





Trent-side, attributable, to the very changed  
 weather.



## Poetry.

## A LAY OF LABOUR.

By 'THE BELFAST MAN.'

I love the springs your shuttle spins;  
As o'er the polished rose it reels;  
God bless the hand that does command  
The shuttle's life, and the wheel's wheels.  
Each tread, each foot, untied, and knit  
By misery's freezing fingers drawn;  
On every thread that hope would spread  
Before my tolling artizan.  
In dewy grey the morning ray  
Is flitting round your window-pane,  
And love, I knew, an hour or so  
Will bring us broad and bright again,  
What lack of gold cannot withhold—  
That light which Heaven the humblest man  
As freely gave as to the knave  
Who spurns my toll-paid artizan.  
'Tis true that rest, my soul's request,  
Were more than I have to my lot;  
But laugh or weep, or toll or sleep,  
The man of rents must have his due.  
Nor should we mourn, there's many a turn  
Before we reach the bourne of life—  
And if we start with soul and heart  
The path cannot be all like this.  
But human toll's a sterile soil—  
If all the spirit be not there—  
The path we'd walk the soul must chide,  
And memory guard my heart from care;  
And while we strain with care and pain,  
Remember, love, each worldly view,  
When sought right, reveals a light  
That leads us safely Heavenward too.  
For stations high not ours to sigh,  
Or seek them out unbidden earth—  
A sickly flower is wealth or power  
If reared upon our ruined hearts;  
And crowns of kingly (or of things)  
May for the wretched's cheeks as wan  
As even shine, whose dewy shine  
Proclaims the night-woman artizan.  
Be Mary's throne your heart's love,  
Let love and labour bring the rest,  
And power shall be the same to me  
As to this babe upon my breast;  
And wealth—this store I value more  
Than garden-woods of deathless bloom—  
My tolling son, my infant son,  
My wheel and your good harness loom.  
Tha thought your brow is paler now,  
The blower of my mill is my girlish heart;  
So let it be, it has to be,  
Was never, love, its better part;  
The sorrow stain is not the brain  
Where angel thought matures the plan,  
For bird or flower, or town or tower,  
To swell beneath the artizan.  
But, see, the sky grows blue and high,  
And flashing is each window-pane;  
Now, thank you, Heaven, at last you're given  
To the light of your own day.  
And to each gleam of rising sun  
Reveals the rosy thum-drum keel—  
God bless the hand that can command  
That music from the shuttle's wheel.  
Buster of Ulster.

## SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

MASANELLO'S CALL TO THE NEOPOLITANS.  
Air—'The Queen, God Bless her.'

To my light-tongued guitar, 'neath the sweet orange tree,  
I sing when my labour was done,  
Till the voice of my country call'd loudly on me—  
'Awake from thy slumber, my son!  
There's a spirit that lies in the meadow disguise  
That will burst into glory and power,  
When the time is at hand for that spirit to rise—  
And now, brothers, now is the hour!  
Not for joys of ambition, or lust of the gold,  
The wants of the wretched who toil for the ground,  
But for time to waste upon the reading of novels and romances;  
Having, however, looked into these volumes  
We have been sufficiently fascinated to be induced  
To read on; and having read two volumes we  
Feel bound to recommend this work to our readers.  
These two vols. form Nos. 2 and 10 of *The Par-  
ticular Library*, a series not more commendable for  
extraordinary cheapness than for the excellence of  
the volumes which have up to this time been issued.  
We trust that the efforts of Messrs Simms  
and McIntyre find, and will continue to find, that support  
from the public which will warrant a persever-  
ance in their present course of public usefulness.  
These volumes are so cheap that it is almost an  
injustice to the publisher to do more than recom-  
mend them. We shall, therefore, not attempt any  
lengthy notice of them; but we give a few extracts.  
We must, however, state that the time of Part I  
of the story is laid in the reign of Louis XV., some  
twenty years before the breaking out of the great  
Revolution, but even at that period the signs of the  
times were ominous of the coming hurricane.  
The story has a greater and a lesser hero; the former,  
Joseph Balsamo, the sorcerer, the latter, Gilbert,  
an orphaned and abandoned boy, who, by the aid  
of the staff of which Nature makes her heroes. These  
two meet during a thunder-storm. Gilbert has been  
reading *Le Contrat Social* by Rousseau. Being asked  
by Balsamo what he has learned from this book?  
Gilbert answers—  
'Things that I have guessed.'  
'How so?'  
'Why that men are brothers—that societies in which  
there are serfs or slaves are ill-constituted—that one  
of us shall all be equal.'  
'Oh, ho! said the sorcerer.  
Balsamo having taken refuge from the storm at  
the Borne de Tavernery's, is enlightened by that  
specimen of the 'old school' on his views of  
THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.  
'The philosophers are wretches as mischievous as they  
are ugly—the monarchy will be ruined by their opinions—  
no one laughs now—they read—they read—and what  
do I pray you? Sentiments like this—'I am a  
citizen, and not a subject—'I am a man, and not a  
beast.'—Or this—'Monarchy is an institution in-  
vented for the corruption of the morals of men, and the  
purpose of enslaving them.' Or else this—'If the  
power of kings comes from God, it comes as diseases  
and other scourges of the human race from him.' You  
call that improving, I hope! A virtuous people! No,  
I say, you, of what use would they be? Every-  
thing goes wrong since the king spoke to Voltaire,  
and read Diderot!

## Reviews.

MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN. By Alexander

Dumms. London: Simms and McIntyre, 13, Pat-

ernoster-row, and 26, Donegal-street, Belfast.

Every one has heard of the author of *Monte  
Christo*, the gentleman who makes books by steam—  
and books, too, that are more widely read than the  
productions of any other author of the present day,  
not excepting even Eugene Sue. We are but little  
acquainted with this author's works; indeed we have  
not time to waste upon the reading of novels and ro-  
mances; having, however, looked into these vol-  
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THE MAGIC MIRROR.

I could beg your royal highness not to irritate me

by such a question as I am but an instrument of Pro-

vidence to enlighten you on those sorrows which await you.

Insult fortune, if you will—the king can revenge

himself; but for me, I am but the gloomy herald of the

misfortunes she has in store for you.'

Then it appears that misfortunes await me? said

the daydreamer, mildly, touched by Balsamo's respectful

cautions.

'Yes, terrible misfortunes.'

'First—let my family be happy!'

'That which you have left, or that to which you

are going!'

'Oh, my—my family—my mother, my brother Joseph

my sister Caroline!'

'Your misfortunes will not reach them.'

'They are mine alone, then.'

'They are yours, and these of your new family.'

The royal family of France includes three princes:

the Duke de Berry, the Count de Provence, and the

Count d'Artois: what will be their fate?

'They will all reign.'

'Then I shall have no children?'

'You will have children.'

'Not sons.'

'Some of them sons.'

'My sorrow, then, will be caused by their death?'

'Yes, if they die, but, most will you

grieve that the other lives.'

'Will my husband love me?'

'Yes, too well.'

'Shall I not, then, be able to bear my grief, sup-

ported by my husband and my family?'

'Neither will support you.'

'The love of my people will still be mine?'

'The people—the ocean in a calm—have you seen

the ocean in a storm, madam?'

'By doing good I shall prevent the storm; or, if it

rise, I shall rise above it.'

'The higher the waves the deeper the abyss.'

'God will defend me.'

'Alas! there are heads which he himself foredooms!'

'What mean you, sir; shall I not, then, be queen?'

'Yes, madam; but should I have that you were

not to be trifled with?'

'He continued silent.'

'You know no more,' she said, contemptuously;

'your imagination is exhausted.'

'My knowledge of the future is not exhausted,

and; and my knowledge of the future is not exhausted,

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and; and my knowledge of the future is not exhausted,

'I shall take good care not to do any such thing;

Sarcasms. Instead of decreeing him a bronze statue,

they would then decree him one of gold. Let them

alone, *Mon Dieu!* he will look even uglier in bronze

than in flesh and blood!'

'Then your Majesty desires that the matter should

take its own course?'

'Let us understand one another, Sarcasms! Desire is

not the word. I should be very glad to put an end to

these things, certainly; but how can I if it is impos-

sible. The time is past when royalty could say to the

spirit of philosophy, as God says to the ocean, 'Thus far

shall we go and no farther!': To blame loudly but

uselessly the ocean, the spirit of philosophy, or the

that would only serve to show our own weakness. Let

us turn away our eyes, Sarcasms, and pretend not to

see.'

'The minister sighed.'

'At least, said he, if I do not punish the men, let

us suppress their works. Here is a list of books,

which, in my opinion, should instantly be proscribed;

some attack the throne, some the altar; some teach re-

bellion, others sacrilege.'

'The king took the list, and read in a languid voice:

'The Sacred Contagion; or, the Natural History of

Superstition.'

'The System of Nature; or, Laws of the Physical and

Moral World.'

'Instructions of the Capuchin at Ragusa, to Brother

Pedro, on his setting out for the Holy Land.'

He had not read one-fourth of the list, when he let it

fall; whilst an expression of sadness and dejection over-

whelmed his usually unexpressed countenance. He re-

mained thoughtful, and for some minutes, seemed quite

overcome.

'Sarcasms said he, 'I am not a man of letters, I

take to me the world, let others try it.'

'The minister looked at him with that perfect under-

standing of his wishes, which the king loved in those

who approached him, as it served him the trouble of

thinking and acting.

'A tranquil life, said he—'a tranquil life—is

what that our Majesty wishes?'

'The king smiled.'

'O yes,' said he, 'I ask for nothing else from your

philosophers, encyclopedists, theurgists, illuminists,

poets, economists, journalists—tribes that come one

knows not whence—that are always bustling, writing,

croaking, calculating, calculating, preaching, con-

claiming. Let them be crowned—let statues be raised

to them—let temples be built to them—but let them

leave me in peace.'

'The Masque of Anarchy' by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The Right of Free Discussion. By Thomas Cooper,

M. D.

These are three of the publications which, advertised

in the Northern Star, have frightened the celebra-

ted Dr. Cantwell from his propriety; three

publications which, though very small in size, con-

tain a vast deal more of common sense than has yet

appeared, or is likely to appear, in the British

Banner; and as to Christianity—if that is to be measured

by 'brotherly love,' then would it be well if the

intolerant priest of the 'Tribune' could lay his hands

on his heart and declare, 'I am as good a Christian

as Shelley, Cooper, and Lamennais!'

'The Masque of Anarchy' (to which is added

'Queen Liberty' and 'Lines' 'To the Men of England'),



longer to the Whigs, and mean to put themselves in training once more for seats on the Treasury benches. This resolve has led to a very distinct intimation from Sir Robert that he, at least, is determined at present to have nothing to do with office. He enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* too keenly, it appears, to feel any desire to be again encumbered with the cares and anxieties of Premier. He has, therefore, also abandoned his position of leader of his party, which thereupon promoted the Earl of Lincoln to the vacant throne. These changes in the constitution and management of the Government, however, have not been

To the important Bill, introduced by the Secretary for Ireland, on the subject of Tenant Right in Ireland, we will give more attention at a subsequent stage of its existence. We content ourselves, at present, with stating that the bringing it forward at this early period of the Session, is creditable to the Ministry, and will give the House time to maturely consider a question which is certainly surrounded with many difficulties. Two other Bills

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which was defeated last year on the second reading by Sir R. Inglis, and his trusty band of out-and-out Churchmen, has this year, under the pilotage of Mr Anstey, reached the farther stage of being committed. Whether that implies that the degradations and penalties, which still

blot the Statute Book, are really this time to be swept away, or whether the Bill may yet be defeated, and another struggle have to be made, before the bigotry of the age is finally overcome, we cannot predict. The majority (thirty-two), in we fear, too small to ensure success. Even should it pass the Commons, it will have to undergo the ordeal of the Lords, who may feel disposed to show their power of veto on a bill sent up to them by so small a majority.

In the course of the debate the Earl of Arundel and Surrey produced a copy of the Northern Statute Book.

for the star, and read from it an advertisement of what he termed "infidel books," for the purpose of showing that the open and wide sale of such works demanded the union of all classes of religionists, including even Jesuits, in order to stem the progress of doctrines which his lordship holds in abhorrence. Lord Arundel, however, did not fall into the mistake of Dr Campbell, and impudently to this journal the advocacy of the opinions propounded in the works announced in its advertising columns. If his friends, the Jesuits, have any desire to avail themselves of our extensive circulation to make known their works, we

shall be most happy to make room for their advertisements upon the usual terms. Apart from the object for which the *Star* was exhibited in Parliament, we feel gratified at the circumstance. It shows that the aristocracy consult the columns of this great organ of the Democracy, not only of Britain but of the Continent. May their study of its contents lead to their enlightenment!

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To the discussion on the Currency Question, the new Bill for Establishing Diplomatic Relations with Rome, and the important speech of

Lord John Russell on bringing forward the Budget, we must advert next week.

## To Readers & Correspondents.

THE LAND.—It would be wholly and entirely out of the power of Mr O'Connor to answer me in every twenty of the letters he receives, and to the same of all comments, the conditions of membership, and a thousand other questions of detail, some of which are answered in the rules, and others should be addressed to the directors. This notice must be taken as general.

REPUBLICAN.—Permit me to state, in reference to Mr Tomlinson, that it was true he was placed on the plan to lecture at the time specified, but I have reason to believe, after long waiting in vain, that Mr Tomlinson has not yet given notice in the Hall, and that he has not yet been notified.

engagements prevented him attending to his appointments; and, injunctive to Mr. Tomlinson, I have to state, that, in the event of his being unable to do so, I am accordingly having announced Mr. Tomlinson to lecture, when he is engaged elsewhere. Mr. Tomlinson, though no longer on our 'plan,' is still engaged by various associations as a lecturer, and is still engaged by the Halifax Chartist Association, to lecture there, when he is able to do so for himself. I have to state that I have no desire to throw any obstacle in his way, or say anything in disparagement of him as a lecturer, but as he is apprehensive, in the event of his not being able to do so, that a false impression may have been made on the minds of individuals through the country, I have further to state, that I have no knowledge of him extending to, I believe him to be a conscientious, honest democrat. G. WEBSTER, district secretary.

**PRESS OF MATTER** compels the postponement of some

Mrs. HANCOCK writes from London Bridge, Bridge Road, London, E.C. 4, enclosing a copy of the London shoemakers, and Mr Burley's letter.

Mr KYDD - Mr Morgan, 39, Butcher-row, Deptford, wishes to know Mr Kydd's address.

FALLING - We have sent your letter to the Chartist Executive.

JULIAN HANNAY has received a letter from H. Bernard, and M. Francis Russell, for the Fraternal Democrats.

WILLIAM DUFFY - Thanks for your letter; it shall have our attention.

MR SEATON, Leicester.-Your London publisher must supply you with the portraits.

WM. BURNLEY Cambridge.-We cannot find room for your letter.

GRAND NATIONAL REFORM BANQUET.-W. Webb suggests a grand National Reform banquet, to which should be invited all the members of the various reform societies.

M.P.'s Thomas Wakley, M.P., W. G. Fox, M.P., George

Thompson, M. P., Colonel Thompson, M. P., John  
Connell, M. P., S. O'Brien, M. P., William Wil-  
son, M. P., John O'Connell, M. P., James J. Esq.,  
Messrs West, John Hanley, Ernest Jones, M.  
Grath, Class, &c., &c. Our correspondent forgets  
that the invitation notes were sent on the occasion of the  
late Chartist dinner. He is, however, quite right in re-  
sponding to the appearance of one real, lone member  
—Mr O'Connor! We may add, that he can answer for  
John Hanley, that he would be very sorry to breathe  
the words of the late Mr O'Connell and some other hum-  
bugs named in the above list.

ROBERT PRIDEN calls upon the Chartists to abandon the  
use of taxed drinks and tobacco. R. P. says:—The  
Chartist staff and the Chartists' pockets are in income tax  
as much as the Government's. The Government has  
alone kept the government going. Second, we know  
knowingly that taxes raised on strong drink and tobacco  
amount to about fourteen millions, and the working

to co-operate with me and become abstinent in your duty to at least ten out of the fourteen millions in your own pockets, instead of giving it to those who will rob.

W. GRIFFIN, Birmingham.—You had better lay your plan before the local meetings of the Land members.

T. GIBSON.—You may get the books of Mr. Watson, published by the Queen's Head-publishing, Paternoster-row, London.

"WILFRED," and "ROBERT CORSE."—No room.

TIVERTON.—A letter from Julian Harney to the electors of the county of Devon, in which he would share the fate of some others, stand over till next year.

CAUTION.—Wm Parker, a native of Leatherhead, in the county of Surrey, and who describes himself as having been a member of the late "Faringham man," has decamped with a sum of money subseverally obtained from the late Pittman, his fellow workman, he having one deaf child

two and nearly so. The said Wm Parker having at the time of the said murder, a wife and child - about eight weeks old - in great distress, and being unable to sustain against a violent confidence in so bare and humiliating a plan. I remain, sir, your obedient, humble servant, and am very truly, Sir, Dear Sir, Yours, Henry to the Cordwainers' Operative Society, Dartford.

NOTE. - I should feel under great obligation to any reader of the Northern STAR who will furnish me with the names and addresses of the wife of a poor man, named Michael DRIEDGER, who was killed at or near West Gaff Island, when the unfortunate ship Captain Whitney was wrecked. This poor woman gave me the address to bury the body of a lady who perished at the time. My object is to communicate to this kind-hearted woman, and to permit her a substantial evidence of her husband's death, and of the nature of the said vessel's destruction, and of the part of the world that such a vessel of commerce was engaged in.

tioned in a foreign land."—WILLIAM RIDGE, NORTHERN Star office.

JOSEPH S. SPRAGUE, of Hull, wishes to refer his Pockington friends in the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, to the Address from Hull in the Star of January 1st, 1848. Parties writing to him must send their names and address.

D. J. HARRIS, of the Government will introduce a new measure for the embodiment of the militia. Until that measure is brought forward, we cannot say what would be the consequences of refusing to serve.

It is our duty to our country to be compelled to exclude notices of meetings held at Stockport, Warrington, York, Dalton, Mottram, Salford, Bolton, Heywood, &c. &c. This exclusion is owing to the opposition of the Chartists.

It is our duty to our country to bring matter for insertion, which we might just as well have had on Monday last, as on Thursday night, or on any other day.

could and would have arranged for its insertion without excluding the reports and notices from the above-named places.

BRUXELLES.—A. P. Received.

1884.

NOTICE.—Owing to the space occupied by Parliamentary proceedings, no legal correspondence can find place in the *STRA* during the Session.

All those therefore, whose cases have been answered only in the *STRA*, are requested to send their addresses and a postage stamp should, they require private answers.

ERNEST JONES.















