



TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,  
The 17th of August is past, and all England will testify that I have redeemed my pledge. The Jubilee has surpassed my utmost expectation, and far exceeded anything that the most sanguine could have anticipated. On that day I witnessed two novelties : the novelty of every county in England being represented in a rural district to witness Labour's triumph, and to judge for themselves of the stability of the plan, and the novelty of exhibiting a splendid estate belonging in fee, and FOR EVER, to the working classes, together with thirty-five superb cottages, and a magnificent school house, seventy-five in length, consisting of a four-roomed house for the master and mistress, and two school-rooms, each twenty-four feet long. I had spent a laborious week preparing my novelty for inspection, and on Monday morning at one o'clock I went to bed, praying for a fine day, and at four I was roused from my sleep by the booming of cannon, announcing that the day of trial of victory or defeat had arrived ; at half-past four I was at work completing the arrangements, and by twelve all was ready. The day seemed made for us, and as early as seven the visitors began to arrive, and before nine the van guard gave earnest of what numbers the main body was likely to consist, while every countenance bespoke the national verdict.

About half-past twelve, coaches and four, coaches and pairs, gigs, carts and waggons, began to arrive from all points, and shortly after about two hundred vans, freighted with the sons of toil, began to arrive, many of them bearing suitable banners. By the time the whole of the vast concourse had assembled, the spectacle was the most gorgeous ever presented to the eye of man. Every hole and corner was anxiously scanned, and, for the first time in newspaper literature, all declared that the fascinating accounts given in the *Star*, so far from being exaggerations, fell far short of the reality. The whole estate was traversed, and for the first time in the world's history not one of the vast multitude found a single fault, but outstripped each other in encomiums, declaring that all was perfection. The thing that appeared most to astonish, was the size of the allotments. Few would believe that *four acres* was such a spacious tract of land. Rebecca was tastefully dressed out for the occasion, and was the only living thing that appeared dissatisfied. I was loath to speak in too high terms of the purchase before I could be corroborated by so many good witnesses. But I now tell you that I would not sell for **FOUR THOUSAND** pounds, that is £40 an acre, and I have been asked £50 for much worse land. There is not one foot of waste upon the whole, and every inch of it is capable of being turned into the richest garden ground in a **SINGLE SEASON**. It will not take years to improve it; all it requires is kindness, and it will repay it tenfold. The situation is heavenly, picturesque, and most healthy, and to me it appears a perfect paradise. I wish some one would sell me even a two-acre allotment. I should dearly love to have a home in the centre of every branch of my numerous family.

My friends, the failure of our plan has been predicted, but IT SHALL NOT FAIL. Nothing could cause it to fail, but too much haste and rashness upon the part of the directors, and against those enemies they have resolutely set their face. They have resolved upon not gratifying the evil propensities of the dissatisfied NON-MEMBERS. You shall now learn why the occupants have not been located. Firstly, it is not three months since we got possession, and yet but for the following simple facts all would have been located 'ere now. Secondly, we took to 22 acres of clover, 16 of wheat, 3 of oats, 5 of meadow, and 5 of tares, nearly one-half of the farm, which were the property of the society and not of the occupants; and, Thirdly, such a season for drought has not been known within the memory of man; a season which precluded the furtherance of all agricultural pursuits; and, Fourthly, we had nine acres of the very best land under timber, which had to be grubbed up, as well as more than six acres of old stubborn

land marks. Now, none of these operations could have been performed by the occupants themselves without considerably more expense than I could accomplish them. For instance, the roads that we have made would have cost the county, by presentment, £368, and we have completed them for £18. The whole of the rough work, requiring many hands, must be performed before the occupants can be located with justice to the society. Every acre of the ground must be trenched and well manured. A word about manure. Chalk is the very best description of manure for the soil, and it is within a few feet of the surface in every field, and can be raised at an insignificant expense; but in the first instance we will manure all with the best London stable dung. Those who have been fortunate in the first ballot must not expect to be made still more so at the expense of the other members; and I am happy to say that in no one instance does there appear beyond a reasonable anxiety to occupy. Their freedom is secured, and that of others must not be postponed to gratify them. I have fulfilled one of my pledges, and now I shall venture upon another. It is, that on the 17th of next August, the estate will be worth and would sell for £2,500 more than it will have cost up to that time. But is not our intention to sell at all, if we can otherwise secure a speedy process. Our intention is, then, to establish a Bank of Deposit, paying the lender four per cent. for his money, secured upon the society's property, and, at the same time, allowing the several occupants to pay off their purchase money at the rate of four per cent., that is, suppose A. B. pays £10 a year rent, if he pays £10 of the purchase money his rent will be reduced to £9 12s., or 8s. a year will be taken off; if he pays £50, £2 a year will be taken off; and when he pays £250, the farm will be his own for ever. There could not, for him, be a more secure bank; and then, when the affairs of a section are wound up, the occupants will be in possession of the whole property in the shape of land for ever for nothing, or land for ever at a certain rent, with their money share of the profits. By this day two years, when the plan is fully developed, capitalists will cheerfully treat with us for mortgages if necessary, and no man living can form the most remote idea of the altered state of land with so much labour expended upon it within that period. You must never lose sight of the double fact,—first, that a large premium will henceforth be given for paid up shares in the sections that are filled up, upon the eve of a ballot, so that none can lose up to that period, and then possession will always command a large premium for the successful occupant. None are to presume from this, that gambling will be allowed to the disadvantage of the members to be located; for in all cases transfers of occupation must be made, under such provisions and conditions as will secure the expenditure of the advanced capital upon the land. I may now boastingly tell you of no small portion of the society's security—it consists in, my unimpaired constitution, undying zeal, and unconquerable pride, as evinced in the following short 12 days journal.—On Saturday the 8th, after I had paid the men, I started for Ipswich, a distance of 98 miles; on Sunday the 9th, I traversed every field of two farms of 456 acres, with an umbrella in one hand, and a spade in the other. On the same day I returned to Herringsgate. On Monday was up at half-past four, at work till 8, and not in bed till 12 any night; preparing for the demonstration, and so till Monday last; when, after the day's fatigue, on the week's first, I started at half-past two on Tuesday morning, without going to bed, for Ipswich, to bid for those farms; and returned on Tuesday night to London. It is now past 12, Wednesday night. I have been at work since 7, and I am, thank God, as fresh as a four year old, and ready for a Chartist meeting. Now, I ask, WHAT ENEMY CAN HOPE TO BEAT THAT.

My Friends, on Monday last we commenced the last stage of agitation—the direction of the public mind—and I must now say that McGrath and Doyle worked just as hard as I have, during the whole progress of our operations, while Wheeler and Clarke

discharge their duties just as zealously in my cabinet; and to them, as well as to me, is due the honour of our success hitherto—not one has ever thwarted the other, and all has been one unbroken chain of harmony. I must now tell you that one farm for which I intended to bid, of 212 acres, was bought in at £9,300. I believe its price was £12,000; and the price of the other 244 acres was £4,900; but I would not have that for our purpose at a gift. It is a badly reclaimed heath, worth about 8s. an acre. I would not give 50 acres of Herringsgate for the 244; but, depend upon it, we shall have no difficulty in purchasing land, now that my hands are untied for a bit.

Allow me now to return to our Jubilee. There was not one accident, not a shilling's worth of damage done to our scattered property; and not one single disgraceful or disagreeable act occurred from first to last. We had over 20,000 people from all parts of the Kingdom, and such a day was never before seen in England; and will you believe, that, with the exception of the *Daily News*, and a short paragraph in the *Morning Post*, not a single daily paper has bestowed a line upon ALL ENGLAND'S GALA DAY. But will not this of itself convince faction that there are many things going forward which are unnoticed by their press. Well, never mind, the DAY OF JUDGMENT is at hand, and I will meet some of the conductors upon the hustings, and will show them just as much courtesy as they have shown us. Henceforth, my friends, you will pay no attention to spouters, who merely talk of laying their heads upon the block. You will never more be led by faction, for faction's own purposes. You will henceforth look for, and demand, the practical result of all political agitation; and you will laugh to scorn all which merely aims at the triumph of party. Our motto henceforth must be, FACTION FOR FACTION, and LABOUR FOR ITSELF. We must sink all distinction between Whigs and Tories, and present the only distinction: THE RICH OPPRESSOR AND THE POOR. OPPRESSED.

As regards the Press, I must make one exception, in favour of the *Daily News*, which has given a fair representation, as far as it goes. That paper gives us 12,000, so you may fairly calculate upon double that. I give the extract from the *News*, and all I can say is, that if that paper will come out manfully, and report our proceedings, we will soon increase its circulation by some thousands a day.

CHARISTAT CO-OPERATIVE LAND SOCIETY. This Society, which has been formed for the purpose of purchasing tracts of land, according as circumstances will permit, and laying it out in allotments for the occupation of members of the Charistat body, threw open on Monday, 22nd inst., a new farm of 100 acres, a farm which they have lately purchased called Hertford, and which is situated two miles of Rickmansworth, in Herts. There was a very large assemblage of well-dressed persons of both sexes brought together on the occasion, but there did not appear to be any immediate object in the gathering beyond that of the Society giving to their friends from various parts a sort of holiday entertainment, for which purpose the land was divided into 100 small plots, scattered over the ground, and a large marquee boarded for the occasion, where that amusement went merrily on, to the music of a very good band in attendance. At this meeting were many who had come from Liverpool and Manchester and some even from Glasgow. No less than ninety vans came down from London, a distance of twenty miles, and on the whole we should say, at a moderate calculation, there could not be less than 1,000 persons present on the grounds. The farm consists of 108 acres of good land, purchased at the best of about £2,000 and laid out in thirty-five divisions of four acres with a five-room cottage, three acres with a four-room cottage, and a two-acre rent with a three-room cottage; the first paying £10 a year rent, the second, £8, and the third, £5 a year; each tenant having given to him and his family a small holding of the first £20, the second £20 10s, and the third £20 capital to commence with as a gift from the funds of the society. To be eligible to become a tenant, it is necessary to be a member of the Charistat Land Society, and to have paid up the sum of £2 10s, either at once or by instalments as a subscription towards the fund which is to be the basis of the Society. The allotments are let out for 99 years, and the tenants are to be allowed to draw a prize, be it a first, a second or third, is invested in the soil with the right of tenantry, and put into possession. None of the cottages, which are very neat and well-built structures, are as yet occupied, with the exception of one, which Mr. FRANCIS O'CONNOR is in the temporary occupation of. He is now commencing the laying out of the ground and the completion of the cottages. Most of them are, however, roofed in, and the walls are all erected. The completion of the whole of the cottages, it is estimated, will cost, with the laying out of the allotments, about £3,000; so that the whole farm, when

settled upon, will have cost £5,000. The society had purchased a much larger farm of 200 acres in the same neighbourhood ; but they were offered £1,000 for the same bargain, and they accepted of the offer. They are, however, in treaty for other purchases, with the view of carrying out as far as they can the system which they have founded their society. The dancing tent seemed towards the evening to be the great attraction ; and, from a platform erected for the purpose, Mr. O'Connor and other Chartists addressed the assembly. There were several of the metropolitan police on the ground, but nothing was conducted with the utmost quietude and order. The place, we understand, is to be named O'Connorville, in compliment to the Chartist leader.

Now, my friends, I conclude, for the present ; congratulating you and your order upon our signal, our glorious, our triumphant victory ;

And remain,  
Your faithful friend and bailiff,  
FEARGUS O'CONNOR

O'CONNORVILLE.

BY ERNEST JONES.

From feverish couch by o'ertaxed labourpressed,  
That yields man slumber, but denies him rest,  
More weary still, when smoky morning breaks,  
In crowded towns the pale mechanic wakes.  
But to-day, at two the sun has shined,  
When morning's grey finger points the march of time,  
Why starts he upwards with a joyous strength  
To face the long day slavery's cheerless length ?  
On whom whisp'ring comes the glad assurance,  
" Courage, poor slave ! deliverance is near ;"  
Oh ! She has breathed a summons sweeter still :  
" Come ! take your girdle at O'Connorville !"  
Then rush they forth, their wasted nerves restrung,  
And on their road to freedom, old and young,  
And, as they leave the smoky towns behind,  
Breathe the full blessing of the freshening wind,  
On beauty's cheek a brighter bloom is seen,  
And manhood lights young slavery's sallow mien,  
As they go forth to battle with the strong,  
Bursts forth the unpremeditated song.—  
While age, as passing thought its soul beguiles,  
Sighs at the past, or at the future smiles,  
Meanwhile, as when old rapid travellers by,  
That hearken more to the music than the words,

The wheaten lea and clovery fields unfold  
Nature's rich blazony of green and gold,  
And wooded lines, with undulating rise,  
Lift their long-murmuring phalanx to the skies,  
And winds the river like a silvery band,  
To bind the scattered glories of the land ;  
And arches high the sky's ethereal dome,  
Where every gaudy gem sits in its proper home.  
What fitting aid, as in magician's glass,  
The peopled panoramas living pass.  
These towers the church, with finely tapered spire,  
Type of the lessening of a pure desire ;  
Thus dies the flame, the glory thus departs,  
On marble cradled, but not nursed on hearts !  
There looms the massy mansion of the great,  
That steals from gladness what it gives to state ;  
The stately English hall, the princely place,  
Called parks, by grandeur,—but, by truth, a waste.  
There distant towns uplift their clouded sin,  
As though to hide from heaven the hell within—  
But through the shady lanes the wanderers glide,  
With joyous songs along the green-land's side,  
Till distant churches strike deep the woodland through,  
And on the pensiveness of the wailing view,  
Loud peals the music's blast,—the hoarsely round,  
The cannon mouths its mastery of sound.  
What army camps there?—and, with bannered state,  
Rolls the loud larum of a martial hate !  
Oh ! never yet the cannon's iron lips  
Breathed blessings upon slavery's eclipse !  
Oh ! never yet did blast of music yield  
So sweet a summons to so fair a field !  
Oh ! never yet a host such victory won,  
Where all are princes when the day is done !  
There peaceful phalanxes of ranks march on  
To cheer their friends and not to chide their foes.—  
Glad to the general welcome's joyous din,  
The long processions pour like rivers in,  
And greet with triumph true, and hearty will,  
Thy flag of glory, proud O'CONNORVILLE !

Here British freedom plants her foot secure,  
 Patient to wait, but mighty to endure.  
 This field was conquered without sword or blow :  
 But say, what avenger could lay its glories low !  
 For truth and love stand sentinels at its gate,  
 Strong ramparts guard it,—not with stony walls,  
 But Spartan ramparts,—not with iron bolts,  
 But with the bolts of heaven, which none can shun  
 Bravely to guard, what they have nobly won !

See there the cottage ! labour's own abode,  
 The pleasant doorway on the cheerful road,  
 The airy air, the roof from storms secure,  
 The merry fireside and the sheltered eave,—  
 And dearest charm of all,—the grateful soil,  
 That bears its produce for the hands that toil,  
 See there the School, where no false doctrines cloy,  
 Nor wisdom teaches duty to enjoy,  
 Nor clothes religion in a harlot's dress,  
 Here rich to donate ! but how poor to bless !  
 There bands of brotherhood are thought and crime,  
 And life wine traverses the banquet of time,  
 Since not for selfish ends is wrought its span,  
 But man, in living, feels he lives " for man."

Not speculation's hand this scene shall crush,  
Nor trade's harsh voice its murmuring music hush;  
Not setting forth the woe that's in the world,  
With implacable challenge in the face of God,  
Sounding their clamours hoarse or clangors shrill,  
O'er scenes the Lord of thunders bade be still;  
Nor looms the palace-pinnacle and dome,  
As though man felt in nature not at home,  
Nor courtly insinuations in the ear,  
Claims for the creature the creator's due;  
Nor pandering praise, nor palsied eye wait,  
Round all the paltry mockeries of state;  
Nor worn-out dynasties superstably house,  
And stagnant blood with pausing pulses flow;  
Nor state the lives of olden Barons rude,  
Called murder chivalry,—and rapine feed,  
Nor factory-chimnies clothe the sky's span  
With hues of mourning for the sins of man.  
Nor children spin and pine in dungeons deep,  
Nor men exhausted bleed from pauper's sleep;  
Nor pauper-funeral put at work-house door,  
Delayed some sorry day in hopes of more,  
With no kind hand to close the lingerer's eyes,  
Since here the wife, and there the husband dies!  
Nor high park pullings from the mass of sheep,  
Shedding the wanders of the hungry fold;  
Where lords of forests selfish sports pursue,  
And make all earth a snug farm for the few;  
Nor salaried priests, by Mammon overpaid,  
Grow fat on lies, and live upon this trade,  
Belonging to the rich, and to the poor's grind,  
Well they mouth the stint, while they corrupt his mind;  
And, though it how they change with changing power,  
Slaves of the wind of each presiding lord,  
Whose cross or cresent varying creeds define,  
They,—they at least were honest in their sign—  
And placed, revolved with falsehood not to stoick,  
Hence on their spirits their emblem—serpent—cock,  
Well may the merry dance be light of heart,  
And fires of joy their rapid signals dart,—  
Well may ye change your song into a cheer,  
While hope's young fairies buoy stolid fear,  
Since now ye've learned, though weak ye may be,  
How like a god is man, when he is free!  
And ye have learned, ye have learned the brave,  
And slaves the tyrant make, not he the slave!  
Blame the oppressor!—but yourselves no less,  
Whose servile fear invited to oppress!  
To his dark thought no prompting finger lend;  
No yokes are made, where none are found to bend.  
Suffer demands but what ye can well will;  
Go out, and prosper, at O'Connorville.

## CHARTIST JUBILEE.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION TO THE  
PEOPLES' FIRST ESTATE.  
"O'CONNORVILLE."

On Monday morning, August the 17th, at Sunrise, the "Great Metropolis," East, West, North and South, was in a state of joyous excitement at the sight of the "Charter of the People" being taken down to the "one-horse chaise," were in requisition, with their banners and streamers "fluttering in the breeze," each bearing a suitable inscription, "The Charter and the Land" being most conspicuous, all hastening to the great point of departure, Oxford Street, Oxford Street, at which, shortly after seven o'clock, presented a most animated appearance. The various vehicles extending from Oxford Street to Bayswater, were freighted with joyous-hearted men and women, all animated with one spirit, all inspired with the humanising determination of rescuing their brethren from political and social bondage, and all determined to "redeem the earth from the curse"—"First Estate," to place their feet on that "foot of earth," which they hope will enable them to redeem the soil for the whole people. As the cavalcade proceeded, persons of all grades thronged the doors, windows, and thoroughfares to witness this truly novel spectacle, Labour's Procession, to witness one of our people purchasing the "Charter of the People" for money." On arriving at the far-famed town of Uxbridge, (rendered famous in history by an attempt to wrest a "Charter" from the tyrant Charles, and in which town, near the bridge, still stands, the Treaty house, now used as a Public House, the Crown Tavern, in which the "one-horse chaise" was identical room in which it held its deliberations) the street was literally wedged up with people, and every place from which a view could be obtained was crammed with persons anxious to obtain a glance at the passing scene. Here, and all along the route, the people were met by the police, giving information relative to the Chartist Co-operative Land Society, was sought for with avidity.

On arriving at O'Connorville, at twelve o'clock, we found a vast number of persons had preceded us by other routes; the "Ordnance," nevertheless, was not without its share of strength, and the great thunder from its "iron throats." We had secular demonstration that this demonstration was no mere metropolitan pleasure excursion, but "A National Jubilee," in favour of the "Universal Rights" of man, and especially, according to the programme, of representative government; even from Yorkshire and Lancashire in the north, and from Exeter and Plymouth in the West.

Among other vehicles, we noticed one van that came loaded from that seat of learning, the City of Oxford, and was filled with students, and splendidly equipped with a four-horse team, coach, and driver, "turn out," a four-horse team, coach, and driver, from Reading, Berks., bearing an elegant green silk

banner, inscribed in letters of gold, "Reading district of the Chartist Co-operative Land Society. The vehicles, altogether, numbered nearly two-hundred

On entering the gates, the band played "The Chartists Land March," [The words and music of this March may be had of Mr. Whitmore through Mr. Wheeler.] The first object that met our view, was a huge tri-coloured banner floating from a tall pole; it bore the following inscription, "O' Cornwalleh! and secondly, It became, the Chartist Cove, like the Sacred Cows old, clothed in her vesture of tri-colour, rendered holy by the popular voice, which is the voice God; next, the immense Dancing Booth, erected for the accommodation of our Chartist friends, attracted a large number of persons, the remainder being seated at long tables, under the dancing booths, for refreshment and amusement, all of a very elegant character. Several "Wandering Minstrels" attended, and earned the patronage of the visitors by singing "The Peoples' First Estate." The following was also sung by several individuals, namely, "Land"; and lastly, the composition of music, written by the late Mr. Thomas, the district secretary of the Chartist Co-operative Land Society, Mr. William Dalibair.

BEAUTIFUL VILLAS.

Air, "Land of the Free."

Those beautiful Villas how stately they stand,  
A national honour to this our land,  
Triumph of labour itself to employ,  
And industry's fruits to enjoy;  
Let fame on thy founders her laurel bestow,  
And history's page their true value show;  
We have seen many schemes, none can rival these...  
Thou beautiful Villas, the pride of the free.

Beautiful Villas, homes for the brave,  
What solace you give the system-bound slave;  
"Knowledge is power," no longer despair,  
In great moral lesson that you declare;  
I have seen many villas, none can boast thee,  
Thou beautiful Villas, homes for the free.

NO LONGER BE A SLAVE.

*Air, "Mariner's Grave."*

Come let us labour no more with dreary toil,  
With hunger's pangs ne'er crave,  
Come till the soil,  
Enjoy the spoil,  
No longer pine a slave.

No longer mourn in dire despair,  
No more contumely brave;  
In your mind declare,  
To enjoy your share,  
And no longer be a slave.

No more with liberty's hallowed name  
In frantic passions rare,  
No more with shame,  
We're have to claim,  
The share of a pauper's grave.

On noble feelings take thy stand,  
Thy order strive to save;  
Quick join the band,  
Gain the Land,  
And possess a freeman's grave.

**PUBLIC MEETING**

was commenced, by Mr. Stallwood moving (amid loud cheers) that Mr. James Knight, a working man, and a member of the Chartist Co-operative Land Society, do take the chair; which was seconded, and carried unanimously.

Mr. KNIGHT came forward much applauded, and said, in electing him to so responsible an office as that of chairman over such an immense assemblage, they were trusting that he would be able to do justice to the trust, he should ever deserve to receive. He said that glorious assemblage of human beings which he now saw before him, as a warning to tyrants, (loud cheers) and as a guarantee for the success of our nation, for both the Charter and the Land. (Great cheering.) He would introduce Mr. Thomas Clark, to address them.

Mr. CLARK said he congratulated them on the magnificent spectacle—that glorious mass of human beings he now saw assembled; it was truly an inspiring sight, and cheering. By a curious coincidence, yesterday, the 10th of August, was the anniversary of the bloody massacre of 1849, a day held in remembrance from the slaughter committed on an unarmed, defenceless and quiet people assembled to petition for their rights in St. Peter's field, Manchester, on the 10th day of August, in the year 1849, by a drunken, brutal and infuriated corps of soldiers. (Shame!) (Shame!) You have also frequently met to celebrate the so-called victory of Waterloo, purchased at such an enormous amount of blood and treasure—(Hear, hear!) but to-day our meeting is to rejoice over a victory of another kind, a peaceful victory achieved by truth and justice. (Hear, hear!) (Shame!) (loud cheers.) Yet when myriads meet to express their joy all is peace and order, not the least thing of an unpleasant nature has occurred to mar the festivities of this glorious day. (loud cheers.) We are now a portion of the human race, and we are now people, and we are people of great intelligence, and surely these should give us just claim to a voice in the representation of the country. (Much cheering.)

(Continued on the Eighth Page.)

(Continued on the Eighth Page.)











# MY LIFE, OR OUR SOCIAL STATE, PART I.

By ERNEST JONES, Barrister at Law.

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## Trades' Movements.

### LEICESTER.

A public meeting of the frame-work knitters was held on Monday evening, to elect delegates to the three counties' meeting, about to be held at Nottingham. Mr. H. Burrow in the chair. Mr. Warrner, of Sheepshead, addressed the meeting at length on the free trade policy of manufacturers, and the desirability of union to withstand the reductions which are taking place in the wages of the frame-work knitters. Mr. George Buckley, the secretary of the glove branch, made an effective speech on the principles of union; he concluded by moving the following resolution:—

"That it is the opinion of this meeting that the frame-work knitters are in duty bound for their own protection, to cement themselves together in their wages; and that they should further their interests in their wages; and that this meeting is further of opinion, that delegates should be sent to the three counties' meeting at Nottingham, on Monday next."

which was seconded by Mr. Winters, the general secretary. Messrs. Buckley and Winters were elected, and the meeting dissolved.

### NOTICE.

Any of our Lancashire Agents who may require an additional number of the Northern Star of this date, may be supplied on application to Mr. Heywood, 58, Oldham, Manchester. An extra quantity being forwarded for that purpose.

## THE NORTHERN STAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1846.

### LABOUR'S JUBILEE.

The 17th of August, 1846, will ever be a day memorable in England. For the first time in the history of the country, or indeed in the history of any country, thousands of the working classes witnessed what may be made national by co-operation of their order. The valuable and instructive lesson to be learned from Monday's demonstration is the fact, that throughout all ages the rich oppressors have used the poor oppressed for their own convenience and aggrandisement, while it has stamped upon the minds of all who witnessed the value of co-operation, the fact, that to complain of misgovernment is but to complain of man's own selfishness and cowardice.

The people have had a great practical lesson to learn, they have had to be taught that there is no wealth in the world save that which is created by labour, and that there is no combination in this world save that which is established by labour, which is capable, or willing, to render to the labourer anything like a fair proportion of the fruits of his own industry. The labouring classes have learned that the contention of faction is for the appropriation of the lion's share of labour. And they have also learned, that the natural state of the husbandman is the only situation in which the individual labourer can work out his own salvation. They have learned that the power and abuse of machinery has overthrown the manual labour of the individual operative. And they have learned, that the increase of population has given an increased

value to land, while it has also increased the competition in the labour market, which makes difficult for the disinherited slave to prolong a wretched existence for another hour of misery.

They hear of national industry, and they know that they are its only promoters; while at the same time they are mocked with the increasing destitution of their order. They see wealth heaped upon wealth, as if by magic, while those who create it are allowed but the poor privilege of honouring and obeying its possessor. On Monday last, for the first time in this country's history, the agricultural slave, the manufacturing operative, the metropolitan mechanic, artificer and artisan, met together, and cheered together, and vowed together, for the accomplishment of what, to all England now appears to be the nation's darling object—

### THE POSSESSION OF THE LAND

not by plunder, not by force, not by conquest, but by purchase out of the purses from their humble board. The association, of whose complete work the miniature, has not been in active operation more than twelve months, and yet we are bold to assert that no society ever made the same practical progress within ten times that period; and that all the acts of parliament from the Reform Bill to Free Trade are looked upon as mere drops of water in the ocean when compared with the practical result of the society's undertaking.

To judge fairly of the exhibition, those who were not present must receive their impressions from those who have visited the People's Paradise, and when they reflect they must bear in mind that, contrary to all former practice, not a shilling has been spent in advertising the plan, and although consisting of numerous branches, all having working men for their secretaries, that no officer has been deputed to the amount of a fraction. Now, these are things that we love to dwell upon, because a knowledge of them is necessary to inspire an off-deceived people with new faith and confidence. To us, Monday was a day of triumph such as no conqueror ever witnessed before. If there is glory in a victory gained by carnage and bloodshed, the heart of the most miserly has caused, while in our breast there is but one unalloyed feeling of thankfulness that we have served all without injury to any.

The infant has now become a monster, and to guard it, not from its own ferocity, but from the danger that it threatens to noxious animals, it will require the united judgment and discretion, not only of the directors, but of the whole people. It matters not whether tyranny's power is threatened with the cannon or the sword, by flattery or praying, whatever tends to diminish it will be looked upon by its possessors as an assault upon their prerogative. But we think we have arrived at a time of day, and at a judgment that may defy even the malice of the Whigs.

### IRELAND.

AND so, after the many escapes that this fair land has had from Whig tenderness and patriotic affection, after having escaped the Coercion Bill of Peel and the Arms Bill of Labouchere, she is now threatened with a most gaunt and horrid monster, which far outstrips its predecessors in atrocity and duplicity. After Duncombe, in the absence of the Irish Patriots, had defeated the Arms Bill, the Whig minister, aware of the inevitable effect of his time-serving policy, has proposed a measure in the last hours of the session by which trial by jury is to be unnecessary, and the protection of witnesses is to be called for, as the power of all is merged in the clemency, the judgment and discretion of the very high Lord Lieutenant, to whom, in 1836, the Liberator first sold his country.

This closing act of Whig atrocity is the most uncalculated for the most tyrannical, and the most bloody, and brutal, ever concocted by the base, brutal, and bloody Whigs. We give it at full length, it has come upon us like a thief in the dark, and we ask the English people whether they will submit to be taxed for no better or more laudable purpose than that of bestowing Whig patronage among Irish place hunters to the end that they may be blessed with the mild rule of Whig-O'Connell domination. We know that this thimble-rigging system of policy cannot last long, else would we rouse the country from north to south, from east to west, to throw off this Whig incubus.

We protest against this bill as unconstitutional; we protest against it as unequal for and unnecessary; and we protest against it, because its object is to confer favours upon the Irish landlords at the expense of the English working classes. The demand upon our columns this week precludes the possibility of favouring the monster with the notice it so justly merits, but we ask the working classes to read it, and to judge for themselves, and to read its exposure, and the exposure of its propounders to their champion. Where, we would ask, is the big beggarman? In Ireland now, while the Whig patrons are secretly establishing the despotism of an Irish Lord Lieutenant. Is it not melancholy to see the lick-spittle Pigott, (a Roman Catholic), coming over here at the close of the Session to qualify himself for the judgment seat by aiding the Whigs in their assaults upon his country, and is it not deplorable to find a people so deluded as to receive tokens with cheerfulness when they ask for bread. But we tell the Whigs, we tell O'Connell, and we tell their lick-spittles, that no false clemency, no forced charity should to tyrant landlords, will reconcile a nation to starvation.

Alas! poor country Almost afraid to know itself.

### THE JUVENILES.

We extract the following from the Nation of last week.

We have received a printed address from the Chartists of England to the Irish people, with a request that we should insert it in the Nation. We desire no transmission between the Irish people and the Chartists—not on account of the language of "physical force," but simply because some of their five points are to us an abomination, and the whole spirit and tone of their proceedings, though well enough for England, are so essentially English that their adoption in Ireland would neither be probable nor at all desirable. Between us and them there is a gulf fixed; we desire not to bridge it over, but to make it wider and deeper.

Poor silly simpleton, poor trampled worm, poor slavish thing, willing to wound but afraid to strike, did you hope to regain the lost smile of your taskmaster, by proclaiming your own political ignorance, and by reprobation of principles of which you appear to be wholly ignorant? You desire no fraternization with the English Chartists! When they ask your aid, you will withhold your bit of poetry and your ginger-beer prose, but wait till you are asked. The English Chartists desired not, courted not, fraternization with you, they merely desired to make your columns the vehicle of their defence against your party's slander and falsehood. But spurning a co-operation that we shall presume was offered, from whence are you to draw your strength to aid you in the struggle with your conquering tyrant?

You yet hope to diminish his wrath, if not to purchase his countenance and patronage, by bartering fulsome adulation for unmerciful castigation. It was not enough that you were compelled to plead the expediency of time as the atonement of crime, but, slave like, you harp upon the string that you hope will convey the sweetest music to your master's ear. You are not intimidated by the lug-bug of "physical force," but by the "ABOMINATION" of one

of their FIVE POINTS, and the whole spirit and tone of their proceedings. What then, great Mentor, founder of the reading schools, ballad singer, general chief instructor of the Irish nation, powder monkey of the physical force department, and expounder of Ireland's ancient history, have you too, from your infancy upwards, been engaged in abuse of the Saxon and denunciation of Chartism, while you are yet ignorant of the number of its points? Were you aware that you were casting abomination upon your chosen chief, upon your illustrious Liberator, when you thus cast abomination upon five sixths of his adopted child? Were you aware that the Liberator attached his honored name to the document entitled the People's Charter? And that it consists of six, not of five points? And now, tell us which you is an abomination?

Is it an abomination that Parliament should be annual, for that's number one? Is it an abomination that every man of twenty-one years of age, of sane mind and untainted with crime, should have a vote, for that's number two? Is it an abomination that he should give that vote by ballot, for that's number three? Is it an abomination that the country should be subdivided into equal voting districts, for that's number four? Is it an abomination that the confidence of a constituency, instead of land possession, should constitute the qualification of a representative, for that's number five? And is it an abomination that the servants of the people should be paid a stipulated salary by those who employ them, rather than by a fancy price by those who corrupt them, for that's number six? Annual parliaments, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, equal electoral districts, no property qualification for representatives, and the payment of members, are the six points of the Charter, and now we challenge you in support of what you have written, and in the face of the world, to point out your objections to all or any of the above points.

Perhaps in your finicking study of elegant extracts you have read Theodore Hook's definition of Chartism, and mistaken it for the people's principle. That funny fellow defined Chartism to mean triangular parliaments, universal suffrage, and vote by ballot. Can it be possible that a journalist seeking the honour of non-rousing and anon curbing the fiery mind of enthusiastic Irishmen has lived in ignorance of the only principles by which their liberties, if achieved even by force, could be subsequently defended; or can it be possible that the same journalist has been contending for the establishment of a class legislation Parliament, instead of one fully, freely and fairly chosen by the whole people?

We now tell the NATION, that without the six points of the Charter, the greatest evil that could befall Ireland would be the representation of the Irish people by taskmasters, elected by their own slaves. And if English co-operation be necessary, or if English neutrality be desirable for the achievement of Irish independence, the NATION, by its eleven thoughtless lines, has done more than any other paper has heretofore effected to disgust every right thinking person with the whole process of Irish agitation—if the end and aim of all is but a transfer of power from the Saxon to the Irish oppressor. We are told that the spirit and tone of our proceedings, though well enough for England, are so essentially English, that their adoption in Ireland would neither be probable or at all desirable. To this we fully assent. The tone of our proceedings bespeak the national will. Here there is no intolerance or masterdom. Here there is no tax for the support of a venal press. Here there is free discussion, an inexpensive agitation, and a BALANCE SHEET. Here labour tells its own tale, defying the tyrant and the capitalist to overwhelm its order, now by the charm of patronage, and again by the threat of the despot's displeasure. Here we have no committees to mould a nation's will to an individual's caprice! Here we have no adoption of a principle to day and repudiation of the same principle to-morrow. Here we do not exhibit the double face of prosy adulation and poetic damnation! Here we do not see in juxtaposition fulsome praise of the Liberator in a column of prose, and side-stabs in a neighbouring column of poetry.

What we do here not only bears inspection, but defies criticism. And yet these trembling infants, not yet out of their swaddling clothes, and scarcely able to limp, proclaim to the world, that between us and them "there is a gulf fixed; we desire not to bridge it over, but to make it wider and deeper." How magnanimous! How exquisite! How Irish! How patriotic! The scribbler falsely presumed that the gulf that separated the Irish resident in England and the English Chartists, was as wide and deep as he and his Liberator had tried to make it; and calculated upon the chance of retaining a portion of his English circulation, as a set-off against the Irish loss, by abusing the English Chartists. But we beg to tell him, that we have bridged the gulf over—that the Irish people have learned to distinguish between their friends and their enemies—and that the rejected of Conciliation Hall will fail in their attempt to make merchandise of the old profitable ware of dissension. Again, we challenge the critic of our principles to declare openly his objection to those points which he designates as an abomination.

### PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

The task of Legislation hastens on apace to its conclusion for the year, and the present, the last week of the session, is quite as remarkable for what has been abandoned, as for its positive enactments.

When the present Government, in the face of the recent vote against Coercion for Ireland, by which they climbed into power, resolved to bring forward a new Coercion Bill, under an new name, it might fairly have been presumed, that for so outrageous and flagrant an abandonment of principle, less much vaunted, and professions only a few weeks' old, they would at least have been able to adduce the plea of an overpowering necessity; that they would have proved the state of Ireland to be of such a threatening and imminent description, as to render imperative such an obnoxious enactment for a temporary period, until better, more conciliatory, and more permanent measures could be devised. That no such necessity did exist has been conclusively shown, by the "withdrawal of the Irish Arms Bill." No credit whatever can be claimed by the Ministry for this concession to public opinion. In bringing it forward they showed either a want of judgement, or great as a render them unworthy of public confidence, or a shameless want of principle, which was disgraced in the rulers of a great country. In abandoning it so hastily, they have shown a pusillanimity equal to the timidity which they exhibited when they dreamt not of opposition to the re-enactment of the Coercion Bill. O'Connell and his tail thought were comfortably—we do not say by prearrangement—out of the way; and it was a capital opportunity to smuggle through the house such a gratuitous piece of Whiggery—a Bill so much according to its own heart, as that which unexpectedly brought Duncombe and a host of objections about their ears. They did not dare to face that opposition again. The tocsin was sounded. They dreaded a defeat on Mr. Essex's amendments—they were not prepared to resign place and pay, when just in sight of the recess, and the consequent six months' snug enjoyment of these luxuries—therefore they snuggled retreat, and hurried ingloriously from the struggle, beaten, soundly, deservingly beaten.

The Irish people will, however, no doubt remember, that the Whigs showed themselves "willing to wound although afraid to strike," in the face of the disinterested and patriotic defenders of their liberties, who, in the absence of the well-paid and exclusive advocates of Ireland, stood up to oppose this tyrannous enactment. They will remember, that neither to Russell nor to O'Connell do they owe their deliverance from domiciliary visits, and all the hateful machinery which brands them with political and social inferiority. The Parliamentary leader of the Chartists, of that party whom they have been taught to suspect, fear, or hate, by the wily and selfish demagogue who has so long governed Ireland, was their advocate on this occasion. The S















We are the aristocracy of labour, this white-ye free men will soon take possession of this estate; yes, **re- independent freemen**—men coming to take possession of their own land, purchased with their own money, and who would henceforth live by the culture of fit land, by their own independent labour. (Great cheering.) By examples of this sort, we hope to set the whole industrial population of the empire humming after the soil. (Cheers)—An emissary of the aristocracy of labour, (laughter)—has been sent to the States-General to demand the right of suffrage. Mr. Dancome that he will not be a member of the Charter—he did not appear to have intelligence enough to know there are six points in People's Charter. (Clear, hear, and turn him out.) A gentleman says turn him out, had we been consulted he never would have been in. (Loud cheer.) However, was he present on this occasion, he, perhaps, might alter his mind, and think you fit to be trusted with the franchise. (Great cheering.)

persecution at the hands of those who lived by falsehood, doubtlessly, *Woe* breathe have been endeavouring to poison the minds of our brothers in Northshire against us. Doubtlessly, *Woe* should have sneciated old, worn out feelings—that calumnies, remembered the Festival—always come home to roost. They have accused us of that, of which they themselves are guilty, (hear hear). They accuse us of being mere physical force destructives—men of blood, shed, anarchy and violence. They accuse us of being of 6-oddses for such a *Woe* set our faces against the war?—who! who! prevented a fratricidal struggle with America—for, I do say, the unanimous protest of the English people was greatly conducive to the maintenance of peace. Who are the men of bloodshed? Those who prevent it, or those who drive it on?—the latter, I say, are the true owners beneath the range of our artillery,—batter the vast cities of China into dust, for the sake of merchants, profits,—can trample on unprincipled barbarians in New Zealand and the Cape, but dare not raise an arm in vindication of a nation's honor, when its treaties are violated in Poland, by the powerful brother-tyrant, the autocrat of Russia (hear, hear.)—You drive the infidels, the enemies of our religion. We are not the enemies of religion, but we are the enemies of those, who turn religion into a trade, and love upon its perversion. It is they, who are the infidels, not we, since they profess a creed they do not follow. How dare they preach: Do unto others, as thou wouldst that others should do unto thee?—How dare they threaten: Tomorrow we will be with you, where would they be tomorrow?—How dare they preach: thou shalt not steal!—when they have stolen from us the harvest of our fields, the produce of our hands,—the brightness of our youth, and the comforts of our age?—How dare they preach: thou shalt not murder! when they have purpled the tissues of their sandown with the blood of their children, and are drinking to the health of their soldiers on the deserts, for the triumph of their merchant princes,—and hold the lash yet reeking in their bar rack yards? How dare they say: Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain—when they have used the name of their God to cloak this mountain of iniquity? We are no enemies of religion—we are with thee, *Woe*! We are no enemies of religion—we are with thee, *Woe*! The advocates of civil liberty are not the men to encourage religious intolerance, (cheers). They accuse us of being mere levellers—of wishing to pull down all above us, to the level of our degradation—we are not levellers, my friends, we are uplifters—there is misery enough already, of their making. We wish to pull down the poor, to that gulf of wretchedness to which they have so long consigned us, but to rise ourselves up to the level of their prosperity. We do not wish to build our cottages of the stones of slaughter, nor to build our mansions of the bones of our fasting materials, nor to have those of right, peace and liberty. We are willing to live upon our labour, but we are not willing to starve upon it. (cheers). We are determined to respect the rights of every man,—but we are as determined that our own shall be respected too. We are determined not to assail any man upon his rights, but we are determined to repel any aggression by every means in our power.—I continued singing.

Mr. O'Connor next presented himself, and was received with cheers and waving of hats that surpassed anything ever witnessed at a public meeting. He said, Mr. Chairman and my friends, I venture to assert that I am the first conqueror that ever was awakened by the sound of cannon proclaiming the people's victory. (Loud cheers.) I was aroused this morning from my slumbers at four o'clock by this booming, this cheering intelligence. There are many here who have heard the roaring cannon proclaim the tyrant's victory—there are many who have witnessed the jubilee in honour of faction's triumph—there are many who have participated in those rejoicings to commemorate the shedding of human blood, and proclaim the triumph of the strong and wily over the weak and artless—(Cheers)—but for the first time in this country's history, nay, in the world's annals, the FIREBRAND, the DESTRUCTIVE, the LEVELLER, can say, "Turn right and left, and behold the bloodless victory of right over might, of industry over cunning, of labour over idleness. (Loud cheering.) It has been said that there is nothing new under the sun; but I have lived to produce a novelty in labour's refuge from his hunter and oppressor. (Loud cheers.) Although there are thousands now congregated around me, yet I venture to say that few even of these present understand the real cause of this gathering. It owes its origin to the mind's progress, rather than to my exertions. (Cheers.) For years the mind of this country has been marching on with rapid strides, until at length faction finds it impossible longer to resist the rushing torrent. (Cheers.) There are three parties in the state—Whigs, Tories, and Chartists, and the genius of the age called upon each to develop the real meaning of their respective theories. The mind of the country was in advance of the phantom of Whiggery, the moonshine of Toryism, and the enthusiasm of Chartism, and the universal echo now is, Proclaim, develop, declare the result of your several theories. (Cheers.) Whiggery had a long life of "Wait and you shall see." Toryism has exhausted, "You shall see what you shall see," and the wisdom of Chartism required to see the promised fruits of its continuous enthusiasm, its religious and indomitable perseverance, its manly suffering and unyielding endurance. Thus propelled by genius and forced by its growth, Russell proclaimed the policy of Peel as the fruit of Whiggery—(Cheers and laughter)—and straightway free trade was emblazoned upon the Whig banner. (Cheers.) Peel, more shrewd, a better seer, an abler diviner, and more profound statesman—(Cheers)—adopted the principle of granting precisely as much as could not be safely withheld—(Cheers)—and Chartism, knowing that the struggle of both was for the LION'S SHARE of labour—(Cheers)—said THE LAND—(Loud and continued cheering)—that being the only raw material to which individual labour could be applied for individual comfort. (Cheers.) You have then before you the choice of Free Trade, which neither Queen, Lords or Commons, merchant, banker or farmer, political economist, statistic or shopkeeper, editor, reporter, or moral man can define—(Cheers and laughter)—as the principle of Russell and the Whigs. You have "Stop where you safely can," as the principle of Peel and the Tories—(Cheers)—and you have "Cottages, land and capital," as the principles of Chartism. (Tremendous applause.) Now, as the name Chartist sounds as musically, and, to my ear, more pleasingly, than that of Whig or Tory, you have to choose between their several results; you are to choose between phantom, moonshine, and a home on your own land. (Loud cheers.) No man living can define the meaning of free trade, and no man living can guess at its results. It is a problem much more difficult of solution than even the CRIMINAL LAW—(Cheers)—for I can solve the one, but I cannot guess at the solution of the other. For the last week I have been engaged fifteen hours a day in preparing for this magnificent, this surpassing, this astounding demonstration—(Cheers)—and I have arrived at a critical solution of the criminal law. I derive much knowledge and great information from my intercourse with all branches of labour, and I was astonished that so many of those who worked early and late, and who were compelled to work hard—(Laughter)—for a living should have been treated as criminals. I learned from three fine stout, able young fellows, who worked abreast in a gang, that each of them had been imprisoned, and to my surprise not one appeared ashamed of it. I asked one what his crime was, he said he had SNARED A RABBIT; another had snared a hare, and a third had been found some yards off the path in the squire's land. (Shame.) I then asked them as to their mode of living. I said, How do you support your families? The answer was, Why we get work. Well, but if you can't get work? Well, we get into debt. Well, suppose you can't get credit? Why, then, we get into MISCHIEF—(Cheers and laughter.) Now, there was the proper solution of the Criminal Law. There was labour's transition from willing industry to ignominious degradation. (Cheers.) He got into work if he could, into debt if he could not, and into mischief and prison if the labour and credit market were closed against him, and who could blame him to prefer the worst to starvation, or the attractions of a prison to a cold-blooded Poor Law Bastille. (Tremendous cheering and waving of hats.) There, then, is the problem of the Criminal Law stated for Lord John Russell. The able-bodied industrious man is made a criminal, that others may live luxuriously upon a

advantage of the rich and privileged. (Cheers.) Russell, after ten years' unopposed possession of power, has discovered that your sanatory condition requires great improvement. I deny that Government can, or will, make the alteration. You behold what may be done in the way of wholesome ventilation, when man is allowed to labour for himself—it is his intellect that is in a woefully defective state—(cheers and laughter.) Then as to the educational question, I have solved that. Behold that stately, that heavenly edifice, of 75 feet long, erected for the education of the children of the free labourers on this estate, (great cheering;) that has been done without Whig aid or Government patronage. (Cheers.) There is the asylum to teach youth its duty, and to prepare it for a freeman's life. (Cheers.) To make it hate slavery and love liberty. (Cheers.) He had been charged with making the working classes too proud, (cheers)—he pleaded guilty. His object was, not to make them too proud to work for themselves, but to make them too proud to allow others to fare sumptuously upon their labour, while they were quartered upon what privilege pleased to spare. (Cheers.) He asked no man to live in idleness, and the value of the plan of which he was the propounder, the father, and originator, (loud cheering,) was that it would hold the idler up to ridicule and scorn, while it would distinguish the industrious. (Cheers.) As he saw many about him benighted of all classes of society, he would take that opportunity of explaining its value to each. To the farmer he would willingly admit that its effect would be to raise the standard of wages in the agricultural market, but then, in return, it would spare him the infliction of poor-rates, the tax imposed upon him for the prosecution of system-made criminals—the tax upon him for a standing army and a rural police—and all the other taxes that were consequent upon the mal-administration of the law, and the unequal and capricious distribution of property. (Loud cheers.) And more than that, it would compel the landlords to take the item of increased wages into account of rent. (Cheers from the farmers.) Thus it was it was more as a terror to grating landlords than as an inducement to industrious farmers. Then as to the shopkeepers, he would take the picture that they saw before them as an illustration of their share in the change. He would ask them, whether it would be more profitable to their order to have two customers, badly paid, upon that farm, or thirty-six customers well paid. (Loud cheers.) He would take a wide district, and ask, whether it was more beneficial to society at large, that a thousand acres of land shall be badly cultivated, by fifteen or twenty badly paid labourers, in the hands of one individual, or that it should be well cultivated in the hands of five hundred individuals. Who, he would ask, would be the best customers with the shopkeepers in the district, the one farmer and his twenty badly paid labourers, or the five hundred well-fed labourers. (Loud cheers.) This question of labour was well understood in these manufacturing districts, where he and his struggling friends had so long expounded it; as it were, it was but an A. B. C. question with the agricultural labourers. Were they aware that he interested of the farmer's capital, the means of educating his family, the fortune he amassed, and he losses on speculation, were one and all furnished, and solely furnished, by the profit upon labour. (Cheers.) *He was not now speaking against the ruling class, he liked them better than the proud aristocracy of the mill.* He found them more generous, more kind hearted, and better employers than he manufacturing class; but, at the same time, the great changes that had recently taken place would demand either the new modelling or the destruction of their order. (Cheers.) When he came amongst them first, few of the little squires would condescend to speak to him. (Laughter.) At length they vouchsafed to a nod, and, finally, they condescended to hold no exception, which he was bound to make. He took that opportunity of expressing his thanks to a young gentleman from whom he had received a great deal of useful local information, as well as the most unpremitting kindness and attention—he meant Mr. Weedon. (Cheers.) But after this day he confidently took, that henceforth they would meet him with open arms, as he would undertake to instruct them in the only means by which they could save themselves from the perils and dangers of free trade. (Cheers.) He stood there rejoicing in being the best abused man, not in England, but in the world. But he could say what no man in the world before that day could say, namely, that he and his friends had addressed men from every county in England, and from Scotland and Wales. (Loud and continued cheering.) Yes; there was not a county in England that had not sent a herald to labour's demonstration to carry back a true and faithful account of labour's victory. (Cheers.) He was called a leveller, but he laughed to hear of it; he sought to debase no man, his object was to elevate those whom tyranny had debased. (Cheers.) He had heard much of the ancient land marks of the constitution, but they were no bounds for the present mind, of which the constitution should be the reflex. He required new land marks for a new population as he required new books for new minds. (Cheers.) Fences nine yards wide, occupying over six acres of this farm, were the old land marks; a post and rail fence would be the new land marks. (Cheers.) An old earthen house built of lath and plaster, and tiled, was the old house mark; the labourer's cottage built of brick, of the best bricks, stuccoed outside, and with gutters, were the new land marks. (Loud cheers.) And herein is the anomaly that statesmen confess their inability to solve. They are engaged in an impossibility, they are endeavouring to increase, to debase, and beautify the superstructure while they are narrowing the foundation. (Loud cheers.) Would it be possible to widen the walls of those cottages, without the danger of their tumbling. (Cheers, and No.) Well then, how can you wish safety go on year after year extending palaces without equally improving cottages, upon [which they rest] a body upon slender legs, and the limbs are tottering under the weight that oppression places upon the monster's back. (Great cheering.) We are told that labour is the source of all wealth, and the only source of political power, and is the man to be esteemed a criminal who would endeavour by the application of labour to increase the resources of the country, and to secure those increased social blessings by increased political power. (Cheers.) They had been preceded here by ill-fame, but it was beginning to vanish before the thought and approval of the agricultural labourers. (Cheers.) It had been the practice of all parties to govern by division. They had taught the agricultural labourers to believe that they had no interest in common with the manufacturing operatives, but what would Lord John Russell say when he learned that he (Mr. O'Connor) had added this new section of agricultural strength, sinew, and mind, to the grand army of Imperial Charists. (Loud cheering and waving of hats.) Ah! the tyrants had consigned him to a felon's cell for eighteen months for advocating labour's rights and labour's cause, but he stood before them with as little shame as the poor man who had been sent to St. Albans for sneaking a rabbit to feed his family from starvation, (cheers) and he lived to tell the Whigs, though they were still in power. (Tremendous applause.) There were many present, both of the higher and of the middle ranks of life, who had received of Charism as the accepted doctrine of destructive freetraders and plunderers, and therefore, he would use the opportunity of merely repeating, that the six points of Charism were, and he would respectfully invite any opponent to the principles to come forward manfully on that platform and state the grounds of his objection, and he would undertake to surround him a patient, calm and respectful hearing. (Cheers.) The first point was, Annual Parliaments. The second was, Universal Suffrage, by which we

twenty-one years of age, should have a voice in the election of his representative. (Loud cheers.) The third was, that the Vote should be by Ballot in order to prevent the influence of wealth or the dread of retaliation upon the poor voter. The fourth was, Equal Representation, which meant that the country should be divided into equal electoral districts, instead of seeing the face of Harwich with 200 electors, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, with its 50,000 electors returning two representatives each. The fifth was, that the representative should require no other qualification than the confidence of his constituents; and the sixth was, that the people, instead of the minister, should pay the salaries for their services. This point was called the *Waving of Hats*. And he would cheer of higher orders and middle classes around him, whether they thought that more honourable service would be performed by the honest servants of the people, or by the paid tools of the Crown. When wages are not stipulated, necessity compels a hard pressed minister to allow the Janitary Committee his prize. (Cheers.) Now was not that a constitution worth living for, and dying for. (Cheers.) He had been frequently asked if he intended to reduce the English people to the servitude of the small farmers in Ireland?—his answer was, that there were no small farmers in Ireland, that those who killed the soil were more dependant on their very existence, upon the caprice of their landlords? Herein consists the difference. In England the small farmer has no lease, and consequently no inducement to improve his holding, but to make other improvements than will secure him from the wrath of his landlord. If he has twenty acres of land at a pound an acre, and increases its value to 30s. an acre, the tyrant landlord will set the improved value up to competition with his own; he will ask for 30s. an acre, and thus make £10 a year for ever, which rightfully belongs to him whereas he has thus increased the value—(loud cheers)—whereas if that poor man had twenty acres for ever he would have made it £10 a year, not 10s. an acre, but £2 an acre more than he took it, and this is just the difference that exists between day labour and piece work—the man who works at day labour works as little as he can, small blame to him, whereas another gets the full benefit—(cheers)—but if he works piece work, he will at his own risk, by moon light, and by moon light, as labour, the produce and improvements will be all his own. (Loud cheers.) If he is sick he lies down on his own house, and when he is dying he has the peace and gratification to know that it goes to those whom he loves best, instead of into the coffers of a man who, while living, have been grinding his face. (Cheers.) Not only must this plan succeed upon the principle of Co-operation, but we were prepared to prove that individuals having spare capital can still make ten per cent. by following it, without the column for arrears, and without an individual twenty years being a defaulter, while they would also confer an everlasting benefit upon Society. Would now ask if the world had ever witnessed such a spectacle, such a prospect, and such a demonstration? (Cheers and never.) And yet the foolish sceptics affected to doubt the ultimate success of the plan, but he (Mr. O'Connor) proclaimed it a that spot, and in the face of all opposition from the silent hireling press and all, that he would conquer and the plan should succeed. Yes, he would conquer that it should fail. This plan presented advantages and inducements to morality which no other plan ever did present. Nay, it held out no inducement for confidence. He had offered the successful allottee £40 besides a share in the second year for the house with four rooms that he occupied, but the man declined. (Cheers.) Mr. Linney, of Bilston, stepped to the front of the platform and said the man told me to say that he declines taking £400 for it. (Cheers.) Well, it is not that a chance for the house and land, and as Section I, which is now full, goes on voting, there will be £10, £20, and even £300 offered for the transfer, not of the house and land, but for the share, and for the chance of the ballot, which only could frustrate the object, and that is the directors allowing themselves to be pushed too fast, that we will contend against, as the success and the very safety of the association depends upon our honesty and caution. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, we have been termed levellers and destructives, in fact, is, unbelievers, and firebrands; but I now reiterate that he has frequently subjected me to reproach from the democratic party. I tell you that I am neither leveller nor destructive—that I am for the altar, for the throne and for the cottage; but I wish to see the footstool of God, instead of the couch of Mammon. I wish to see the throne based upon the affections of the people, instead of the caprice of an aristocracy. I wish to see the cottage castle of the freeman, instead of the den of the eagle. (Tremendous cheering and waving of hats.) If, any should go, if any must go, perish the signs above and perish the altar, before the cottage that might have shall crumble and decay. Gentlemen, though I have had but little sleep this week, my hours are not yet over; to-night, while you are discussing yourselves, I start upon a journey of 950 miles of land, whereon I hope to knock down the old landmarks and erect new ones. (Loud cheers.) But we are part, let me again remind you that I have introduced a novelty—that I have brought together men from every county in England, Scotland, and Wales, and that I have shown you for the first time in the country, or the world, suitable habitations for labourers to live in; and perhaps you will be astonished when I tell you that 10 weeks ago the old landmarks stood here, and not a brick was laid, and you will be more astonished when I tell you, that up to this time, the buildings, now nearly completed, and the materials necessary for their completion, have cost but of £2,700: a sum which a squire would expend in a stable. (Loud cheers.) Nor can I lose the opportunity of the presence of so many who have suffered so much evil of me, to announce to them that my experiment has cost me over £30,000, and that I have general approval with which it is hailed, more than in any man's praise for all. (Loud cheers.) Nor can I fail of giving vent to my pride in telling you that I have been prosecuted by government seven times within the seven years, (cries of shame) and that I am now resolved to beat that government into the acceptance of my policy. And, Gentlemen, while demands, while traffickers and political pedlars have been enriching themselves, by pandering to the passions of the credulous or deluding the ignorant, is my pride, my boast, and my glory, to say that I have never travelled a mile, or eaten a meal, or received the fraction of a farthing for any poor cause that I have rendered, from any party or from any individual during the whole of my life. (Tremendous cheering.) It is my pride to say, that I have abandoned profession and friends, and given up all results that would have enriched myself, that I follow those that would enrich the poor. (Loud cheering.) I am not yet a pauper, although any man living would have sunk beneath the weight of half that I have borne. (Cheers.) I have land, I have profession, and I have intellect, and such a lover am I of what is natural, that I am obliged to surrender two out of the three, if I would take the land, take the profession, which would narrow in their uses, and leave me God's inheritance, which may yet conduce to the unbounded advantage of mankind. (Loud and tremendous applause.) I am now drawing to a close,—I conclude you, while I have not words to express my gratification, but this is nothing to what you will see.—I now proclaim the 17th of August a red holiday throughout the land, a fast, not a feast. (Cheers.) This day have fasted long enough, upon this day-twelvemonth you will not know spot, then made much more lovely. Those who do it will

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Saturday, August 22, 1846.