

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

DUTY OF THE ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS.
Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.—MILTON.

The Fifteenth 'Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland' is no more.
The late House of Commons was essentially a *bourgeois* Parliament, representing the interests of trade, and promoting the ascendancy of capital. It did not little calculated to ameliorate the condition of any section of the community of labour; it absolutely ignored and denied the political and social rights of the great body of the people.

Its good deeds were few, if any. Its sins were numerous and deeply-dyed.
It passed a Gagging Bill to muzzle the unrepresented and wronged millions of Great Britain and Ireland.

It enacted an Alien Bill, which though not put into operation, was designed for the persecution of the friends of liberty, who, 'foreigners' to this country, might seek a home upon our shores.

It sanctioned the employment of government spies to excite the starving and oppressed to a 'breach of the laws.'

It covered the petitions of the people with contempt and scorn.

It approved and applauded the imprisonment and transportation of Englishmen and Irishmen, whose sole crime was that of aspiring to give real freedom to their respective countries.

It rejected the demand for Parliamentary Reform; and its chiefs calumniated, and ridiculed the just and holy principle of UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

It refused to repeal the Taxes on Knowledge.

It enacted a Military Conscription (under the name of a 'Militia') Bill, the leading features of which are, that the honours and emoluments of the new force will be monopolised by the rich, while to the poor will be left 'the blessed privilege' of the last, and the option of serving voluntarily or by compulsion as fighting men in defence of a country in which they are as Pariahs, and in support of institutions by which they are treated as slaves.

It refused justice to our Colonial brethren.

It turned a deaf ear to the people of the Ionian Islands and Ceylon, and treated their supplicants for redress of cruel wrongs with contempt. Worse still, it sanctioned the atrocities of the tyrants of those countries, the British pro-consuls, WARD and TOMKINSON, whose cruelties and crimes have linked their names with that woman-hogging hangman, the eternally-infamous HAYNAU.

It made no attempt to terminate the horrible contest raging in Kaffir-land. It has permitted the commencement of a new Burmese war, which will cost the lives of thousands and, at the best, can only result in robbing the Burmese of their territory, without conferring advantage or benefit upon the people of this country.

It embraced no one of the measures necessary to recover the alienated affections of the Australian people; on the contrary, it allowed the shameful duncism of a political adventurer—momentarily elevated to the post of minister—to add insult to injury. A renewal of the fratricidal struggle of eighty years since—a second dismemberment of the empire—looms in the future.

The defunct Parliament gave no sign of sympathy with the European nations struggling for the recovery of their rights and the overthrow of domestic and foreign oppression.

It permitted the assassination of the Roman Republic.

It allowed the invasion and subjugation of Hungary by Russian arms.

It left the Republic of Venice to perish under the murderous blows and overwhelming force of Austria, in spite of that Republic's petition for British sympathy and British aid.

Its chiefs of both factions (Whig and Tory) dared to applaud the cut-throat enormities of the traitorous assassin BONAPARTE, and it did not condemn their astounding baseness.

This criminal indifference to the cause of Liberty, this suspicious concurrence with Despotism, has been worthily rewarded by attacks upon the persons of British 'subjects,' and outrages upon the national honour.

At home, despite the vaunted blessings of Free Trade, thousands are continually flying from the country, and greater numbers would follow their example could they obtain the necessary means of shipment from their native shores.

In the colonies, disaffection abounds, and the idea is universal, that for the colonists there is no salvation but through a forcible dismemberment from the mother country.

On the continent England is regarded by the peoples as the accomplice of their tyrants, and by those tyrants is looked upon as a hypocritical pretender to liberalism—a mean-spirited, huxtering, trafficker, only worthy of blows and insult.

In accusing the late Parliament, it is unnecessary to denounce administrations—Whig or Tory. Ministers owe their character to that of the House of Commons. All the powers of the State—the Chief Magistrate and her advisers, the House of Lords, the military and civil forces, are all of them—from the Queen in her palace, to the soldier in his sentry-box—subordinate to the House of Commons. If misgovernment afflicts the empire, in whole or in part, the great misdeed is the Lower House of Parliament.

The House of Commons is the creature of the general constituency, and reflects the sentiments of the electoral body. It reflects the corruption, the selfishness, the conservative tendencies, and the criminal indifference to right or wrong, pervading the great mass of the privileged possessors of the Parliamentary Franchise.

I grant the existence of a minority both of members of the late House of Commons (exceedingly few), and of the general constituent body, who see more or less clearly—the injustice of existing institutions, and who entertain a (moderate and ineffective) desire to accomplish some change. But taking the electoral body as a whole, its own rottenness is but too faithfully represented by that of Parliament.

But the electors are not alone to blame.

The masses, so mighty in combination, so omnipotent in united action, have it in their power to change the face of society, to uproot injustice, and establish equality whenever they will. Their criminal apathy constitutes the argument of oppression: 'The slaves are content, or they would break their chains.'

To whine about tyranny, to mumble feebly of rights withheld, is but to parade abasement, and invite contempt. Better the forced silence of Austria's victims; better even the brute-sottishness of Russia's serfs. The crushed are to be pitied, the ignorant to be pardoned; but who shall pity, who dare pardon, those who may speak, act, and be free; but who prefer quietude, inaction, and therewith the misery of social wrong and the degradation of political bondage?

Enough of the past and present. The hour of the future is about to strike. The opportunity is given to efface the shame hanging over us by flinging to the breeze the banner of NATIONAL JUSTICE, and marshalling under its glorious folds for the recovery of the RIGHTS OF ALL.

ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS.
You are asked by contending factions to give your votes and your voices:

'To secure the triumph of Free Trade, and extirpate Protection.'

'To repeal the Maynooth Grant, and resist Papal Aggression.'

Give your confidence to the Earl of DENBY, cry the one faction; and the other as loudly enjoins you to 'stand by the liberal interest.'

What ridiculous 'cries'! What contemptible 'watchwords'!—worthy only of a frivolous people sunk in the slough of political apathy. When our fathers shouted for 'WILKES and Liberty,' and when existing generations thundered for 'Reform,' although there was more of the madness of party than the wisdom of patriotism in those cries, they at least gave expression to a genuine sentiment nourished in the heart of the nation. They were more than 'party cries.' They were the articulation of a people earnestly though blindly craving and seeking a better future. Shall Truth not command the earnest-

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THE FALL OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

BY XAVIER DURRIEU.

(Translated expressly for the 'Star of Freedom' by THE DAYS OF DECEMBER.)

Louis Bonaparte pretends to have won in December, 1851, the battle of public safety. To glorify, or, rather, to excuse his ambition, accomplices and courtiers have repeated in every tone that he had with one blow suppressed in advance the crisis which in May, 1852, would have overthrown French society, and put in peril the future of the whole of Europe.

My recital will do justice to these lying declarations; it will prove that Louis Bonaparte had not even that sinister and bloody excuse. No, there was no *Jaquerie* to be feared in May, 1852; far from having saved French society in December, Louis Bonaparte had himself, to gratify his ambition, made war upon that society in every part of the country from one frontier to the other. It is he alone who has been the *Jaquerie*; it is he alone who has struck a blow at the civilisation of France; it is by him alone that the future of Europe has been endangered. I will follow it in a manner admitting of no reply; but at first I leave it to the facts themselves to confound his impudent apologists.

I return to Louis Bonaparte. It is necessary, above all, by his acts and his crimes, to show his true physiognomy—his real character. And, besides, if his own personal character was not one of the most immoral that history has yet produced, it is enough to call to mind that the eternal scorn of the people is attached to his name, what men he has made his accomplices, and his instruments.

Four men especially concurred in the *coup d'état* of December 2nd: General Magnan, General Leroy de Saint Arnaud, M. Flatin de Persigny, and M. de Moréy. These are now great lords, incomparable ministers, or warriors; they eclipse Turgot and Hoche! What were they yesterday?

I twice saw General Magnan before December, 1851. I saw him in 1840, before the Court des Pairs; in 1848, on the morning of the Revolution in the office of a journal. He was accused in 1840 of having favoured the foolish enterprise of Louis Bonaparte. With what bitterness and energy he defended himself! Overwhelmed with the bespectacles of Louis Bonaparte, could he have the slightest sympathy for such a wretched and absurd pretender? What disdain he threw upon the bare-brained adventurer! With what scorn he made him his little and ignominious fool! He has made even those old peers of France who had all their lives trafficked in apostasies and treasons.

In 1848, on the morning of the Revolution, Louis Philippe was no longer at the Tuilleries; he wandered throughout the night amid the rain and mud, along the sea-shore of Normandy. General Magnan was at that time designated in the 'Courrier Français,' of which I was then chief editor, as one of the household officers of the King; he immediately rushed to the office of the journal, a prey to grief which one would almost have thought sincere, so hard is it to believe in an old man's hypocrisy. He, Magnan, the friend of a King, and of Louis Philippe above all! He, a man of the people, a soldier of the Republic! He could say to me: 'Hark at me! I am a recidivist! Through indifference, or rather, for my sake, he obtained that recidivism—more shameful for him than the infamy itself.'

Six months later, the people, in its turn, was surrounded by the army of that same General Magnan, the musketeer, the 'cannon,' it was this General Magnan who, on the Boulevard, was under the protection of the sabre of this General Magnan, that by the mixed commissions, and the proconsuls of provinces, the people have been pursued, slaughtered, imprisoned, exiled, and transported!

From General Magnan to General Saint Arnaud, the transition is very natural. Like Magnan, he has led a disordered and mysterious life, enveloped in those shades which honest looks love not to penetrate. He is also distinguished by the same facility of *condottiere* to forsake friends and benefactors.

M. Flatin de Persigny is an old sub-officer, discharged from the service like M. Leroy de Saint Arnaud. He has distanced all the parasites of the Bonaparte family.

As to M. de Moréy, it is said he knew nothing of the *coup d'état*, until called precipitately to the Elysee, he was made minister. Regarding this man, all that is known of him is a long list of infamies. All the rest is mystery, from his birth till his maturity, from his cradle in the little house in the *Champs-Élysées*.

The *coup d'état* was announced to me at seven o'clock in the morning; no surprise was mingled with my emotion. In order to judge of the state of Paris, I passed immediately through the streets adjoining the Tuilleries and the Palais National. Everywhere already were soldiers, horses, and cannons. On the Boulevard I met some journalists whose presses had been seized. I hastened to the offices of the 'Revolution'; the *gendarmes* mobile occupied the printing office, and brutally guarded the approach.

The *bureau* of the Revolution were still free, being in a different house from the printing office. In less than an hour they were invaded by a crowd of citizens, who came to demand from my colleagues and me what course they should take in consequence of such an infamous attack. The question was a hundred times repeated, and a hundred times it obtained the same response: 'The Constitution is outrageously violated. It confides itself to your patriotism. Defend it! Avenge it!'

I wrote in that sense, in the name of the journal, a short and energetic proclamation, which was signed by some citizens, whom I regret not being able to name. * That is a regret I shall often feel in the course of this recital! The proclamation of the Republican journalists, and that of the representatives of the Extreme Left, were conceived in the same spirit, almost in the same terms. There are not two languages to express the same sentiment, the same indignation. I know too well that a single word from me might bring persecutions and aggravations of sufferings to those of my friends who still occupy the gaols, the prisons, and the penitentiary colonies.

I may at least cite, amongst my *collaborateurs*, Keizer, one of the characters the most devoted that I know, whose countenance, in a time of peril, has always been remarkable for two qualities which do not usually exist at such a moment, enthusiasm and *sans froit*. I may also mention Frédéric Courmet, an old marine officer, of a proverbial courage, whom the Militant Revolution can count amongst the men the most determined, the most capable, not only to combat, but to command.

Towards noon, notice was brought me that a meeting of writers was being held in the bureau of a journal, which I cannot name, as it still exists, and to name it would be to aggravate its situation, already so painful and difficult. Keizer and I went thither. Almost all the Republican Press was there represented. There was immediately written and signed a protestation, to which each of us contributed his word of indignation or of scorn. The place of the writers who had beforehand announced resistance, was no longer the office of a journal; so we issued forth to see what was being prepared, no longer for written protestation, but for action.

At every street corner, numbers crowding, sometimes noisy, sometimes silent and astonished, around the proclamations of Louis Bonaparte, exchanged the most contradictory and strange comments. The news circulated with the rapidity of the electric fluid. Thiers was arrested, and with Thiers, Changarnier, Lamoricière, Bazé, Leflo, and some other Orleansist leaders. Not until long after was it known that Cavaignac, Charras, Greppe, Lagrange, and other Republicans more or less advanced, had also been arrested.

* I believe it a duty to reproduce the proclamation written and signed in the bureau of the Revolution at ten o'clock on the morning of the 2d December.

Citizens.—In contempt of a solemn oath, Louis Bonaparte has violated the Constitution. He brutally confiscates all the liberties of France; he proclaims himself dictator. The Constitution is confided to your patriotism. Defend it! Avenge it! The traitor dares still invoke the holy name of the Republic; he speaks of Universal Suffrage. It is an infamous blasphemy. What he desires, he himself avows it, is the Empire, with its despotic institutions, he would violently drag us back to 1804. He thinks, he thinks like the other Bonaparte, he who strangled the first Revolution. Let not the Revolution of 1848 be strangled! Let it arrive and punish the perjurer!

Louis Bonaparte is beyond the law. To arms! Paris, 2d December, 1851.

Xavier Durrieu, Frédéric Courmet, Keizer, P. Morel, Gasparin, and many other signatures.

The *mise en scène* of the *coup d'état* had been prepared in such a manner as to appear directed exclusively against the Royalist parties. There was in the first proclamation of Louis Bonaparte a phrase very little remarked until now, and yet, in my opinion, of very great importance: Louis Bonaparte blamed the conduct of the two parties in the Legislative Assembly, conduct which had been persisted in, he said, notwithstanding the patriotism of three hundred members. These three hundred members were the Republicans in the Assembly. Afterwards the Republicans were crushed, and they have at least only suffered insignificant oppression. But, at first, they appeared exclusively menaced, exclusively attacked: in appearance there existed the most complete accord between the new Dictator and the leaders of the Democracy. This was a contemptible calculation, an infamous absurdity; for the event has clearly proven that that bargain was never accepted or offered, from the very simple reason that it was radically impossible. But it suffices for a moment, an apparent, a suspicion to plant irresolution in the minds of the people, irresolution which, when once produced, is rapidly developed, and grows in spite of every opposition.

Louis Bonaparte re-establishes Universal Suffrage: this alone attracted the attention of the crowd! In a day of public emotion, there are brilliant, and so to speak, giddy points of view, which fix the confused and feverish attention of the masses, reflecting all else around! Louis Bonaparte lied impudently; but the grossness of the snare was not seen at the first glance; it needed the more far-seeing, the more experienced to remark it; it was necessary to remark that Louis Bonaparte announced at the same time two Chambers, a Senate and a Legislative Corps, two Chambers mute, stilted, and condemned beforehand to the most humiliating and abject impotence. He already inaugurated the regime which was to absorb the whole of the powers of France in himself. He proclaimed liberty, and the streets of Paris were filled with the cannon, and bristled with the bayonets of the state of siege. He said he threw himself upon the people, while he had at his orders five hundred thousand Prussian troops, in Paris and in the provinces, ready to strike in blood any hesitation or protest.

I do not doubt but that they would have arisen in spite of muskets, bayonets, and cannon. But again, they could not do so; they were not free. Explanation was needed; political and historical desertion was wanted; they required, in fact, to be spoken to, not only in a loud voice, group after group, but by the great voice of the Press, addressing at one time all the population.

Both might were wanting. The groups were already tainted by the presence of innumerable agents of police, with or without uniform, preventing all expansion, precluding individual attacks, the arrests *en masse*, and the massacre of the streets—the ignoble before the ignoble, the blow of the budgeon before the fire of the muskets and cannon.

As to the Press, it no longer existed; if we except two or three bewildered organs of the old Royalist parties, who dared not express even their terror. I will not speak of these two great voices of calumny and outrage, the 'Constitutionnel' and the 'Patrie,' which the 'Pays' afterwards joined, to form the most cynical trio of braggarts and adulators, that a people, crushed under the iron heel of cruelties and gendarmes, has ever heard.

Add to all this that nowhere were seen any of the representatives of the 'Mountain.' Little as I have been their admirer, I hasten to add that this was no fault of theirs. The jannissaries of the Dictator had prevented their meeting at *Cremieu*; whilst they allowed the Royalists to assemble in the most noisy fashion at the *Mairie* of the 10th arrondissement, constitute a bureau, name a sort of executive power, a commander of the armed force, a *chef d'état* major, and even to carry their manifestation so far as to cry from the windows that the President was an outlaw. How could the people, I again ask, refuse to accept the change, when we recollect that for a long time before they had ceased to be, to speak truly, directed or maintained in the firm resolve to give battle in defence of the people's rights? Did not Michel (de Bourges) declare in the Assembly, scarce five days before, that Louis Napoleon was his man if he re-established Universal Suffrage? Universal Suffrage was established. What more could be expected by those who had not yet withdrawn their confidence from Michel (de Bourges)?

God forbid, nevertheless, that I should altogether excuse the conduct of the people on the 2d of December. No; there was in the *coup d'état* a fact above all questions, and against which a people that respected itself, a people penetrated with a sense of its duty as of its right, would have arisen immediately, spontaneously, without reflection or compromise of conscience, as was its duty in a question of honour and public morality. Louis Bonaparte violated the Constitution, notwithstanding his solemn oath. Were it but for this contempt of sworn faith, the heart of every citizen should have revolted, every Republican hand should have been raised to chastise and crush the traitor. The people were placed between a political question, perfidiously put, and consequently badly understood, and a question of honour, well-defined, a duty of conscience exactly traced. It is unfortunate for the people that their intelligence was not suddenly enlightened at that decisive moment; they already knew by what oppression, by what humiliations they expiate the loss or abandonment of liberty; they feel how many long and painful efforts it costs to conquer it anew. But these efforts will be made, I am sure of it; for these are always the people of France, the people of '92 and of '93, the sometimes repulsed, but indomitable labourers for great and legitimate revolutions. I mourn their past deceptions and miseries; I have spoken of the excuse, or rather the cause of their irresolution on the 2d of December, and have said at the same time, that part of the blame of that day was really incurred by them; but I believe in their future, as I believe in their right, in justice, and in humanity!

Towards four o'clock it became known that the Republican deputies were not all arrested; those who were at liberty met in the evening at the house of one of their colleagues in the *Faubourg St. Antoine*. There were convoked the journalists, and every man of influence who felt capable of sacrificing himself to the cause, even to the last drop of his blood. I repaired thither with some of my friends. The Boulevard, the Bastille, the adjacent streets, and the entry of the *Faubourg* were literally covered by a noisy crowd, animated, I am convinced, with sentiments hostile to Louis Bonaparte. We also saw there the police and the armed force, who remained almost motionless, patiently enduring the jeers of the populace. The rendezvous was at the house of Doctor Lafon, representative of the Lot, *quai de Jemmapes*. I there met a considerable number of representatives, who were, as it will be readily conceived, violently agitated. Whether they looked to the past or to the future they only found matter for melancholy and poignant reflections. They named a sort of insurrection committee, composed of Victor Hugo, Faure (du Rhone), Madier, Montjau, &c., and having done so, believed that all was said. They were mistaken; the time was not one for deliberation, but for action. It little mattered that that action was organised, collective; it was enough that it was spontaneous, individual; every representative was a living image of the Constitution; wherever he showed himself he bore the violated law, the law which, at any price, he should avenge. That immediate necessity for individual action, as widely spread as possible, was present to most minds. By a few energetic words Frédéric Courmet showed its absolute necessity. The Bastille, being situated at a short distance from the *Bastille*, being under the very eyes of the police, Frédéric Courmet offered his own house in the Rue Popincourt, not for the purpose of the forming committees, or any sort of provisional government, but to agree upon a *mot d'ordre*, and to appoint a rendezvous for the next morning—a rendezvous in the street, in the face of the troops, and of the whole population.

We immediately repaired, by different roads, to Courmet's. The room in which we assembled was on the first floor; instead of being spacious it was much too narrow. Members of the Legislative and of the Constituent, workmen, foremen, some lawyers, one of the colonels of the National Guard, officers of the same force, and of the old Republican Guard at the Hotel de Ville and Prefecture of Police, were here assembled. With few exceptions they were already known, and could count upon each other. At first there was an indistinct confusion, a quick interchange of anxious interrogations, or rather confused exclamations—a noise that varied any one understanding those around him. A dramatic incident which occurred still increased the emotion;

but it had the effect of establishing silence, by recalling to every one present the extreme gravity of the situation. A citizen called in a loud voice for silence, and, addressing a man covered with a long mantle, cried:—'You are a police agent; I have proof, and am about to give it.'

He pointed to a man about fifty years of age, whose name was sadly connected with the trial of Bourges, and afterwards with some worthless publications. In a moment, notwithstanding the dense crowd, everybody started back from him, and he was left in the middle of the room, alone, exposed to the looks of all present. Courmet said to him, in a voice energetic, but calm:—'If you are really an agent of police, you are done for! Pass into the hall, from which you will never issue alive, if you are unable to justify yourself.'

The man defended himself badly, or rather he did not defend himself at all. The opinion was that there was no mistake in designating him a police agent. He remained enclosed for some minutes in the hall into which Courmet had introduced him; and the most important subjects were already under consideration, when a member of the Left arrived to claim the man, offering to be responsible for him, and engaging himself not to allow him to communicate with any one before the next day. We could not do less than accede to this request. The representative took him away at once; but I must say that his intervention left a painful and disagreeable impression. Advantage was taken of the silence, which this incident produced to come to an understanding. That understanding was, that the duty of each was very clear; each might, on necessity, without account with others, receive the *mot d'ordre* from his own convictions and conscience. The representatives should put on their arms, and a copy of the Constitution in their hand, should show to the soldiers, in presence of the people, the 62nd article, by which Louis Bonaparte was outlawed. All the other citizens should follow their example, and pass to resistance, using, for that object, all the influence and authority they might have derived from the services formerly rendered by them to Democracy.

The first rendezvous was fixed for the following morning, in the Salle Rollin, opposite to the *Marché Lenoire*, in the *Faubourg Saint Antoine*. They agreed upon a signal, and to receive the first fire, if the army made itself the accomplice of the traitor. I myself wrote the hour and the place in pencil, and gave it to several representatives, notably to Michel (de Bourges), who appeared a little before midnight. For my own part, I will never forget that last hour, nor the firm and determined attitude of the greater part of the citizens who attended that rendezvous of honour. There were there, I am sure, high-minded men, whom the defeats of the following days might sadly grieve, but to whom, thank God, they could bring no feeling of remorse.

(To be Continued.)

Foreign and Colonial Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Paragone of the Corps Legislatif.—How the Money Goes.—An Unpopular Demonstration at Belleville.—Destructive Inundations.
(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, JUNE 30.
The Legislative body held its last sitting on Monday. The time was nearly up before the spirit of opposition manifested itself in its midst was somewhat softened for itself, although not so for France. Had the deputies not been given Bonaparte would no doubt have sent them packing very unceremoniously, which I would have been pleased to see, as the most trifling error might suffice to bring on the impending revolution. During this last sitting Edgar Bay brought to them a message from the President, in which he coolly speaks of the free press and discussion of the Assembly. He concludes with the following sentence, so characteristic of the hypocritical bandit, every hour of whose life has been an hour of deepest infamy:—'In France there is a government animated with faith and with the love of good, a government relying upon the people, the source of all power, upon the source of all justice; and upon religion, the source of all morality.' The irony is this abominable farce of all justice! It cannot be enough; Bonaparte is squandering a great rate, the money of which he has robbed the people of this unhappy country. A loan is talked of as imminent, but the amount is not mentioned. The unprincipled wretches who may be induced to lend their wealth to support this rascally adventurer will well deserve to lose it in the coming day of retribution. As a sample of how the Bonaparte chief spends his plunder, I may mention that he has bought, ready furnished, the Chateau of M. de Oze, near St. Cloud, as the residence for his mistress, Miss Howard.

The citizens of Belleville continue to show their hatred for Bonaparte. The busts, which had been destroyed, having been replaced, they have again been smashed. Thirty persons have been arrested on suspicion of having destroyed the busts. Jeanne Deroin has denied the assertion that she had been sentenced to transportation, but set at liberty in consequence of her 'madness.' She has been at liberty for the last twelve months.

The crusade against the 'silly remnant of the press, and the literary men who still remain in France,' continues unabated. M. Chénier, a doctor of medicine, and editor of the 'Feuille du Peuple,' who has ceased to appear, has been tried on a charge of having outraged the Catholic religion, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and 300fr. fine. The Belgian papers are seized in the Post-office daily, and I hear it confidently asserted that they will soon be excluded from France entirely.

I have received accounts of inundations in various parts of the country.

A letter from Petit-Noir, in the Jura, of the 21st inst., states that the destructive inundations to which that country is so much exposed have again caused immense damage, just at the moment when the farmers were about to reap their harvest. In the village of Petit-Noir, which is encircled by the river Doubs, half the houses are under water. The inhabitants have been compelled to fly suddenly, and seek elsewhere a shelter for themselves and their cattle. The fields, which promised a luxuriant harvest, present the appearance of a vast lake. Wheat, maize, and potatoes (the poor man's crop) are destroyed. The consternation is general in that part.

SPAIN.

Progress of the Reaction.—The Coming Revolution.

The patience of the Spaniards is well nigh exhausted by the indignities of the Reaction. It is the opinion of the nation, at least of the most intelligent portion of it, that it is high time end to the abominable state of things which now exists. The government, well-knowing the unpopularity of the court and its doings, not only crushes the liberty of the Press in Spain, but also endeavours to prevent the circulation of papers published in foreign countries, especially those published in Mexico and South America. These latter, notwithstanding the expense of postage, and the little interest presented by the old European news which they contain, have a considerable number of Spanish contributors, who love to hear the Republic spoken of in their native Castilian.

There is often printed abroad what would not be allowed to be printed at Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona. But now the Spanish Democrats are weary of this kind of resource, and the journals are forbidden to reproduce the Republican reasonings of the foreign writers, not excepting even those articles which have no connexion, either direct or indirect, with Spain.

In spite of all the measures of the Spanish government, the counter-reaction makes such progress, that a decisive crisis cannot be far distant. *Down with the deceivers!* will be the cry of the new movement, which must become general; for the universal indignation is preparing the way.

SWITZERLAND.

The Holy Alliance Conspiracy.—Earthquakes.—The Clerical Reactionaries.

In execution of the London protocol of May 19, a collective note has been addressed by the five powers to the Helvetic Confederation, calling upon it to acknowledge the sovereignty rights of the King of Prussia in the canton of Neuchâtel. The note, it is added, was handed to the Federal Council by the French legation.

Accounts from Payerne (in the same canton) mention a slight shock of earthquake which was felt there on the 19th, at a few minutes after three p.m. At Berne also two shocks were felt at the same instant as at Freiburg. The people of the Valais have voted the revision of the constitution by a constituent assembly.

The elections for the municipal council of Neuchâtel have just taken place; seventeen republicans and eleven royalists have been returned.

The reactionary club of the College of Ascona continue to conspire against the cantonal institutions, and the wise laws lately passed for the secularisation of institutes.

One of the most odious of these clerical rascals is an infamous and immoral priest, bearing the very appropriate name of Don Audisio.

GERMANY.

The Austrian Nero in Hungary.—Priests and Soldiers.—Female Victims of Despotism.

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna 'Gazette,' contains an 'act of grace,' by which 103 officers undergoing punishment for their share in the Hungarian war are set at liberty; the sentences of six are commuted to four years' imprisonment, and those of ten others are reduced to one-half. The same number of the 'Gazette' contains sentences pronounced by the court-martial of Hermannstadt against forty Transylvanians, many of whom are condemned to death. Among the sentenced is Baron Kemeu, who expired suddenly in London a few months ago.

The governmental journals speak of the enthusiastic reception of young Nero by the Hungarians; and as there do not exist any journals who dare speak the truth, their official lies pass uncontradicted. Private letters from Hungary tell a very different tale. Despotism and anarchy are alike rampant in unhappy Hungary. The country is so infested by robbers that neither life nor property is secure. As drum-beat law has been proclaimed, the galleys, of course, await every one of the desperadoes who are taken, and the consequence is that they show no more mercy than they expect to receive.

BREMEN.—Two young ladies, Möller, Meyer, and Wiedemann, have just been imprisoned for political writings. It is stated in a letter from Venice, in the 'Independent' of Brussels that Kossuth, with the view of counteracting the effect produced by the visit of the Emperor of

Trades' Intelligence.

The Secretaries of Trades' Unions and other bodies associated to protect and advance the interests of Labour, will oblige by forwarding reports of Trades Meetings, Strikes, and other information affecting the social position of the Working Classes.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF UNITED TRADES.

250, Tottenham-court-road, London.

"FIAT JUSTITIA."

"If it were possible for the working classes, by combining themselves, to raise, or keep up, the general rate of wages, it need hardly be said that this would be a thing not to be relinquished, but to be welcomed and rejoiced at."—STUART MILL.

At a business meeting of the Executive Committee of the above Association, on Tuesday, the 29th ult., J. A. Fleming, Esq., in the chair, Mr. Green gave a (long and interesting report of his recent tour through the midland and northern counties. The primary object of Mr. Green's mission was to visit, personally, the Trades bodies which unitedly constitute the National Association, to lay before the members, specially convened for the occasion, the exact position of the Association, and to take their opinions whether the great principle of a National Protective Confederation should be maintained or abandoned.

The Executive Committee had determined upon this step, in consequence of the secession of several of the branches, and of the doubts expressed by some of the members in connexion with the Association, whether, considering the results of the recent prosecutions, and the lamentable failure and subsequent abandonment of the principle of Protective Union, by the Amalgamated Engineers, it was possible for that principle to be nationally sustained. It may be here necessary to state that the Committee, with a seven years' practical experience of the operations of this Association—with a vivid consciousness of the great pecuniary benefits and enlarged industrial freedom which have been obtained directly by its influence, and are still enjoyed by many trades now and formerly connected with it—are deeply impressed with the value and importance of this principle to the Trades of this country—and are resolved, at whatever personal sacrifice, to uphold the right of British artisans to combine, to concert, and to carry out, such measures as they deem essential for their general benefit, and for the protection of their only capital—their Labour. They came to this determination after long and mature deliberation. They noticed, with deep interest, the spread and growing popularity of the idea of national union as the sheet anchor of industrial liberty. They witnessed the crude attempts recently and still making, in different quarters, to construct new organisations upon the same principle, and knowing the difficulties they have had to contend with and have overcome, they were, and still are, justified in anticipating that many, and perhaps all these attempts, will end in failure and disappointment. Considering themselves, then, the depositary of a great public principle, which has been most unscrupulously assailed, and which, there is great probability will have again to be defended from similar attacks, they conceive themselves bound by the most powerful considerations of duty and principle, to maintain their position, and to exert themselves for the maintenance of the existing organisation as a nucleus and rallying point for the trades of Great Britain.

It was in furtherance of these views, therefore, that Mr. Green's mission was projected; and they feel great pride and pleasure, to find that their opinions and policy have the hearty sympathy and unanimous concurrence of the members of the Association. Without one single exception, or, as we can learn, an individual dissent, it is determined to maintain the National Association.

Its present officers have been also unanimously re-elected for the ensuing year. The trades still belonging to the Association have resumed their regular payments, and such as were in arrears have determined to pay them off forthwith, and a considerable portion of these arrears have been already received. In addition to this very satisfactory position, and as the crowning success to Mr. Green's exertions, an address of five hundred new members has been added to the Association. It is almost superfluous to add, that stimulated by this generous confidence, placed in them by their constituents, the committee will proceed immediately with a vigorous agitation in town and country, and invite the trades to affirm or negative the claims of this movement, and of the great principle of which it is the exponent—National Union—for their support and adoption.

Mr. Green further reported an unsuccessful attempt he had made to obtain a hearing by the Conference of the Boiler Makers of England, recently held in Manchester. It was known to the Committee that the question of joining the National Association had been long under discussion in the local branches of that numerous body of men, and from their correspondence, and from other sources of information, were led to believe that a very strong and general feeling prevailed in favour of a junction with the National Association. The Committee thought it, therefore, their duty to send deputations to their Annual Conference, to give such information and explanations as might be necessary, to enable the delegates to thoroughly understand the principles and objects of the Association. We regret to say that our deputation was refused a hearing, although we must add, by the bare and slender majority of two, out of an aggregate of not less than thirty-two delegates present.

What may have been the influencing motives of the majority for so unusual and ungracious a proceeding we cannot divine, but we venture respectfully to observe, that if any of these gentlemen hold opinions hostile to the objects and principles of the National Association, it is just possible that those opinions may have been founded upon prejudice, arising from misapprehension or misrepresentation, and that the more liberal and rational course would have been to subject their opinions and prejudices to the ordeal of a fair and dispassionate discussion; and in this case such a course seems to us to have been due to the very large minority, and to the members they represented. We feel assured that this mode of cushioning a question, however temporarily successful, will not succeed, but, in all probability, cause it to be more closely and generally inquired into.

Mr. Winters has been appointed to proceed immediately upon a propagandist tour to Newcastle, Sunderland, Shields, &c., and he will take an early opportunity of announcing, by advertisement, where he may be communicated with by the Trades of that locality.

W. PEELE, Secretary.

BRADFORD—IMPORTANT MEETING OF WOOLCOMBERS.

The most business like and important meeting of this body which has been held for some years took place of Monday last. The assembly first took place in Brown, fields, and afterwards, for the better transaction of business, adjourned to the large room of the "Old House at Home," which was densely crowded.

Mr. R. WHITAKER was unanimously called to the chair, and addressed the meeting on the important business they had met to discuss. He trusted that they would conduct the proceedings in an orderly manner; and, after explaining the preliminary steps which had been taken, informed them that other well-known parties had propositions to make which would bring the business more prominently before them.

Mr. G. WHITE addressed the meeting at considerable length. He said that the condition of the Woolcombers of Bradford was such that it became imperatively necessary to adopt measures to rescue themselves from its degrading effects. They had met to try a final experiment, not, as in former days, to propose a strike, but to adopt measures to raise themselves from the position into which the much vaunted "Commercial system" had placed them. It entirely depended on their conduct that day whether that meeting would prove useful or otherwise, as an entirely new course of proceeding was about to be proposed to them. In former days, when grievances existed, they had recourse to strikes; now, however, that system was utterly useless. They were told that their labour was superseded by machinery, and yet the men who made the statement had, of late years, encouraged an overwhelming influx of hands to the trade, thus laying the sure foundation of a frightful amount of pauperism. It therefore became a question for the ratepayers, whether they also were not interested in the present low state of wages, and whether, if improved machinery, but came at once to the conclusion, that there was no other way of raising wages, but by the action of the Committee, whose business should be to procure an inter-union of the trades, and on the subject. It was a well-known fact, that as much wool was now combed by

hand as there was ten years ago, but, as the trade had greatly increased, it was used as an assistant to machinery, and, as far as he was concerned, he was for giving it up wholly to the machines, rather than be mocked by the present apology for wages (Long cheers.) If the manufacturers maintained that their machines were capable of doing their work, let them (the workmen) then demand the means to emigrate to Australia, where their labour was required, and let them appeal to the manufacturers, merchants, and rate-payers, to assist them. Above all things it was necessary that they should elect a good Business Committee to carry out their object. He adverted to various other topics connected with the state of the trade, and proposed the following address to the adoption of the meeting:—

THE FINAL APPEAL.

The woolcombers of Bradford and its vicinity having been lengthened to the lowest point of endurance, by causes over which they have no control, are necessitated to make a final effort to deliver themselves from the state of semi-pauperism to which they are subjected. They feel that the present is the most fitting time to lay their condition before the public, in order that the flood of pauperism which is inevitably held this town. It therefore behooves us, as the primary sufferers, to look the evil fairly in the face. At the same time we feel that the rate-payers at large have a right to rest in the satisfactory arrangement of the rateable state of things, which will not suffer to suppose that this sunshine of prosperity ought to have shed a few of its rays on those who, by themselves and families forming the chief portion of the population, have been the foundation and mainstay of this prosperity. But the rate-payers, as we are urged, have declined in proportion to the increased demand for worsted goods, and now we are told to depart, by those who have grown wealthy by our labour.

We are told that this state of things results from improved machinery, which performs our work better and cheaper. We deny it! We deny that any machinery yet invented is capable of doing our work. Ask the overlookers in the various mills, where both the rate-payers and we are daily seen, and they will tell you that the machinery is a curse to our work, and that they are compelled to mix our work with it in order to give it the necessary draft and tension, the yarn being afterwards finished on the public as the genuine article produced by hand labour. But the machinery, as we are urged, has declined in proportion to the increased demand for worsted goods, and now we are told to depart, by those who have grown wealthy by our labour.

Our course is clear. If the mass of us are not required, then we appeal to the justice of the manufacturers and merchants to enable the able-bodied to emigrate. We ask neither pity nor cold compassion; we require justice. Surely, if our trade is superseded, we have as strong a claim, even on our wages, as the pauper of the 'Highlands and Islands of Scotland.'

We therefore call upon the ratepayers of Bradford to order us their support and co-operation in endeavouring, at this auspicious time, to remove the main source of our distress.

The address was seconded by Mr. C. THORN, and unanimously adopted.

Mr. P. DILLON, an old and active member of the body, then read a lengthy and eloquent address to the Woolcombers, in which their past sufferings and present duties were pointed out in a clear and comprehensive manner. This address was also agreed to.

Mr. T. SEYMOUR, former treasurer of the Woolcombers, next addressed the meeting on the necessity of union and good feeling.

J. SMITH proposed that a committee of twenty-five be appointed to carry out the object of Mr. White's address.

Mr. WHITE proposed a committee of nine. It was ultimately agreed, in order to preserve unanimity, that the committee should consist of fifteen persons. Twenty-four persons were then nominated, out of which the following were elected:—

John Smith, Patrick Dillon, George White, Matthew Brown, Maurice Milner, Samuel Kelly, James Thomas, John Taylor, James Richards, John Taylor, William Stott, Joseph Nevin, John Raynard, Barnaby Holland, Thomas Leman.

Mr. J. EMMETT was then elected treasurer, the remaining offices being left to the discretion of the committee.

It was then resolved, on the motion of Mr. J. SMITH—"That the committee shall not meet at a public house."

A vote of thanks was then given to the chairman; and this concluded one of the most orderly and best conducted meetings which has been held for many years; the most kindly feelings prevailed throughout.

The Committee met at seven o'clock in the evening at Wilson's Temperance Hotel, Southgate, when Mr. Patrick Dillon was elected Financial Secretary; Mr. John Smith, Corresponding Secretary; and Mr. Stott, President. After the transaction of some preliminary business, the following were elected by ballot as a select committee:—George White, Patrick Dillon, Matthew Wade Brown, Thomas Leman, Barnaby Holland, James Thomas, William Stott, John Taylor, James Richards, John Taylor, William Stott, Joseph Nevin, John Raynard, Barnaby Holland, Thomas Leman.

At eight o'clock, when all parties requiring membership, or having other business to transact, are requested to attend.

CONDITION OF THE FRAMEWORK KNITTERS OF HINCKLEY.

The miserable condition of the Framework Knitters of Hinckley was well known many years since in almost all parts of England. The privations they have endured, and the patience they have displayed in their sufferings, have excited the wonder and admiration of many of the higher classes in the surrounding districts. About eight years ago a Mr. MUGGERIDGE, Government Commissioner, came to inquire into the condition of the Framework Knitters, when it was stated by the manufacturers that "the average weekly wage of the Framework Knitters was from 5s. 6d. per week."

This statement included the wages of men, women, and minors. The relieving officer, while giving his evidence before the Commissioner, shed tears in abundance. And one working man declared, "the only animal food he had been able to get for several weeks was a sheep's paunch."

The Commissioner was astonished at their sufferings, and admired their patience. The working men looked anxiously to parliament for assistance, but they were doomed to disappointment. The representatives of wealth refused to legislate for the wealth.

No class of workmen in the country has tried to keep up wages more than the Framework Knitters of Hinckley. Trades' Unions have been numerous, and strikes have followed strike in quick succession, yet wages are lower now than they have ever been. I do not say that Trades' Unions have not been of service. They have sometimes enabled the workmen to prevent a reduction, at other times they have been able to obtain an advance of wages; but in the long run, the result has been the same. The workmen, doomed to suffer a thousand privations, and unable to resist the will of the most petty tyrant.

A few years ago arose the system of making two, three, and four hosiery at once. These formed what is called the straight-hosiery branch. This sort of goods were sold cheap; the demand for them increased, wages rose, and for a time all went well. The working men began to think the reign of prosperity would never cease. But the reign of prosperity has ceased, the hopes of the workmen have died, and that branch which, but three years ago, was the most important in the town, is fast sinking into insignificance. At the present time the earnings of those employed in the straight down hosiery branch, making two, three, and four at once, range from 6s. to 8s. per week. Those who are engaged in the wrought hosiery branch (making one at a time), earn from 5s. to 7s. per week. I know men in Hinckley—hard working men too—who cannot earn more than 5s. per week.

And this is the state of the great city of Great Britain, whose "glory" is spoken of in every tongue. The misery of the producers of wealth, the poverty of the producers of riches, the privations endured by those on whose exertions not only the greatness and glory, but the very existence of society depends. They must work, suffer, and die, unaided for. Oh, Englandmen! let us cease to talk of the glory of Britain, of her wealth and power, and think more of the sufferings of the poor. Let us acknowledge our truth seekers and truth tellers. Let us acknowledge our slavery, and learn the means by which we can redeem ourselves therefrom, and raise ourselves to that position in society, which, as the producers of all wealth, we ought to occupy.

Hinckley, June 25th.

The "haycock" tells us that it was first made at Bayonne; "cambries" that they came from Cambray; "de mask" "cordwain" from Cordova; "curtains" from Corinth; the "guinea" that the African coast so called. Such, indeed, is the manufacturing progress of England that we now send our calicoes and muslins to India and the East, yet the words give standing witness that we once imported them from thence; for, "calico" is from Calcut, and "muslin" from Mossul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.

During the time of the Circuits, Curran was dining with a brother advocate at a small inn kept by a respectable woman, who was well ordered in her establishment, added a reputation for the species of apt and keen reply which sometimes supplies the place of apt and ready wit. The dinner had been served, the wine was pronounced excellent, and it was pronounced that the hostess should be summoned to receive their compliments on her good fare. The Christian name of this purveyor was Honora, a name of veneration in Ireland, which is generally abbreviated to "Honny." His auditor took the glass, and, with a peculiar airy smile, said, "Our absent friends," and having drunk off her amended toast, she curtseyed and withdrew.—From Notes and Queries.

STARRING PRACEMEN.—We are informed that in the neighbourhood of Kensington, Russia, a company of strollers of both sexes were lately making a money-making game of the skull and other police have however interfered, and brought them under medical inspection; the result has been that one man, named Hov, has been effectually awakened by being sentenced to the house of correction for twenty days. Hov has since confessed that he was always awake.

FATAL RIOT IN STOCKPORT.

ONE MAN KILLED AND SIXTY WOUNDED. THE MILITARY CALLED OUT.

Sunday last was the anniversary of the usual procession of all the Roman Catholic scholars connected with the three chapels in Stockport. The recent royal proclamation, against Roman Catholic processions was much discussed, and the Irish Orangemen and other Protestants, English and Irish, contended that the procession ought not to be allowed.

The procession, however, did take place on Sunday afternoon, and, on the whole, passed off quietly. It started about two o'clock from the Catholic chapel at Edgeley, which is a suburb of the town near the railway station, and proceeded down Edward-street, across the Waterloo-road, down Churchgate and Park-street, through Warren-street, up Heaton-lane, up the Wellington-road, South, and so returning again to the Roman Catholic chapel, Edgeley. The procession was headed by the priests, and a number of Irish labourers walking six abreast; then came the numerous boys and girls in the Sunday and day dresses did not wear canisters in the procession; the priests in ordinary attire; even the girls' handkerchiefs or vests, which they usually wore on these occasions, were laid aside; and they only wore white frocks, and little crosses suspended round the neck by ribbons. The only badges or symbols that might be supposed to contravene the proclamation were a ball and cross, and a gilt dove. As we have said, the procession passed along its course, without the slightest disturbance, and without any groans and hisses from zealous Protestants, and they finally dispersed without any breach of the peace of which we have to hear.

In the course of Monday evening, one of the police-officers reported at the police-office, that a number of English and Irish were fighting; but as this was by no means an unusual occurrence in Stockport, it was regarded as a mere drunken row, and by no means supposed to be of a more serious or riotous character. The numbers, however, of the combatants rapidly increased, and the fray taking place in the Hillgate, one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, the police-officer, and a constable, were despatched to the police-office, and Mr. Sadler, who had previously sent two or three officers, proceeded to the spot himself at the head of a body of freemen; but on reaching the place they found the mob dispersed and everything apparently quiet. Luring the remainder of the evening, and throughout the night, all continued tranquil; there was no renewal of the disturbance in any part of the borough.

During the whole of Tuesday nothing remained tranquil. The mob, who were headed by the Rev. Mr. Sadler, the Roman Catholic priest, in the Park, called on Mr. Sadler, and stated that there appeared to be considerable angry feeling on the part of the Irish Catholics, and that he was apprehensive that they would assemble in the evening in considerable numbers in the locality commonly known in Stockport as Bomber's Brow (or Garnett-street). Under these circumstances Mr. Sadler proceeded to take such precautions as he thought advisable.

At about eight o'clock, to observe whether there would be any signs of assembling; and about a quarter before eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, one of these officers, named John Leigh, sent a verbal message to the police-office, by Mr. Charles Brown, agent, &c., to the effect that all was perfectly quiet, and that there were no indications of any unusual assembling. Mr. Sadler contented himself with sending a few more officers to the locality, and within a quarter of an hour after receiving the foregoing message, he proceeded to the locality, which is within the Court-house (formerly the residence of the late Mr. Sadler, at the head of his small staff of assistant constables, proceeded along Underbank, down Chestergate, and so to Rock Row, which he entered from the bottom, and saw a number of people collected at the upper end of the row (which, with only one or two exceptions, is inhabited by Irish), and extending to the foot of the hill. Mr. Sadler, who had been told to be in conflict, and as he was proceeding towards them with his men they were met by a considerable body of Irish, who assailed the police with stones, bricks, and other missiles, while various sorts of projectiles were cast from the houses, and even women were seen upon the roofs of the cottages hurling slates, bricks, &c., on the police. However, the small force under Mr. Sadler's command, succeeded in driving back and dispersing their assailants.

One of the houses of the mob, some of them being captured and conveyed to the police-office; and ultimately, comparative quiet and peace being restored, Mr. Sadler sent for the mayor and magistrates, who called out the military. Then the magistrates, with the police, a number of special constables (just before sworn in for the occasion by the magistrates), and the troops proceeded down Chestergate to Rock Row, and Petty Carr. There they found a considerable assemblage, and the mob, who were immediately sent on, and the efforts of the police, and the special constables, the mob speedily dispersed.

They then proceeded to Edgeley, where they found the large Catholic chapel completely sacked and gutted, and the priest's house pretty nearly in the same condition. The rioters here had brought the furniture, &c., out of the chapel and the residence, piled it in the road and set fire to it. While the authorities were there, a messenger arrived with the information that the mob had proceeded to St. Michael's Roman Catholic chapel, in the town, and were destroying the furniture, &c. The civil and military authorities and forces proceeded thither with all speed, and on their arrival found that the furniture had been dragged out, broken up, and some of it set fire to; and that some of the rioters had attempted to force open a large iron safe, supposed to contain several articles of silver used in the services of the chapel. With the aid of the police, quiet was speedily restored, and a considerable number of men and youths, who were taken into custody, were conveyed to the Court-house. Many of these were severely wounded, and from four o'clock in the morning till noon, four medical men were more or less engaged in dressing their wounds and hurts.

Great confusion prevails, both as to the order of events, and the time of any particular attack; but we believe the following to have been the order in which the events occurred. After the police had dispersed the mob in the Hillgate, the Irish, in the lower end of which was the Court-house, and the lower end of which opens upon the town, proceeded to the corner of Rock Row and the square stands a large house, the residence of Mr. Graham, surgeon, who, we believe, has in some way incurred the hatred of the Roman Catholics. They assailed this house with volleys of stones and bricks, and smashed most of the lower windows, and the servant man received a severe wound in the forehead. In this attack, they destroyed the furniture belonging to Mr. White's factor, also suffered considerable injury in the lower windows. The mob then turned their attack upon the Sunday school connected with St. James's Church, which stands opposite to Mr. Graham's house, on the other side of the square, and they had broken some of the windows in the building, when they were overtaken by the English, who attacked and drove them up Rock Row, and then seemed to have proceeded in retaliation to Edgeley, gutted the Roman Catholic chapel and priest's house there, and thence to St. Michael's Catholic chapel in the town, which they sacked and destroyed. Here the more serious outrages to property seem to have been stayed; but fights between small bodies of both factions continued for some hours afterwards. In these fights one life has been taken, and it is not improbable that other very serious injuries may terminate fatally. Between seven and twelve o'clock, a party of police succeeded in capturing a stout athletic young Irishman, whose name is said to be Darby Searle, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, who was said to have wounded three or four men with a pickaxe. When apprehended, however, he had recovered a severe fracture of the skull and other injuries, and was evidently dying; he was removed from the other prisoners and placed in a room below the Court-house, where he expired about a quarter before two o'clock on Wednesday morning.

It was after midnight before the disturbance was quelled. St. Peter's Protestant School does not appear to have suffered much, but good many of the boys have been smashed, and some of the furniture of Mr. Graham's house, and the houses of the Irish Catholics, in Rock Row, are a wreck. There is an almshouse, occupied by a man named Robert Reynolds, opposite Rock Row; and we are told there were eight men in this place when the riot commenced, and the rioters broke in the windows with bricks, smashed the furniture to atoms, and actually attempted to set the house on fire. The inmates escaped in the utmost trepidation, one of them, a youth, leaping from a back window, and another, a woman, jumping from the roof. The rioters next took the houses in Rock Row. The first was occupied by a man named Shaughnessy, and the windows, and frames and doors, are entirely gone, and there is not an article of furniture left. The second house was occupied by the deceased, Darby Searle. The rioters say he was in the house when the riot commenced, and that after breaking his windows they attacked and forced open the door; that he resisted the mob, was dragged out, overpowered, and received the fatal blow which proved his death. The house is completely gutted; windows, doors, furniture, &c., are all destroyed. The third house is Wm. Riley's, and this has been completely gutted. The rioters could not break open one door, but it is marked in dozens of places with the indentations of a hammer head. The fourth house is that of Timothy Finnigan. The window shutter was fastened, and could not get open, but they forced an entrance into the house, and broke and threw away the furniture, and smashed the windows, and the beds and all the houses entered were torn to pieces, and the straw, chaff, and shavings with which they were chiefly stuffed, blowing about the streets on Wednesday in clouds. The fifth house is that of Michael Tully, a widower, with two sons and two daughters. The rioters smashed the furniture of this house to atoms, including a clock and some chairs and tables of a better kind than were possessed by most of his neighbours. These houses are the property of Mr. Walter, a wealthy brewer, of Edgeley, Stockport. The rioters next broke in the windows of a house, and commenced about nine o'clock at night, but that there had been a disturbance

in the street at seven. Descending further down the street than this row of houses (which is near St. Peter's Church) Sunday School, a row of houses being built with their backs to the hill-side. The first is John O'Donoghue's. The entrance to the back is a confined court called Jacob's Ladder-yard, and by getting on a wall in this yard the mob succeeded in removing a quantity of bricks, and entered an upper room of O'Donoghue's house, in which a Mrs. Ann Bradley was lying, having only a week before been confined of a child. D. regarding the poor woman's weak and sick condition, the rioters broke and destroyed everything in the house. They even destroyed the room over her head, throwing the debris to fall upon her. The husband, who had seized one of his children, and escaped from one of the windows. The furniture was destroyed and the house gutted. The poor woman Bradley has been removed to a wretched colic, the only inhabitable part of the building. The next house, that of Thomas Dugan, shared a like fate. It is a lodging-house, and the owner says of eight beds were engaged, and amongst them were two Michael Burke, Barry, and another, only known by the names of John, and another, who were pulled out of bed, and beaten, and are now among the prisoners in the hands of the police. Every article of furniture in the house is destroyed, as well as the windows. A house in Jacob's Ladder-yard was occupied by a hawker named John Tracy. He and his wife, with four children, were in the house when it was attacked, but escaped. Tracy ran into a neighbour's house, and was secreted in a coal cellar, while the rioters were hunting for him. His furniture and every valuable article was destroyed by the mob. The furniture and windows of a house occupied by a widow, named Tracy, and her married daughter and two children, were also destroyed. A man named King also had his house entered, and his furniture, and a quantity of materials which he had for sale, were entirely destroyed. All these houses, and those of the neighbourhood generally, are occupied by Irish Roman Catholics, of the labouring class.

It was whilst demolishing the windows and furniture of these houses that the signal was given by one of the rioters of the mob to "the Catholic chapel." Immediately a considerable portion of the mob rushed off to Edgeley Chapel, half a mile distant, and forcing an entrance they broke the altars, and carried out the furniture and pews, and heaped them in a pile before the house of the priest, who lives close by, the Rev. Randolph Frith. The mob completely destroyed everything in the chapel, and then attacked Mr. Frith's house. They carried the furniture of his house out of doors, and heaping it on that of the chapel, they set it on fire. It is said that some of the rioters, about 2,000 persons engaged in this disgraceful outrage, and they were only interrupted in their work of burning and destroying when the magistrates and the civil and military force arrived, by whom, however, they were readily dispersed. An organ, worth £400, was broken to atoms, and the chapel and minister's house were reduced to a wreck—there is nothing left but the bare walls.

The Catholic chapel of St. Michael, in the Park, Stockport, was attacked a little before eleven o'clock at night. The mob first assailed it from the back, by breaking in the windows, and then they entered the chapel, by breaking and destroying the large altar window over the altar. The rioters soon afterwards went round to the doors in King-street and Princes-street, and, having demolished these and all the windows, entered the chapel itself. Here they destroyed everything. The altars, with candlesticks, images of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, St. Patrick, St. Peter, and St. Joseph, were broken to atoms. The pews were torn up from the floor and broken into mere strips of wood and cast out of doors. There is a large gallery at the west end, and the pews and gallery were torn up, and the whole of the building was in a state of confusion. The organ was broken to fragments. No person can describe such a wreck of property. The magistracy, headed by the mayor and the civil force, and escorted by the military, arrived here and dispersed the mob about a quarter to twelve o'clock. Whilst the mob were attacking the chapel, a party of them went up to the house of the Rev. Robert Foster, M.A., the priest, and were meditating an attack, when Mr. Higginbottom, a neighbour of Mr. Foster's, appealed to them to spare it, on the ground that it would not be his, but Foster's, and that he would be destroyed. Whilst he was remonstrating with them the civil and military force came up, and the house was saved.

The Stockport Court-house presented an extraordinary scene on Wednesday morning. During the night it had been converted into a prison hospital, and at one end were penned up about 100 ruffianly looking fellows, upwards of sixty of whom were suffering from wounds received in the riot or in their encounters with the police when taken into custody. One with a dislocated shoulder was yelling under the map, and another was shrieking under the pain of handling a dislocated ankle. The other men were writhing, moaning, and bleeding; and as the surgeons moved to and fro amongst them dressing their wounds, the place presented a singular picture. The man who had been killed was in the cellar underneath the Court-house.

One hundred and fourteen persons have been apprehended. Nearly all those who were identified were penned to have thrown stones, either into houses or out of them.

The whole of those who were identified were remanded till Friday.

NEWS FROM THE "DIGGINGS."

We extract the following graphic account of Barker's Creek "Diggings" from a letter in the "Hobart Town Gazette":—

Barker's Creek, Mount Alexander, February 7, 1852.

My dear Mr. —, Having a few minutes' leisure, I will, as far as possible, give you the news of this wonderful, but miserable place. I am sick of this place, and I am sick of the diggers. I have worked like a "brick," and my share of the gold in that period is little above half an ounce, which will convince you that "it is not all gold that glitters." My party have sunk eight holes and the result is "I have not a particle of gold in any of them." Van Diemen's Land for this place, but they know as much as I do they would rather die than live here. All the people about me, and in fact all the diggers, have been and are suffering from dysentery and other ailments, and the only relief is to be found in the numerous bachelors' establishments being exposed to the air. A few days elapse a most delightful odour, and is, in my opinion, the principal cause of so much sickness, as well as eating the meat before it is cold, but if you do not walk into the bush to graze, you will not find it so pleasant. I am sick of this place, and I am sick of the diggers. I have worked like a "brick," and my share of the gold in that period is little above half an ounce, which will convince you that "it is not all gold that glitters." My party have sunk eight holes and the result is "I have not a particle of gold in any of them." Van Diemen's Land for this place, but they know as much as I do they would rather die than live here. All the people about me, and in fact all the diggers, have been and are suffering from dysentery and other ailments, and the only relief is to be found in the numerous bachelors' establishments being exposed to the air. 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