

TO THE OCCUPANTS ON O'CONNORVILLE.

My dear friends,
 Saturday last was a proud day for me and an auspicious one for you. Your class have frequently been led to expect great benefits from extravagant promises, and have been as frequently deceived. Such, however, was not the case with you on Saturday, as it was my pride to hear one and all declare that every promise, however extravagant, had been more than fulfilled, and every expectation more than realized. You are now placed in the most honourable situation that man can be in, in a situation in which, by wholesome and moderate labour, you may be independent of man's caprice and fortune's frowns; in a situation which will enable you to lay up a sufficient store in the days of youth and health to live upon in your old age, or when sickness may overtake you. What a sensation of delight you must have experienced on last Sunday morning, when, for the first time in your lives, you awoke to the cheering thought, that your day's employment did not depend upon foreign markets or domestic tyrants; when you were enabled to survey your labour-field from your castle window, and to know that, if tired, you may lay you down and rest in your own bed, attended by your own wife, and surrounded by your own children. Having placed you in that honourable and enviable situation, let me now counsel you and implore of you to attend to my advice. There is a beer shop adjoining your land; avoid it, I beseech you, as a PESTILENCE, for if any enemy can be the means of ousting you from the lovely spot on which it will be my pride to locate you, it will be man's greatest, most vicious and inviting enemy, drunkenness. I have earned a right to address you on this subject, because it is my boast to say that I have NEVER BEEN TIPSY in my life, and if I had been addicted to that base destroyer I never should have had patience, never health, strength, or constitution, to have redeemed you from starving, and, therefore, I pray you to worship sobriety as a great and adorable friend and deity. Drunkenness is the first step to poverty, to crime and disgrace. You never see a teetotaler being convicted of crime, you never see a teetotaler starving, or his family in misery; and what possible pleasure can the supposed enjoyment give you? Next, I would caution you, not against the sin for it is no sin, nor yet crime—of poaching, and I do so, because you are in the neighbourhood of poachers, and because I know the fascinations that the pursuit has for the young and thoughtless. Do not become poachers, because the practice will inevitably lead to drunkenness, to idleness, to neglect of your land, to disgrace. Do not take the first step, for that is the most dangerous step; if you do you will be marked and watched, and your otherwise good character will be blemished by that one propensity. Do not allow your school-house to be turned into a discussion-room as to which is the best form of religion, and, above and before all, neither attempt to force your creed on others, or allow preachers of any denomination to disturb your simple society; for, so sure as you do, so sure will feuds, and quarrels, and dissension, and strife, be the result; and those who come amongst you to cast out devils will make a hell of your paradise. Avoid religious controversy as you would avoid a plague, and worship your God each after the dictates of his heart; but do not frown upon those who worship in a different manner. Now, disputes as to what is most acceptable to the Creator has been the principal cause of poverty for the industrious, and plenty for the idle; for, believe me, that those who profess so much solicitude about your souls are mainly actuated by a love of gain. A murderer, plunderer, adulterer, king, lust, and to enable him to rob the poor for the purpose of bribing the rich; and the whoremonger and drunkard, George the Fourth, had the matchless effrontery to order new prayers, and to make alterations in the prayer-book, so that you are now Protestants by Act of Parliament, whereas your forefathers were Catholics; and if the best Harry had wanted to marry a Jew, you would have been all Jews. So, I pray you to not allow cunning preachers to disturb your minds, that they may live upon your fears. Again, if a religious man, or a solicitor, should come amongst you, except our own poor man's LAW SEEKER, Mr. Roberts, turn him from amongst you, for he comes to strip you and then to laugh at you. Avoid grumbling, for it leads to ruin. Love your wives and your children, because it insures respect and makes your children respectful, loving, and dutiful; and, above and before all, take care and attend to their education in youth; for, bear in mind, that, with the ready means of instruction at command, your children's ignorance would be a brand upon the negligent parent. It will give me great pleasure to visit you frequently, to encourage and instruct you, and help you—that is, those who deserve it—and my displeasure will be a warning to your neighbours to doubt you; for, indeed, you may be happy if you are only prudent, and always bear in mind, that your failure would be a curse upon me, and would arm our watchful enemies with food for slander, as they would ascribe your failure to the fallacy of the principle, or to anything to wound me; they would pass over, may praise, your crimes, if they enabled them to stab me. I am very sanguine in the hope, that before September twelvemonth I shall be able to place ONE THOUSAND MERE in your position, and to go on still more rapidly each succeeding year, in proportion as the blessings of the system are felt and developed. Indeed, if the working classes only willed their own emancipation, and were not possessed of the notion that they should pay up to-day, and be located to-morrow, I would make a paradise of England in less than FIVE YEARS, and would cheerfully slave every hour of the day for such a noble purpose; but I can scarcely blame their haste, as, truth to say, the transition from perfect slavery and dependence to perfect freedom and independence, is a very charming thing. If those with money would lend it at three-and-a-half per cent., on the best security in the world, I would change the whole face of society in TWELVE MONTHS from this day, and locate thousands on their own land; but Labour has always been our greatest enemy.

Now, my friends, wishing you God speed, health, comfort, and happiness, and assuring you that I shall frequently visit you, and promising you a letter upon what your next operations should be in next Saturday's *Star*, I take my leave for the present, and am,

Your sincere and affectionate friend,
 FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

MONEY MARKET.—Yesterday considerable excitement was caused in the City by intelligence from St. Petersburg. According to an Imperial Ukase, 30,000,000 of silver roubles, out of 114,000,000 which have accumulated as the basis of the Russian paper currency, are allowed for the gradual purchase of public securities, Russian and foreign. Of this amount, which may be roughly stated at £4,500,000 sterling, about £2,000,000 has already been employed in the recent arrangement with the Bank of France; about £750,000 is supposed to be destined for the Dutch and other continental markets, and the remaining £2,000,000, it is assumed, will be laid out in the English funds; if, indeed, such purchase has not already been privately perfected. Supposing a purchase to be made of English stock to the value of £2,000,000, this will cause an annual payment to Russia of about £70,000, with the certainty that, if ever this payment be extinguished, it will only be by buying the stock back at a greatly advanced price, or by paying it off at the rate of £100 for every £88 now received.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR IRELAND.—(This Saturday) morning's papers contain a correspondence between the American Minister, Mr. Bancroft, and Lord John Russell; the former remitting, and the latter acknowledging, a draft, for fifteen thousand dollars, subscribed by the people of New Orleans for the relief of the distressed Irish.

Baron Albert Nott, one of the most distinguished dramatists of Italy, died lately at Turin, aged seventy-two.

The Northern Star

AND NATIONAL TRADES' JOURNAL.

VOL. X. No. 498.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1847.

PRICE FIVEPENCE or Five Shillings and Sixpence per Quarter.

O'CONNORVILLE.

ENGLAND'S MAY DAY.

Saturday last will be a day ever remembered by those who had the good fortune to witness the spectacle of an off-licensed class more than gratified by the more than realization of their fondest and most extravagant anticipations. The morning was lovely, as if made for the occasion; and at an early hour the busy labourers were at work, finishing the roads, or rather gravel walks, after the damage sustained from casting some thousands tons of stable dung upon the poor man's estate. Shortly, the occupants began to come with their furniture, all anxiously looking for their own spot; and, without a single exception, all expressing the most unqualified joy at the grandeur of the scene. About 10 o'clock, Mr. O'Connor arrived, accompanied by some friends, and was hailed with blessings, and welcomed with the clasp of many a blithered hand; his first question was—"Now, are you happy; who is right, the Whistler or I?" and the answer of one and all was—"Oh, d—n him, sure never was anything like it; but I am happy." The women, too, appeared still more overjoyed; while the children, like lambs released from the fold, gambled about in mirthful play. Many persons came from distant parts, from Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and Cornwall, all to see and judge for themselves; and all ready, on their return, to testify to the grandeur of what they had witnessed, and all declaring that even FEARGUS had not half described the place. After the visitors and occupants had taken a single survey, all were summoned to the school-room to witness the clearing ceremony of introducing the first HOME COLONISTS to their HOMESTEADS and domains, and, truth to say, never, we believe, did those present witness such a scene before. The working jacket was laid by, and a more respectable looking class of honest men it was never our fortune to behold; and, certainly, a more auspicious ceremony never was witnessed, while the free mothers, rescued from the grasp of the tyrant, with their own babies in their arms, added great dignity to the spectacle. As soon as the necessary arrangements had been completed,

Mr. DOYLE moved, and the meeting seconded, Mr. Wilkinson's appointment to the chair. The CHAIRMAN said—Ladies and gentlemen, for without being guilty of flattery I may now apply those appellations to the sons and daughters of labour, whose future avocations will be confined to the honourable and independent of the most independent position man or woman can occupy, that of honestly earning their own bread by the sweat of their own brows. (Cheers.) He was a shareholder—(cheers)—in that noble society, that religious and beautiful society, established by the energy and talent of their distinguished friend who was now before them. (Cheers.) He had come from Exeter to see the clearing ceremony, and an anxious occasion it was every heart, and, for himself, he could truly say that never in his life had he witnessed such a scene as had that day gladdened his heart, and astonished his eyes. (Cheers.) Oh, it was most charming, and he could not say the feelings of the man who aimed at the destruction of such a holy institution. (Cheers.) Many nostrums that had been proposed for the welfare of the working classes had failed, and even those who were the most anxious to see the success of succeeding projects. (Hear, hear.) He confessed that frequent disappointments had made him somewhat more sceptical, but, knowing our friend, and believing in his powers, and conscious of his energy, I canvassed the plan in all its bearings, and have proved my faith in it by becoming a four-acre shareholder. (Cheers.) And now, having seen with my own eyes what may be effected by study and perseverance, I am going to take another four-acre share, and for my own sake, and for the sake of my fellow-labourers, I am now committed to the society of his fellow-labourers. (Loud cheers.) I am sure the gladness that is visible in every countenance before me, bespeaks a cheerfulness and joy which I never witnessed in my life before; and then, if we cast a glance upon the magnificent scene presented to us from this spot, we must wonder and admire what one man's energy has created. (Cheers and "aye.") Here every man will be master of his own time, and guardian of his own family; and I feel assured, that the good man will not become a better man, and that the bad man will become a better man. (Cheers.) Here is a place for the education of your children; there are magnificent villas fit for freemen and industrious men to live in; and there is your vineyard, surrounding each man's hearth, to yield him the fruits of wholesome and moderate labour. (Cheers.) And, prepared for the position to which your kindness has elevated me, and as Mr. O'Connor and I have to proceed to Gloucester after the day's ceremony is over, I shall conclude by asking you one and all before you retire to rest, to contrast your present situation and your future prospects with that you have left, and those prospects you anticipated from the hardest life of toil. (Cheers.) I will now move, and the meeting seconded.

Mr. DOYLE said—Friends, I had not the slightest idea that I was to address you, until our worthy chairman announced my name, and, consequently, I am quite unprepared to make a speech, indeed, I hardly know what to say on this auspicious and ever-to-be-remembered occasion. I will, however, endeavour to say something, and, I hope, to the purpose. Friends, it gives me unalloyed pleasure to find on this, the 1st of May, on this, the glorious day of the year, in the vicinity of Ledbury, working men, and their wives and children, and their honest industry, a gentleman occupying the important and honourable position he now so ably fills. I have two reasons for being pleased; the first, that he, a man of wealth, and possessing considerable influence, uses both for the furtherance of human happiness; and the second, that he, discarding all the prejudice appertaining to his class, has actually reached out his hand to the poorest of his fellow-labourers. But it must not be imagined for one moment, that, individually, I attach the least value to wealth, yet, when I find a man, such as our venerable chairman, possessing wealth, and along with it the virtue of the highest order, then indeed I am bound to offer my tribute of respect and gratitude. Mr. Doyle then went into the question of co-operation, and adduced some striking facts in proof of its superiority over individual exertion. For instance, said the speaker, in the vicinity of Ledbury, working men pay at the rate of £30 an acre for land, which is let out in small allotments, while the land on this (the People's First Estate), was purchased out-and-out for £20 an acre. This fact, said Mr. Doyle, not only proves the benefit of co-operation, but it also proves the value of land in the retail market, as compared with the wholesale. For if any one of the persons occupying a small portion of land near the town of Ledbury, had the means within his reach of purchasing one acre of it, and provided the following—Bread, you have, I hope, to live for the remainder of your lives upon this beautiful portion of your native land, and allow me, with all the sincerity and fervour of my heart, to implore of you to set together in the holy bonds of sisterhood and brotherhood, mutually assisting each other in time of need, unforgoingly rejoicing when extraordinary success crowns the efforts of any one amongst you, and repelling at once with vigour and determination the most remote tendency to quarrelling, ill-feeling, or envy. Recollect, the eyes of your friends as well as your enemies are directed towards you, and while the former will grieve if they find you are unemity with the latter, the latter will exult at such misfortune. Therefore, sisters and brothers in this great social and political movement, make a firm resolve to disappoint your foes, and gladden the hearts of your friends. Mr. Doyle sat down loudly applauded.

The Chairman now introduced their friend, Mr. O'CONNOR, who, on rising, was received with enthusiastic cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. He said: My dear and beloved friends, what eloquence of mine can equal the impression that what you have this day seen has made in your hearts—(cheers)—and yet what I now witness is but a feeble outline—a meagre, unfinished sketch of that full-length portrait of freedom, happiness, and contentment which will eventually result from the novelty I have ventured to propound. (Cheers.) While joy fills your hearts here, the song of gladness resounds throughout the land. (Loud cheers.) And must I not have a cold and dainty heart if I could survey the scene before me without emotion? Who can look upon those mothers, accustomed to be dragged by the waking light of morn from those little babes now nestling in their breasts. (Here the speaker was so overcome that he was obliged to sit down, his face covered with large tears, and we never beheld such a scene in our life; not an eye in the building that did not weep.) After a short

pause Mr. O'Connor resumed: Yes, this is a portion of a great feature of my plan to give the fond wife back to her husband, and the innocent babe back to its fond mother. (Here the speaker was again compelled to pause, and delivered the remainder of his address sitting down.) My friends, your virtues have been implanted by nature; your vices are consequences of oppression and misrule. (Hear, hear.) The man who drives you to madness, to wickedness, despair, to crime, and death, multiplies your sins to justify his own oppression. You are refused work, and then called idle—(cheers)—you are compelled to live upon the labour of your wives and children, while the door is closed against your industry, and then you are called uncouth, dependent, and profligate; while I assert for you, that there is not one in every thousand of the working classes who would not rather support his wife and family by the sweat of his own brow than be compelled to live as a prostitute upon their labour. Now, that is the very essence of my plan. I wish to distinguish between the willing and the unwilling idler—(cheers)—so that the willing idler should lose all sympathy and compassion, while the willing workman shall suffer no abstraction from his store for the support of him who will not work. (Cheers.) I want to see what man is capable of producing. I wish to see man in his proper place—woman in her honoured position, and the child to be reared in its natural affections. (Cheers.) The novelty of the undertaking has startled many; but only because it required a practical experiment to prove its efficacy. It is the only novelty that has been produced since the world was created for the elevation of man to his proper position in society. (Cheers.) True, many warm-hearted philanthropists have charmed you with the assurance that the Land is man's rightful inheritance; but not one has ever attempted to put you in possession of it. (Cheers and no.) No, the theory has been used to put the advocates in possession of the land's produce, and the fruits of that patronage which your gullibility can realize for themselves, but your order does not possess one acre the more, while a foolish reliance upon those fascinating first principles has diverted your minds from the reality—THE ACTUAL POSSESSION OF THE THING ITSELF. (Cheers.) Now these are the most dangerous, because the most ignorant and designing reformers. (Hear, hear.) In fact they live upon your credulity, prosper upon your confidence, and laugh at you still. In the outset I was met by the difficulties attending the realization of my plan, but is it not always so? When did labour ever yet propound a scheme for labour's benefit that those who live upon labour's folly have not denounced as Utopian, while, strange to say, the most Utopian scheme propounded by the rich, and all DEPENDING ON LABOUR, is heralded to the world as a thing of easy accomplishment, and promising the most profitable and certain results. (Cheers.) Thus if Mr. Stephenson undertook to make a railway to the moon, and if he could secure a committee with an influential lord, a wealthy squire, a cunning solicitor, a great banker, and a few religious parsons, (cheers and laughter,) the advertising press would at once see the great national advantage, and the certainty of success, consequent upon the speculation; and hear in mind, from the working of the iron mine to the quarrying of the stone, and the piling of the heaps, all would be labour, but yet, strange to say, labour cannot effect any of the most simple work for itself. (Loud cheers.) Now this was my difficulty, a difficulty which I saw, the difficulty of persuading men accustomed to live in the world of artifice that they could live in the world of simplicity, (cheers); the difficulty of persuading men that they could do what their fathers had done; of persuading men that they could do for themselves what they are now compelled to pay others for doing for them. (Cheers.) OF PRODUCING FOR THEMSELVES, and exchanging THEIR CORN for all the other articles they want, but cannot so profitably produce. (Cheers.) I know there is a great difficulty in accomplishing what man never attempts while he sees husbandmen working and making fortunes for others, I see no difficulty in the same men, or other men of the same class, working and making money for themselves. (Cheers.) I have never found any difficulty in making money of other men's labour applied to the land, and from that fact I learned my experience, which I am now determined to convey to you as NATIONAL PROPERTY. (Loud cheers.) Having so far pointed out the supposed difficulties, I will now draw your attention to the facilities. The main feature is confidence, and I say with some little vanity, that I possess as large an amount of that ingredient as any man living, or that ever lived. (Loud cheers, and "you deserve it.") that then is the first requisite; and next comes UNION and CO-OPERATION: by your aggregate confidence and co-operation, I undertake to realise my every promise, and your most extravagant anticipations—(cheers)—and here, in passing, as Mr. Doyle's announcement as to rent may have taken you by surprise, let me inform you what your respective rents will be for four acres, three acres, and two acres. I now speak without reference to the interest for the respective sums of £30, £22 10s., and £15, given to occupants, and I now pledge myself that the rent of four acres, with house, will not pass £12 10s. a year—(tremendous cheering)—three acres will not exceed £10 5s., and two acres will not exceed £6 15s. (Renewed cheers.) Now this has been done by confidence and co-operation; and mark how, by making the most of everything, and this was only known to us, the directors, while Mr. Doyle has been engaged here in preparing for your reception, and therefore he could not be aware of what we only discovered by going over our expenditure—(hear, hear)—but I see the news is as gratifying to him as it is to you; and I'll tell you more, it is not our intention to stop the ploughing or labour out of the capital—(cheers)—and by industry and grubbing up useless fences and a wood- we are enabled to make you a free gift of those piles of roots and fire-wood and posts that you see piled for two years' consumption. (Loud cheers and "Thanks.") We will only deduct from the capital the dung and seeds. (Renewed cheers.) Now, twenty-two acres of these roots buried in the ground, did press hardly upon the means of subsistence. I have put them in their proper places behind your dwellings, and you will convert them to their proper use, to boil your pots. (Laughter.) I found eighty-one acres of ground, and twenty-two acres of wood, fences, and "head-lands" here, that pressed hardly on the means of subsistence, and I leave it 103 acres, 1 rood and 30 perches—(cheers)—and many a drop of my sweat has enriched the land. (Cheers.) Now a word of comment. In sight of where we now are a worse cottage than the three-roomed cottage lets for 6l. 10s. a year; you will have a good one, with wells and roads, and FOR EVER, with two acres of land, and all the protection you desire, for 6l. 15s.—(cheers)—while I assert, without fear of refutation, that a five-roomed cottage and four acres of land would let to-morrow, every one of them, for 30l. a year, and is not that payment for your confidence in me. (Cheers.) "Bless you." This land has been styled average land; you have now seen it, and I tell you that a crow never flew over land capable of being made to produce more than this land; you have been told that it was all stones, but I can't see them—(no, nor we)—it is an early soil—a fertile soil—a genial soil—and a healthy soil. (Cheers.) "Aye," now let me consider the inducements to labour upon it. Firstly, you have possession, and no tyrant can oust you; secondly, every delve is for yourselves, and no tyrant can monopolise the lion's share; and, thirdly, if should you dislike a

free life, you will always go back richer men, as every day's labour upstumbled in YOUR SAVINGS BANK will be purchased from you at its full value, and I am now commissioned, when your eyes have been opened to the delusion, to offer and pay down in cash the respective sums of £40, £60, and £80, for a two-acre, a three-acre, or a four-acre allotment; so that up to the hour of your location you have not been deceived or juggled. Will any man sell? ("No, no, not for five times as much.") Now then, whose account was just, the Whistler's or mine? (Cheers, and "Yours; no, neither, it's far better than we ever expected," rejoined by all.) Is this not then a day of triumph for me, and for our brethren yet to be located? and have I deceived you? ("No, no, it's beautiful.") Another inducement to be industrious I may now mention—it is this, that in August next I will give, out of my own pocket, a premium of £7 to the most deserving, of £5 to the next, and of £3 to the next. (Loud cheers.) I think the directors are quite right in looking for a sound foundation for what they are pledged to carry out, before they hold out further benefits; (hear, hear); but by August next I feel assured that they will be enabled to offer yet more advantageous terms to the members, when the plan, only now in its infancy, is more fully developed; and here let me state, that their study, their delight, is to be able to realise more than their promise, and your hope. (Cheers.) But while I thus hold out the inducement to emulation, let me not be misunderstood—my object is to create social comfort, as well as plenty, in the cottage; and, therefore, do not suppose that the man who grows the largest cabbages, or has the cleanest ground, or best crop, is to receive my money—no, I will test his affection to his wife and children, as well as his ability to labour—(loud cheers)—I will give to the baby's thoughts as well as to the land, and I have a keen eye—and I will prefer the man upon whom his wife smiles naturally, and to whom his children run joyously, to him who shall merely train them for the judge's eye—(loud cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs)—I will be able to discover whether the affection and feelings are natural, or induced by training for the reward. (Cheers.) That will be an inducement to increase happiness, and then, as you were the first to display your courage, and exhibit your confidence, I am not afraid to tell you, that no man who is industrious, sober, honest and affectionate, SHALL EVER LEAVE THE CASTLE IN WHICH I HAVE PLACED HIM, so long as I have a coat to sell or a second shirt to pawn—(loud cheers, and clapping of hands)—no, with God's blessing I will let tyrants know and revilers understand, that I can bear oppression and denunciation, but I cannot brook defeat. (Loud cheers.) Upon the other hand, I should esteem myself culpable, my criminal, were I to foster, encourage, or save the idler or the dissipated from that just reproach and condemnation which is sure to follow all who shall be turned out from neglect, dissipation, and idleness; I will not stand between them and the fate they have brought upon themselves. (Hear, hear.) Herein then exists the material difference between our society and all others, undertaken as mere speculations to gull the credulous and confiding. In other societies, the puffing press is enlisted, all is, THANK GOD, OPPOSED TO ME. (Cheers, and "never heard them.") These deceivers puff, while puffing and lying pangs, and in process of time, a call is made for more, and more, and more, still I press approves, till, at last, there is one call too many for ADVERTISING, PRINTING, and payment of officers, still the press approves the PRINCIPLE but denounces the DETAILS—(laughter)—then the shareholders are called together to hear of their ruin and some ATTORNEY'S FORTUNE, and they learn that they are all still liable to the SHARKS. (Cheers.) Now, upon the other hand, I have made as much as paid all our expenses for nearly two years, while it has not cost you a shilling for advertising, and we have made a large profit of printing. (Cheers.) And why? because the projectors of another society would hire a host of officers and should insure toleration from those officers by disbursing patronage to idle servants; for instance in our case we would have a corps of LAND SMOULERS and LAND TASTERS. (Cheers and laughter.) We should then have DRAFTSMEN and VALUERS, ENGINEERS and PROJECTORS, SURVEYORS and ROAD MAKERS, ARCHITECTS and ARTISTS, OVERSEERS and PAY-CLERKS, BOOK-KEEPERS and their CLERKS, and a committee of SALARIED idle OFFICIALS, who would not know a cabbage from a HAND-SAW. (Roars of laughter, and "that's it.") Now, strange to say, I fill all those offices, and bailiff as well, and it is my pride to say, that, up to this moment, I have not charged for my travelling expenses to visit and bid for estates, and here is the book in which your accounts have been kept from the commencement, in which there is not a figure of mine, but all the monies have been paid by me. (Cheers.) No SUNDRIES, no STATIONERY, no ERRORS, nor POSTAGE, no charge for an expensive staff nor yet for the man of all work. (Cheers.) And, now, my friends, observe, that, according to the terms under which you invested your money, a much higher rent would be chargeable, but we have limited it to 5 per cent. upon the outlay, in order that the most unexceptionable security may be given to the bank, and the most encouraging prospects held out to you. (Cheers.) 5l. a year of ours will be security for 3l. 10s., and the more valuable you make the 5l. a year the better security it is—a security which no bank that ever was in the world before has offered. (Cheers.) Thus, unlike other societies, you see you are not to be disinherited because you were the most fortunate. (Cheers.) No, my thoughts will be ever on you, my heart will be ever with you—(loud cheers) and every advantage that accrues to the end you will have your share of it, and, again, I assert and pledge myself, that a section, when wound up, will leave an incalculable amount to be returned to each shareholder; while, in the outset, we have relaxed the mode of fixing the rent, which gives you an immediate and permanent advantage, and will enable you to purchase your domains, as not an acre shall be SOLD or MORTGAGED. (Great cheering.) I will now call your attention to the mode of punishment I wish you to adopt, it is this—NEVER BEAT A CHILD, it makes them hardened—(loud cheers)—and cunning and artful—(hear, hear)—but yet they must be punished, and I'll tell you how: say to a child that requires punishment, "Now, Will, or Betsy, thou shalt not come to weed or work in the field, or go to school to-morrow." (Roars of laughter.) Now I feel convinced that that would be much more efficacious than beating. ("Aye! I'm sure it would," from a mother.) Try that, and I'll answer for the effect; but, tell me, who ever heard a factory child crying for being told it should not work. (Cheers, and "Never.") Let me now show you your security, and the security of the plan. A person has taken one acre of land from Smith, and two rooms in his house, and has paid his rent in advance £10 a year. Now Smith will have three acres of land, and three rooms for £2 10s., and his tenant will live and make vast profit too, and I promise you will not work for any other master. (Hear, hear, and "No.") Well, if the tenant thrives, and the landlord fails, we shall know to what to attribute it. Again, I have been commissioned to look out for board and lodging for unhealthy, not sickly, but smoke-stricken children, belonging to London tradesmen; and who may be educated, say from 10 to 14 years of age; and I understand that the parents would willingly pay 5s. a week for board, lodging, and washing; here then is one added to a family, and ten shillings over the rent of house and four acres paid. (Loud cheers.) And what an inducement to tradespeople and friends for woe to the man or woman, with 34 piers upon their heads, who would dare neglect or spit upon the stranger's child here. (Loud cheers.) And what delight to the parents to run down on a Sunday, and see the dull city MOPE turned into a sportive country lamb. (Cheers.) And what an inducement to the parents to abandon the SMOKE of hell for the AIR OF HEAVEN. (Cheers.) Again, I will presume that a man is pushed for his rent, and I now speak in presence of the most practical farmer in this parish, and our kind neighbour, Mr. Biggs, and I ask him if I overstate the price, when I say, that for nine weeks in hay time and harvest, a man will earn a pound a week. (Mr. Biggs: "Yes, and more.") Here then

is more than the rent of 2 acres, nearly the rent of 3 acres, and all but the rent of 4 acres for 9 weeks work, leaving nearly 10 months for labour on your own farm. (Cheers.) Now what practical man will dare to uphold the Free Traders' opposition to man being his own master, against such facts as these. (Cheers.) They tell that population presses hardly upon the means of subsistence; so it will may when a fifth of the land is occupied with useless timber and fences, for no other purpose than to preserve the game for the idle. (Cheers.) And yet you have had a marvellous benefit from the game laws; for, but for the fact of Dr. Eyre having the right of shooting over this property, gentlemen and farmers would have put it up some hundreds of pounds higher, but they could not stomach the notion of another possessing their useless privilege, but, as I told him, he would have nothing but PEASANT SHOOTING HERE NOW. (Cheers and laughter.) Now you have subject, the man who cannot get on as he will be able to realise a large amount for and, as always, but mark, another and a still greater advantage that it confers. The Autocrat of Russia has lent, or is about to lend, your rulers two millions of money, in the vain hope of propelling the system. Now all these speculations will have a wonderful effect upon your poor starving brethren of Manchester, and the manufacturing districts; but what will you care for the price of food when you grow it for yourselves? speculation affects it, you want to be at the loss. (Hear, hear.) If it is low, your kitchen will be a good market—if it is high, your neighbours' necessities will require the supply, and your industry will furnish the article. But some have gone so far as to assert, that those in want want buy from you, (laughter)—yes, you may well laugh, rest assured, the man who wants pork will make no difference between your pig and the tithe-pig of the Bishop of Exeter. (Laughter.) How delightful it must be to you, then, to be independent of foreign speculators and domestic economists! How charming to be your own masters, (cheers), your own servants and your own producers. Have I not always told you that FREE TRADE could be only carried out by FREE LABOUR? (yes), and have I not told you that the Land would be the next thing contended for? (Yes.) The duty of a Government is to cultivate the national resources, and how can that be so extensively effected as by setting every man, woman, and child, to task work for themselves. (Cheers.) Ah! how you will long for the peeping sun, till now shut out from you, and how you will regret his early departure. (Cheers.) How I have mourned to see gray-headed old men compelled to crack stones from morning till night, at eighty years of age, men who had entitled themselves to honourable living and idleness, by labouring from ten to forty. (Cheers.) I'll give you an instance—a poor old man, eighty-two years of age, came to me some weeks ago, and told me that the parish officers had taken one of his two loaves per week off since wheat had become dear, and asked me to go to law with them; I said "No, I have too much on my hands, but come to me every Saturday night, and I, A STRANGER, will give you from my own pocket what your guardians refuse you." (Great cheering.) This, then, is one of your inducements to labour, when young, for yourselves; that you work hard when health and strength and nature permit, and when health declines you have your retiring pension, and your children's society, and why should you? (Loud cheers.) Again, see what a different race I will make—see what a noble edifice for the education of your children. (Cheers.) While a sectarian Government is endeavouring to preserve its dominion, and fostering sectarian strife, I open the sanctuary of free instruction for the unbiassed training of youth, and woe to the firebrand parson who shall dare to frighten the susceptible mind of infancy, by the hobgoblin of religious preference. (Tremendous cheering, and waving of hats.) Let the father nourish, and the fond mother nurture, their own offspring—(cheers) and then we shall have a generation of FREE CHRISTIANS. (Loud cheers.) Again, what a sight to see 35 free men marching to St. Albans, not to hold up their hands in mockery and insult, for a choice of tyrants, but to give their vote freely for a choice of representatives. (Loud cheers.) How respectable you will be then! (Laughter.) But they tell you, you can't live upon two, three, or even four acres; but see what Mr. Gillett has done; he gave 256l. for two acres of bad land, built a house, and last year, besides supporting his family made 57l. profit, and says he will make more this year. (Cheers.) Again, look at Samuel Briggs, of Oxfordshire; he rented forty acres, and now he has purchased that and forty acres more, and has built many houses, all by his own industry, and has his first four acres. (Cheers.) And let me now assure you, once for all, that no man living has yet discovered the capabilities of an acre of land. (Hear, hear.) A fine old man, now 70, has an acre and fifteen perches joining Lowlands estate, and he wants 600l. for it, and will get it; and he has realised over 1,000l. (Cheers.) Again, see the great value of co-operation in the item of building. You build one house, and pay retail price for every article, and to your laths, blocks, stones, and nails. I build several, and purchase everything at the wholesale price in the cheapest market, and do so with 500. You want one acre, and pay 120l. for it; I want 500 acres of the same land, and buy it for 40l., and give it to you for 40l. (Loud cheers.) And then comes the great charm—Independence! You look at home for support, instead of depending upon the whim, the ability, or bounty of foreign countries. (Cheers.) In short, I have brought you out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of Bondage, and here, with God's blessing! your industry, and my love for my first-born, who were poor, but confided in me, here you and your children, and your children's children, shall abide in the land I have brought you to. (Tremendous cheering and waving of hats.) Yes, it would break my heart to see one of you disinherited; indeed I could not bear it. Yes, and you will be industrious; this week's collection for this holy cause is nearly 3,000l. (Tremendous cheering.) And mark what my greatest joy is—it is that the largest portion of that has been snatched from the GIN PALACE and the BEER SHOP. (Great cheering.) So when the market for abstinence, and virtue, and industry was opened, those reviled for their drunkenness, their idleness and vice, soon took advantage of it. (Cheers.) Yes, my friends, but let us have an inducement to be honest, industrious and sober, and I will pledge myself that there will not be a rogue or idler, or a drunkard in the land. If you meet a drunken man, or even woman, in Manchester, the creature is an object of envy; but woe to him who shall be branded as a drunkard by the sober eye of the watchful and prudent here. (Loud cheers.) See, then, what example does, and see the comfort the wife will derive from her reformed husband, (cheers) and waving of handkerchiefs. I have been reviled for securing a pound's worth of labour for every 20s. of your money spent. (Cheers, and "Never heard them.") No; your joy shall be my apology. Now, my friends, I am drawing to a close, and as you have now seen all for yourselves—land and houses, roads and wells, firing and water—I am entitled to ask you—Are you gratified; are your hopes realized or disappointed? (A general cry of—"It's far, far better than we thought—it's beautiful.") Are you happy? ("Yes, yes, and cheers.") Is any among you deceived? ("No, no.") Have the directors fulfilled their pledges, and redeemed their word? ("Yes, yes, and more.") Will any man take the price for his allotment I have been commissioned to offer? ("No, no, nor five times.") In speaking of the directors, it is my pleasing duty to bestow upon them that encomium which their zeal, their honour, their ability, and honesty, justly entitle them to, (cheers), and master as I am of the subject, I am candid enough to confess that but for their co-operation and watchfulness I could not have succeeded. (Cheers.) I have never had one dispute, or cause of dispute, with my brother directors, and so great is my confidence in them, that, in my absence I leave them the full use of my name, and in their keeping it has not been dishonoured, and yet there are some evils of a situation which all who aspire to be not able to fill, but which appears easy till tried with seven days and five nights work in some weeks. (Cheers and "aye.")

Now have I not a right to be happy? I shall now proceed to give each man his capital, only stopping price of dung and seeds; and until we make up our accounts, we'll give each two-acre man 6l., each three-acre man 9l., and each four-acre man 12l. (cheers); and as the directors have very judiciously put off the grand demonstration till Whit Monday, to enable many friends to visit this paradise, and as you are many of you tired after long journeys, I shall postpone the ringing of the bell till Monday, the 24th, when I will sleep on the estate if any of my children will give me lodging, (cheers, and "all"), and then you shall have the satisfaction of saying D—N THE FACTORY BELL. (Mr. O'Connor concluded amid the most vociferous cheering and waving of hats, by moving a vote of thanks to the excellent chairman, who, though Mayor of the city of Exeter, was not ashamed or afraid to commit his child to the company, and example of his fellow-labourers. (Tremendous cheering.)

Mr. WILKINSON returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him and repeated his avowal that he was never more gratified in his life. When Mr. O'Connor proceeded to hand over the respective sums mentioned to the several occupants, Mr. Westcott, who returned his thanks to be placed in the Redemption Department, and Mr. Kerfoot, allowed him to remain in Mr. O'Connor's hands. This pleasing ceremony being concluded, Messrs O'Connor and Wilkinson started for Gloucester, amid the prayers and blessings of the happy farmers who have been rescued from slavery, and who consider themselves amply rewarded for their confidence, which we assert has not been misplaced.

ALMONDBURY.—On Saturday, the bells of the parish church were merrily rung for a considerable time in honour of the allottees taking possession of their farms at O'Connerville. The bell-ringing created considerable excitement in the town, and caused many to inquire for the first time, the meaning of the Chartist, and the purpose of our glorious Land Company.

ASTON-UNDER-LYNE.—On Saturday, the 1st of May, at 12 o'clock, the bells of the parish church commenced ringing a merry peal in honour of the allottees taking possession of their allotments at O'Connerville. The bells rung upwards of one hour and a half, to the surprise of not a few of the inhabitants.

BACUP.—The friends of freedom here held a *soiree* on the 1st of May, in the Chartist room, which was beautifully illuminated. The evening's entertainments consisted of songs, recitations, and addresses by several of the members of the Land Company.

BOLTON.—The 1st of May was celebrated here in a very spirited manner. At the festival, the following sentiments were responded to by Mr. M. Stevenson, some of the speakers, and others.—"Mr. Fergus O'Connor, the Champion of Universal Liberty, and Founder of the National Land Company, may he live to see the fruits of his untiring zeal and unflinching perseverance in the people's cause brought to a speedy and happy issue."—"The Landowners at O'Connerville, may this day be celebrated through all succeeding generations, as the day when the foundation of British Liberty was laid to emancipate the toiling millions from the chains of slavery." The speedy return of Frost, Williams, Jones and Ellis, and all other exiles."

CARLISLE.—A numerous and respectable meeting of the shareholders and friends of the National Land Company took place at the house of Robert Bainbridge, St. Cuthbert's-lane, on Saturday evening. Mr. Gilbertson was called to the chair, who, after some remarks, gave—"The people, the only legitimate source of power, are the basis of all rights." The following toasts were then given:—"The People's Charter." Responded to by Messrs Fish and Stephenson. "The National Land Company, and may the fortunate allottees on the O'Connerville Estate, who have this day taken possession of their allotments, meet with complete success." Responded to by Mr. Foster. "Fergus O'Connor, Esq., and the other directors." Spoken to by the chairman and Mr. Foster. "T. St. Duncombe, M.P." Several other toasts were given in the course of the evening.

HULL.—On Monday evening, May 3rd, a tea party and ball was held at the Ship Inn, Church-lane, to celebrate the location of the allottees at O'Connerville.

LOWLANDS.—Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the glorious 1st of May was celebrated by festive sports both out-door and in. A cricket-match came off, and in spite of the weather was well played. The bells of Red Marley Church rung a merry peal for two hours. After the cricket-match, fifty-four of the men employed on the estate, sat down to a very excellent collation, prepared by Mr. E. Lloyd of Red Marley, which gave entire satisfaction to all present. Mr. Collingham was called upon to preside, and Mr. Moody, branch secretary, was elected to the vice-chair. The cloth having been removed, the first toast was—"The People, the legitimate source of power," which was spoken to by the chairman, amidst great applause. The following toasts were also given:—"Fergus O'Connor, Esq., the Founder of the Land Company, may his name shine, and his name be remembered, through all time."—"The other directors of the National Land Company, may they prosper in all their undertakings."—"Health and prosperity to the successful allottees at HERRINGSHEAD, their wives and children," with three times three. "Duncombe, and success to the National Trades Association."—"The editors of

Frast of the Poets
PART III.

The Spring, which has thus far thrown cold water on 1847, renders the reprint of the following lines highly probable and appropriate:—

SPRING.

A NEW VERSION.
BY THOMAS HOOD.

How, the air blows shrewdly—it is very cold.
How, it is a nipping and an eager air.
Hamlet.
“Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come!”
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There’s no such season.
The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blight!
And suffer from her kiss as if they came
From spring the fighter.
Her grasses, then, let her poetry sing,
And her tears, her laughter and her sighs,
Who do not feel as if they had a Spring
Pour’d down their shoulders!
Let others eulogise her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so
The influencers.
Her flowers, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms, which you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!
Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early budding and its blowing—
But just suppose consumptions’ seeds appear
From spring the fighter.
For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration:
Nor can, like iron-chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.
Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh! where the Spring in a rheumatic leg,
Sits as a table!
I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with age, that great agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My respirator.
What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on to—
Spring! mild and gentle!—yes, a spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on.
In short, whatever paucity lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

The following stanzas by an old friend and contributor in the land of the Shamrock, possess sweetness and simplicity:—

LINES TO THE STARS.

Bonnie, twinkle stars,
See gentle, and see bright,
Ye wee me, and ye wee me,
Wi’ your soft and silver light,
Now peep o’er the mountain,
Now gladden in the stream—
Now kiss the red heather bell,
A’ wi’ your wee me beam.
Bonnie, twinkle stars,
See gentle, and see bright,
Ye wee me, and ye wee me,
Wi’ your soft and silver light,
Now peep o’er the mountain,
Now gladden in the stream—
Now kiss the red heather bell,
A’ wi’ your wee me beam.
Bonnie, twinkle stars,
See gentle, and see bright,
Ye wee me, and ye wee me,
Wi’ your soft and silver light,
Now peep o’er the mountain,
Now gladden in the stream—
Now kiss the red heather bell,
A’ wi’ your wee me beam.
Bonnie, twinkle stars,
See gentle, and see bright,
Ye wee me, and ye wee me,
Wi’ your soft and silver light,
Now peep o’er the mountain,
Now gladden in the stream—
Now kiss the red heather bell,
A’ wi’ your wee me beam.

Our next poet shall introduce himself:—“The writer of these imperfect lines is an uneducated mechanic, and about six months since was a resident in the United States of America, where he exerted his mental powers in the glorious work of availing the summing energies of the working classes to assert their just rights, and rise above the degradation too often attached to their order by the more fortunate of the human family. He is thankful that his efforts were not altogether useless; and seeing your journal, and deeming it a beacon-light to the neglected artisan, he would lay this small offering at the foot of Light’s altar. God speed the day when the down-trodden artisan shall stand forth as a child of freedom and the nobleman of Nature!”

THE HUMAN MIND.

By JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

The human mind—that glorious power
That makes a lord of man—
That chains can bind its upward flight
And first its life from the world’s glare
Like the sun-daring eagle, high
It soars on upward wing,
Scorning the blaze of forked bolts,
It hears the tempest sing,
With Newton—’mid the boundless blue
It tracks the comet’s car—
Or gazes with unshrinking eye
Upon each burning star!
Or with the soul of Franklin strong,
Watches the lightning’s fire
In awful beauty from their homes,
Across the stormy sky,
It penetrates earth’s dark’ning hall—
Where lurk the seeds of death,
In roaring Zephyr’s fury gale
And pestilential breath!
It binds the elements in bonds,
Or rules the raging flood,
How wondrous is thy power, O Mind!
Bright attribute of God!
The gloomy tyrant on his throne
Would curb its onward flight,
But it quails not to the clash of spears
Amid the shock of fight,
The dragon cannot quench its ray,
It speeds for ever on,
Prompting to mighty deeds the soul
Of some young Washington!
It sails upon the winds of heaven
The dreadful deep it braves,
And fearless in the face of death
Rides the Atlantic waves—
Its spacious wings embrace the globe
Free as the realm of air,
Eye may not see—no footprint press
One spot, but it is there!
It grows and strengthens with our years,
It yields to Culture’s sway,
And, like the Roman Vestal’s lamp,
Burns ever, night and day,
O! guard its safe—oh! cherish it,
For it is a holy power,
Let not earth’s cloudy vapours dim,
Or bid its light expire!
Corrupt it not with gold—or power
With pride—or passions dark,
Perchance thy soul’s eternal fate
Hangs on that mystic spark,
Make it a sacred thing to thee
In waking—or repose
And it shall in thy after years
Blossom as Sharon’s rose!
Art thou a titled lord of earth?
Art thou a king of men?
What matter—in thy bosom’s shrine
This quenchless lamp shall glow—
When midnight lifts her ghastly flag
Or Luna mildly beams,
The mind takes up her Pilgrimage
In the wild land of dreams,
If in the lowly vale of Life,
It be thy lot to toil,
To build the bark—or raise the cot,
To turn the fruitful soil,
Thy honest labour cannot dim
Its bright aspiring beam,
A Man thou art, tho’ prodder ones
Far less, would art thee seem—
Awaken from the dust—and rise
Thou art no sensualist clod,
The night of wrong to knowledge yields
Thou art—a child of God!
Go—clad thy mind with eagle’s wings,
Charge ’mid the darkness brave,
To win the rescue that thy cry
“I do not thus—a slave!”
Bristol, April, 1847.

The above lines speak for themselves. If J. H. Butler can write such, he has every guarantee to try to mitigate by his own efforts the great misfortune of non-education. He should force for himself the arms to achieve his deliverance from the bondage which appears to be his lot.

Welcome to the poetical scullion who sings the glories of Monsieur Sayer.

THE SOYER SOUP-FEEDERS.

MONSIEUR SOYER’S MODEL KITCHEN, ROYAL BARACK, BELMONT.

This kitchen will be open this day for the preparation of the various sorts of food used at the Mendicity Institution. The children of the schools, cakum

pickers, and knitters, will be set down at two o’clock to be fed. Admission to be present, sixpence.—DUBLIN PAPER, Monday, April 19, 1847.

Soyer, the Model Kitchen, Barrack Royal, And Esplanade—all finely sounding phrases; The cook, the cauldron, and the place of trial, Where want is put through all its novel graces, Then come—O! hark ye to the exhibition! Even now the belly’s calls are most uproarious; ‘Tis only “alms” to obtain admission, To see how soon of hunger proves victorious! Could ever Wombwell, in his days most mighty, With lion, tiger, wolf—so fierce bewitch’d, Boast such a gormandizing to delight ye, As in this favour-smelling soup kitchen! Here is the place to cure the stomach grumbler, So lank, so woe-begone, so spirit-sunken; He whom the slightest smell of whiskey tumbler, Would send off tumbling like a shot when drunken, Come, and behold! such fustling and such feeding! The famished Irish held in way most clever: O’! is a sight, all other sights exceeding! And if you miss it now you’ll miss it ever! “All in a row” like to the marvellous story, That charmed our childhood in the blackbirds’ cooking, Dishes galore in order placed before ye, And two eyes ravenous on each dish down looking, And from these dishes gushing forth such vapour, Neither of flesh nor fish—a mystic scenting; And every one all eager for a caper, To dash therein, and try its rib-cementing, And “sit but” sixpence, for a gent and lady, To see this greater wonder than any May be, The wretch as happy made as any May be, The while the cook displays his Gallic “blarney.” “A broth of joy,” indeed, is he, the Soyer! A good god-send to the frigidation, In food of soup commending to buy her, And cook her onward with his saint salvation! Then come—O! quickly come! ‘tis time to enter! The curtain draws—the hunger bites exceeding; ‘Tis only “alms” for you to adventure— To watch these Irish in their hour of feeding! SOYER’S POETICAL SCULLION.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

A breath like the sigh of a summer’s soft breeze, In wafting afar o’er the nations of earth, And slaves of each clime thro’ divided by seas, Proclaim to the spirit of freedom’s own voice, Resembling the deep distant sigh of the sea, Its language is nature’s—let nations rejoice, And join hands in union—all, all must be free, That spirit that breath’d thro’ the ages that’s gone, In accents prophetic to slumbering man, Its predictions unheeded none could roll on, Like the storm that bursts from a deep cradled calm; It speaks to the nations, and tyrants groans, It preaches by nature’s fair noles that be, The proud ones of earth agitate quail on their thrones, For freedom’s own spirit saith man must be free, Tho’ war and its horrors from dark o’er the world, And lust and ambition lay wait for their prey, Soon, soon, heathen the banners of freedom unfurl, Shall monarchs and brigands be chased far away; The heyday of despot shall sink down in night, For dark are the deeds of their treacherous glee, While truth o’er the nations is pouring its light, The spirit of freedom saith all must be free, Beneath freedom’s altar, sect, party, and caste, And men of all countries and colours must kneel, Since found the last dirge of the wretched slave, And breathe the sweet anthem of freedom’s proud wail, Then welcome fond freedom, slaves rouse and rejoice, And let not a mountain, a hill, or a sea, Divide you in brotherhood—behold ye the choice, To sink under chains, or be happy and free! GREENOCK. JOHN PACOCK.

We have mislaid the letter accompanying the following lines, but we have an idea that the writer of them is John Ackroyd, Thornton, near Bradford.

THE LAND.

A SONO.

I king of the Land, the delightful old Land, The kindest employer, the truest friend, Whose toils are the sweetest, and give in return, The best sort of wages, health, fruitage, and corn, Oh give me, oh give me, a portion of soil, Where for mine and myself, I may cherish a toil, Then, though gold-hunters fall, and their commerce decline, The Land, and its life-giving stores will be mine, Oh, give me my acres, and then I shall be, With labour and health, independent and free, Free, free, from the wants and the fears of the slave, And free from the grasp of the tyrant and knave, Then may I my banner unfurl to the sight, And defend what is true, and support what is right— And the objects and aims of my being pursue, Nor fear what oppressors and tyrants can do, I am not ambitious, I wish not for more, Than to plough my own soil, and to reap my own store, And a little to spare when each want is redress’d, And leisure for thought, recreation, and rest, Oh, that each lonely child of the world’s weary throng, Had one green lovely spot to die to from his wrongs, Where his trumpet’d affections might flourish and bloom, And his heart mount in song to his happy awe home.

SONG OF AN OLD SCOTCH CHARTIST.

The world’s a’ ga’e gye, I ween, Sin’ days that I ha’e min’, There’s nae sae muckle happiness, As us’ to be langsyne, When like bodie had a hame, Apart frae dale and gloom, Unlike the black unallow’d leuk, O’ this dark, dissonant leuk, Nae cottage here, nae shaded grove, Or wimplin’ burn is seen, Nae thicket, nae its e’ning sang, On tufts o’ yew green; Nae ingle-side sae cheerie-like, As whar my mither spuns, Or whar the lilt and corn deckt, My father’s plot o’ gurn, The hills where at I herd’d kye, And whar my byairnhood grew, Ha’e wither’d neth oppression’s han’, And dark’d in my yew, The cottar’s skippin’ lambs ha’e died, The flowery mountain’s side; And moun’ring low, mang thicks lie, The cot, the cottar’s pride, But there I hope to see, W’ years no far awa’, When freedom was, and peace begun, Shall reign among us’, When mither and me, and nursing-breast, To’ a’ like laid bare, Shall lie nae stephain-burn-rain Excluded from her care, When happiness like heaven’s rain On a’ shall fall, To cheer the peasant’s humble cot, As well as lordly ha’, When Britain’s and whar Erskine’s tales United true shall be, And heaven’s sun shine on them as The happy and the free, Till then, ye patriots a’ few, O’ social briens, be ye true, Wha’s motto is the People’s Rights, Wha’s aim the general wale, May heaven speed your efforts all, To gie the world relief, And bless w’ health and happiness, Your glorious Chartist Chief.

SEATTLESTON.

Last, not least, we conclude this Feast of the Poets with the following poem, extracted from this month’s number of the Labourer:—

A SONG FOR MAY.

BY ERNEST JONES.

Spring is come, and shades depart, Lighter beats each human heart; Ghost-like snow—is fleeing slow, And the green spring-grasses grow, Streams, that long have crept like slaves, Dash along their galled ways; Man, that wonderer by the brink, Pause upon thy way, and—think, Every bud is filled to bursting With its future fruit and flower; Hearts of men! are ye not thirsting For the fruits of Freedom’s hour? See! the fields are turning fair, And the skies are more divine; Oh! what glorious growth shall ripen! Oh! what glorious light shall shine! And what man in slavish darkness, Moulder downward to the soil! God made earth an earth for freedom: ‘Thou! be worthy of thy God! All that beauty of creation, On the hills, and winds, and waves, All its endless animation Was not—was not meant for slaves! See the sower freely striding With the seed—sheets round him wound, And the gold grain—corn abiding In the treasure-clasping ground, See the furrows open kindly Where the earth with generous sap Like a mother nurseth blindly Fairly-grown on dark-brown lap, Think! of all the treasure teeming In that earth, and sea, and air,—

Labourer, and knitters, will be set down at two o’clock to be fed. Admission to be present, sixpence.—DUBLIN PAPER, Monday, April 19, 1847.

What shall fall to Labour’s share! Think upon the hour of harvest— Little months shall ask for bread— But the wain goes past thy cottage, To the farmer’s rich home-stead, Dies away the children’s laughter— Hungry hearts are tame and still— And the autumn on the forest, And the winter on the hill, Then, amid the desolation, Stand—a helpless human thing; Cry: ‘We are a glorious nation! Love the church! and serve the king!’ Then toll on with brow of anguish, From the grade to thy grave: Oh, if that be God’s intention, Man is but a wretched slave! But they tell us of a guardian, Won by Labour’s thrifty toil, And how he folds the furrow, Should be owner of the soil, How the means for man’s redemption, In his own possession rest, How the country can be happy, And the people can be blest, And how some have chosen wisely, And how some have acted right: How the tavern grows more empty, And the cottages more bright, And how these are proud as monarchs, Living gaily on their own, With their freehold for their empire, And their fiefdom for their throne, Where the corn-lands’ pleasant tillage, Over-ways the graceful hill, And a wood-embraced village, Rises at O’Connell’s will, And they beckon to their brothers, Who are still in slavery’s wake, To be striving and be stirring, For their own—their children’s sake, People, rise! and arm thee well! Hope, that care cannot dispel, Self-reliance, firmly wrought, Wisdom by Experience taught, Thrift and order, courage true, These are arms to lead us through! Weld them now—as you would drive! Onward! ‘tis the time to strive!

THE LABOURER.

A Monthly Magazine of Politics, Literature, &c. London: Northern Star Office, 16, Great Windmill-street.

The number for May of this very successful and popular magazine contains a rich variety of interesting matter, both in prose and poetry. The usual poetical contribution by Ernest Jones, which we have transferred to our columns, speaks for itself: “good wine needs no bush.” From an eloquent and ably-written letter to Lord John Russell, we give the following extracts:—

THE PHASE OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

Since the meeting of Parliament we have narrowly watched your every move, and, without a single exception, they have been one and all governed by the old and debasing policy of catering for party support. Your Poor Law has been emasculated by your mode of appointing guardians from that very class from whom you have been compelled to admit the poor invariably receive insult instead of relief. But as Ireland has no hope from your policy, we hail this lesson of self-reliance taught to the people, while we deplore the evil consequences. Indeed, my Lord, it would appear that though English duty to Ireland was confined to the enactment of Government support, without any slight reference to the nation’s welfare, as one moment’s reflection might have taught you that your mode of appointing POOR LAW GUARDIANS will and must result in deadly feuds between the IRISH OPPRESSOR AND THE POOR OPPRESSED; and pardon us, my Lord, if, from past experience of your policy, we arrive at the conclusion, that the worst object in submitting to the condition, a conclusion based upon the fact, that the principle by which England has invariably governed, not only Ireland but her own people, at home and abroad, has been “DIVIDE ET IMPERA.” But, my Lord, we would caution you against pushing this principle NOW TOO FAR; for, believe us, however unpalatable the assurance may be, the mind of man has gone beyond the limits of party expedience, class necessity, and ministerial intrigue, and that, sooner or later, you will be forced to yield ungraciously, because tardily, or to surrender ignominiously, because defeated. You are alone preserving the present session has been precisely what we predicted in December last, before your views were known. But, my Lord, we were prepared for it; we rightly estimated that it would be a faithful reliance upon the old Whig tactics, without the slightest reference to PLAQUE, PESTILENCE, or FAMINE, GOVERNMENT, CHARACTER, or NATIONAL HONOUR. And were we not justified in the estimate? Have you not endeavoured to turn famine to Whig purposes by allowing the Irish landlords to all but die, and to have your own party supported by a political bias to catch the Irish landlords, and an exclusive system of education to enrich the professors of pure Protestantism by patronage, and the Wesleyan Methodists by insulting the Catholics. Do you yet indulge in the exploded notion, my Lord, that because a Mammoth speculator can affect Europe by a single OPERATION; that because a couple of Jew hostlers can enable you to carry on your system for yet a little longer; that because a few gilded livers, speculating in human misery, can sustain you by their speculations in human fears and susceptibilities; that because one idle capitalist can regulate the domestic affairs and the comforts, say, doom to starvation and the grave the thousands who create his riches and minister to his absurd, unmanly, and unchristian luxuries; that because one Church has assumed to itself the exclusive prerogative of the salvation of souls, that because one man is so impudently presumptuous as to arrogate to himself the right to preserve the intolerance, supremacy, and dominion of that pampered Church; that because one man and his servile police-hunters followers are their own supremacy in deference and subservience to these several corporations of speculators, that all united can much longer hold the vast corporation of men and mind, intellect and necessity, in base and servile submission? Believe us, my Lord, that the cold and lifeless bodies of men, women, and children, prematurely cut off by the blight of Malaria, in the bud of life, the prime of manhood, and of the vigor of age, are more worthy of your sympathy than the thousands who are kept in poverty and degradation by the cunning priests and hired sycophants out of the smoking entrails of wild birds and wild beasts, and on which, in olden times, the fane of tyrants, the fate of nations, and history of empires has been founded. My Lord, even the mind of Ireland is beginning to awaken from the influence of the cawing of crows, the croaking of ravens, and the howling of wild beasts; and pray do not lay the flattering unction to your soul, that because you have MESMERISED THE CHARTER, you have captivated the Irish nation, or spell-bound reason—no, my Lord, the mind of Ireland is as the maiming of thought and action; the great injury failed to lure the fancy of a starving people by the old appliances of his art, yet so much wisdom has his tales of necromancy taught, that the deceived will now turn it to a better purpose. My Lord, your friend and coadjutor is merely SHAMMING ABRAMAM, as military men characterize such a timely retreat, and no worn-out actor better understands the value of absence than does Daniel O’Connell. You would read of his recovery, of his recovery, of his recovery, and his enthusiastic reception after a pilgrimage to the Reforming Pope, and you will hear your every measure, which he feared to oppose, characterised in his best style of baseness, should the next harvest promise a more profitable return than the last. MY LORD, HE FLED TO AVOID THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MEASURES WHICH HE WILL COME BACK AND DENY. HE FLED TO AVOID THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MEASURES WHICH HE WILL COME BACK AND DENY. HE FLED TO AVOID THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MEASURES WHICH HE WILL COME BACK AND DENY.

THESE ARE THE CHAMBERS’ OF 1846.

[We have already shown to our readers the Chambers of 1847, and now refer to the previous opinions of these changeable economists. Whence this wonderful change?]

IMPROVEMENT OF WASTE LANDS—SPADE HUSBANDRY.

[From the Information for the People, No. 72.]

[Continued from our last.]

VALUE OF THE PRODUCE.

The land thus managed will certainly produce, by means of the extra industry of the family, and at a small expense, a most important addition to the income which the cottager may derive from his ordinary labour. For instance—

	Per Acre.
1. The orchard, after the trees become fruitful, will probably yield	£1 10 0
2. Three rods of turnips and potatoes	4 0 0
3. Eighteen bushels of barley, at 4s	3 12 0
4. The Cow and Calf	7 0 0
5. Hogs	3 0 0
6. Poultry and eggs	2 0 0
Total	£21 2 0

Where wheat can be raised instead of barley, the profit would be still more considerable. [Opinions will differ much regarding the value put on each article; but that is of little consequence, as the total cannot be accounted too high.]

THE REQUIRED FOR CULTIVATING THE LAND.

The quantity of land intended to be cultivated will not materially interfere with the usual labour of the cottager. It will only require to be dug once, and is then fit to be cropped. It is proposed that only nine rods shall be annually cultivated (the remaining three rods being under clover and ryegrass), and nine rods may be dug in the space of about 538 hours, or at the rate of 69 hours per rod. This may be done at by-hours more especially when the family of the cottager shall be somewhat advanced, and consequently more able to furnish assistance), but supposing that the digging, manuring, harvesting, &c., will require twenty entire days per annum, in addition to the by-hours, and allowing sixty days for Sundays and holidays, there will remain 285 days for the ordinary hand-labour of the cottager, which, at 1s. 6d. per day, would amount to £21 7s. 6d.; the earnings of the wife and children may, at an average, be at least 24 per annum more. This is certainly a low calculation, considering how much may be got during the hay and corn harvests. But even at that moderate estimate, the total income of the family will be as follows:—

1. Produce of the farm	£21 2 0
2. Labour of the cottager	21 7 6
3. Earnings of the family	4 0 0
Total	£46 9 6

RENT AND BALANCE OF INCOME.

The rents of cottages and of land vary so much in different parts of the kingdom, that it is difficult to ascertain an average. But if the cottage shall be stated at £3 per annum, the land at 25s. per acre, and the orchard at 10s., the whole will not exceed £7 15s. The cottager will also be liable to the payment of some taxes, say to the amount of £1 5s. Hence the balance of the income will be £38, leaving a balance in favour of the cottager of £37, 3s. 6d. Considering the cheap rate at which he is furnished with a quantity of potatoes, equal to several months’ consumption, and with milk for his children, surely with that balance he could find no difficulty not only in maintaining himself and family in a style of comfort, but also in placing out his children properly, and laying up a small annual surplus, that will render any parish assistance, either in sickness or old age, unnecessary.

Advantages.—The land possessed by the cottager would be completely cultivated, and rendered as productive as possible. The dung produced by the cow, pigs, &c., would be amply sufficient for the three rods under turnips and potatoes, which would be afterwards produce—1. Tares; 2. Barley; and 3. Clover; with a mixture of ryegrass in regular succession, without any additional manure. The barley should yield at least 18 bushels, besides 3 bushels for seed; and if wheat is cultivated, in the same proportion, the milk-deducting power of the cow, which is sold in its original state, if there shall be a market for it; or converted into butter, for the purpose of supplying the neighbouring towns or villages. Such cottagers, also, might certainly send to market both eggs and poultry.

It is hardly possible to suggest a measure more likely to promote the benefit of a numerous and valuable body of people. The system of keeping cows by cottagers, which has been found so advantageous in the granite districts, may thus be extended over the whole kingdom; and indeed, if the above plan is found to answer, in place of four or five acres employed in feeding a single cow, it would be much better, even in the grazing counties, to restrict the land to a smaller quantity, under a tillage mode of management.

As to the infinite consequence to establish the practicability of this system, as the means of removing a most unfortunate obstacle in the improvement of the country. It is well known to be the only popular objection to the enclosure of our wastes and commons, that, while unenclosed, a number of cottagers are enabled to keep cows by the means of their common rights, and that their cows disappear when the commons are enclosed. But it is so small a portion of land as 3½ acres, when improved and properly cultivated, can enable a cottager to keep a cow to the great advantage of his family, and to himself, which can hardly be doubted, as he is enabled to provide winter as well as summer food, there is an end to that obstacle to improvement. Indeed, if sufficient attention be paid to the principles above detailed, the situation of the cottager, instead of being deteriorated, would be materially bettered by the enclosure; and his rising family would be early accustomed to habits of industry, instead of idleness and vice.

I shall conclude with asking, if any one can figure to himself a more eligible mode of life than that of a cottager, who has been found so advantageous in the granite districts, may thus be extended over the whole kingdom; and indeed, if the above plan is found to answer, in place of four or five acres employed in feeding a single cow, it would be much better, even in the grazing counties, to restrict the land to a smaller quantity, under a tillage mode of management.

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ON THE FIRST OF JULY, 1847.

WILL BE PUBLISHED.

NO. 1. (PRICE SIXPENCE.)

THE PEOPLE'S LEGAL ADVISER.

The object of this monthly publication, is perhaps sufficiently indicated by its title; it may be well, however, to state a few of its objects.

There are many subjects of an exclusively legal character, and bearing peculiarly on the interests of the working classes—on them more than on all other classes of society—a truth that hardly requires its assertion; and it would, of course, be desirable that all these should be brought together in a form, cheap, compendious, and intelligible, for the benefit of those to whom they chiefly relate.

This purpose is proposed to be effected by means of a Magazine to be published on the 1st of every month. It is intended, in each number, to give some ART OF PARLIAMENT, of which the provisions are not so generally known, and such as have been decided upon in the Superior Courts. This may, perhaps, be considered as a feature of the Magazine, and one which will contain all the legal questions of the month. Every number will contain a legal question, and its answer. Every number will contain a legal question, and its answer. Every number will contain a legal question, and its answer.

The following Index of the probable contents of the first Number, will perhaps, exhibit the scope and intention more clearly:

The Joint Stock Companies Act.
Acts Passed during the Present Session.
The Law of Conspiracy.
The Trial of the Magistrate.
Case of the Superior Courts.

Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.
Each Number, as has been before stated, will contain one Act of Parliament, that Act will always be given in full, and without any curtailment or abridgement. This may be considered as a feature of the Magazine, and one which will contain all the legal questions of the month. Every number will contain a legal question, and its answer. Every number will contain a legal question, and its answer.

But enough is written for the present purpose. And yet another word to the printer, and the Magazine may be deficient, may, there is no doubt about it. Printers will grow heavy and make blunders—a border will be omitted—a subject of importance will be omitted—a subject of importance will be omitted—a subject of importance will be omitted.

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2, Robert Street, Adelphi, London, 10th May, 1847.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A notice was made on the 22nd September, to the effect that the Vice-Chancellor of the High Court, in his judgment, under a most extraordinary decision, considers himself the sole proprietor of the photographic process. This is a most extraordinary decision, and one which will contain all the legal questions of the month. Every number will contain a legal question, and its answer. Every number will contain a legal question, and its answer.

IMPORTANT TO EMIGRANTS.

AGRICULTURISTS and others may purchase 150 ACRES of LAND in the WESTERN VIRGINIA, described by General Wallace, as the Garden of America, for £25 8s. 6d. Sterling, about THREE SHILLINGS PER ACRE. £25 8s. 6d. only to be paid down, the remainder in FIVE ANNUAL PAYMENTS.

For further information apply to CHARLES WILLIAMS, American Land Office, 10, BATH STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Of whom may be had a Pamphlet on Emigration, in which these Lands are fully described, and the terms explained, by sending three postage stamps to free the same.

AUXILIARY TO THE NATIONAL LAND COMPANY.

THE FOUNDER OF THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE BENEFIT SOCIETY respectfully acquaints his brethren of the Land Company, and the National Land Company, that he is now in the process of founding the Society, and is now in the process of founding the Society, and is now in the process of founding the Society.

On the 10th of May, will be published, price 6d. (printed from the Short-hand Writer's Notes), THE TRIAL OF THE MECHANICS AT LIVERPOOL, on the 2nd and 3rd of April, 1847. Edited by W. P. ROBERTS, Esq.

LONDON: Northern Star Office, 15, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket, Manchester: Abel Heywood, Oldham Street; and all Booksellers.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1847.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

The Parliamentary Quacks, who saw in the present crisis only an accidental event, the blasphemous Churchmen who thought of it only as a Divine dispensation, the party out of office who beheld in it a political godsend, and the party in office who gazed bewildered on the "Great difficulty," that, while it thinned their enemies by death, was sharpening their anger by famine, all stand alike before the tribunal of the people—with a vast circumstantial evidence against them; while hunger, fever, and bloodshed, are writing their condemnation on the page of history. It would be an interesting study to develop how, one by one, these evils crept upon society from the Pandora-box of monopoly; how first the healthful current of national life was disturbed—here stopped and there accelerated—how gold began to assume a preponderant power, until now, when its few possessors think it equal to any emergency, and that shovelling it over Ireland will not cultivate the neglected soil—but demolish and enslave its equally-neglected children. Retrospections, however, are only in so far useful, inasmuch as they teach us the means of extrication from a great calamity, or afford a warning of future danger. This is a good that does not always accompany an evil—in our case it happily does—and every different phase of society points to the class-legislation which has withered the stately branches of our English oak, while all the nourishment was drawn from its roots and trunk to feed the extravagant foliage of its haughty crest. Never was effect more plainly deducible from cause—never was the consequence of monopoly more clearly developed: the perishing of all beneath the baneful influence of one monied class. The net begins at the foundation—the working population feel it first—but it does not stop with them;—the middle classes, who erroneously cling to the "great monied interest," are beginning to suffer from its effects. Those least-capable of stemming the storm—the small shopkeeper and retail tradesman—are beginning to drop off one by one from the golden standard of respectability. The stagnation in trade is already affecting them; they are losing, as we illustrated last week in the case of Oldham, they are losing, we say, their best customers, as the working classes are reduced from workers into paupers—the majority have not the capital to withstand the crisis—they get into debt, become embarrassed, and thus insolvency and bankruptcies are every day of more frequent occurrence. Not so with the great capitalist. Out of the calamity he draws fresh sources of profit—and where this is interrupted he is enabled to wait, to reap a prospective advantage, while the minnows in the vast sea of mammon are perishing hourly before his eyes. He is able to dictate his terms—he rules the market in which he sells. Thus the creator of the panic speculates on its results. The famine he caused must, he knew, be alleviated; Government must take it

ADAMANT MOUNT, late FRANCES WRIGHT, will deliver a course of lectures, at Fox's Chapel, South Place, Finsbury, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, commencing on Tuesday, May 11th, at half-past eight o'clock. Subject: "The Mission of England considered with reference to the civilisation of the history of Modern Europe, and the denouement of the difficulties of the hour."

Admission to each lecture, twopenny, to defray the expenses of the Chapel, Printing, and Advertising.

WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

WAKEFIELD ADJOURNED SESSION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Spring General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, for the West Riding of the County of York, will be held by adjournment at the Court House, at Wakefield, on Tuesday, the 18th Day of May inst., at Twelve o'clock at Noon, for the purpose of inspecting the Riding Prison, (the said House of Correction) and for examining the Accounts of the Keeper of the said House of Correction, making Entry into the conduct of Officers and Servants belonging to the same; and also into the behaviour of the Prisoners, and their earnings.

C. H. ELLIS, Clerk of the Peace.

May 1st, 1847.

THE LAND.

NOTICE.—Any individual desirous of purchasing a two-acre allotment, at O'Connorville, are requested to communicate with Mr. John Hart, No. 7, O'Connorville, near Richmond, by having such allotment to dispose of, in consequence of other engagements. All letters to be prepaid.

By Order of the Directors.

NOTICE.

The Shareholders of the NATIONAL LAND COMPANY are hereby informed that

A GRAND DEMONSTRATION

Will take place at

O'CONNORVILLE, HERTS.

On Wednesday, May 24th, 1847.

To commemorate the Anniversary of the Company.

The Directors not having succeeded in obtaining a special train from London for the occasion, the Metropolitan are recommended to proceed to the estate by rail or railway. Day tickets to and from Watford can be had at Euston-square station for 2s. 6d. each. The branches will make their own arrangements immediately. The time and place of starting for 2s. and other vehicles will be announced in a future notice.

By Order of the Directors.

New Ready, a New Edition of

MR. O'CONNOR'S WORK ON SMALL FARMS.

To be had at the Northern Star Office, 15, Great Windmill Street; and of Abel Heywood, Manchester.

JUST PUBLISHED.

No. 5, (price 6d.) of

THE LABOURER.

A Monthly Magazine of Politics, Literature, Poetry, &c.

Edited by

FRANCIS O'CONNOR, Esq., and ERNEST JONES, Esq., (Barristers-at-Law.)

The Democratic Movement in this country being wholly deficient in a monthly organ, the above magazine is established to remedy this deficiency.

1. May Day, a Poem, by Ernest Jones.

2. Letter of an Agricultural Labourer.

3. The Young Tugboat.

4. The Phase of Political Parties.

5. The Confessions of a King.

6. The Insurrections of the Working Classes.

7. The Romance of a People.

8. The Queen's Bounty—A Legend of Windsor.

9. The Monthly Review.

NUMBER III. or "THE LABOURER."

Containing, amongst other matters, a Reprint of Mr. F. O'CONNOR'S Letter, in the "Northern Star" of January 30th, denouncing the certainty with which an allottee may support himself and family, and accumulate money, on a "Two Acres" allotment.

The very general demand that was made for the paper containing the above letter induced the Editors to reprint it, after careful revision, in the March Number of the "Labourer."

NUMBER IV. of "THE LABOURER."

Containing an elaborate Treatise on the NATIONAL LAND AND LABOUR BANK, IN ITS RELATION WITH THE NATIONAL LAND COMPANY.

Are now reprinted, and may be had on applications.

NUMBER VI. of "THE LABOURER."

To be published on June 1st, will be enriched with an elegant Portrait, engraved on steel, of

T. S. DUNCOMBE, Esq., M.P.

Number VI. will complete the first Volume of the "Labourer," copies of which, newly bound in embossed cloth, (price 5s. 6d. each) will be ready early in the month of June.

Letters (pre-paid) to be addressed to the Editors, 15, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket, London.

Orders received by all agents for the "Northern Star," and all booksellers in town and country.

On the 10th of May, will be published, price 6d. (printed from the Short-hand Writer's Notes),

THE TRIAL OF THE MECHANICS AT LIVERPOOL,

on the 2nd and 3rd of April, 1847. Edited by W. P. ROBERTS, Esq.

LONDON: Northern Star Office, 15, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket, Manchester: Abel Heywood, Oldham Street; and all Booksellers.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1847.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

The Parliamentary Quacks, who saw in the present crisis only an accidental event, the blasphemous Churchmen who thought of it only as a Divine dispensation, the party out of office who beheld in it a political godsend, and the party in office who gazed bewildered on the "Great difficulty," that, while it thinned their enemies by death, was sharpening their anger by famine, all stand alike before the tribunal of the people—with a vast circumstantial evidence against them; while hunger, fever, and bloodshed, are writing their condemnation on the page of history. It would be an interesting study to develop how, one by one, these evils crept upon society from the Pandora-box of monopoly; how first the healthful current of national life was disturbed—here stopped and there accelerated—how gold began to assume a preponderant power, until now, when its few possessors think it equal to any emergency, and that shovelling it over Ireland will not cultivate the neglected soil—but demolish and enslave its equally-neglected children. Retrospections, however, are only in so far useful, inasmuch as they teach us the means of extrication from a great calamity, or afford a warning of future danger. This is a good that does not always accompany an evil—in our case it happily does—and every different phase of society points to the class-legislation which has withered the stately branches of our English oak, while all the nourishment was drawn from its roots and trunk to feed the extravagant foliage of its haughty crest. Never was effect more plainly deducible from cause—never was the consequence of monopoly more clearly developed: the perishing of all beneath the baneful influence of one monied class. The net begins at the foundation—the working population feel it first—but it does not stop with them;—the middle classes, who erroneously cling to the "great monied interest," are beginning to suffer from its effects. Those least-capable of stemming the storm—the small shopkeeper and retail tradesman—are beginning to drop off one by one from the golden standard of respectability. The stagnation in trade is already affecting them; they are losing, as we illustrated last week in the case of Oldham, they are losing, we say, their best customers, as the working classes are reduced from workers into paupers—the majority have not the capital to withstand the crisis—they get into debt, become embarrassed, and thus insolvency and bankruptcies are every day of more frequent occurrence. Not so with the great capitalist. Out of the calamity he draws fresh sources of profit—and where this is interrupted he is enabled to wait, to reap a prospective advantage, while the minnows in the vast sea of mammon are perishing hourly before his eyes. He is able to dictate his terms—he rules the market in which he sells. Thus the creator of the panic speculates on its results. The famine he caused must, he knew, be alleviated; Government must take it

in hand—gold must be poured in—food must be bought, at any cost, to calm down insurrection: he had the food, it must be bought of him, and thus, between the anger of the people and the fears of the Government, he fills his coffers out of the sufferings of humanity. This gives him added strength to meet the reaction that he could not fail to anticipate. This enables him, now that food is becoming even plentiful, to keep up the prices; for, if he cannot sell, he can afford to wait, since he thinks sooner or later he will be able to dictate his own terms. Thus everything is tending to that result which we have before predicted—the division of the community into two classes—the great monied interest, and the toiling millions. The middle class—the shopkeeping class—which has held so proud an aspect, which has set its foot upon the neck of the working-man at the same time that it knelt in slavish subservience to the capitalist, is beginning to wonder that it reaps no advantages from the monopoly which it carried in the interests of its masters. The "buying cheap and selling dear," brings it no benefit, since it is the wholesale dealer who sells dearly to the retail tradesman; and as the latter is obliged to raise the price of his articles, so he finds the number of his customers diminish. Again, as the class above him keeps rising in undue importance, that class to which the tradesman has erroneously looked for support, he finds that, in that quarter, too, the amount of his custom is growing less. The small beginner, who was content with English goods, now grown into the great capitalist, scorns that which may be easily had; his wife and children are no longer clothed in the fabrics in English looms, but they rustle in foreign silks; the wares in the neighbouring market-town are too poor in this railroad-age—and trade becomes centralized in one or two great centres, where it is massed in the hands of a few monied monopolists, to the ruin of the tradesman class throughout the country. The latter now begin to find that they have made a great mistake; that millocracy is their greatest enemy, and democracy their true friend. The hugar of high wages, which alarmed them, while it is beginning to lose its terrors before the light of reason, at the same time shows more clearly that the millocrat and the shopkeeper has no common interest. It is to the advantage of the former that wages should be low—since he has chosen a foreign and not a home market; and loss of strength in a starving population, is more than atoned for by machinery. It is to the advantage of the latter that wages should be high, since it is to this very population that they have to look for customers—and the amount of men paid by the farmer and shopkeeper is small compared to that employed by the manufacturer and capitalist—and it is the amount of wages received by the men so employed, that enables him to buy much, little, or not at all, the wares of the tradesman, and the "bread-stuff" of the farmer. Even the higher wages paid by these latter is no loss—it must be looked upon as money put out at interest, and at a high rate of interest too, since the working man does not lock the produce of his toil in a chest, or bury it in the ground—but spends it to buy himself and his family the necessities, and, if possible, the comforts of life. Thus the money paid by a class to the working man it employed, is returned again to the employing class with that interest comprised in the profit on the goods or produce they may sell, enabling them by its quick returns to extend the sphere of their trade, and thus establishing that state of polity, without which a national life must be diseased; mutual benefit arising from the prosperity of each, instead of one class growing rich, by absorbing the resources of another.

Meanwhile the evil effects under which we are suffering, are but a type of those that will ensue, if the legislative causes of these effects are permitted to work undisturbed. It is because they are not a divine dispensation, that their development must continue under the present system. Class legislation, the source of the misery, is flowing on unintercepted. Until its poisonous stream is dammed by Universal Suffrage, and the waters of progression fertilize the field of labour, so long must the wealth of England flow down the narrow channel of Monopoly, amid the deserts it has drained to swell its current. And, indeed, the present crisis would be more severe, were it not for temporary and accidental causes. Prices would be higher, were it not for the recent money-transactions of the Bank, which, however, cannot exercise an otherwise than evanescent influence; while the monied power that controuls the actions of our statesmen and crushes the industry of the people, expects to mould the FUTURE in its golden die. Gold will maintain an army, navy and police, to do its bidding—gold will bribe venal constituencies to return a venal parliament—gold will banish the refractory slave as an emigrant or a convict—and, thus, strong in an imagined security, the millocracy drive the chariot of their Juggernaut over the necks of prostrate millions. But woe to them if those millions should combine; woe to them if their petty jealousies should cease; woe to them if the conflicting sections of the working classes, who suffer from the same evils, advocate the same reforms, but quarrel about the NAME, should think that liberty "by any other name would be as sweet," and rally for the cause of Man against Mammon. However strong monopoly has built its fortress, built on a quicksand it suffers a peril from the flood of freedom—and, as there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," woe to monopoly, we say, if the people take advantage of the present turn, the split of factions, the coming election, the threat of the pestilence, to sweep away the hoary villainy of ages, and before they grant another seven-years lease to iniquity, make a stand for the Charter, and extort their rights from the weak hands of "Expediency" and "Finality." Woe to monopoly, we say, if the Irishmen, instead of emigrating, should insist upon staying at home. Woe to monopoly if the people of Great Britain but once awake to a sense of their interest, their duty, and their power. Yorkshire and Lancashire are already sounding notes of preparation—why not all England? There is no time to lose. Government will probably hasten an election, to take the "sense" of the country (that is, fathom the venality of 800,000 electors), before matters proceed to worse, and their incapability becomes still more apparent. We say to the people—Remember them at the hustings! and you that are honest—remember them at the polling-booth! Think, when you vote, on your wives and children—for on your votes will mainly depend whether they shall perish as starving slaves in factories and Bastilles, or whether you will coerce rampant tyranny into submission, and open the door for a Chartist Parliament to supersede a Venetian oligarchy.

EMANCIPATION OF INDUSTRY.

The signs of immense political and social changes multiply on all hands. They are visible equally in the new and kindly interest evinced by the aristocracy in question, affecting the rights and interests of the masses, and in the more enlightened, independent and determined progress of the working classes themselves. Those who devoted themselves some years ago to the advocacy of the rights of labour, and the task of elevating the condition of the wealth-producers, had frequently the sorrow of witnessing the frustration of their efforts, by the want of union, and the prejudices of the very parties whom they sought to benefit. No lesson has been so often taught by the leaders of the people, none have been more strongly insisted upon, as being absolutely essential to success, than the neces-

sity for a general good understanding, and combined action amongst all those who live by labour, whether high or low paid.

Unhappily, however, up to a recent period, the aristocratic and exclusive spirit which is the bane of this country, was equally strong among the trades as among the jewelled and scented members of society. The high-paid trades looked down upon their poorer brethren, and kept aloof from them as fastidiously as the most dainty Bond-street lounge could do. The result has been that capital has always had to deal with labour in sections, never in well-combined masses. The consequence of this fatal want of unity, we do not now need to tell. It is enough to know that the experience of the past has at length impressed all grades of labourers with the conviction that their interests are identical. That, whether they receive three pounds or three shillings a week, they are essentially the slaves of capital and the commercial system; that the very nature of that system is to squeeze out of labour the largest proportion of wealth it possibly can, for the use and enjoyment of the capitalists, and to leave the labourer the lowest amount on which subsistence can be perpetuated, and that any effectual resistance to this constant and unvarying downward pressure of the system can alone be found in the legal, peaceful, and well directed combination of all classes who depend upon labour only for their daily bread.

One of the most gratifying indications of the spread of this feeling which has recently come under our notice, is the meeting of the trades at Manchester last Saturday, of which a full report is given in another column. The temper, ability, and enlightened views of various speakers at that meeting are such as would do honour to any class, and far superior to the hum-drum namby-pamby word-mongering of parliamentary orators. Their case was admirably stated, their rights lucidly defined, and their demands plainly, firmly, eloquently explained.

The narrow sphere of local observation and local exertion has given place to more comprehensive reasoning and extended efforts. The working men no longer content themselves by wrestling with effects—they strike boldly at the causes of the deterioration and oppression of their class. A great principle was asserted at the Manchester meeting in the first resolution, in the following words:—

Justice can never be awarded to the working classes until they are fully admitted to all the privileges of citizenship, including the right of being comprised in the juries of their country; inasmuch, as, according to the present system, partial and unjust verdicts must result from juries being constituted exclusively of the classes whose interests are identical with those of capitalists generally.

This is, indeed, turning acts of oppression and injustice to their right use. The principle of trial by jury, that a man shall be tried by his peers, but practically that principle is in abeyance. Juries are composed of the classes who, as truly and forcibly stated in the resolution, have interests identical with the capitalists; and hence, that which is looked upon abstractedly as the palladium of British liberty, becomes by its perversion an additional instrument of wrong and injustice to the poor man. The prejudices and class interests, engendered by existing arrangements, are carried into the jury box, and prevent the due administration of the law. In claiming that juries shall be constituted impartially, the trades of Manchester not only exhibit great sagacity, but at the same time assert an important constitutional right; and when these rights are so demanded and asserted, they cannot be long withheld. One sentence of Mr. Donovan's ought henceforth to become the motto of the working classes, as expressing accurately and forcibly the whole of their demands:—"We want not equality but equity—equity in the jury box—EQUITY IN LEGISLATION—EQUITY IN EVERYTHING." Resistance to so reasonable a demand must be fruitless.

The meeting was distinguished not only by the sound and comprehensive views enunciated by the speakers, but also by the true fraternal feeling which was manifested. The high waged mechanic and the low paid handloom-weaver occupied the same platform, and expatiated on the necessity for dropping all senseless distinctions in future, and "the formation of one grand and united body for the purpose of protecting their common rights and interests." To the reasons so admirably urged for taking this course we can add nothing, but it may not be improper to remind the Trades at that meeting, that a grand and united body is already formed. The National Association of United Trades, under the presidency of Mr. Duncombe, was formed expressly for the purpose of protecting industry. Its machinery was carefully constructed with a view to enrol the largest possible number of the working classes in its ranks, and to concentrate and direct their aggregate energies in the most effective manner upon any given point.

The great difficulty which has hitherto been experienced in getting any association of Trades to work, has been the variety of condition among those associated, and the impossibility of applying general rules to those whose position was so dissimilar. It was also found that the maintenance of Local Unions in connexion with such consolidated bodies, was extremely difficult, and that the local bodies were not disposed to submit to the interference rendered necessary by a system of centralization. This hindrance to general union, has, we believe, been effectually removed by the constitution of the National Association. It is based upon the equitable principle of a Mutual Assurance Society, and guarantees to all its members, benefits in proportion to their payments; besides the support, and moral influence inseparable from the existence of an extensive and powerful association. With the internal affairs of each trade, the Association never interferes until called upon to do so by its own managers, and then firstly as mediators between contending parties. Each local trades' union possesses supreme and unquestioned controul in the management of its own affairs. Such a constitution as this, combining, as it does, all the advantages of local self-government, with the incalculable benefits of general support; a wise central supervision, and a new mode of applying the funds of the trades; whereby they are no longer wasted in strikes, but become the foundation of new wealth for the producers themselves, appears to us to possess all the requisites that can be looked for in such an Association. Its practical success will, of course, depend upon the extent to which it is supported by the various trades, and we observe with great pleasure, from the weekly reports in our columns, that its progress, under the auspices of its able, honest, and zealous president, has, so far, been of the most encouraging description. In conjunction with the spirit manifested at the Manchester meeting, and the thousands of pounds which flow into the People's Exchequer for the creation of a new race of freemen in England on the plan proposed by Mr. O'Connor, we look upon this Association as one of the most cheering indications of the rapid approach of a period in which the producing classes will be intelligent, united, and powerful enough to assume their rightful position in society.

As to the immediate object of the meeting which has elicited these remarks, it is unnecessary for us to repeat the views already expressed on the subject, or the deep interest with which we watch the struggle. "Tis not in mortals to command success;" but, if it is attainable at all, it will be under the skillful and zealous generalship of Mr. Roberts, to whom the working classes of Great Britain owe a deep debt of gratitude for having first shown them how the tables might be turned, and the law, hitherto deemed their enemy, be converted into a friend, and

a defence against the aggressions of their taskmasters. A few more battles like those in which Mr. Roberts has shown such intrepid courage, great legal knowledge, and unimpeachable integrity, will strike terror into the hearts of the opponents of labour. They will pause before again attempting to pervert the machinery of the law to purposes of oppression, with the fear of the People's Attorney before their eyes; especially if he is backed by the long purse and earnest resoluteness of a NATIONAL ASSOCIATION, comprising in its ranks all varieties of the labouring classes, animated by one high and holy impulse, namely—the practical establishment of the first principles of Christian equity. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and shall first be partaker of the fruits.

PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

IRISH POLICY—TEN HOURS' BILL—NEW POOR LAW.

A curious illustration of the extent to which the collective character and reputation of a Parliament may be influenced by the personal character and political tendencies of the Government for the time being, is afforded by the different aspects of the same body under the guidance of Sir R. Peel and Lord John Russell. This is not the time to narrate or criticise the career of the present soon-to-be-dissolved Parliament; but it may be briefly remarked, that, under the government of Peel, it steadily and progressively entered upon a series of commercial and financial changes, which, whether right or wrong, were evidently all based upon one great principle, and emanated from a mind which thoroughly comprehended the scope of that principle, and its application to the existing institutions and the circumstances of the times. Had Parliament been dissolved at the end of last Session, it would have been memorable for the consistency with which the idea of commercial freedom, had been worked out by the reversal and re-construction of tariffs, and the construction of a system of exchanges, based upon principles entirely opposed to those by which commercial intercourse between nations had heretofore been governed. Unfortunately for it, however, and the country, it was kept in existence for another Session, to show that it can as faithfully reflect the trimming vacillation, want of principle, and imbecility of the Whigs, as the statesmanlike impress of Peel. From beginning to end, its career this Session has been a painful series of inconsistencies, and its members, looking at their present plight, may well exclaim with Hamlet,—

"To what base uses may we come, Horatio?"

Take the Ministerial Irish policy as an instance. From the commencement our readers will remember that we denounced the scheme as being intended to manufacture fresh advantages for the privileged classes of that country, out of the very miseries which their past misgovernment had caused. We showed that the landlords alone would be the parties substantially benefited, and that the various nostrums of which the heterogeneous mass was compounded, could not, even if carried into effect, have any direct and tangible beneficial influence on the condition of the people of Ireland. We exempted from this sweeping condemnation two measures, each of which embodied a sound and equitable principle, though—with the usual suicidal fatality which distinguishes Whigs on all occasions—these principles were dealt with after the approved Procrustean fashion, which cuts everything down to the small dimensions of Whig intellect and Whig honesty. These two measures were the Irish Poor Law Bill, and the Bill for the Reclamation of Waste Lands. The defects of each of these measures, even when tried by the abstract standard of Lord John Russell's definition of their principles and objects, we fully exposed at the time they were first propounded; but we added, that, small, defective, and inadequate to the exigencies of the crisis as they were, we doubted whether they were meant for anything more than merely to gild the pill of Landlordism; and thus, if once the other portions of the scheme were carried out, the people's part of it would be abandoned, or so stultified as to be useless.

The event has justified the prediction. The Poor Law has reached the Lords, "the shadow of a shade." The Premier in the Commons boldly asserted the right of the poor to outdoor relief, and of the poverty of Ireland to be supported by the property of Ireland. We did not find that right practically acknowledged in his bill, and said so. His lordship's colleague, the leader of the House of Lords, we find agrees with us. In proposing its second reading, the Marquis of Lansdowne, in an exceedingly apologetic speech, devoted a great deal of time and pains to show that the bill does not confer a general, permanent, and indiscriminate right to outdoor relief. Had it done so, or involved that principle, he should have been the last person to have proposed it to their lordships! Really, there is no knowing where to find the present Ministry! There is not a single great principle, or a single important measure with which they have not played fast and loose during the present Session. My Lord Lansdowne, seeing in such a yielding Ministry, will oppose no very vigorous resistance to the assaults of Montague, Stanley, or Mr. Whately. Whately remains of great courtesy or humanity there may be in the mutilated bill will be undoubtedly crushed out of it by the united forces of selfish landlordism, and heartless economists. It will, in all probability leave the lords a mere caput mortuum.

"Thus had before, but worse remains behind." The frequent delays in bringing forward the Waste Lands Reclamation Bill, at the times when it was set down in the business paper, excited our suspicions. The probability that it was intended to be "bought off" suggested itself as quite in consonance with the usual policy of this most unprincipled ministry. We were right. It is abandoned, and not only abandoned, but given up under circumstances, and for objects, which stamp a thousand-fold deeper disgrace upon the transaction, than the simple dropping of the measure. Of the £3,000,000 granted for the relief of Ireland, £1,000,000 was destined for the reclamation of wastes, and the introduction of a small proprietary tenantry into that country. It was, in connexion with the Poor Law, the only thing that really had the slightest relevancy to the subject, or attempted to solve the great question of how more labour and more food were to be given in Ireland to the People of Ireland. Another scheme which proposed to employ 120,000,000 during four successive years in the construction of railways, to which the companies were to add £300,000,000, making in all £420,000,000, was to be given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Whig orators, as altogether inadmissible. This curious piece of patch-work was the true remedy for Ireland's grievances, and the Benin scheme for employing the people in the construction of works that would ultimately have returned interest; and, in the course of time, have stimulated the industry, and developed the latent resources of Ireland, and have "bought off" the wind. The great reason for its rejection was, that the money market would not stand it, and that it would benefit speculators in shares. Well, would it be believed, that the identical Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, at a time when there was no perceptible pressure on the money market opposed an impartial and a general measure of this description, would come forward at a moment of monetary panic with a scheme of precisely the opposite nature, and that it was intended to be "bought off" the wind.

Yet so it is! The difference between them—and there is a great one—is, that, whereas the Benin scheme was an impartial one, and applied to all companies alike—the Government scheme is a partial one, and embraces only three favoured companies, who are to have the privilege of receiving the government money at five per cent., while everybody else is paying (when they are lucky enough to get any) from twelve to fifteen per cent! Will this be of no advantage to the holders of shares in the money market given to the poor of Ireland? It is taken out of the £3,000,000 of the Poor Law, and specially from the sum appropriated to the reclamation of waste lands! Probably the Chancellor did not intend this when he first mooted the railway loan, but such is the result of the subsequent cabinet deliberations. In order to oblige the friends, the shareholders of certain lines, the government gave them the money voted by Parliament for the creation of a small proprietary tenantry in Ireland! We let the fact stand as it is. Comment would only weaken its force.

For one thing only have the people reason to thank the Session of 1847. The Ten Hours' Bill will now, in all probability, become the law of the land. Despite the tricks and the determined opposition by which its progress has been attended, it was finally carried by a large majority in the House of Commons on Monday night, amidst loud cheering. The Bill may, therefore, be looked upon as virtually law,

ING AND FATAL ACCIDENT TO A CHILD.—On
 evening, about seven o'clock, a fatal ac-
 cident occurred in Fetter-lane, to a fine little boy,
 in Goodge, aged three years, whose parents
 Northumberland Coffee-house, Little New-
 the child was attempting to cross the road,
 ed belonging to Mr Edwards, wine mer-
 Holborn-hill, was passing, by which he was
 down, and the wheel passed over his head,

FOREIGN.—Free wheat, Dantzic and Konigsburg, 75s to 78s; Mecklenburg, 70s to 75s; Russian, 66s to 72s.

[illegible]

which several persons were wounded and two killed. The violence of the rioters surpasses all belief. A drummer was attacked, and so dreadfully ill-treated that he died in a few days. The rioters were so numerous that the efforts of incendiary fires were unavailing. So that patrols of the citizens and military have pervaded the streets during the whole night. This morning our garrison was reinforced by detachments of troops and landed artillery.

Nuremberg, April, 27.—An *émeute*, caused by the dearthness of provisions, took place in the city yesterday evening. The rioters were so numerous that the soldiers were ordered to the aid of the town, as a forestaller of corn, and it was determined to give him a *charivari*. A large mob assembled in consequence before his residence, and on the policeman who stood before the door, the soldiers were ordered to be violently discharged against the house. The military were then summoned, and the place cleared by charges of *cavalerie*. The populace, nevertheless, raised a barricade and fought for some time. The soldiers, however, were victorious with stones; but on the cavalry attacking the barricade with hanks, the mob took flight, and in their retreat broke broke the windows of the houses of two corn merchants. The rioters returned to their barracks. Sixty-one individuals have been arrested.

London, April, 27.—Investigations respecting the dia-
 generally reported that among the persons arrested there were many students from the Gymnasium.

Dresden, April, 28.—For some days past the bakers cry (as it is called) has been sufficient to furnish all the city with adequate supply of bread. The rioters, however, who have caused a considerable excitement among the students, have been arrested.

Bankrupts.

(From the Gazette of London, May 4.)

Ann Collyer, Stoke Hammond, Buckinghamshire, *coe*, and
 George Horner and Alexander Macleod Burghurgh
 Gloucester, City, booksellers—Thomas Stirling, sen., *am*, and
 William Stirling, Stratford, Essex, slators—Robert Goo Cogan
 Gloucester, glass dealer—James C. Smith, Worcester,
 Whitstable, Kent, baker—William Mill, Billericae
 Essex, innkeeper—James Cooper, Billericae, Essex, cut, cat-
 alesman—John Alfred Crimber, Brentford, victualler
 Gloucester, glass dealer—John G. Brewer, Birmingham,
 Birmingham, Thrumpton, Nottinghamshire, auctioneer
 William Munks, Sheffield, licensed victualler — Richard
 Gloucester, glass dealer—Thomas Robinson
 Liverpool, blacksmith.

Printed by DOUGLAS M'GOWAN, of 16, Great Windmill-street,
 Haymarket, in the City of Westminster, at his printing
 Office, in the same Street and Parish, for the Publisher,
 proprietor, FRANKS O'CONNOR, Esq., and publishers
 by WILLIAM HEWITT, of No. 18, Charles-street, Drt., Broad-
 street, Walworth, in the parish of St. Mary, New, Sec-
 tion, in the County of Surrey, at the Office, No. 1,
 Great Windmill-street, Haymarket, in the City of West-
 minster.

Saturday, May 8th 1848.