy towards our country. The people of London, in bloodily raising their voices in behalf of our country, have but one request to make to you. They have acted wisely, because history looks with a scrutinising eye on the deeds of each nation, and each step notes down for ever as a good one, or bad—brands each nation with eternal shame, or covers with a radiant and everlasting glory. The majority of the English press, and all the misdeeds of the continental tyrants, enthusiastically cheer the blood-stained brands of the continent, but the people of London have nobly come forward to efface the shame from the British people. In the presence of the deputies of all civilised nations, the people of London have declared that the British people sympathise with the oppressed nations, and repudiate every alliance with their oppressors.

Thanks be to you, noble-minded brothers! Persevere, and never despair of the success of your efforts. Justice shall reign in this world, because He, who is our only Lord, is just, and He is Almighty as well in this world as on the throne of His glory.

Poland hath a triple right to your sympathy. She was arrested in the midst of her glorious career by armed brigands, who laid their violent hands on her. She calls to all nations this seventy years forward, where is one so base as not to feel the cry of "murder!"

Three times with her breast she covered the civilisation of Europe. In the shade of her mighty sword grew up everything of what is great and noble in the civilised world, and with her fall there is but darkness and slavery to mankind.

The banner she hoisted on the walls of Cracow you recognise of your own—read again on it the feelings of your own hearts. If Poland is free and successful, you are all free, because lifting up the sword she has sworn never to lay it aside until all her brothers are free, and you have heard her own voice declaring that all men are her brothers.

People of Great Britain! stand up, and act all as one man, as a great and noble-minded man, and the triumph shall be the reward of your gallant and generous exertions.

Given in London this 26th day of March, 1846.

LOUIS DONOSKI,

Plenipotentiary of the Polish Exiles united under the National Banner.

ZENO SWIETOSLAWSKI,

CHARLES STOLZMAN,

JOHN KRYSKI,

Councillors.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE OF THE FRIENDS OF POLAND.

Brothermen,—The manifestation of British sympathy for Poland evoked by you, in organising the public meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the 27th inst., has touched the heart of every true Pole, and awakened feelings of the deepest gratitude towards yourselves, the speakers, and the audience.

We, therefore, in the name of our fellow-countrymen resident in England, who hold the democratic faith, beg to send you these few words as a testimony of the sincerity of their grateful feelings towards you, and their warmest thanks for the sentiments you have so nobly expressed in behalf of their beloved fatherland.

We are, brethren, yours truly and faithfully,

LOUIS DONOSKI,

Plenipotentiary of the Polish Exiles united under the National Banner.

ZENO SWIETOSLAWSKI,

JOHN KRYSKI,

Councillors.

1, Upper John-street, Golden-square,

March 26th, 1846.

PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

Nothing can better illustrate the rule-of-thumb system of legislation prevalent upon most important subjects, than the treatment of railways. Similar ignorance of first principles, and want of foresight as to the probable tendencies and expansion of new social influences, are by no means scarce, but the recent birth and development of this new element of our social state enables us to trace closely and consecutively, not only the course of this incoherent and pernicious policy, but to see at a glance its pernicious effects upon the nation.

When THOMAS GRAY, of Leeds, some twenty years ago, published his map of "Steam Land Carriage," accompanied by plans, estimates, and details, exhibiting a bold and statesmanlike grasp of the whole subject, and a mastery of the principles upon which such lines of communication should be constructed, which has not since been equalled, no one listened to him. In vain did he set forth the immense, immediate, and prospective advantages which would flow from a systematic construction of these new roads, not only by one nation, but

taken from the court for persevering in the cross-examination of a wily policeman, but we have invariably broken down their evidence, which has always been sent to the jury as some UNACCOUNTABLE MISTAKE on the part of the policeman. However, we have almost invariably succeeded in destroying the effect of their evidence. But now we contract with the State more miserably. The Rev. Mr. Savage corroborates the fact in his declaration of innocence, while the Rev. Mr. Farrell tapped Buchanan on the shoulder, and stopped him in the middle of a sentence, lest he should die with the lie upon his lips. We treated Bryan Seery's case as a whole, and so we shall this, and we venture to affirm, that the Rev. Mr. Farrell and the Roman Catholic clergy of Longford will not proceed to make any more, or endeavour to enlist universal sympathy in their behalf; and herein is the difference—that Seery merely declared his innocence upon the scaffold, without having persevered in asserting it to his pastor, however we might have believed him to have been murdered, from a close perusal of the evidence, yet the Irish people, not conversant in the knowledge of Saxon laws, however they might have sympathised with him, would have believed they affirmed their belief in his innocence, but for the assurance of the Rev. Mr. Savage.

O THE MEMBERS OF THE CHARTIST CO-OPERATIVE LAND ASSOCIATION.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—You will learn from this week's summary that I have been offered £2,000 for the land and that cost £1,800; and that since then £2,300 is been offered—that is, £440 more than it cost. Now, allowing that this amount locates forty-four occupants, at two, three, and four acres, each occupant will have received for ever a bonus of £11 for every day's work—because the rent will be estimated according to the amount paid, and not according to actual value. There are two or three questions at issue, which I take this opportunity of answering, to me—why, if the land costs only £18 15s. an acre, the rent of two acres, with a house, is to be £6? Those who put the question could not have read the rules. The two acres of land that costs £18 15s. an acre, with £15 capital, and a house that costs £30 an acre, will be leased for ever for £2 a year; but

£50 is expended upon the cottage, instead of £30, it will be leased at £6 a year—that is, five per cent. upon the additional £20 expended upon the cottage, to the occupant leases; if he does not please, it need not be so, and he may have the land, cottage, and £15 for £5 a year; but the directors are anxious to secure—firstly, domestic comfort; and secondly, uniformity of architecture.

Now, if a man wishes to build a cottage himself, he will receive a lease short of the amount that building the cottage would require. Upon the other hand, if an occupant wishes to add £20, £30, or £50 to the £30 allowed as a £5 cottage, he may do

Now, I will lay down a scale that might be pre-
sented to mistake. The Society proposes giving two
acres of land that cost £18 10s. an acre, a house that
cost £30, and £15 capital, for £5 a year; but as it
is utterly impossible to establish a uniform price for
land, or even for building, which must be regulated
according to the facility of procuring materials, the
Society was obliged to render a scale by which the
rent of higher or lower priced land would be regu-
lated; thus, if we give £30 an acre for land, or £60,
instead of £37 10s. for two acres, or the rent, with a
£30 house, would be £6 2s. 6d. a year, or £5 per cent.
Upon the additional £22 10s. paid for the two acres;
if we give £40, or £80 for two acres, the rent will be
£7 2s. 6d. a year; and if we can get land, which we
may yet, for £10 an acre, the rent for two acres
would be but £1 0s. 6d. a year, or £5 per cent. de-
ducted from the original price named in favour of the
Society, and the same scale may be extended to that
of the other question is, whether the two acres is ex-
clusive of the ground that the house and offices stand
upon? In answer to that, I may say that the allot-

the houses will consist of the respective amounts of two, three, and four acres, exclusive of the ground that the house and offices stand upon—that is, that each occupant of two acres will have that full amount of ground to be dug.

Now I have nothing further to say upon the subject, than to congratulate the Association most heartily upon our prospects, and to refer you to the front page of our weekly receipts.

I am, my friends,
Your faithful servant, and Clientist Farmer,
FERGUS O'CONNOR.

Public Announcements.

CORCORAN, BREWER'S PAIR.—We recently visited this magnificent exhibition, which, by the liberality of the proprietor (Mr. Montague), is now placed within the range of the industrious millions, the price of admission being reduced one-half, whilst its attractions are increased. We were first introduced to the Glyptotheca, or Museum of Sculpture, in which were exhibited the finest and most valuable works of the ancient and modern sculptors; and, passing every variety of subject from mother Eve down to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, we next visited the collection of the Hon. the Attorney-General's Solicitor-General. From this we were con-

located into the Stalactite Caverns of Adelsberg, which are truly described as "the most magnificent of all the temples that nature has built for herself in the regions of height." Leaving these, we found ourselves surrounded by a forest arising from the Illuminated Conservatories and gorges of the Alps, which we were to be fond exotics of the most rare and costly description, and birds of the finest and most variegated plumage. The aviaries and doors of the Conservatories being lined with plate glass, greatly magnifies the scene, and gives the appearance of one of those magic temples we read of in an eastern tale. We were next introduced to the neat and picturesque Swiss Cottage, in which those whose means and inclinations permitted, stipped their cuisine, while those of a humbler grade, in true Swiss style, tipped, with apparently equal relish, their tea or coffee, as from the windows they viewed the stupendous Alpine range, the Mer de Glace, or gazed with awe on "the mighty Bianco torrent." Returning through the elegant circle of refreshment rooms into the Glyptotheca, we were ushered in the Eliza to the ascending room, and having

found ourselves in a spacious gallery near the top of the building, gazing on that *chef-d'œuvre* of art, the Panorama of London, as seen by night from the top of St. Paul's; looking down on the river, the bridges, the boats, the myriads of lights issuing from the numerous show-windows, the rippling of the waters, or looking up at the fleecy clouds and silvery moon, the illusion is complete, this is not all—the moon becomes overcast, the atmosphere changed; the rumbling of thunder is heard, the flashes of lightning become vivid, and the rain pours down in torrents. This colossal picture comprises an acre of canvas, and elicits the highest encomiums from the people of all nations. The Panorama is an act of industry which did not mention the art, the attendance of the proprietors by the attendants and officers of the establishment; each appeared pleased when they added to the comfort or convenience of the numerous visitors. To our friends we would say, take an early opportunity of visiting this enchanting exhibition.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The directors of the above establishment have given an addition to the

Ordinary features lately exhibited here. This attraction is as some opaque microscopic portraits of several of the most distinguished leaders of the Sikhs, all but one of whom were opposed to our troops in the late battles on the Sutlej. The managers of this institution have very judiciously selected the portraits of those who were engaged in the present struggle, and there would be a natural anxiety on the part of the people of this country to see what sort of beings the race are whose acts have led to so much slaughter in our armies; and therefore, in so having selected these portraits, which have only just arrived in England, they have shown great tact and judgment. By this means they will have afforded to the public an opportunity of forming some opinion of the character of the enemy, by an inspection of their countenances, forms, and attire. The portraits have been selected from the works of a lady of eminent artistic talent, who was resident in the Punjab a number of years, and her portraits are considered striking likenesses. It is to be regretted that they have been exhibited do not indicate, either by the peculiar construction of the face or by the expression of the eye, that great feeling of ferocity and destructively which is stated to be their leading characteristic. On the contrary, the majority had regular and handsome features, almost feminine, and might be classed as kindly and generous men; thus showing how much we may at times be deceived by appearances. The instrument by which these interesting pictures are exhibited is the same microscopic invention by Mr. Longbottom. It is intended, we hear, to give a series of portraits of those engaged in the present struggle—the late Sir Robert Peel, Lady Sale, Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir Hugh Gough; and other distinguished individuals.

QUEEN POMARE.—Some few years since, her Majesty Queen Victoria presented a very handsome carriage to the unfortunate Queen Pomare. The *Polynesian*, a weekly journal published at Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, in its impressive issue for the 10th of November last, contains the following interesting announcement in reference to the royal equiptage:—"Rhodes and Co. offer for sale, carriage, harness, &c. of Queen Pomare, of Tahiti, built in England. I. It is a well-constructed article, light and capacious, and admirably suited for a family carriage. Two sets of harness accompany it." The editor of the *Polynesian* says, "in relation to the above," "It will be seen that Rhodes and Co. offer for sale the carriage of this truly royal and unfortunate, though meritorious woman. It was presented from her sister Queen Victoria, and is now offered for sale in order to supply the royal demands with the means of existence. She is said to be the victim of very straitened circumstances, being entirely without revenues or other means than the charity of her friends abroad."

Ireland.

REVOLTING CASE — MURDER OF A MAN

BY HIS WIFE'S FARCISOUSK.

DUBLIN, MARCH 22.—The following collection may give the English readers some notion of the internal economy of the Irish people's family:—

On Wednesday last, James Carroll, Esq. (coroner) held an inquest on the body of Daniel Brocree, at Tuorenbriem, about fourteen miles from Nenagh, who was beaten on the night of the 10th inst. The deceased was a man over sixty years of age, and his wife (who appears to have been accessory to his death) is about twenty years his junior. He was rather a comfortable farmer, and has eleven children. The eldest son, Daniel, the deceased's eldest, appears to have been a model of a wife's friend. He is a married man and has a wife and three children.

Ellen Brocree sworn and examined by the coroner.—I am daughter of the deceased, Daniel Brocree. I remember the night of the 10th inst. On the night in question my mother, father, three sisters, three brothers, and Patrik Hayes (servant) were in the house. About half-past eight o'clock my mother takes supper, and then the two sisters, Catherine and Mary, go to bed. I fell asleep immediately after going to bed. I did not hear any of the persons I left behind me go to bed. My mother slept in the same room, in a bed adjoining mine. In the course of the night I was awakened by my mother, who had her petticoat about her shoulders, crying, and crying. Ellen, Ellen, your father is killed! killed! killed! I then got up. I saw Walshe going from the bed in which my father lay. He had a hatchet in his hand; on going towards the room-door, I heard Walshe say, "Take that." Walshe had nothing on him at the time but his shirt. He has been in my father's service since July last: I saw no other person in the room at the time of the attack on my father. Walshe was not in the house at the time I went to bed, and I do not know what hour he came in. When I got out of bed, I saw the deceased lying on his back in the bed; he was covered with blood, and was unable to speak. I heard my mother say it was four black boys that killed my father. I knew at the time that it was Walshe who killed him, because I saw him leave the room with the hatchet in his hand. When I began to cry, and Walshe ran out of the kitchen door, as if to go and leave the house, I followed him, and he went into the house, he slept with my father and mother, but latterly he slept on the loft. My brother William also slept with my father and mother, but did not do so on this night; I recollect on one occasion that he slept with my father and mother, my father got up an hour before day, and he went to the fair of Cappamore, and left Walshe in bed to go to the fair with him. After the police came to the house, I was much for going to the fair, and found it under the dresser in the kitchen, with blood on it. The hatchet belonged to my father. I first searched for it where it generally lay, but did not find it. My father lingered from the 10th to the 17th inst., when

Grace Berocreeh, examined by the coroner, corroborated her sister's testimony.

Other corroborative evidence having been given, and evidence that the man died of the wounds, the jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against William Walshe and Mary Berocreeh, and they were accordingly committed for trial by the coroner.

THE LATE MR. CARRICK.—STATE OF CLARE.—MR. CARRICK was perfectly sensible to the last, and he made his will after the faculty had seen him, leaving to his wife and to his only child, Mrs. Finucane, wife of the high sheriff of Clare, all his property. Thomas Whitestone, Esq., coroner, on Thursday held an inquest upon the body, when Mr. Carrick's servant was examined, and the verdict returned was Wilful Murder against persons unknown. [We understand that the Lord Lieutenant has acceded to the requisition of the Magistrate of Clare, and has issued a special commission for the trial of all persons accused of criminal offences in that country.]

Bankrupts, &c.

BANKRUPTS.

(From Tuesday's Gazette, March 24, 1846.)

James Giron, Monaghan-street, merchant—Charles Henry Water, Queen's-row, Pimlico, dealer in paintings—Joseph Thompson, Norwich, cooper—William Morphee, Sevenoaks, draper—John Perkins, North-place, Gray's-inn-lane, jeweller—Thomas Piersen, Warwick-cott, Holborn, money-scrivener—John Brett, Luton, Bedfordshire, sheep salesman—Richard Ellis, Richmond-square, shoemaker—Abigail Tassell, Little Queen-street, Holborn, varnish-manufacturers—Martin Cubitt, High Holborn, builder—George Prince, Romsay, Hampshire, wine-merchant—William Bull, Leeds, and Adame-street, cloth-merchants—James Riding and James Fielden, Leyland, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers—James Rishton, Over Darwen, Lancashire, cotton-spinner—John Gibson, Manchester, veterinary surgeon—James Biddall Wood, Manchester, varnish-maker—John Taylor, Hereford, grocer—Moss Smith, Birmingham, ironfounder—Philip Crispin, Bristol, carpenter—Edward Williams, Norw, Finsbury, draper.

DIVIDENDS DECLARED.

R. Mackenzie, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, and Bond-cott, Walworth, painter, first dividend of 2s. 6d., on Monday, March 23, and the two subsequent Mondays, at Mr. Alsager's, Birch-lane.

C. Allen, Tadley, Hampshire, maltster, first dividend of 5s. 4d., on Monday, March 23, and the two subsequent Mondays, at Mr. Alsager's, Birch-lane.

J. Milne, Liverpool, painter, first dividend of 3s. 1d., on Monday, March 23, or any subsequent Monday, at Mr. Alsager's, Birch-lane.

D. Parry, Ruthin, Denbighshire, currier, first dividend of 2s. 3d. on Monday, March 23, or any subsequent Monday, at Mr. Bird's, Liverpool.

V. J. Cooper and J. Beattie, North Shields, drapers,
first dividend of 3s., on Saturday, March 28, or any
subsequent Saturday, at Mr. Wakley's, Newcastle-upon-
Tyne.

J. Joslin, Bishopwearmouth, draper, first dividend of
4d., on Saturday, March 28, or any subsequent Satur-
day, at Mr. Wakley's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

C. Brigham, Dodden, near Keadal, Roman Catholic
clergyman, first and full dividend of 1s. 7d., on Saturday
March 28, or any subsequent Saturday, at Mr. Wakley's
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

C. Barber, Denham Springs, Lancashire, calico-printer
first dividend of 3s. 12d., on Tuesday, March 31, or any
subsequent Tuesday, at Mr. Pott's, Manchester.

A. W. B. Smith, Leeds, all-tin-stroker, second
dividend of 1d., and first and second dividend of 1s. 6d.
or new proofs, on Tuesday, March 31, or any subsequent
Tuesday, at Mr. Frazier's, Manchester.

G. Payne, King-street, Covent-garden, tailor, dividend
of 2s. 3d. (making, with a former dividend, 8s. 9d.), on
Wednesday, March 28, and the two subsequent Wednes-
days, at Mr. Belcher's, King's Arms-army, Moorgate-street.

O. T. Whittington, Great St. Helen's, merchant, first
dividend of 5s. 6d., on Wednesday, March 28, and the two
subsequent Wednesdays, and any subsequent Thursday,
at Mr. Belcher's, King's Arms-army, Moorgate-street.

J. Chamberlaine, Lisson-rove North, glass-merchant,
first dividend of 5s. 3d., on Wednesday, March 28, and the
two subsequent Wednesdays, at Mr. Turquand's, Old
Jewry.

**EXECUTION OF SPICER FOR THE MURDER OF HIS
WIFE.**—This criminal underwent the extreme penalty
of the law on Friday. He made a full confession.
The evening previous to his execution Spicer went to
bed, and rose at the usual time, and ate a hearty
breakfast. When he came down to the kitchen, the
scullard. The executioner adjusted the cord, and
Spicer at that moment moved towards the governor
and said, looking very pathetically, "I should like
to shake hands with you, Sir." The lieutenant Hackett
of course assented, and the poor culprit then ob-
served, "Give my love to your family, Sir," and
then, with the same imperturbable calmness as be-
fore, took his place on the drop. The crowd in the
market opposite consisted of from 5,000 to 6,000
persons.

MILITARY OUTRAGE AT BRADFORD.—Permit me, through the medium of the people's organ, to expose the brutal conduct of a horde of military ruffians at present stationed in this neighbourhood. On Thursday, 12th inst., March 20th, the tranquillity of our most distressful town was being seriously disturbed by a recruiting party, numbering upwards of thirty, and after having unsuccessfully paraded the principal streets, halted in front of a public house between the old Church, when a scene commenced which beggars all description. A civilian having expressed his disapproval of the military system, and being seized by the collar, and the red-coats, the latter inflicted a most tremendous blow upon the poor man's head with a stick. The brave fellow, on collecting himself, resented the assault—a fight between them ensued. A number of the recruiting party now commenced an indiscriminate attack on the people, inflicting innumerable wounds with their sticks. One blooded fellow, in vain unsheathed his bayonet, brandishing it high in the air, as he would run even a dog through for the mere sport. The cowardly assassin, however, his bayonet was dyed with human blood. Another of the ruffians was about to strike down with his cane a respectable female, who was merely passing at the moment with an infant at her breast, and was prevented by mingled feelings of indignation and humanity. The cowardly assailant, however, disarmed him of his weapon, and then proceeded to the head. At this stage of the proceeding, the inhuman butchers, finding themselves worsted, and deeming it expedient to act upon the old adage,

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

ingloriously retreated from the battle-field of their own wrongdoing.

Taking advantage of the moment, the mounted a wall, and exposed the people, exposing them to the horrors of the military system, and concluding somewhat lengthily advice by advising my hearers to abandon the public houses, and shun all occasions where military temptations are to be found. I have often been able to ascertain the number of the wounded, but I saw one man in particular leave the scene of

