

ONWARD AND WE CONQUER.
BACKWARD AND WE FALL.
NO SURRENDER!
REGISTER! REGISTER!! REGISTER!!!
TO THE IMPERIAL CHARTISTS.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS.—My heart is so full of joy at our immediate prospect of social and political improvement, that I am once more about to rouse the whole country from the Land's-end to John o' Groat, for THE LAND and THE CHARTER. I cannot, I will not, remain idle and useless, while every fragment of faction is uniting to continue your oppression, and perpetuate your inferiority. My present joy arises from the state of preparedness in which I found even the out-of-the-way county of Devon, the Land of parsons, sourcider, and low wages.

This was my first political experiment in the agricultural districts, and I have added Devonshire to the noble army of Chartists; and I will now go on converting every fibre of the slave class of all denominations to our glorious principles. Now, my dear friends—will you pay close attention to my solemn advice and recommendation. We have now a powerful party in the country. We have raised up a substantial thing to struggle for—THE LAND. But then, believe me when I tell you, that close attention to our political principles, is the surest and speediest way of pushing and accomplishing our social object.

I say we have a great and powerful party in this country, if we only use its power wisely, and for a legitimate and useful purpose. Will you then permit me to suggest the proper guidance of that mind which I have mainly created and organized? It is the last stage of a political movement.

THE DIRECTION OF PUBLIC OPINION.

And now I proceed to counsel you under this head.

Will you then abandon every species of agitation of every sort and kind, save and except that which will be required for securing the return of TWELVE CHARTIST MEMBERS to the next parliament, and the procuring of signatures to the National Petition? Now, I ask you to place every other description of agitation in abeyance, in order that we may devote our untiring, undivided energy, to those two important questions. The return, not of a choice of evils, but OF TWELVE OF OUR OWN MEN, and the National Petition. Let the country secure the power of electing, and I will undertake the task of securing the PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATION.

Remember that the restoration of Frost, Williams, and Jones; the Ten Hours' Bill; the Repeal of the Poor Law; and all other interesting questions, are the work to be done. **PARLIAMENT IS THE TOOL TO DO IT WITH!** and in the present balanced state of faction, get only twelve members, over whom you have entire control, and who shall be pledged in writing to resign the trust whenever called upon by a meeting of non-electors, convened for the purpose, and of which the member shall have due notice; and you can recall Frost, secure a Ten Hours' Bill, Repeal the Poor Law Amendment Act, or arrest the whole business of the country, and snap up Government after Government. You can command the circulation of your opinions and principles through the press. You can have your every grievance exposed without the dread of ridicule or flat denial. You can have the **LAND PLAN** fully and fairly expounded. You can make the subject of the Land familiar to every ear and every nation. You can refute the calumnies which Mr. O'Connell has so industriously spread of you in Ireland. You can prove yourselves the real friends of Ireland and the Irish. You can inundate the House with petitions, when you are convinced that they will be honoured not only with mock presentation, but with serious discussion. In short, you will then have an interest in all Parliamentary proceedings, and the world will learn that there is a powerful public opinion in England as well as in Ireland; and that the English mind cannot be turned to suit the will of a notifiable place-hunting watercock.

In September, 1838, I wrote you several letters upon this subject, and laid down the machinery for carrying out the plan; but you were careless and heedless. We have had our day of NECESSARY MAD EXCITEMENT; let us now have our season of calm reflection, and, if you will, of FIERY ACTION—that is of enthusiastic work.

Let the whole nation, from North to South, from East to West, now join in the work of manufacturing tools to make freemen and un-rivet chains.

In 1832, by my own sole and unaided exertion, I succeeded in returning seven out of eight members for the County Cork. It is true that you in England have not the same class of electors to deal with, but I do not set you as hard a task ; I ask you only to return one FIFTY-FIFTH part of the House of Commons. In Ireland we returned one-half of the Irish members, and a ——— had lot they were, but I do not wish to put to blame for that

If you had twelve Chartist members, all pledged to follow their leader Duncombe, you would see no more government prosecutions, and instead of the people, and especially the women, being frightened from the advocacy of our principles, you would see them becoming fashionable, and thimble riggers would cease trying to make us afraid of the name. You would give security to the free expression of public opinion, dignity to the name of demagogue, and protection to democracy; you would rip up the past, and avenge vengeance, though tardy, upon your persecutors and betrayers. You would lure the lagging trades into your fashionable, because represented, movement; and thus become actually, instead of virtually, THE SOURCE OF ALL POWER, and through it the first partakers of the fruits of your own industry.

It is nonsense to talk of a committee sitting in London to carry out this project, if every city, town, and borough in the kingdom does not aid and assist. I am resolved, however, that you shall not have to charge me with apathy, or urge my neglect as the cause of your failure". Since I last wrote to you, have been in Gloucestershire, seven miles beyond Stradford-on-Avon, but the land was too stiff and dear; I would not have it at any price; you could not dig an acre in a month. I have been in Devonshire—glorious Devonshire!—and to night (Thursday) I go into Essex, Monday to Weedon and Kidderminster, where I WILL HOLD A MEETING ON MONDAY NIGHT NEXT, the 14th; thus making the Land serve the Charter, and the Charter serve the Land. Now then, if I am to work you must work; and once for all, if YOU DO NOT WORK, I WILL NOT WORK. You see that all the bad men in Ireland have joined O'Connell in the sale of their country, and if you don't take care you will have an exchange of placemen, as in '98 you had of militias; and of all evils pray God defend us from an Irish official, and God Lord deliver the people from a coalition of Whigs, Free Traders, and Irish Place-hunters; and God will deliver them if they wish, for God helps those who help themselves. Now, in the midst of your culpable apathy, and while I am devoting my every hour to your improvement, you may, perhaps, ask me, why I have thus resolved to increase my labours for the negligent once more.

Then hear my answer, and I am not ashamed to confess the value of new zeal, and the advantage of young blood being infused into our lethargic sluggish body. Here then is my answer:—

For a giant had risen, all grisly and grim,
With his huge limbs, loud, clattering and vast
And he breathed his steam-breath—through long
channels of death,
Till the soul itself died on the blast.
And fibre and flesh he bound down on a rack,
Flame-girt on a factory-floor ;
And the ghastly steel corse—plied its horrible force
Still tearing the hearts of the poor.
Like a wine press for mammon to form a gold-
draught,
It squeezed their best blood through its fangs ;

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And he quaffed at one breath—the quick vintage
of death,
While it foamed with humanity's pangs.
Oh! then I bound back for my cold, quiet home,
As the hell-bound looker for the grave;
But I heard my soul cry—who but cowards can fly.
While a tyrant yet tramples a slave!
Then I bound on my armour to face the rough
world,
And I'm going to march with the rest,
Against tyrants to fight—for the sake of the right,
And, if baffled, to fall with the best.

Now behold my answer, and the moving cause—
Jones's splendid Poem.

THE BETTER HOPE.

The whole poem, but especially the verses I quote
and more especially the two last inspiring verses.

Oh! then I looked back for my cold, quiet home,
As the hell-bound looks back for the grave;
But I find my way to the world—who but cowards can fly
While a tyrant yet tramples a slave!

Then I bound on my armour to face the rough
world,
And I'm going to march with the rest,
Against tyrants to fight—for the sake of the right,
And, if bafled, to fall with the best.

Your faithful friend and bailiff,
FEARGUS O'CONNOR
O'Connorville, Thursday.

ACCESSION OF DEVONSHIRE TO THE CHARTIST CAUSE.

**GRAND DEMONSTRATION AND TEA PARTY
AT NEWTON ABBOTT.**

The 7th of September, 1846, will be a day ever memorable in the cause of Chartism, for never since Devonshire was first inhabited, down to that hour, was there such an unequivocal representation of the County's feeling, opinion and will, as upon that day. The struggling patriots of Newton, with Mr. Elms and Mr. Crews, as their legitimate and universally-elected leaders, worked efficiently, and for the short time allowed for preparation, incessantly, to secure a triumph for the Chartist principles; or, at least, a discussion which would teach the agricultural labourers that there was more good in store, from the adoption of a different policy and different principles. Devonshire is a purely parson-ridden, landlord-ridden county; where the serfs of the soil luxuriate in a genial climate, sour cyder, and from seven to nine shillings per week. The very names of their streets, their towns, their villages, their hamlets, and cross-roads, are distinguished by Scriptural names; but, alas! philanthropy, civilization and piety, appear to be no longer the type or symbol of Christianity. Upon the one side we see lordly mansions, princely villas, proud cathedrals, ornamented churches, and gorgeous parsonages; and upon the other hand, we are struck with the squalid misery of those by whose industry all have been created, and are sustained.

The undertaking of Mr. O'Connor, to preach unsullied Chartism, and the people's right to the soil, to a congregation thus cajoled and oppressed was considered a perilous undertaking; and, especially in the market-place of a town under the management of a pie-ball corporation, however differing about their individual interests, always united in their opposition to democracy. However, he ventured against the odds, and the success of his mission will be gathered from the following narrative, and the report of the proceedings.

Mr. O'Connor was met at the Exeter station, at ten o'clock on Sunday night, by that excellent, intellectual, consistent, and unflinching patriot, Mr. Wilkinson, formerly Mayor of Exeter, and a numerous party of friends. Upon arriving at the hospitable and beautiful mansion of the ex-Mayor, his dining room was found too small for the accommodation of the several deputations, and his spacious drawing rooms were cheerfully thrown open for the reception of labour's sons, where from forty to fifty honest and respectable men and women, met in solemn, but not in secret council, as to the best mode of forwarding the interests of their order. The several sections spoke hopefully of the future, and secured a pledge from Mr. O'Connor of a long visit to Devonshire, when the several localities had manifested their desire of Gl...

several vociferously had manifested their love of Chartism, by recruiting their associations, and signing the national petition. At eight o'clock on Monday morning, Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Wilkinson started by train for Teignmouth, where they were met by a zealous and ardent Chartist and Tee-totaller, Mr. Garratt, an extensive Railway Contractor, to whose hospitable mansion they repaired for the purpose of awaiting the arrangements. Teignmouth is a fashionable bathing-place, the chosen resort of the aristocracy, and about twelve o'clock the lounging group of fashionables loitering upon the Den, and admiring the vast expanse of calm and quiet ocean, were roused and startled by the approach of distant music, and were presently surprised by the appearance of a very beautiful open van, occupied by the tee-total brass band, dressed in military uniforms, playing merry Chartist airs, and followed by a very handsome open carriage drawn by four "blood tits," with neatly dressed postboys. Having passed the Den, which is the fashionable promenade upon the coast, the van and carriage halted, and Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Elms, and two friends on the box, started for Newton, a distance of six miles and a half, amid the gaze of the astonished bathers, and the delight of the populace; passing through the principal streets of the town, which were crowded with spectators, while every window and door presented a fair share of the curious, and the band playing the while. As the party passed through the several villages in their way to Newton Abbott, the peaceful villagers, who had been made acquainted with the objects of the demonstration, cheered them on their way, and when the cavalcade had arrived within less than a mile of the town it was joined by a large procession of the men of Torquay, the most fashionable bathing-place in Devonshire, with a population of about ten thousand. These honest fellows, with another band that came from Newton Abbott, formed a beautiful procession of well-dressed respectable Chartists. And here Mr. 'Grath, who had come from London to assist in the conversion of Devonshire to the Chartist principles, joined, and entered the carriage. The procession was met at a distance from the entrance of the town by a vast concourse of persons, who cheered and cheered again, until the carriage arrived at the Globe Inn, where Mr. O'Connor and his friends remained until the necessary preparations are arranged for the public meeting. And at half-past two precisely, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. M'Grath, Mr. Tanner, of Totnes, Mr. Elms, Mr. Crews, and the Committee of Management, mounted the platform, and were received with the most rapturous cheers, and waving of hats of the men of Devonshire, in the open market-place of Newton Abbott. As soon as the cheering had subsided,

Mr. TANNER, of Totness, read the hand bill convening the meeting, and said, friends and men of Devonshire, little remains for me to do beyond the reading of the bill convening this meeting, except to propose a chairman to preside over our proceedings, nor am we at a loss for such a person. Mr. TANNER

will be glad to learn that in the person of Mr. Wilson, of Exeter—(loud and continued cheering)—the working classes of Devonshire are secure in the faithful representation of that gentlemen, therefore now propose him as a fit and proper person to preside over this meeting.

Mr. Kins, of Newton Abbot, seconded the appointment, which was carried by acclamation and without dissent.

Mr. Kins, in rising to open the meeting, was received with tremendous applause. He said, members of Devonshire, you have conferred upon me a high and distinguished honour to-day, and notwithstanding the invitation of the editor of *Woolmer's Gazette*, to the magistrates of this place, to be in attendance upon me, I have preferred to put down any consideration of my personal feelings—[loud cheering]—and to accept of the invitation which you have conferred upon me in the *Gazette*—[loud cheering]—to be present at this invitation as a threat for the purpose of intimidating the people, would nevertheless be answerable for the good conduct of his countrymen, and would save the magisterial office from trouble and interference. He said, he felt no ordinary pride and satisfaction in introducing himself to a Devonshire audience. Devonshire, where so little was done, and where so much might be done, if the industrious as well as the luxurious were allowed to participate in the blessings of Divine Providence, so loudly bestowed upon that favoured county, (loud cheers.) He also felt pride in introducing himself to an O'Connorian, conscientiously believing him to be the most philanthropic and benevolent man he had ever met with in the whole course of his life. (Cheers.) His continued exertions were to be benefited the people, to raise man to exalt himself, and to be benefited by his Maker and Creator he should enjoy. (Cheers.) Mightily were his efforts in regard to the land, and for the people, and for the county, and for the country, a successful and productive county, which may be made more fertile and still more productive by the application of its native industry to the native soil, and no man was more able or more capable of carrying out that mighty principle than was Mr. O'Connor. (loud cheers.) The chairman again expressed his confidence in the good conduct of the county, and said that would be the best answer to the anticipations of Mr. Woolmer, and concluded amidst loud cheers by introducing

Mr. M'Graw, who on rising was loudly cheered, he said—
 "If the talented gentleman occupying the chair,
 has been so long absent from our midst, it is
 known to most of them, had reason to be proud
 of his position, how much more reason had he, an entire
 stranger, to feel pleased by the greeting with which
 he now has been permitted to honour him. At the same time
 I am glad to see him here, promoted by his
 successful labours and exertions, interests, and causes, which
 you have deemed of importance, but never since this day
 began like Newton Abbot, did a nobler object
 engage its attention than that of the improvement
 of the people under a blue canopy." (Cheers.)
 "I am here in obedience to the impulse of the
 warmest of human feelings—patriotism. We are here
 in submission to the great fact of nature, which
 demands that we should be united for mutual
 aggression towards the goal of perfection. Our aim
 is man's elevation, social and political, through the
 restoration of the land of which he has been deprived
 of his rightful power, combined with inordinate avarice.
 It is the duty of every citizen to be interested
 by such a mighty theme, what is the
 centre of the heart that throbs not in the admiration
 of such a sublime object?" As the Poet has it,

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never within himself has found,
A better, nobler mind than his own,
To be a comrade, sufferer, lover, friend,
To men like him, my countrymen, that
Suffer and toil together with the oppressed,
Whom in the chains of slavery we have bound,
Whom in the hell of famine we have found,
Whom in the dungeons of our native land
We have enslaved, to lie and bleed in woe,
Grimed with shame, whose unwhimpered eye
Is forced to see the unwelcome glances
Which lurk in yours at ours, whose weary
Soul is festered by the ungodly,And godless things, which you have thought
To make your peace with, which have taken
A stony unfeelingness about your hearts,
Whom you have made slaves, whom you have made
To see their brethren toiling with the load,
And underneath the whip, beating the air
With cries of hunger and of woe."

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Mr. O'CONNOR was next introduced, amid the most enthusiastic applause. He said,—[If I cannot form a proper estimate from this great, this magnificent, this cheering demonstration, of the will, the power, and the mind, of the industrious inhabitants of this vicinity, I must come to the conclusion, that my last my mangled fame has burst like a radiant meteor through that murky haze by which faction endeavored to obscure it. (Loud cheers.) Their excellencies on Monday had a right to be proud of his position as chairman, notwithstanding the invitation of the non-serving folk, who writes for hire in a garret;—(cheers and laughter)—and who passes in the transit of opinions each new purchaser as a portion of the docile machinery. (Cheers.) These are the features which threaten most danger to institutions and society, by the vain endeavour of veiling their popular will from the eye of authority. (Cheers.) These, and not you, are the real parties from whom change is to be apprehended; but, however, as the non-serving tool has thought proper to herald my name your notice as a dangerous man; and, as he has added the insolence to nickname one of our friends, I will show him that, even in Devorshire, I can play the parson as well as him. His name is Edward Woolmer; his townsmen call him Neddy—I presume because, from his mental affinity to a long-eared German, (Cheers and laugh,) &c. He was once mayor of Exeter; and, as you know, though ever a parson is not a mare, yet every mare is a horse: so the earliest Neddy Woolmer, ex-mayor of Exeter, then the latest Neddy of Devorshire.

[He would now tell them why he came amongst them.] He would now tell them why he came amongst them, and for what purpose he was there. If he were to pry round the philosophy of the severest philosophers who courted the aid of the sciences as means of securing their own ascendency; and he would ask, which party's philosophy among those who told us a mere existence most affected us? the philosophy of Whiggy, which said,—“We are in office, in the hope that you may on some day be enabled to make an impression on our countenance,” or the philosophy of Toryism, which says,—“Honour and obey the King, and all that are in authority under him”—and thank God that you continue to permit that pauperism which marks the civilisation of your country.—(loud cheers.) Or the philosophy of political economy, which says,—“Buy the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market, while they have the power of afflicting the lower

standard to the only thing you have to sell—your labour; while they have the power of affixing the highest standard to the chief commodity you have to buy—your food; or the philosophy of Chartismism which says,—“Labour for yourself, produce for yourself, and consume the produce of your own labour, before there is a surplus for traffickers to speculate upon—(loud cheers)—and if the surplus of increased labour shall become so large that glutted markets shall reduce the price of provisions to such a point that each well-fed, well-housed, well-clothed landowner, sells but the surplus, after an abundant consumption.” (Cheers.) My friend, Mr. M’Grath, as given you clear and convincing statistics, as to the capabilities of the soil to sustain four times its present amount of population, gleaned from the testimony of those well informed upon the subject; but will give you an illustration that you can analyse for yourselves, ruminate upon in your solitude, and carry home to your retirement; it is this—and pay attention to the easy rule—can any man in Devonshire point out to me any ten acres in Devonshire, lying together, and cultivated to one-fourth of their highest power of bearing. (“No,” says the speaker.) Well, then, let us cultivate the land four times as well as it is now cultivated, and let the labourer that produces the increase be the first partaker of the fruits; and, you have the easy proof of the capability of the land to sustain four times its present amount of population. (Cheers.) I admit with Mr. M’Grath, my friends, that at under the present system each parish is overworked; but take one State pauper who nips the green grass from the fold, and the parish will be found large enough for the flock. In propounding the principles of the People’s Charter, and the question of the Land, to you, you are not to be led astray by the supposition that I am advocating idleness, or exemption from toll, or that I ask for any remission of labour; for, on the contrary, I ask that labour’s fruits should be unshackled, in order that the labourer may perform more work—BUT FOR HIMSELF. (Cheers.) I am not for promoting idleness, nor for distinguishing the idle; but my objection is to separate the willing from the unwilling idler—(loud cheers)—so that society may be able to say to the faithful idler of all classes, “Go out from amongst us; you have had an opportunity of living honourably upon the fruits of your own industry; if you have preferred idleness, and dependence upon others to industry and honourable remuneration, and if you will not labour you shall not partake of the fruits of our industry. (Loud cheers.) That’s my doctrine, a doctrine which will completely solve the problem of the Criminal Law, dispense with governmental sanitary improvement, education, aid, and a standing army—(loud cheers)—but the Criminal Law ought not to be a problem when the industry and discipline of a prison is preferable to the degradation of a poor house, and when the crime of idleness is more damning than offence against man-made laws. (Loud cheers.) Perhaps the GREAT HORSE OF DEVONSHIRE may say, that, in disturbing the exuberant and heartfelt loyalty of Her Majesty’s subjects of Devon, but my friends, am endeavouring to establish a system by which you may be loyal without being servile, which you may honour without fear, and love without coercion. (Cheers.) I confess that I do not possess that whimpering, capricious description of loyalty which teaches us to crouch slavishly at the footstool of royalty, or to bend the knee lowly before a patchwork minister, composed of the shreds of faction. (Loud cheers.) No, my loyalty tells me that I owe support only, and obedience only, to that and those which protect me from the possession and enjoyment and exercise of those rights, the use of which is not injurious to society at large, or to individuals like myself. (Loud cheers.) There is no greater piece of fancy patchwork than the loyalty by which we are told thrones are supported. Her Bishop of Exeter is, no doubt, loyal, but take away the substantial emblems of his office, and leave him but the distinction of title to rule upon and away flies his loyalty. (Cheers and laughter.) So with the parsons of Devonshire, take away their titles and their loyalty will vanish with them—(loud cheers)—and so with the landlords, and so with all classes, and take away the pay of the loyal soldier and you at once stop the stream of his loyalty at the source. Now, I wish you to have something to be loyal to, you cannot be loyal to a gorgeous cathedral and stupendous churches, which you are compelled to support against your will, and at the cost of your poor earnings; you cannot be loyal to the Whigs, Tories, and Free Traders, who traffic in your rights; you cannot be loyal to Lords and Commons who make laws to aid the wealthy in the distribution of the properties of the poor; you cannot be loyal to bishops, parsons, and landlords, to barristers and lawyers, to bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, to soldiers, sailors, and policemen, to gaoles, and Poor Law Bastilles, to shop keepers, that vote away your interest, to laws that oppress you, and society that wrongs you—(loud and continued cheering)—but I would have you be loyal to a system that cherishes his labour, protects his industry, defends his property, and enables him to live honestly upon the sweat of his own brow. (Cheers.) Show me the father who at will allows the growing child to nourish on a diet of slothful thoughts into habits that are equally retroactive of the lives, the liberties, and the properties of the poor and the rich. (Cheers.) Mr. M’Connor then entered into a lucid exposition of the capabilities of the soil and the principles of the co-operative Land Association. Then, said he, this is the new feature in Chartism, which enthusiastic ignorance assured me would destroy the sacred political principle, but I now appeal to a large body of sufferers who are struggling for the means of living by honourable labour, and I ask them if they have destroyed the spit by putting a leg of mutton upon it—(loud cheers and laughter)—or if anything, however, the working classes may rest satisfied, it is that rather than live upon their pennies I will become a practical illustrator of my own Land theory, by living as an independent gentleman upon two cleanings of land, rather than as a state pauper upon the cleanings of the poor man’s board. (Loud cheers.) I would ask that meeting whether they had it in their power to participate in the political benefits of the Reform Bill, or in the social improvements upon the increased commerce and manufacturers. (Shouts of approval to a bit.) Yes, they were mistaken, they were benefited in the highest degree—they had increased their civilization, as Sir Robert Peel told them, that increasing poverty was consequent upon increasing civilization. (Laughter.) Away, then, with civilization, and welcome, thrice welcome, barbarism, that barbarism which would not tolerate the improvement of the palace and the ruin of the cottage—that barbarism which would not laud the merchant for exchanging his cottage for a mansion, and brand the poor man as a conspirator and a criminal if he sought to exchange his slave-den for a freeman’s cottage. (Loud cheers.) He asked but for a governing scale by which all classes should unerringly participate in all improvements, but he protested

against the doctrine that the poor should exult appreciably upon the sweat of their brow while the privileged live luxuriously upon their labour (loud cheers.) These blessings, my friends, can only be obtained by you—the land can only be obtained for you—by Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Equal Representation, No Property Qualification for members of Parliament, and Payment of members for their public services. (Loud cheering and waving of hats.) Ah, but you are not fit for the enjoyment of those blessings! Seventy years ago, Fox and Richmond propounded them for the benefit of party, and from that hour to the present faction has let the demand by the charge of popular ignorance, while the same populace ignorantly contributed millions a year to the support of a state church, whose duty it is to educate you, to enlighten your minds and improve your understandings, to the right and wrong, between an honest man and a knave, which after all is the best qualification for a citizen. (Loud cheers.) Well, but in the face of this qualifying ignorance they should treat us by the same rule as they treat all other professions. The qualification for the church requires so much divinity, for the barrister so much mystery, for the lawyer so much roguery, for the doctor so much medicine, for the apothecary so much chemistry, and for the lawmakers so much ignorance. (Loud cheering and laughter.) Will they, even now, after seventy years' agitation, prescribe the electoral course, and whether it be ethics, logics, or the classics, natural history, heathen mythology or metaphysics, chemistry, mineralogy or geology, astrology, the use of the globes or political economy, he (Mr. O'Connor) will venture within a prescribed time to qualify the working classes in any of those mysterious branches. (Loud and continued cheering, and waving of hats.) They were qualified to pay rent, to buy arms, and in discovering their respective qualifications for the performance of these several services, no qualification was required beyond the will of the tyrants strong, and if mental qualification was necessary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his staff would perambulate the nation with a brain bag conceiving fools of their wisdom, idiots of their rationality, and the ignorant of their education. (Repeated cheers.) Luxurious hypocrites, do not revel upon paupers' sweat, designated him (Mr. O'Connor) as an unchristian dog, as an infidel, as a destroyer and destructive, because in obedience to his mission he had sought to carry out the injunction of his Creator by raising those who fall, and by comforting and assisting the weak-hearted. (Loud cheering.) He proclaimed it as an unnatural state of things that, while the bird had its nest, of which the young of each class would not deprive the weak of the tribe, that while the wild beasts of the field had their "jungle," their "lair," their "earth," their "cave," their "burrow," their hole, or their resting-place, that man, poor man, made from distincton after the image of his Maker, should alone hold no refuge from the storm, and the winter's blast, at the caprice of a tyrant by the system made more powerful than himself. (Loud and long continued cheering.) He protested against any system, any law, or any practice which deprived man of his habitation. It is folly to say that he occupies the property of another, and that failure of a contract which society will not allow him to fulfil, justly deprives him of his home; for I say, free him, unshackled with, and protect him, like other animals, and with more consideration, every son of the soil will soon erect his own habitation. (Loud cheers.) Do you then think that I am an unchristian dog, a destructive, and a destroyer? (No, no, and cheers.) No, my friends, to hate suffering would not pull down the mighty, to oppress, to your state of degradation; it, without injuring them, would raise you up to the standard of freedom, simply by throwing you upon your own resources, and placing you in the labour market, for the free exercise of your own industry, and the full, the free and undiminished enjoyment of your own produce. (Great cheering and waving of hats.) And when this experiment, made upon a national scale, shall fail, and when the sturdy oak is converted to the dust, and when the wild rose is levelled into a field for labour, when the heath grounds, the heaths, the wildernesses, and the barren wilds are subdued by your industry to supply man's wants, and when all England is one great garden, proclaiming her greatness through individual happiness, comfort and prosperity, instead of traffic, monopoly and speculation; then, if the Lord's gift to man shall be too small for the Lord's children in this land, I will join you in the search of other climes and other shores, but first I will make the experiment of St. Patrick "to banish the vermin." (Great cheering.) And to prove to you that I am governed by Christian feelings, and that I am only, and as we are no monopolists even in salvation, and as the parsons tell us that there must be tribulation, and weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and suffering, and woe, and sorrow in this earthly world, which God gave as a cherished gift to man, not as a seduction to quit before man can include salvation in the next world, in God's name, let the bishops, parsons, luxurious, voluptuous, and idle now qualify themselves for eternal salvation, by taking their share of tribulation, of sorrow, and of woe. (Loud cheers.) But, alas! my friends, of their assignment and division of the good things of life are like the prize money and the bullets in the navy, the officers getting the largest share of the prize money, and the sailors more than their fair proportion of the shot. (Cheers and laughter.) The ship was once going into action, when the first lieutenant saw an able seaman kneeling and praying at a gun. D—n your eyes, said he, with contempt, what are you doing there? Praying, you know, says Jack, that the officers may have the largest share of the shot to-day as they will of the prize. (Roars of laughter.) Mr. O'Connor threatened the fallacy of the Small Farm system being the ruin of Ireland. I'll tell you, said he, what can ruin Ireland's misery and her poverty. Suppose a peasant takes twenty acres of land from a landlord and found an acre, he very soon increases the value of that land to twenty-five shillings an acre, and as the landlord of straw can break a tenant of steel the multiplying tyrant landlord trusts the legitimate owner of one fifth of the entire property from his possession and makes a pauper, a thief, and a rebel of the disinherited slave. So, my friends, while wages are low and poverty is universal in Ireland, I use the situation of Ireland in illustration of the value of the land, because I shew you that while 84, a labourer can earn, the man who had raised the value of the twenty acres from £20 to £25 a year will have earned, £5 a year for ever, or £100 at 5 per cent. within three years, or £33 a year after living, for he has increased the value in less than three years. What even in poor Ireland, you see, labour, unprotected, would soon work out its own salvation without being a beggar at England's door. (Loud cheering.)

continued cheering.)—Now, that's my policy, not to make you idle, but to make you work twice as hard; to induce you to work job-work every hour in the day, and every day in the year, that you are able; and to have the same consoling hope that all the other classes have, that your toil is sweetened by the cheering reflection, that you hasten the day of retirement, comfort, and honourable ease. And why should you not? Why does the barrister flay by the dull lamplight? Why does the farmer plod through the day? Why does the shopkeeper, after a day of exhaustion and toil, though wearied, still stand at the counter in the hope of a stray customer, if he because his labour is sweetened by the hope of an earlier day of retirement and release from toil (loud cheering.) There is a home in old age for the great and the sailor, for the peacemaker and the warrior; there is compensation for the tribes of labourers; those services were never needed; there is superannuation for the young sons of the aristocracy, the wealthy, and the powerful, when business becomes irksome; but, alas! there is no home and no refuge in old age for the ill-worshaped, whose whose industry all have lived, and all of whom have sucked his blood through life, at the bedside, the dead house, and the pauper's old grave: (great sensation.) I am now drawing to close. And, oh, that those who have supposed that at the addition of a five-penned cottage, for acres of land, £30, and a lease for ever, would have enlarged the People's Charter—(cheers, and so, on.)—Oh, my friends, while I am here, in the midst of our hills, and surrounded by those who never saw before, it is my pride, and my consolation, and my protection, to know that I have left behind me in Hertfordshire, thirty five dumb but eloquent expounders of the principles of the People's Charter—(loud and continued cheering.) Yes, my friends, the Villa and the Land can inspire thought and courage; and confidence and action, while eloquence could fail to convince—(loud cheers.) I would ask a sceptical, whether the experiment in Hertfordshire has damaged: (Gentleman in that county?) Or, would ask, have I not supplied a ready answer to his passer by, when questioned as to the meaning of the People's Charter. When the most ignorant could find to receive knowledge from the most eloquent words, or the most simple explanation, where can the man, however dull or steeped in ignorance, who will fail to comprehend the meaning of a Home in which no tyrant can eject him—Land, our which he may discover the value of free labour, and capital, to enable him to contend against the disadvantages of poverty—(wonderous cheering.) And, now, I have placed the slave-class in those lovely habitations of their own, I will have erected a monument of gratitude in each possessor's heart; and when our labours are ended, and when called upon to settle my last account, I may proudly lay my head upon my pillow, and dying, exclaim, "Thank God! I have left the world better than I found it!" Mr. O'Connor retired amid the most enthusiastic applause and excitement we ever witnessed.

Mr. TANNER then moved, and Mr. ELMS seconded, the following resolution, which was carried by acclamation:—

"That this meeting highly approve of Mr. O'Connor's object, and the object of the Chartist Co-operative Land Society; and we hereby pledge ourselves to do all in our power to give effect thereto, by using our best effort; for its extension throughout this country, and taking effectual means for rousing the working population from their present degraded position in society."

A gentleman on the platform proposed a resolution to the chairman, which Mr. O'Connor seconded. In a speech highly complimentary to Mr. Williams, the chairman briefly returned thanks, and Mr. O'Connor called for three cheers for the Union and the Charter, which was responded to with a loud and hearty good will, amid waving of hats. He then called for three cheers for Mr. Duncombe, which was also responded to with a loud and hearty good will. Mr. O'Connor then proposed a resolution, which was responded to with a loud and hearty good will, and the meeting then separated, giving three cheers for Messrs. O'Connor and Mr. Williams.

THE TEA PARTY.

This splendid entertainment took place in the large ball-room of the Globe Hotel, where about 250 highly respectable people, men and women, sat down to a very excellent dinner, well arranged for party; however, so great was the enthusiasm that the ladies were compelled to divide the company into two parties. The orchestra was occupied by the splendidly selected and all-round band, and nothing could surpass the good feeling, good feeling, and decorum, that prevailed. The reputations from nearly all parts of Devonshire came from Plymouth; from Exeter; from Tiverton; from Tavistock; from Ashburton; from Teignmouth; from Totnes, Torquay, and various other districts, were present, some having walked a distance of over 10 miles, and all expressing themselves more than satisfied with the arrangements made for the evening. When the ceremony of tea drinking was over, Mr. Wilkinson was again called upon to preside, and in a hearty cheer of his fellow countrymen and neighbours, and we feel assured that that highly respected and gifted individual must have felt flattered at his

[illegible]

them from devoting much of their time to the study of the science of politics or political principles. To this he replied, saying, "that he knew more about politics than I did; because he had more time to read the newspapers than I." Had he not been a clergyman, and a good, hearty, honest one he is—I would have told him that that great man, the late Mr. Cobden, said of that class of politicians who rely upon newspapers for their knowledge of political principles: he classed them all under the head "Pot-house politicians." I merely mention this circumstance to illustrate the complete and total state of political ignorance in which the poor associates, the payer of a shilling, must be, when a parish priest, and a good one, too, was under the impression, that Mr. O'Connell was seeking for a Repeal of the Union, and that he himself was a profound politician because he had leisure to read Repeal speeches in Repeal newspapers.

But to return to "Young Ireland," for whose will blindness there is no excuse; because they were on the spot; they had daily intercourse with their "angst leader;" they tied with that drunken buffoon, and ill-bred, vulgar sycophant, Tom Steele, in fulsome adulations of the sublime effects of Conciliation Hall. They were present on Monday, the 14th of August, 1846, when Mr. O'Connell made the following offer of the Repeal movement to the Duke of Wellington:—

"He (Mr. O'Connell) found that, on the coast of Newfoundland much blood had been shed by the sailors of an English ship, and the Duke of Wellington must have sent to draw troops out of Ireland when his right to shoot Frenchmen was disputed by France on more than equal terms. (Hear, hear.) But let me interest Ireland in his cause, and he might set the water of Ireland in Spain, if he had not the Irish people to sustain him. He (Mr. O'Connell) would now offer to sell him a good bargain; he would give him Ireland, if he gave Ireland justice."

Now, the proprietor of the *Nation* was not only present when this offer to sell the Repeal movement to the Tory administration was formally made, but handed in the sum of £40 9s., Repeal rent, with one word of remonstrance against this lease offer.

The "Young Ireland" party were present upon several other occasions when offers were made to abandon Repeal upon similar conditions. This being the case what right had they to refuse compliance with the ridiculous resolutions recently proposed by Mr. John O'Connell? Compliance with those moral force resolutions was not half nor quarter so degrading as the slavish silence observed upon several occasions, when it was not only plainly stated, but actually resolved, that the Repeal agitation should not disparage the agitators' claims on the government, the pledged foes of Repeal.

In my next letter, I shall have a word to write the Rev. Daniel Heane of Manchester; with the Rev. Dr. Milley of Dublin; and with His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, touching his last letter to Lord Russell and other matters. It shall also contain some very interesting extracts from Mr. O'Connell's speeches, letters and resolutions, showing how dexterously the poor working classes were wheeled about, and turned about, during the last forty-six years, and left twenty-three times worse off than they were when their benefactor gave them the first turn. In the meantime, I beg of them to bear in mind that no man is their friend, but the man who will help them to get the franchise for every male inhabitant of this Empire, (in *fante, inane persons, and criminals, only excepted*.) This is the plain simple text by which you, my countrymen, can distinguish your friend from your enemy. It will not give you much trouble to learn it, nor to teach it to others.

PATRICK O'HIGGINS.
Dublin, Sept. 6th, 1846.

To Readers & Correspondents.

Mr. THOMAS BANGHAM.—Send your address—enclose your postage stamps, and we will send the plate by post.

THE MILITIA.—The following communication, which was issued from the War Office on Wednesday evening, Sept. 9, will put at rest, all events, for the present, any further speculation and excitement regarding the embodying of the militia. What the intentions of the present Government may be with regard to the future it is impossible to say; but with that nothing can occur until the next meeting of Parliament should be generally known. The letter dated Sept. 9, and signed by Mr. Fox Maule, Deputy Secretary at War, proceeds thus:—"With reference to the circular communications from the War Office, dated 23rd May and 27th June last, on the subject of reorganising the staff of the Regiment of Militia under your command, I have the honour to acquaint you that it is not intended at present to take any further measures for reorganising the staff of the Militia, nor for assembling that force for training and exercise. I have, therefore, to request that, in all cases where any sergeant belonging to the corps under your command has been admitted to the out-pension list, you will be pleased to suspend the filling up of this vacancy, and also any vacancies which might have existed by the death of Militia men, until such establishment of the staff, until the course to be taken by Her Majesty's Government in reference to the Militia shall have been further considered."

A Multitude of Poets must wait for the "Peas."

Several communications prepared for insertion are excluded for this week by press of matter.

Secretaries, when sending notices of meetings, notices, &c., for the *Northern Star* are requested to write on separate sheets or slips of paper, as much unnecessary trouble is occasioned by having them to copy for the Star.

Mr. O'CONNOR'S MANIFESTO.—The great length with which we have reported the proceedings of meetings, compels us to withhold Mr. O'Connell's manifesto until next week.

ERRATA.—I am directed by the sub-committee of the Crippleghat branch of the Co-operative Land Society, meeting at Cartwright's Coffee-house, to correct an error in last Saturday's *Star*, viz. placing the money I paid to the credit of Section No. 1, instead of Section No. 2.

JOHN ARNETT.—Both the "Song" and the proffered service accepted, with thanks.

JOHN GARNETT.—We are compelled to postpone the publication of your letter till next week.

GEORGE CAVILL.—Received. Will any of No. 2, be wanted?

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Those who are interested in the subject of lamps and improved gas burners would do well to attend one of Mr. John Ryan's excellent lectures at the above-named establishment, on artificial light. So clear and defined is the Professor's method of handling the subject, that dull in fact must be the comprehension of that man, who fails to become master of the theory of combustion, and the laws of the flame. In his lectures, the learned doctor is careful in pointing out the laws of combustion, the nature of our hydro-carbon flame, in order that light may be produced. His experiments, in proof of these positions, were certainly most apt and successful, and especially the separation of solid carbon from olefiant gas. We could not help noticing, however, that the necessary exclusion of the mixed gases in the experiment caused the doctor most acute pain. In fact, we learnt with great regret, that so enthusiastic a student, and so venturesome, that more than once he has been carried home in a state of great exhaustion, after a lecture of this kind.

ART UNION OF LONDON.

Having been favoured with an invitation, we visited the Institution, in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, on Tuesday last, to see the exhibition of the works of art, selected by the prize holders of the year 1846, and now exhibiting at the above Institution.

"The Gow Chrom" reluctantly conducting the Glee Maiden to a place of safety is a beautiful picture, by R. S. Lander. "The Passing Thought," by T. F. Marshall, is a right merrie conceit, executed in a style, as is also "The Village Rivalry."

"The arrival at a dried-up in the desert," admirably illustrates the despair of the poor camel-driver. There are a great variety of subjects, such as "Sun rise," "Sun set," "Miss Harefield gives the letter to Dolly Vard," the last greatly admired. "The first Italian for beggins," "The Italian dancing," "Italian for beggins," "The Italian dancing of Love," "Sea views," medallions, &c., &c., amounting in number to 264 subjects, presenting great variety of breath and colouring, suited to the diversity of tastes extant. No one can visit the gallery without experiencing much pleasure and gratification at the mental feast he must enjoy. The necessary exclusion of the mixed gases in the experiment caused the doctor most acute pain. In fact, we learnt with great regret, that so enthusiastic a student, and so venturesome, that more than once he has been carried home in a state of great exhaustion, after a lecture of this kind.

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KIDDERMINSTER.

Mr. O'Connell will address the Chartists of Kidderminster on Monday evening next.

RECEIPTS OF THE CHARTIST CO-OPERATIVE LAND SOCIETY.

PER MR. O'CONNOR.	SECTION No. 1.	SECTION No. 2.
Sutton-in-Ashfield, per C. Meakin	0 16 3	0 16 3
Artichoke Inn Locality, Brighton, per W. Flower	0 5 0	0 5 0
City of London, per J. Dunn	2 2 8	2 2 8
Halifax, per C. W. Smith	1 7 0	1 7 0
Stockport, per T. Woodhouse	2 0 0	2 0 0
Carlisle, per J. Gilbertson	1 18 6	1 18 6
Dalston, per T. Horby	1 10 0	1 10 0
Nottingham, per J. Sweet	3 0 0	3 0 0
Norwich, per J. Hurry	2 0 0	2 0 0
Winchester, per M. Griffiths	1 6 0	1 6 0
Birmingham, per W. Thom	1 5 10	1 5 10
Exeter, per F. Clark	1 13 0	1 13 0
Sunderland, per H. Haines	1 18 0	1 18 0
Albany, per J. Roberts	1 10 0	1 10 0
Ashton-under-Lyne, per E. Hobson	1 19 8	1 19 8
Huddersfield, per J. Stead	8 3 2	8 3 2
Leicester, per A. Astill	3 8 8	3 8 8
Manchester, per J. Murray	2 2 9	2 2 9
	£37 14 6	£37 14 6

PER GENERAL SECRETARY.

SECTION No. 1.	SECTION No. 2.
Sutton-in-Ashfield, per C. Meakin	0 12 0
Galston, per G. Smith	4 12 1
Artichoke Inn Locality, Brighton, per W. Flower	0 19 0
City of London, per J. Dunn	1 7 0
Halifax, per C. W. Smith	1 19 0
Carlisle, per J. Gilbertson	1 1 0
Dalston, per T. Horby	0 6 0
Nottingham, per J. Sweet	0 12 2
Norwich, per J. Hurry	0 18 3
Winchester, per M. Griffiths	0 13 0
Birmingham, per W. Thom	0 11 6
Exeter, per F. Clark	0 11 6
Sunderland, per H. Haines	0 24 8
Albany, per J. Roberts	0 24 8
Ashton-under-Lyne, per E. Hobson	5 9 10
Bradford, per J. Alderson	4 0 0
Leicester, per A. Astill	11 10 0
Manchester, per J. Murray	2 2 9
	£56 10 9

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Galston, per G. Smith	4 12 1
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City of London, per J. Dunn	1 7 0
Halifax, per C. W. Smith	1 19 0
Carlisle, per J. Gilbertson	1 1 0
Dalston, per T. Horby	0 6 0
Nottingham, per J. Sweet	0 12 2
Norwich, per J. Hurry	0 18 3
Winchester, per M. Griffiths	0 13 0
Birmingham, per W. Thom	0 11 6
Exeter, per F. Clark	0 11 6
Sunderland, per H. Haines	0 24 8
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Bradford, per J. Alderson	4 0 0
Leicester, per A. Astill	11 10 0
Manchester, per J. Murray	2 2 9
	£56 10 9

PER GENERAL SECRETARY.

SECTION No. 1.	SECTION No. 2.
Sutton-in-Ashfield, per C. Meakin	0 12 0
Galston, per G. Smith	4 12 1
Artichoke Inn Locality, Brighton, per W. Flower	0 19 0
City of London, per J. Dunn	1 7 0
Halifax, per C. W. Smith	1 19 0
Carlisle, per J. Gilbertson	1 1 0
Dalston, per T. Horby	0 6 0
Nottingham, per J. Sweet	0 12 2
Norwich, per J. Hurry	0 18 3
Winchester, per M. Griffiths	0 13 0
Birmingham, per W. Thom	0 11 6
Exeter, per F. Clark	0 11 6
Sunderland, per H. Haines	0 24 8
Albany, per J. Roberts	0 24 8
Ashton-under-Lyne, per E. Hobson	5 9 10
Bradford, per J. Alderson	4 0 0
Leicester, per A. Astill	11 10 0
Manchester, per J. Murray	2 2 9
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PER GENERAL SECRETARY.

THE MURDER AT CHESTERFIELD.—The adjourned inquest was resumed on Thursday, when several other witnesses were examined, among whom was the mother of Collis. The evidence tended strongly to the crimination of Platt. At the conclusion of the inquest, the jury, after deliberating about twenty minutes, returned a verdict of "Willful Murder against John Platt. We shall give the evidence next week.

