

The meeting then dispersed, evidently in high spirits at the revival of olden times, and Mr. O'Meara having first asked them if their confidence in him and affection for him had remained undiminished, which was answered by "Aye," and loud and hearty cheers.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

THE EARL OF RADNOR AND HIS PIGS, AGAINST THE RIGHT OF THE POOR TO GLEAN.

"The wicked have drawn out the sword and bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy. Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bow shall be broken."—Psalm 37, c. xiv. xv.

MONTESQUIEU has declared that "an Aristocracy is the most oppressive of all Governments," and if we may be allowed to judge by some living specimens, we at once own the truth of his assertion. When we see a person of high rank and large fortune exert his influence in attacking the poorest and most unfortunate of his fellow-beings, our feeling is that of sorrow mingled with disgust, and we blush for the depravity of human nature; and, when added to the fact that the same person, who ought to possess some legislative knowledge, violate established custom, common-law, and common sense, our indignation is not more excited by his cruelty than by his wilful ignorance.

We can scarcely thank ourselves to comment on the conduct of a British Nobleman in the nineteenth century, which in heartlessness surpasses most things of which we have read in the annals of even Christian and civilized barbarity. To talk of it in connection with the doings of Jews, Mohammedans, or Pagans, would be absurd.

The Noble (C) candidate for immortality of infamy is a "liberal" of the first water—an affectionate friend of the accused Poor Law—and of every other abomination of Whiggery. By style and title he is known as Lord RADNOR,—"the Radical Peer." (C1)

Lord RADNOR possesses an estate in Wiltshire, and two poor creatures (one far advanced in pregnancy) dared to intrude upon one of his fields, for the purpose of gleaning, and, though during the long life of the Earl's father, this charitable custom had never been interfered with; and, though one of the present offenders herself had gleaned in this same field for forty years; and, though the Earl's more beloved dogs had been picking up the ears for two days previously, the trespassers were dragged before a bench of magistrates for the atrocity of collecting what the pigs had left! They were charged by his Lordship's dayman, and his Lordship himself presided, thus, in true "liberal" style, sitting in judgment on his own cause. The offenders were much frightened, and severely reprimanded—all succeeding arguments are to be driven off the ground, and placards to that effect disgrace the walls of Salisbury. This is a "plain, unvarnished" statement of the case of Lord RADNOR versus the indigent gleaners. Let us inquire into the respective claims of the wealthy plaintiff and poor defendants.

If it could be proved that the Earl had the law on his side, still would his conduct be as execrable as illiberal; but if, on the contrary, it be shown that he has not even a legal foundation on which to rest so vile an action, our pity for his ignorant and foolish display can only be surpassed by our execration of the motives which induced it.

Thank God! every semblance of charity is not yet quite rooted out of our constitution. A regard for the poor yet exists there, and if small, it is more than sufficient to stagger my Lord RADNOR. We will show this Noble (C) Lord that he shall not set at defiance duties prescribed not merely by morality, but even by law, with so much impunity as he no doubt desires.

There is no portion of the Holy Bible more inspiring and more delightful to a rational being than that which enjoins the exercise of charity to our poor brethren. When perusing these noble passages, our heart echoes the voice of reason, asserting the divine origin of good, so pure, and so benevolent; and never can we feel more truly the force of precept or example, than when beholding the works of generosity and mercy recorded and inculcated in the Old and New Testaments. How deeply must a Christian heart be impressed with the care displayed for the poor in the commands concerning tithes—(Deut. c. xiii. ver. 12)—release—(Deut. c. xv.)—and, above all, gleaning—(Levit. Dent, Ruth.) We turn to the Mosaic laws, a code formed by divine inspiration, and we find testimony of the most encouraging nature for those rights in whose favour we contend. "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard; neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger: I am the Lord thy God!" (Lev. c. xix. vers. 9, 10, and see c. xxiii. v. 22.) "When thou outtest down thy harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands; when thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and the widow. When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterwards; it shall be for the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt; therefore, I command thee to do this thing."—(Deut. c. xxiv. ver. 19, &c.—c. xxv. xxvi., &c.—and the whole Book of Ruth.) We might swell these extracts to a vast length, and show that in the Jewish law not even the ox was to be muzzled, while he trod out the corn, and that in the Christian law, charity is esteemed above hope and faith, but we have set down quite enough to show that the gleaner derives his right from God himself. "Of so sacred a nature were gleanings reputed under the Hebrew law, as to be exempted from tithes."—(Maimonide's Laws of the Hebrews relating to the Poor.)—And NELSON observes, "the precept of not gathering their land clean, but that something should be left to the poor to glean was a secondary offering to God himself." What, we would ask, can be clearer or more binding than these commands! No true Christian can dare to violate them—none but the most vicious would desire to disobey them.

This most rational and excellent of customs prevails almost throughout the world; if we turn from the Christian to the Mohammedan code, in the sixth chapter of the Koran, the right of the poor to gleanings is maintained; and yet a Christian nobleman refuses them—even after his pigs! "The Eastern Partisans leave the dates shaken down by the winds for the destitute and traveller." (ORSLER, or Geog., &c.) "By the custom of Melun and Estampes, farmers are forbidden to put cattle into the fields for twenty-four hours at the least, after the carrying of the corn." (Note 21, to Hebrew Laws, &c.)

We have often spoken of our wise ancestors' care for the poor, and gleaning was a charitable provision introduced into the common law, as a means for the subsistence of many, with injury to none. This practice is neither obsolete, nor detrimental; why then is it at once to cease! If it is the custom of England—it was the custom of Wiltshire until Lord RADNOR declared otherwise, and appeared in the field as the champion of pigs against the poor widows of his neighbourhood.

BLACKSTONE declares that "by the common law and custom of England, the poor are allowed to enter and glean upon another's ground after the harvest, without being guilty of trespass; which humane provision seems borrowed from the Mosaic Law." (3, BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARY, 212.) If to hunt over another man's ground in the chase, be a trespass allowed by the law, (as it is actually) how much more justifiable must be the intrusion of a poor man, not for pleasure, but for necessity! Lord MAULE, at the Norfolk Assizes of 1838, said that the law gives license to the indigent to glean, "by the general custom of England." This, let us recollect,

is the declaration of the greatest lawyer that ever lived, and one who is revered as being almost infallible.

Justice HEWITT observes—"The right of leasing (i.e. gleaning) does appear in our books; but it must be under proper circumstances and restrictions." (4 Burr. 1, 927.) And surely this case was attended by all proper restrictions: did the offenders enter while the corn was growing, or take away a sheaf? No, far from it; they went there long after the crop had been carried, and even after the pigs had been feasting for two days. This undoubted privilege was further recognised by the Act of 1786 for enclosing the common lands of Basingstoke, which imposes penalties upon the putting-in of cattle within a certain number of days after carrying the crop.

It is true that, by the Court of Common Pleas, (Trinity Term, 1788,) this right was denied, and the doctrine of BLACKSTONE, the dictum of Lord HALD, and the spirit of our Constitution, were set at naught, though on that occasion so harsh an interpretation of our laws was ably and feelingly rejected by Justice GOULD. Of this illiberal judgment my Lord RADNOR has taken advantage. But, can so execrable a determination have any weight against the precepts of religion—the dictates of policy and justice—the force of custom, and the authority of the common law? Heaven forbid! So vile a case should be blotted from our books, but even if it remain, it cannot prevail against the mighty arguments which appear on the opposite side. If some say it is a precedent, and therefore we must be bound by it, we answer no precedent contrary to reason is binding, and that on the other hand we can produce eight or nine precedents against this one, which must therefore be overruled. There are many precedents in our books which no man in his senses would think of following, especially when he sees more rational guides before him. There are cases on record of burning heretics and witches, of hanging paupers for the crime of poverty, and of robbing monasteries for the offence of being rich, and yet none of these are more absurd, more unjust, than that flagrant case against the right of gleaning.

Did Lord RADNOR ever behold the perseverance and industry of the poor gleaner, or his heart-felt joy as he jogs homeward beneath the fruits of his labour, which are thus converted to purposes of utility and profit? Did he ever see the honest labourer's wife and children endeavouring to add to their little stock, and to provide bread by their exertions in gleaning? He cannot have been a witness of these pleasing scenes, or he never could have been guilty of an act that stains his name and degrades his character. There are few sights more cheering to the philanthropic than to behold the healthy little children exerting their puny force for the common domestic welfare, helping together what has escaped the reaper's eye, and endeavouring by their first acts of labour to give promise of better things in after life.

He who could fail of being pleased at their ardour, or who could wish to deprive them of its object, must wear a heart of most impenetrable stuff. Well might the poet say:

"No not too narrow, husbandman—but ding
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your sowing fields,
While these unhappy pariahs of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole."

Thomson's Seasons—Autumn.

We tell Lord RADNOR, and all who act and think with him, that charity is the first of duties, that cruelty towards the unfortunate is the most heinous of all offences, and that the poor man's oppressor is hateful in the eyes of God and man. We tell him further, that "virtue is true nobility," and that neither rank, nor power, nor wealth, can protect from honest indignation, or save it from the brand of infamy.

"Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime."

Childe Harold.

A good action is the test whereby we judge a man; this it is that carries his name to succeeding ages when dignities are forgotten, and titles faded from memory.

We do not believe that there is upon record an instance of more flagrant avarice and illiberality than is afforded by this exploit of the "liberal" Lord RADNOR; and we trust, for the honour of our race, that a similar deed will never take place, but that the whole system may be confined to, and die with, the present Earl of RADNOR. We would not have his memory to lose one atom of the exclusive honours appertaining to this "high deed of daring."

RICHARD OASTLER.

For some time Mr. OASTLER has been so much in his retirement, that, though we have often been enquired of, we have been unable to furnish no intelligence. We learn however, that he is now located at No. 8, Rawstone-street, Brompton, Middlesex. We can have no doubt that the circumstances which have obliged him to fix his residence so near London will be over-ruled by his powerful and benevolent intellect for the production of some good to those for whom he has fought so many battles with the powers of wickedness, established in their strongest holds.

We learn that he is making arrangements with a eminent publisher for the production of a periodical, with embellishments, to be called "Felixiana," in which his career at Ficksy Hall, and the many severe struggles of a public character, through which he has figured so prominently, will be painted by his own pen, after his own powerful fashion. Having known him so long and so well, and having been personal observers of many of the scenes which we expect to see described, we look for the appearance of "FELIXIANA," by OASTLER, with considerable impatience. It will no doubt find its way, as his author has done, through every grade of society, from the Prince to the pauper. It will be read with equal avidity in the cottage and the drawing-room. We feel assured that it will cheer the former; let us hope that it will enlighten the latter.

THE EXETER BISHOP.

"For modes of faith, let zealous bigots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Pope.

In these days, when it is the interest of so many to cultivate bigotry, "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," we are not surprised to hear daily of sundry instances wherein Christian meekness is exchanged for bitter prejudice, and even the pastoral office degraded to the semblance of a trade. If a curate, (who may publish a book, only fit to be burned by the common hangman,) send all Pops and Papists to the shades below, he feels confident of promotion. If a vicar do but praise Mother Church, and damn all who dare to differ from her dogmas, his chance of preferment is greatly increased!

First in the ranks of these volunteers—zealous in fanaticism—stands Bishop PHILPOTTS, who, on every occasion, makes a display of the strict discipline he exerts towards all—but himself. Whether the cry be "No Popery," or "Down with Dissenters," or "No toleration," his voice takes first part in the chorus—his person appears in the conflict.

A rector, of the name of HRAH, lately dared to commit the horrible crime of visiting a Methodist Chapel, and of course the meek, forgiving Bishop immediately suspended him from his duties. Surely no one will so far forget the respect due to the cloth as to say, the punishment far exceeds the offence; for though the rector might have thought it a pardonable sin to visit the devotees of his Christian brethren; though he might have fancied that his prayers would be acceptable even from a Methodist Chapel; though he might have indulged the idea that Methodism was

not that contaminating leprosy which excluded all so infected from the Jewish Tabernacle, yet what can a Bishop say! What can a Right Reverend Father do! He cannot, in so heinous a case, listen to the voice of liberality; he cannot exercise mercy; he must deprive the incorrigible rogue of his temporal profits and spiritual hopes. Truly, our Bishop is a pattern to the Church; he strains at a gnat, and swallows a camel; he punishes for breach of form, but neglects the substance. This holy father, of course, is a Tory; for religious and political bigotry always go hand in hand. "No Popery," is the never failing cry of a High Church Tory; and the Times is now exhorting its readers to "remember the gun-powder treason and plot," and raking up the oft-burnt ashes of poor FAUX, in order to stir up, at the same time, sectarian hatred of all "Papists," and to make all regard a Roman Catholic as a "regular Guy," with muffled clock, dark lantern, matches and powder, about to blow up London, and every Protestant therein. We should not be surprised if the loyal Bishop were so far to forget his dignity on the ever memorable fifth, as to let off a cracker, fire a squib, and caper round the flames!

THE "GRAND JUNCTION" AGAIN.

We hope never to place ourselves in that position which shall render it necessary for us to seek the cloak of "perversion" in replying to an adversary. We have, therefore, no manner of wish to deprive the Champion of all the honour he can derive from the reprinting of his vintages at full length.

On our seventh page, our readers will find the Champion's last; and a rich curiosity it is in its way. We had made a few remarks upon it, which we now displace to make room for Mr. O'CONNOR's letter, which came after they were written. We beg that our readers will read the whole article of the Champion carefully, and form their own judgment of whether it is worthy to be called either an answer to, or even a commentary on" our article to which it affects to reply.

He talks of giving the "cream"—"the flowers of rhetoric"—why does he not give the whole, as we do? Simply because he knows that if he did so, his readers would see that every one of the terms which call him is strictly applicable, and has been so from time to time.

We have no wish to hoodwink our readers. We beg them to do us the justice to read all that the Champion says, as well as our own articles, and Mr. O'CONNOR's letter.

If we supposed it probable that any spark of honour or pride could lurk in the bosom of so dirty a blackguard as he of the Champion, we should dare him to afford his readers a fair opportunity of estimating his character, by printing in his paper our defence of Mr. O'CONNOR, and that Gentleman's letter in his own defence.

We suppose it highly improbable that he will do this; and we have no doubt that the public will well know to what reason to attribute it.

TO THE "MAN OF JUDGEMENT" WHO WRITES IN THE CHAMPION.

SIR,—In the Champion of the 20th ult., when I was absent in Ireland, you went as far as your courage would allow, and your fabricated charges admit, to assert that the object of my visit to Ireland was to form a "Grand Junction" with O'CONNELL—to throw overboard the Chartists of England, and to join in support of the Whigs. A portion of your article went to give me some little credit for doing a great deal; while you concluded with the assertion that my desertion would do much good.

Some men pass lightly over the accusations of interested parties; but, as I have at all times taught the people the necessity of censorship, and as I held that no man is above suspicion, I condescend to reply to your dreams. You make a wonderful parade of the many circumstances occurring simultaneously, which produced my visit to Ireland. Now mark! how with a breath I shall level your airy palace. The first invitation to me, you say, was given to me by O'CONNELL at the Macroom dinner. Now, Sir, as dates are stubborn things, let me help you to a few dates in this matter. The dinner was on Tuesday, the first of October. The proceedings could not be published in a Cork paper before Thursday, the third of October; because no paper is published there on Wednesday. The news could not reach London before Monday, the seventh of October. My letter, announcing my intention to start for Ireland, was written on Wednesday, the second of October; so that, to justify your foul insinuation, the words which O'CONNELL used at Macroom, in Ireland, on Tuesday night, at nine o'clock, must have travelled thence to London, 310 miles, for me to become acquainted with them on the succeeding day! a rapidity at which even railway speed has not yet quite arrived. So much, then, for the "GRAND JUNCTION" between myself and O'CONNELL, as evidenced by O'CONNELL's speech at Macroom!!!

Now for the double notice: the notice of my previous intention to visit different parts of Lancashire on the days specified in the same number which contained my letter. In the previous week I had made such arrangements as were there stated. The arrangements were made with Mr. DEXTER, of Slaybridge, with a delegate from Middleton, whom I met at the Roculade dinner, and several others; to whom I promised to name a day in the Star for an early visit. For confirmation of this I may refer you to Mr. ANZ. HEYWOOD, whose advice I had taken as to the necessity of announcing my intention by posting bills. So much for your two important facts!!!

Now, give me leave to refer you to the columns of the London Times, of Wednesday, the 2nd. of October, in which you will find an extract from the Cork Southern Reporter, complaining of the intimidation used by the aristocracy of the County of Cork to prevent the people from registering; the great advantages which the Conservatives had upon the registration; and the loud complaints of the absence of the two county Members. I stated in my letter to the people that such was my reason for hastening my projected visit to Ireland. Now, observe! Wednesday is the last day on which a communication from London can reach the Northern Star, so as to be inserted in the whole of the impression for that week. I had sent my previous notice of my projected tour in Lancashire, and I did not see the Times until I reached town at six o'clock in the evening. At half past six I wrote and sent off my second letter.

You say that I went because the "elections" of Ireland had died a natural death—(I wrote that the "elections" had died a natural death)—and you would thence infer that I went to prop the Whigs by supporting the present men. You know, as well as I do, that, as far as feeling is concerned, Cork county has a Universal Suffrage constituency; that in that county no candidate can go too far on the extension of the Suffrage.

You say that I was returned at the former election upon Whig pledges. When you wrote that, you knew that you were writing a bare-faced falsehood. You knew that I pledged myself to Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, Repeal of the Union, Total Extinction of Tithes, and the Appointment of Magistrates by the People. If these cry be "No Popery," or "Down with Dissenters," or "No toleration," his voice takes first part in the chorus—his person appears in the conflict.

So much for dates and facts. Now for a few observations upon your nonsense. You say you are among those who never trusted Mr. O'CONNOR. You have trusted me, as I shall presently remind you. But you are nevertheless right in not trusting me; for in a bad cause I am not trustworthy.

After giving my letter, you say that the men of Slaybridge, Middleton, and Dukinfield, will be astonished at my sudden retreat just about Michaelmas, when they were expecting the fulfilment of my promise that Universal Suffrage should at that time form the basis of the Constitution. I thank

you very sincerely for the sneer; it comes well, and with a remarkable grace, from such a quarter. Sir, if every man returned to the Convention had done his duty there as I did, Universal Suffrage would now have been the basis of the Constitution.

Why is it not so? Because my confidence in traitors was misplaced—because the people have been abused into the confiding of their interests to the care of those who looked after nobody's interest but their own, and whose short-sightedness prevented their being able even to do that effectually. This is, indeed, a pretty story! Some sixty men are pledged to the accomplishment of an object—in justice I believe their protestations of sincerity, and in the simplicity of my confidence I pledge myself for self and fellows—the most influential amongst these speedily proved themselves devoid of principle, or courage, or both—they desert their posts—the body becomes weakened—the people are disheartened—their strength is paralysed—the enemy is strengthened—the combined exhibition of treachery and cowardice is followed by a partial defeat—and then, forsooth, the blame is to be affixed on me; and my silly confidence in you and others is to be made a matter of accusation against me! Some may think that there is at least some show of reason why it should be so; but I ought not to have permitted my confidence to have been so easily obtained. I think otherwise; I am not in the habit of condemning men before trial; I supposed that all these would remain as true to the people as myself; and, I repeat, that had it been so, Universal Suffrage would have been the basis of the Constitution. It was not so. The timid and the treacherous made themselves scarce. Wood, of Bolton, who was elected upon the very night that I made that declaration, deserted, after having made a violent republican speech in returning thanks for his health, in which he pledged himself up to the throat to remain true to the people. You deserted, if you be the man that I supposed you to be, after having pledged yourself at Liverpool and Preston to stand fast by the cause; "and it is perfectly consistent with all I have known of you, or have any right to expect from you," that you should, after abusing my confidence, be the first to turn round and taunt me with it.

But, Sir, if every man is accountable for his pledges without reference even to the conditions on which they are given, allow me to ask, in passing, whether you have no little account of unperformed pledges to settle with the public! Have you yet strung up Earl FRITZWILLIAM upon the scaffold of repentance! Go and perform your own promised word, and then come and ask what I have left undone which rested with myself.

You will permit me the liberty of judging of your principles as expressed by yourself. You say—"The aristocratic influence of Cork is arrayed, not against the people, but against these men—the members for the County and has courage to array itself against them, because they have disappointed the people. The fact is, that the electors of Cork, or those qualified to be electors, are tired of making enormous sacrifices merely to send sham patriots to Parliament; merely to keep in the Whigs, and are beginning to follow the example set by English electors at Manchester and Cambridge, and likely to be followed in Southwark and elsewhere; and Mr. O'CONNOR goes to join the 'friends of reform' that is, the mere Ministerialists, is supposed to all questions but the registration, and is in returning Whigs to Parliament."

Read that paragraph again; and, if you can blush to blush. What the aristocratic influence disappointed at the little that has been done for the people! Need I do more than hold up this mirror to you! Read it from top to bottom; and you will find it prove you to be an Irish Tory—a deadly enemy to Radicalism and the people;—one who is fully justified in not trusting Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

"They are beginning to follow the example set by English electors at Manchester and Cambridge, and likely to be followed at Southwark, and elsewhere." Now, pray, Mr. Cunningham, why did you not tell your readers what that example was! But as you have omitted that important part of your duty as a public instructor, I shall supply the deficiency. At Cambridge they returned a rank Tory—Mr. MANNERS, son of Lord CAMBRIDGE, the Tory Speaker of the House of Commons; at Manchester they (the electors mind) returned Mr. GRAY, a rank Whig; and whilst the readers of the Champion believe they are now preparing to do in Southwark! I wish, no less an act of patriotism, than that of turning out DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY to make room for Mr. WALTER, the proprietor of the London Times! Sir, I am truly thankful to you for affording to the public this instructive medium through which to form their opinion of your principles and of my calumniator.

Sir, you have neglected to state why you never trusted Mr. O'CONNOR. I think I have shown sufficient reasons why it would be bad judgment in a man of your character to trust me; but if I am right in my guesses as to your identity, and in truth, Sir, when you deal in personalities, you should put your name at the bottom of what you write as I do; if, however, I am right in my guess, you did trust me. Let me remind you how and when. About the 18th of June, 1835, an election was to take place at Oldham, in consequence of the death of the late Mr. COBBETT. You were on your way to London to fetch Mr. JOHN COBBETT—I was on my way to Oldham. We met on the road, in consequence of an accident occasioned by the coaches coming into collision. You discovered that I was of the party en route to Manchester. You introduced yourself to me, and told me that a violent prejudice existed against me at Oldham, in consequence of a speech which I was reported to have made at Cork, reflecting severely upon Mr. COBBETT's letter to the Secretary in the Rathmore business, which Mr. COBBETT had declared was not true. You told me that "SOME GOOD-NATURED, MEDDLING FRIEND" had sent a paper containing my speech to Mr. COBBETT, but that you could not say who it was. In a few days after Mr. JOHN COBBETT arrived at Oldham, and, in his first address, he let the cat out of the bag, for he told the people that you had cut the speech out of a Dublin paper, and enclosed it to him. Doubtless, Sir, if your memory be as good as your prophetic skill, you will remember the burst of indignation with which my statement of these circumstances was received by the vast multitude assembled at the election; and I fancy that when your readers have become acquainted with this little anecdote, they will not wonder at your disinclination to trust me.

You seek to establish the fact of my being a Whig, because O'CONNELL is a Whig; and how do you prove it? Why, curiously enough, O'CONNELL says "Register!" and he is a Whig; O'CONNOR, says to the Electors of the County Cork "Register!" and therefore, he must be a Whig! O'CONNELL abuses the Whigs, so does O'CONNOR, and, therefore, O'CONNOR must be a Whig! Why, not give a good and substantial reason at once! Why not say, "O'CONNELL eats his dinner, and so does O'CONNOR, and, therefore, O'CONNOR must be a Whig?"

Now, Sir, though I would not have condescended to inform you, yet through you I do inform the people, that I never heard of the Macroom dinner until I reached Ireland; that I have neither seen, nor held any communication with Mr. O'CONNELL; and that I absented myself from the dinner given to the Roman Catholic prelates for two reasons—Firstly, because, Whig as I am, I would not drink the health of her Majesty's Whig Ministers; and secondly, because I would not meet Mr. O'CONNELL in any place where the introduction of politics would have been considered an intrusion.

A "Grand Junction" against one is rather ugly odds. I know not, however, that you could have selected a more appropriate designation, seeing that the London Mercury, the Guide, the Newsmen's Weekly Chronicle, the Police Gazette, the Weekly Herald, and the London Dispatch, are all incorporated in your paper which, while it affects to be the

Champion of popular rights, seems to be the almost universal tomb of popular journals.

Sir, having disposed of the folly and absurdity contained in your mare's nest of the 20th, let me now turn for a minute to your combination of villany and ribaldry of the 27th, and especially to your enumeration of what you are pleased to parade as confirmatory proofs of my treachery. See how I have you on the hip! I confine you to your own indictment, and compel your own verdict of acquittal upon all my former acts.

"The Champion has not said that it had any secret intelligence of any former treachery on the part of Mr. O'CONNOR. It said—"That treachery would be consistent with all that it had known of him," that is, that it would be consistent with the general tenor of his public conduct."

Now then for the proofs of treachery upon which a public man is to be convicted.

No. 1.—Mr. O'CONNOR, in the last number of the Star, said he was a man of "sterling principle."

No. 2.—Mr. O'CONNOR, in the same number, said "Hurrah for our side! The Radicals against the world in arms!"

No. 3.—Mr. O'CONNOR stated that he was an "unpaid patriot."

No. 4.—"While he is making money as a patriot he is boasting of his making sacrifices to his patriotism."

I never did. I always said I owed the people more than they owed me, and that I had made no sacrifice; that no man who did one bit of good, at any expense, ever made a sacrifice.

No. 5.—"It is quite consistent with treachery that the Editor of the Star should not be acquainted with the profit and loss of the Champion."

I suspect that Mr. FIELDEN best understands the profit and loss of the Champion.

No. 6.—"That Mr. O'CONNOR should make £100 a-week of the Star and not account for it."

No. 7.—"We think it quite consistent with treachery that Mr. O'CONNOR should have told the people that he would lead them to death or glory—that he should have told them to arm themselves."

I always regretted that the people were not armed. I always told them that "moral power" was the deliberative quality in each man's mind which taught him how to reason—how to endure—and when forbearance became a crime; and that when it failed, that, if required (which God forbid!) physical force would come like an electric shock to its aid; but that the man who marshalled it, destroyed it—the man who recommended it was a traitor, and would be the first to desert. I told them that if every man would work as I have worked, we should never hear of physical force, and that the only thing which could prove it would be the cowardice of the moral philosophers, who withheld the full exercise of their moral powers. I never did recommend the people to arm; but had I felt sure that the recommendation would have been acted upon, it should have been given, and repeated again and again. I said that the Constitution admitted the right to have arms, and that right would follow their possession.

No. 8.—I give at full length:—"We think it quite consistent with treachery that Mr. O'CONNOR should have built the Northern Star, on the previous exertions and reputation of Mr. Stephens, and Oastler, and on the attention paid to their speeches and writings, and then should have had the immeasurable impudence, to speak of these gentlemen as his bull dog and terrier, as he once described them, in that same paper."

Why, you snarling, sniffling, dirty cur! Did any paper take notice of OASTLER's and STEPHENS's speeches or exertions but the Star? Did the Champion? Did any man stick to them as I have done! I called them the Bull-dog and Terrier of Yorkshire and Lancashire at the Palace Yard meeting, of which they both felt the compliment; and I was the only who would venture to speak of them as they deserved. Why, you mean-spirited dog! You want another spark in the pan, do you? You are not satisfied with having deserted your party, by your own cause as much confusion as possible to cover your own retreat and treachery.

Are you ashamed of the eight counts in your treacherous indictment!—or do you think that you have cheaply purchased so extensive an advertisement for your "Grand Junction?"

You have a parcel of large letters, by way of making the sentence of impudence, respecting the use of the votes of the Cork electors. You say that I had no advice to give as to the use. You "just judge"—you lover of liberty! Why, I never asked one of them to vote for me. So you are angry that I did not say, "You shall vote thus or thus."

You are pleased to cast a portion of your harmless venom at the Editor of the Northern Star, at which that gentleman can well afford to smile. I can assure you that he is well able to teach you. He is a scholar, a gentleman, and a patriot.

You mix up my name with all that is said of Mr. FIELDEN. Have you ever heard that I wrote or spoke one disrespectful sentence of that gentleman! I believe him to be honourable, amiable, virtuous, talented, humane, and patriotic; but I also believe that he has got into bad habits.

You have had the assistance of Counsel in framing your indictment; you have mustered all the spleen of which you are possessed to make your guesses; you have signally failed in all; and, as you have reminded me of Cicero and of the olden times of Rome, let me remind you that in those days there were public censors and tribunes of the people, whose duties were to supply the want of a press; and to watch the acts of public men and give evidence, upon which the whole people should judge. Those were among the best of Roman institutions. Their decay was speedily followed by the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. I have endeavoured to revive this virtuous tribunal. I deal with you as I have dealt with all my traducers. I challenge you to bring any charge you may have against me whenever you may think proper. You shall not say that the process would be expensive, as I will be "treacherous" enough to pay all your expenses, and what you charge for loss of time into the bargain. If you refuse this you may write away till you are black in the face, but you shall have no more newspaper notices from me.

We will have another Convention in spite of you. We will name the day, and traitors shall not mar it. We will stand together when your pitiful faction is given to the winds. A clique of you consigned the immortal HUNT to a premature grave; but dear-bought experience has taught a confiding people how to judge between a man struggling for universal liberty, and a faction contending for class pre-eminence. Your whole party is rotten to the core. You are making a clumsy push to rally a set of fools who have lost their general who have neither knowledge or discipline to carry them through a single skirmish. Stick to the fiddle-faddle of politics—eulogize whomsoever you please, but pray do not indict your praise on me. I ask only for your abuse. The censure of slaves is praise. During my visit to Ireland I did more good than if you were writing and talking through your teeth for the whole of a long life, and you know that I, neither joined Whigs nor Tories, but stuck to the people, as I shall do to the death. All your powers, and all your faction, and all your false charges, cannot deprive me of the confidence, or the Star of the support, of the people, so long as both are a terror to the wicked and the oppressor.

I have the honour to be,
An unpaid patriot,
FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. O'CONNOR will attend the tea party at Manchester on Tuesday next, and will address the men of Oldham the following evening, and will also address the men of Manchester on Wednesday next.

DAVID GREENWOOD, of Bury, has sent us a long libellous letter which we shall not publish. When a man undertakes to accuse others of so grave a crime as forgery, he should at least proceed along with his accusation. This David Greenwood forgets to do. His whole letter, except very few lines, is a tirade of abuse of two or three individuals by name, without offering the slightest evidence of any portion of his scurrility. The parties are all strangers to us, and may be, for aught we know, all that David Greenwood describes them to be; but David Greenwood must remember that he is as great a stranger to us as they are, and we have no means of knowing that he has not been drawing his own caricature of a mischief. At all events if he supposes that the Northern Star will afford him a vehicle through which to vilify his neighbours, he is mistaken. He has signed his letter "On behalf of the Committee of the Bury Radical Association." We do not believe that the Bury Radical Association had anything to do with it. We do not think the small portion of his letter which is occupied with laudations of Dr. Fletcher calculated to do the Doctor much service.

ONE OF OUR READERS.—His letter has been received. AN ULTRA RADICAL next week. CONCERN.—The paragraph from Huddersfield about the Concert is an advertisement.

W. GRIFFIN.—The correspondence came too late to appear this week; it will appear next week.

THE MISERIES OF

