

LITERATURE.

Poetry.

THE MAN WHO SLEW WAT TYLER.

At the dinner of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, on May 26, his Excellency, the American Minister, complimented that "ancient corporation" for numbering among its members "The Man who slew Wat Tyler."

The people's leader faced the king,
The Commons' right he pleaded;
A scurvy knave broke through the ring,
And said him, basely he did.
Now, fishmonger! a word with you;
Now, man! don't burst your biler;
But own a gallows was the due
Of him who slew Wat Tyler.

Let's hope that your fishmonger Co.
Have other ground of glory;
For Watworth's is a coward blow—
Read o' Hume's courtly story.
You Yankee Nigger-driver, you
Just harken to a riler;
And conscience flog you not a few:
Tour fellow slew Wat Tyler.

Let honest freemen scorn the slave,
Why stab'd the people's leader;
But double loathing brand the knave,
Who plays assassin's pander.
When slaving lies can damn the True,
And Vile be snub'd by Viler,
Then, Yankee Sir! we'll praise, with you,
The man who slew Wat Tyler.

SPARTACUS.

SONG OF THE SERF.

Revel on! revel on in your old stone tower,
And save you as you will at your ancient power,
Aye! pour out the wine and blasphemous God,
While you crush his image to the sod!
In vain do you lift the serried steel,
For the thunder roars with a bursting peal,
And the lightning flashes in and out,
With a laugh and a groan and a giant shout,
Do ye think that the steel shall destroy its power
In the fearful rout of the coming hour?

Revel on! revel on! we have waited long,
And writhe like a worm under a feudal wrong,
We have felt your reins with the strength of ours,
We have built with our groans your iron towers:
But a stern, deep voice comes rushing down
Like the voice of God with a "Woe to the Crown!"
We have heard the mighty miller's roll
Like a surging sea through the Vassal's soul;
And an answer sweeps through the troubled night,
With a shout for the voice and a shout for the right.

Revel on! revel on! while yet you may!
Glitter on! glitter on! in your bright array!
Hear ye not! hear ye not! through your marble arch,
The iron tramp of the Million's march?
See ye not! that the flame of our vengeance plays,
In your hall like a Volcan's lurid blaze—
When the earthquake wakes in a giant-start,
And breaks the chain which has bound its heart!

Revel on! revel on! in your old power,
For we bide with a smile the coming hour!
Oh! God-like you; you may struggle long
And wearily wrestle—through woe and wrong—
But the stormy bright of hurrying years
Will be with us at last from a nation's tears.
When the rainbows have rolled and the fire o' God
Nath blazed in its might o'er the darkling sod.

Reviews.

In an age when independence of principle consists in having no principle on which to depend, and free-thinking, not in thinking freely, but in being free from all thinking—in an age when men will hold any thing except their tongues, keep anything except their word, and lose nothing patiently, except their character; to improve such an age most efficiently, to instruct it dangerous; and to waste no chance of amending it who cannot at the same time amuse it.

A BATCH OF BOOKS!

THE MYSTERY OF THE DAKUBE. By David Urquhart, Esq., M.P. London: Bradbury and Evans.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Urquhart's sentiments, his talents, and the earnest sincerity with which he has devoted them to advance his views, must command respect. He is pretty generally known as the zealous opponent of Russian ambition, and in the work under notice, he reviews our diplomatic, commercial, and political policy, with regard to that great and gigantic power, the barbarian of the North! This is becoming a question of most vital import, even to those who are not the advocates of Democracy, and who sink the idea of Humanity's advancement in that of the progress and profit of Trade. Russia is laying her mighty hands on the strongholds of Europe, with such alarming swiftness and subtlety, that England may well fear her constant advances, and wonder what will be the next aggression. Poland, so rich and fertile by nature, is like a wilderness; her golden grain and luscious wealth of fruits, are trodden and trampled beneath the grinding hoof of Russian oppression. Hungary lies crushed and bleeding; the Danubian Principalities are fettered; and the export trade of Turkey arrested; and unless England comes out of the unholy pact, gathers up her strength, and joins the warriors for Freedom, she herself will fall before this Mammoth Tyranny. This book of Mr. Urquhart's is another warning. Will she take heed in time?

VERDICTS. London: Effingham Wilson. Coleridge relates that he was once standing gazing on a glorious scene of the mountains of Scotland. All around was solemn and grand; the silver mists of morning were rolling up like a crown of glory on the lofty brow of an old mountain that stood in the magnificence of morning, worshipping in its religion of silence! At some distance a waterfall came leaping over the rocks in sparkling splendour as of a thousand lightnings, and dashed down in thunder—down, down, from ledge to ledge—until, its bubbling gurgling merriment, ran through the green grasses and the mosses of the glen with endless laughter. With an adoring spirit he silently drank in, as with a myriad senses, the rich draughts of pleasure which nature gives with such silent magnanimity, when, suddenly, the wondrous charm was broken by a voice at his side, exclaiming, "It's werry pretty, ain't it, sir?" It proceeded from a Cockney Tourist, who had thus criticised that scene. Some such feeling as Coleridge must have experienced we felt on reading these "Verdicts on the Poets." In both cases, the heroes are nameless, and their critical powers are on an equality. This author has not the remotest sense of rhythm nor melody; and yet he dares to croak like a very raven about divinely melodious Shelley. Hear him!

This was Truth's most true follower, and dared to obey,
All his thought dreamed it o'er her head his holy lips say;
So he swept, in her name, all foul things from his path,
With a love for all right that to all wrong grew wrath,
That drove him strange frenzy and wild words to deal
On deceits, with a fierceness 'twas strange he could feel;
Yet not strange.

He has neither wit, sarcasm, nor analytical power;
and yet he presumes to judge of the great Poets of this century, and award his "Verdict." There are geniuses who cannot move without making music, and there are animals who make a clatter with tin kettles tied to their tails! Reader, draw your own inference.

A LIFE OF NICOLÒ PAGANINI. By Giancarlo Costabile. Perugia. 8vo.

Who has not heard of Paganini and his marvellous performance on the violin? Doubtless some of our readers may remember the *furore* which he created in England, and some will have seen that weird figure, with its long black hair, skeleton-like hands, and bird-like fingers, and those eyes, lighted with such strange fire. For ourselves we have only heard of these things, and of the wondrous effects of his playing. How the amateur tympanum and catgut torturers went home from listening to his passionate performance to smash their instruments and give up in despair, while others averred that it was some wallowing spirit they heard in the unearthly sounds which he could evoke. We learn from this work that Paganini was born at Genoa, in the year 1781. His mother is said to have been a lover of music, and on one occasion addressed her son thus:—"My son, thou shalt become a great musician; for an angel, radiant with beauty, appeared to me this night, and has listened to the prayer I made him. I prayed him that thou shouldst become the first of violinists, and the angel has promised it shall be so." At the end of his life, Paganini, when he replied, "I have wept only three times in my life; the first time when

my first opera fell to the ground on the first representation; the second, when being out in a boat with some friends, a truffled turkey we were to have eaten fell into the water; and the third when I heard Paganini for the first time." Paganini was very superstitious, and it is said that he believed the soul of his mother to be shut up in his instrument. It was at Lucca that he first played on the immortal one string. He was director of the opera at that place, and was frequently called upon to play before the court. The Princess Eliza always retired before the conclusion, because, as she said, the harmonious sounds of his violin agitated her nerves too keenly. Here he fell in love with a lady whom he promised to surprise, and on the day of the concert, he entered with an instrument which had but two strings. He played a brilliant *scena*, which was wondrously successful. The Princess Eliza said to him "You have done the impossible with two strings, would not one suffice?" He promised to try, the idea haunted his mind, and at length, having composed a sonata, he attempted the one string, and his success far outstripped his own expectations. We shall not have space to follow him through his marvellous career. He was once asked how he produced his wonderful effects, when he replied, smiling, "Every one has his secrets, my dear sir." He came to England in 1831, and his tour through the country was a series of astounding triumphs. The most exorbitant prices were paid for admission to his concerts. This magic tickler of the Cremona also managed to tickle immense sums of money out of the people wherever he went. He died May 27th, 1840, leaving a large fortune. This book, beside its value as a biography, and a full and complete collection of PAGANINIANA, contains a good account of the state of music in Italy at the period of which it treats!

POEMS AND SONGS OF PIERRE DUPONT. Second Edition. Paris: Garnier Brothers, 1851.

We noticed these poems and lyrics in the "Friend of the People"; but, as many of our readers were not subscribers to that serial, we would make a few remarks here respecting this poet of the people. Dupont is a working man and a Socialist. He shares the love and admiration of his countrymen, even with Béranger himself; indeed, he is next in kin to that poet, and sits at his right hand on his proud eminence in the heart of his nation. Dupont is a singer of nature's own grand crowning, and is essentially the poet of the hour. He sings, and France listens! Pierre Dupont is the Burns of France, and fills the position in its literature which the glorious Mossgiel ploughman so nobly fills in ours. He is as yet but thirty-one years of age, having been born in 1821. His father and mother were hard-working people, and he is proud to own his ancient and honourable pedigree of Toit. His first songs were rural and love lyrics—he is devotedly attached to the country. His song of "The Oxen" first made him famous; but he has written some of the finest political songs of our epoch; he soon began to yearn to work, and to his part in the redemption of the time, so his Republicanism and Socialism burst into song. Before the Revolution of 1848, he had written his celebrated "Song of Bread" one day when bread was dear, also his splendid "Song of the Workers." With the Revolution his voice rang out clear and melodiously in its tyrant-voicing demand for Freedom and Right—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Pierre Dupont is very popular amongst the workmen. He frequently sings his own songs; his own music amongst them with marvellous and electrical effect. Lately, M. Achille Jubinal, of Paris, gave a *spiré* to celebrate the release of the poet, whom he had been successful in freeing from the prison where Bonaparte had cast him. Here Dupont sang his latest compositions—the "Sapins," the "Tonnerre," &c., which are said to be marvellous poems. All who know him speak of him as a true and fiery-hearted man, and a high-natured, generous fellow. A friend of ours promised us to render into English, for the benefit of our readers, some of the beautiful and melodious lyrics of Pierre Dupont; may we here remind him of his kind offer, and express a hope that he will redeem his promise?

ZINGRA THE GIPSY. By Annette Maria Mailard.

London: G. Routledge, 2, Farringdon-street. To any person who may be fond of reading a tale of stirring interest, full of warring passions, and not tedious with attempts at description, and hysterical clutches at the sublime, we can promise a rich treat in the reading of this Zingra the Gipsy. Zingra, the heroine, is a glorious creature; we never saw such a gipsy, and are glad to have met with such a one as we find here drawn, living with flesh-and-blood distinctness, a magnificent child of nature! Wild as the woods, pure as the sky, and noble as love can make those on whom it drops its crown of all Humanity. She is the central sun of attraction in the novel, and the other characters are naturally made to revolve around her naturally. We do not think so much of Rendall Field—he is too imbecile; we could have almost wished that some brave true heart had borne her out of his hands, and revenged us on his weakness and lazy procrastination. Julia Aldridge is a character from the life, with her shallow babbling beauty, which, like a shallow river, arrests the impatient plunge of the daring lover, and leaves him stunned on its cold stony bottom. Brunt is finely drawn—how noble and radiant his unrequited eternal love shines out through the great and glorious spirit of self-sacrifice. Altogether, the work is full of motion and vitality, and one of the very best issued by Mr. Routledge in his shilling library. The name of the authoress is quite new to us. If this be her first work, we can only say it promises well.

THE TRIUMPH! OR THE COMING AGE OF CHRISTIANITY. Edited by J. M. Morgan. London:

Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. THE work, rejoicing in this magnificent title, consists of selections from authors, chiefly religious and philosophical, illustrating the necessity of early and consistent training of children; also the necessity of an undivided interest amongst all the members of society, and is collected by Minter Morgan. Among other authors Shakespeare, Cowper, Shelley, and Baxter are largely drawn upon; and Mr. Morgan himself contributes a considerable portion of the work. It is not calculated to advance the fame of the author of the "Revolt of the Bees," and "Hampton in the nineteenth Century"; but, he has himself castred his own works, and made an "Eunuch of his Socialism." Mr. Morgan is now a Church of England Socialist! We cannot help thinking that established Socialism and the Established Church will not be in existence on the same day. There are some good things in the book, a few of which we may quote hereafter.

A GRAMMAR OF THE HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE, with Appropriate Exercises, a Copious Vocabulary and Specimens of Hungarian Poetry. By Sigismund Weksy. Late Aide-de-Camp to Kossuth. London: Trevelyan Saunders, 6, Charing Cross.

This, we believe, is the first Hungarian Grammar published in England; and a friend assures us that it is clear, concise, and luminous—in every way a trustworthy guide, and a first-rate book. This will afford a splendid opportunity for those who wish to learn the noble Hungarian language, as there are Hungarian Refugees competent to teach it, and with the aid of this grammar it might speedily be spoken. Even where this is impracticable, the student might acquire a knowledge of the language, which would enable him to converse with its master-minds, and open up to him rich stores of an unexplored and almost unknown literature. The Hungarian tongue is wealthy in traditions and poetry, and would gloriously repay the outlay of time in learning it. The book is perspicuously arranged, beautifully printed, and contains some capital specimens of Hungarian poetry.

CONFESSIONS OF A WORKMAN. By Emile Souvestre. Paris.

Our readers will have heard of that favourite illustration of the "Times" regarding Communism, in which it relates how a patriotic French workman, calling a company of *ouvers* round him, tore up his blouse into strips, and distributing them to the crowd, remarked, triumphantly, "that my friends are Communism." Somewhat akin to this logic, is the moral of this book which is directed against Socialism. The author would have us to make the best of things as they are, in order that they may remain so, and seems to think that honest pushing industry may do pretty well in the world, bad as it is. He reminds us of John Cassel, who would have men become Teatollers for the purpose of eking out their means, to make ends meet, and thus become contented with our present state of society. Why, our taskmasters

could wish for nothing better. For ourselves we would not lend a hand to prevent an explosion of the whole system to-morrow!

THE BEDOUIN AND OTHER POEMS. By T. W. Wood, Esq., London: Hope and Co., 1851. POETRY must be exquisite, or it is nothing. If a man can throw up two or three ideas, or even half a dozen, as the juggler does his brass balls, he, now-a-days, sets up for a Poet; but this sleight of hand is not poetry. Poetry is something which could not have been uttered in prose, it bubbles from the soul into music as naturally as rich notes flow from the skylark. It speaks in no other language than that of songfulness. Now, there is nothing in this volume which might not have been uttered in prose. There is no originality—no new ideas—nor combinations of ideas, and neither inspiration nor aspiration. Mr. Wood is not a Poet, only a Poetaster! There are thousands such fretting wretched prose with indifferent rhyme at this moment in England. Melancholy thought!

CLARET AND OLIVES, FROM THE GARONNE TO THE RHONE; or, Notes, Social, Picturesque, and Legendary by the Way. By A. B. Reach. Bogue, Fleet-street.

ANGUS B. REACH is a merry, witty, interesting writer, somewhat of the Albert Smith school, and is sure to write an interesting book, no matter what the subject may be. He has written in all kinds of literature—from the magazine article to the drama for the stage. Some few years since he joined the "Morning Chronicle" newspaper, and was engaged to write that portion of "Labour and the Poor" consisting of the manufacturing and mining districts of England. He also wrote thirty letters on the state of Agriculture, &c., in France. The present work consists of some of those letters expanded and reprinted, together with other interesting notes, observations, and descriptions, which remained in his mind for future working up. He is a frank, honest, and pleasant fellow, who tells you what he has seen, and gives you his real impressions without any cant, rant, or "throwing the hat-chet." He has a quick perception of the picturesque, happy traits and touches, shrewd insight, and a searching spirit of observation. His book abounds in naïve humour and pictorial descriptions, and is rich in anecdote and legendary lore. He visited Jassin, the provincial Poet, that fine specimen and glorious remnant of the old Troubadours, and his description of the Bard, his manners, and his poetry, is one of the best chapters in the book. He visited the Poet Reboul, who is a baker at Nismes, and lives by selling rolls, but he was from home. He translates the following characteristic couplets of the Poet, on that city of the crusades, Aigues-Mortes:—

See, from the stilly waters, and above the sleepy swamp,
Where, steaming up, the fever-fog rolls grim and grey, and damp:

How the holy, royal city—Aigues-Mortes, that silent town,
Looms like the ghost of Greatness, and of Pride that's been pulled down.

See how its twenty silent towers, with nothing to defend,
Stand up like ancient coffins, all grimly set on end:

With ruins all around them, for, sleeping and at rest,
Lies the life of that old city, like a dead owl in its nest—

Like the shrunken, scolden body, so ghastly and so pale,
Of a warrior who has died, and who has rotted in his pall—

Like the grimly-twisted corpse of a nun within her pall,
Whom they bound, and gagged, and built, all living, in a wall.

Our author was considerably disappointed with the vine districts, and the following does certainly take the poetry out of the vineyard:—

The process of wine-making is universal in France. Now, very venerable and decidedly picturesque as is the process of wine-treading, it is unquestionably rather a filthy one; and the spectacle of great brown horny feet, not a whit too clean, splashing and sprawling in the bubbling juice, conveys at first sight a quailmy species of feeling, which, however, seems only to be entertained by those to whom the sight is new. I looked dreadfully askance at the operation when I first came across it; and when I was invited—by a lady, too—to taste the juice, of which she caught up a glassful, a certain uncomfortable feeling of the inward man warned me against politeness. But nobody around seemed to be in the least squeamish. Often and often did I see one of the heroes of the tub walk quietly over a dung-hill, and then jump—barefooted, of course, as he was—into the juice; and even a vigilant proprietor, who was particularly careful that no bad grapes went into the tub, made no objection.

We must conclude with the following comic description of a whole population on stilts:—

The novelty of a population upon stilts—men, women, and children, spurning the ground, and living habitually four or five feet higher than the rest of mankind—irresistibly takes the imagination, and I leant anxiously from the carriage to catch the first glimpse of a Landean in his native style. I looked long in vain, at last I was gratified; as the train passed very quickly by, I saw a white tub clean, splashing and sprawling in the bubbling juice, conveys at first sight a quailmy species of feeling, which, however, seems only to be entertained by those to whom the sight is new. I looked dreadfully askance at the operation when I first came across it; and when I was invited—by a lady, too—to taste the juice, of which she caught up a glassful, a certain uncomfortable feeling of the inward man warned me against politeness. But nobody around seemed to be in the least squeamish. Often and often did I see one of the heroes of the tub walk quietly over a dung-hill, and then jump—barefooted, of course, as he was—into the juice; and even a vigilant proprietor, who was particularly careful that no bad grapes went into the tub, made no objection.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

THE FORTRESS OF KOMARON (COMOR) During the War of Independence in Hungary in 1848-49. By Colonel Sigismund Thaly. London: James Madden, 8, Leaden-hall-street.

SONGS AND POEMS OF PIERRE DUPONT. Second Edition. Paris: Garnier Brothers.

CLARET AND OLIVES. By A. B. Reach. Bogue, Fleet-street.

THE ROMAN. Second Edition. London: Bentley.

LOWELL'S POEMS. Boston: Ticknor and Co.

SONGS OF LABOUR. By Whitaker. Boston: Ticknor and Co. London: Hope and Co.

THE TRIUMPH! OR THE COMING AGE OF CHRISTIANITY. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DANUBE. By David Urquhart, Esq., M.P. London: Bradbury and Evans.

LIFE OF N. PAGANINI. Perugia, 1851.

THE BEDOUIN AND OTHER POEMS. By T. W. Wood, Esq. London: Hope and Co.

THE BIBLE AND THE WORKING CLASSES. By Alexander Wallace. Edinburgh. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

DR. SKELTON'S FAMILY MEDICAL ADVISER. London: Watson.

THE REPUBLIC, edited by W. J. Linton. London: Watson.

SERMONS by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. London: Griffin, Bakers-street.

DR. SKELTON'S BOTANIC RECORD. London: Watson.

OUR

Pen-and-Ink Portrait Gallery.

SHORT SKETCHES.

RICHARD COBDEN, M. P. Cobden was born at Milford, Sussex, in the year 1800; his father was a small farmer, and Cobden left home early in life to serve in a London warehouse; if we are not mistaken, it was that of the Messrs. Lyddiard, Friday-street, City. Here he rose rapidly, and by his energy and skill was soon enabled to commence business for himself. This he did in partnership with Messrs. Sherreff and Foster, Lancashire. In this concern he soon won a reputation for producing more tasteful styles in printed cottons than most of the Manchester houses, which brought great prosperity of trade. In 1834, however, he found time to write a pamphlet entitled "England, Ireland, and America," and one on "Russia," which attracted some attention at the time. These contained the rudiments of his "Free Trade," and when the struggle for the abolition of the Corn-laws began, he was looked up to as the chief. Though, we believe, that both Colonel Thompson and Ebenezer Elliott, did more than even Mr. Cobden in fighting that battle with the land monopoly. The first place which rewarded Mr. Cobden was Stockport, which he represented in 1841, and afterwards sat for the West Riding of Yorkshire. After the contest for Free Trade, the friends of Mr. Cobden got up a subscription which amounted to more than £70,000, and was handed over to him as a testimonial to his services. He is essentially the representative of the spirit of trade and the middle classes. No man so well understands them; he is just the measure of their ideas; just the level of their feelings; just the orator for their exponents; this is the secret of his success. He will be remembered as one of the prominent actors in

humanity's passage through the terrible phase of unlimited competition; but not for largeness of heart, brain, or aim; nor will his name be written on the page of history side by side with those of the martyrs, saints, heroes, and saviours of humanity.

WILLIAM AYTON. Though not so generally known as Mr. Cobden, we cannot do better than place Ayton here following him, as he is the very antipode of that Free Trader, and one of the greatest opponents of Free Trade. He is a member of the Edinburgh bar, and has been for years a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," and now occupies the editorial chair, so regally given for years past by Professor Wilson. At the time of the railway mania, he wrote a series of papers descriptive of the doings at the Edinburgh Chapel Court, full of felicitous fun and broad Scotch humour. In many a page of stinging prose, and scathing verse, he has hurled his shafts at the Manchester School! but that is not to be pierced by the arrow of wit or the sword of sarcasm, it—like Achilles—has but one vulnerable spot, and that is the breeches pocket! Notwithstanding, Ayton dashes at it with a brave worthy of a better cause than that of the old Protection. He is the author of a biography of Richard Cour de Lion; but his principal work is the "Lays of the Cavaliers," in which he proves himself one of the greatest masters of rhythm, indeed, he is unequalled, save by Macaulay, in the artifice of verse. About three years since he married one of the daughters of glorious old Christopher. He is now the Professor of BELLES LETTRES in the Edinburgh University.

GEORGE DAWSON. This popular lecturer was born in 1821, in the parish of St. Pancras, London. His father was the conductor of an academy on an extensive scale, and from him he received his early education, after which, he went to the University of Glasgow, and after the usual course of study, took the degree of Master of Arts. He was intended for the ministry of the Free Church, and was early a dissentist, as the congregation can testify, before he once expounded rank heretodoxy to their pious horror; this was when he was a very youthful aspirant for theological honours, we think at Bushey. At length an opening occurred, he became the minister of Mount Zion Chapel, Birmingham, in 1844. Since that time there has been a split in the old congregation, and the majority having seceded with the preacher, a subscription was commenced for the erection of a new chapel, and in 1847, the Church of the Saviour was opened, for Mr. Dawson's ministry of the beautiful. George Dawson has written comparatively little, but is well known as a literary lecturer; perhaps no man of the present day has attained so early and so general a fame. He was for some time a writer in the "Birmingham Mercury." As a lecturer, George Dawson is unapproachable. His brilliant wit, his conversational style, easy manner, and rich proverbial lore, combine to make him the most popular of our lecturers. His voice is not musical, yet has a peculiar comely charm; his eyes are fine, deep set, dark, and piercing; his head is large and well-formed, but does not show to advantage, as he wears the hair parted in the middle; nevertheless, it is a feast for a Phenologist. He boldly avows himself a Chartist, and is getting on towards Socialism. If the middle classes do not profit by the teachings of George Dawson, then are they lost indeed.

GOTTFRIED KINKEL. Kinkel, the German patriot, was born at Oberhausen, near Bonn; he was one of that country's glorious student band, so celebrated for their love of the fatherland, and their devotedness in its defence. He was originally destined for the church, but having distinguished himself in various branches of learning, he was appointed professor of Theology in the University of Bonn. But the revolution of 1848 came with its uprising of the long oppressed peoples, and with it wreck of thrones and dynasties, and Kinkel joined the Democratic party. He was elected a member of the Prussian National Assembly, and took his seat on the extreme left. After its dissolution, he joined the insurrection at Baden, which, by this time, had become his own life's struggle. He fought at the battle of Muggensturm, where he was wounded, and we have heard that the person who picked him up when wounded, was Joseph Moll, the German Democrat who was well known some time since as a member of the Fraternal Democrats. Unhappily, poor Moll, than whom a braver man never trod this earth, was himself slain. It is known that he was badly wounded; but it is doubtful whether he died of his wound, or was subsequently murdered by his own life-haters, who brutally butchered great numbers of wounded prisoners. Kinkel was taken prisoner, but being a man of mark, was brought before court martial and condemned to death. His sentence was commuted to hard labour for life in a common workhouse. He was afterwards shut up in the fortress of Spandau, from which he was enabled to escape by the aid of his noble wife and a gallant youth named Charles Schurz, who ventures his own life for the cause of Liberty.

He has since resided at St. John's Wood, save the time occupied in his American tour, wide the object of proselytising and obtaining monies for the future revolution. Kinkel is popular as a poet in his own country, and as an author of considerable fame.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT. [Sequel to "Consuelo."] BY GEORGE SAND.

SUCH was the fatigue and hunger which Consuelo experienced that she had scarcely reached her own apartment when she fainted. When she recovered, she found herself attended by the little doctor with the black mask, who had formerly been her travelling companion. The doctor intimated to Consuelo his intention of supping with her. When supper had been served, he, to the consternation of Consuelo, removed his mask, and laid it on the table. Consuelo replied that she had no desire to know him; but her reserve only provoked Supperville's laughter. There was, he said, a conspiracy organised for the purpose of making Consuelo believe that Albert de Rudolstadt was really living; and for inducing her to receive as a husband a certain Trismegistus, who resembled Albert, in order to obtain possession of the Rudolstadt estate.

"The 'Invisibles' added the doctor, 'are the conductors of this conspiracy; and they will leave no means untried to persuade you that Count Albert has grown two inches, and has acquired a fresh and florid complexion in his coffin. But I hear Matheus coming; he is an honest fellow, and suspects nothing. I will now retire; I have said all; and having nothing more to detain me here, I shall quit the castle in haste, to a train of my own.' Thus saying, he replaced his mask, bowed profoundly, and departed. Agitated by what she had heard, Consuelo retired to her chamber; but it was long before she found repose in sleep.

THE ROBIN AGAIN! CONFESSION. Consuelo could not, on the morrow, bring herself to believe that the mysterious men, of whom she had imagined and hoped such great things, could be the ignoble plotters Supperville had reported them to be. Was it absolutely impossible that Albert could really be alive? This reflection gave her a momentary gleam of hope. In a fit of melancholy thoughts, from which she was aroused by a slight breeze and the brush of a light wing on her shoulder, she uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy as she saw a pretty robin fly into her room and approach her without fear. After a few moments of reserve he consented to take a fly from her hand.

"I swear it," replied Consuelo, "poor friend, my faithful companion!" said Consuelo, with tears of childhood joy. "It is possible that thou hast sought and found me here?" All her woes were forgotten in her joy at again finding her little friend of Spandau. For a quarter of an hour she continued to play seriously with this little creature, when she heard a shrill whistle, upon which the robin darted through the window and disappeared. Consuelo looked out as she went from the room, and saw a small bird walking on the banks of the rivulet. She waved her handkerchief to attract his attention to her; but he departed without observing it.

A whole week elapsed without the occurrence of any important event; and which Consuelo passed in studying the choice books that had been placed at her disposal. The robin visited her every morning. One day she discovered that he had something tied under his left wing. It was a very small bag of brown stuff, containing a billet from her beloved unknown, begging her to retain a new bird, the winged little messenger. She felt violently tempted to do so; but remembering her pledge to the "Invisibles," restrained herself.

In the evening she forced herself to read a score at the harpsichord, when two black figures presented themselves at the entrance of the music saloon, without her having been aware of their approach. She could not restrain a cry of terror at the appearance of the spectres; but one of them said to her, in a voice more soothing than any she had ever heard, "And she rose in silence to obey. They presented her with a bandage of silk saying, 'Cover your eyes yourself, and swear that you will do it conscientiously. Swear also that if the bandage should fall, or become disarranged, you will shut your eyes until we have told you to open them.'"

"I swear it," replied Consuelo.

"Your oath is accepted," replied the conductor.

And, as upon the first occasion, Consuelo walked through subterranean passages; but when they had told her to stop, an unknown voice added—

"Take off the bandage yourself. Henceforth no one shall raise a hand to you. You shall have no other guardian than your word."

Consuelo found herself in a vaulted cabinet, lighted by a small spiral lamp, suspended from the key-stone in the centre. A single figure, a robed and a livid mask, was seated upon an antique couch near a table. He was bent with age; a few silver locks escaped from beneath his skull-cap. His voice was broken and trembling. This appearance of old age changed into respectful deference the fear from which Consuelo could not divest herself at approaching an invisible.

"I am about to be seated, and to open to him her whole heart, or to reject his advances."

Consuelo could not distrust him; she owned her love for the unknown—her Libertini.

"That is the name of no one in particular," said the Confessor. "However, he whom you mean is well worthy of your love; but you must renounce him. Albert de Rudolstadt is living."

"Oh, my dear Albert!" cried Consuelo, raising her arms towards heaven, "I shall come out of this victorious! Then kneeling before the old man, "My father," she said, "I shall no longer be longer a stranger to you. I do not love him now."

The old man spread his trembling hands over the head of Consuelo, but when he withdrew them she could not rise. She had stifled her sobs in her bosom; and overcome by a conflict beyond her strength, she was obliged to lean upon the arm of the confessor to leave the oratory.

THE RUINED CASTLE. Next day Matheus brought her a bunch of flowers. When she noticed them, a letter fell from their midst, carefully sealed, but without address. It was an impassioned letter from the unknown, imploring an interview—any, announcing one—for a last adieu. What could Consuelo do? She would not meet him, and she could not avoid him. She determined to write to the kind old man who had revealed to her the existence of Albert. He would protect her, and would she send the letter? Matheus would not stir a foot beyond the promises he might. Such, he said, were his orders. As a last resource, Consuelo determined to seek the old man herself. She went seeking the mysterious entrance to the subterranean passages which was in the pavilion itself, resolved to take refuge in it, and present herself at all risks before the Invisibles. She supposed, gratuitously enough, that the place of their meetings was accessible, once the entrance to the caves was gained, and that they met every where on the same plane. She did not know that upon the day they were all absent, and that the Invisibles alone had retraced their steps, after having taken to follow them upon some mysterious excursion.

But all her efforts to find the secret door, or the trap of the subterranean passages, were useless. She no longer possessed, as at Spandau, the coolness, the perseverance, the necessary faith, for discovering the smallest fissure in a wall, the slightest jutting of a stone. Her hand trembled as she sounded the woodwork and the tapestry, and her sight grew confused; every moment she thought she heard the step of the chevalier on the gravel walk of the garden, or upon the marble of the peristyle.

Suddenly she seemed to hear them beneath her, as if he were ascending a secret staircase under her feet

another delegate meeting fixed for Sunday last, whic report we submit to our Mexican friends, should have been furnished us

last week. [If our Manchester friends will send their reports at the proper time, they shall not "fail of publicity in the "Star

for those who will uphold the national honour, and the national rights and liberties, and who rather do battle for right and justice, than farm upon the blood-stained monster, and than farm bidding the indignant and truth-telling Press!

With such men will the country be safe; under them the people will march with enthusiasm, to beat back the hordes of the invader; free nations will hasten to their aid; and the noble struggle for nationality and liberty may awaken the dormant spirit of revolutionary France!

BETTING ABOMINATIONS.

It may be true that it is altogether useless to attempt to abolish public immorality by Act of Parliament; but surely it cannot be true that, therefore, no steps should be taken to put down the infamous system which has sprung up of trafficking in immorality, and obtaining a profit out of the encouragement and propagation of vice.

It is evident that, for the want of some healthy occupation for the minds of the people, they are resorting to gambling as a substitute for some worthier mental stimulus. As usual, too, the privileged classes—the hereditary so-called 'Nobles'—are the first to plunge into the path of degeneracy and degradation, and, by rendering vice 'respectable,' aid in drawing the multitude of weak-minded and thoughtless imitators after them, until they have poisoned the whole life of the nation, and even the guished or overwhelmed those of the pure, and the sentiments and ideas, which alone can preserve a nation great, glorious, and free.

It matters not that the men who are possessed by such a base spirit of flunkiness, as to follow aristocratic knaves and fools even on the path of vice and crime, are a vile rabble, who form no part of the real life of the people, who do nothing for the cause of Progress and Humanity, and who selfishly profit by the labours of the men of the past and the active men of the present, without contributing to the slightest degree towards the common fund of human knowledge. It is the duty of the nation, and of its government (that it had but a government) to protect the mentally as well as the physically weak amongst its members, and to labour to turn the small amount of energy they really possess, into better and worthier paths than the ruinous and degrading courses in which they are now suffered to be engulfed.

But, in most instances, we will find that this vice of gambling system is not the consequence, but the immediate cause of that imbecility, and depravity, which we have to deplore. The young man, more especially the 'highly respectable' one, is launched into the world, his mental powers dwarfed by our abominable system of education, the most prominent point of which is the parent's precept—"Fear God and the King; and honour and obey your superiors;" and with his mind thus crammed with a slavish respect for 'high people,' and a holy veneration for aristocratic noodle-dom, it is not to be wondered at that he is prone to copy the habits of the 'noblemen,' and become a sportsman and a better. He becomes more a *he becomes a confirmed gambler*; and in all probability, his associations with the mob of black-legs and blackguards who frequent betting offices, at length convert him into a drunkard and a swindler like those around him. If, happily, he escape, such a fate, if his losses or success be trifling, and be insufficient to ruin him (for the sudden gain of wealth, by inducing him to plunge into extravagance, would be as certain ruin as the loss of his all), his passion is nourished, and becomes deeply rooted; so much so, that all his thoughts become solely occupied with the chances of his 'favourite' horse.

Such is the base, unmanly, and degrading life of the 'sportsman.' If his feelings be not altogether blunted, and he be not dead to every tie of affection and family, what agony he must suffer, as he goes on to his wife and children, conscious that he has madly risked and lost their inheritance, which was required to procure them the immediate necessities of life, or to ensure them against want and begging in the future.

Truly our Governmental system is not a political system merely, but it is also a fruitful source of social sin and degradation. Is it wonderful that the most ignorant amongst the untaught—the poorest and most neglected amongst the poor and neglected classes, should hasten to risk their meagre and neglected savings up in every street, when our rulers and legislators, who ought to be the wisest and most virtuous amongst us, shut up their 'Parliamentary prize-ring,' and leave unfought those battles of fiction, dignified by them with the title of 'National legislation,' in order that they may be off to the Derby, to attend to their gambling speculations, and to set the example of evil to those whom their selfishness and hypocrisy have rendered ignorant, unmanly, and vicious.

To punish the traffickers in vice, and to elevate the people, so that they will feel themselves too noble to descend to the degradation of gambling, we must have to conduct the national affairs, unselfish men, who will have at heart only the interests of the nation, and who will have both the courage and the will to overthrow the supremacy of the lordly corruptors. If, we must have a Government chosen by all from all—a Government of Universal Suffrage!

NOTICE!

We are compelled to postpone an article on the Foreign Policy of the existing Government. Meanwhile, we entreat our friends of humanity to give aid to

THE POLITICAL REFUGEES.

The lists published in another column comprise but a portion of the large number of men existing in this metropolis, at a state of the most miserable destination. The 'Advertiser' of this morning's date contains an account of the discovery, by the Christian Instruction Society, of a colony of French and Hungarian Refugees, to the number of forty, in Whitfield-street, Long-acre—all of them in the most deplorable state of distress. To every Democrat, to every humane person, it is devoutly appealed, to strengthen the hands of the "Refugee Committee," by at once forwarding subscriptions to the Treasurer or Secretaries.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE-ROOM.

Literary Institute, John-street, Fitzroy-square.—June 6th (7th) Lecture.
 South-place, Moorfields.—June 6th (11th a.m.), J. Ferson, M.A., will lecture.
 Commercial Hall, City-road.—June 6th (7th), Thomas Cooper, 'Columbus and the Discovery of America.'
 National Hall, 242, High Holborn.—June 6th (8, P. W. Peffitt, 'Life and Character of the Earl of Stratford.'
 City and London Hall, Webster-street, Blackfriars-road.—June 6th (7th), Frederick Southwell, 'Hell according to Believers and Disbelievers.'
 East London Literary Institute, Bethnal-green.—June 6th (7th) Lecture.
 Commercial Coffee and Reading Room, 50, Church-lane, White-chapel.—Every Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (8), a Lecture of Discussion.
 City Forum Coffee House, 60, Redcross-street.—Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday (8), a Lecture.
 Electric Institute, Denmark-street, Soho.—Every Friday (8), Mr. J. B. O'Brien, Home and Foreign Politics. Every Sunday (7), on 'Moral and Social Science.'
 Commercial Hall, Finsbury-street, Commercial-road-east.—Theological Discussions every Sunday morning (11), Sunday evenings (8), Tuesday (8), Thursday (8), and Saturday (8).
 Social Institute, Chancery-street, Old Garratt, Manchester.—June 6th (11), a Lecture.
 Temperance Star Hotel, Swan-street, Briggate, Leeds.—Every Wednesday (8), a Discussion.
 Progress-Club Hall, Chapinade, Leeds.—June 6th (7th) a Lecture.
 Commercial Hall, Finsbury-street, Commercial-road-east.—Lecture every Sunday at 10 1/2 a.m.—Discussions every Sunday evening.

MEET EDITION.—On Sunday, the 23rd ult., an adjourned meeting was held at Bradford, composed of representatives and friends from the several Co-operative Stores and Working Associations in the district, in which it was resolved, that the several societies, there represented, should form themselves into a union, to be named "The Northern Union of Co-operative Societies," for the purpose of mutual advantages, in the purchasing and distributing of goods, and promoting generally the cause of associative production. And it was resolved, that the drawing up of a code of rules for the conducting the proposed union, should be entrusted to Messrs. Eggleston, Holi, and D. Green, of Leeds, to be submitted to the next district meeting to be held at the same place on the last Sunday in June. The following associations were announced,—"Bradford, Halifax, as composing the intended union,"—"Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, and Ripponden Society," "Store, Keelson (two Societies)," "Wilsden, Howarth, Pudsey, and Ringley."

The justices of peace for Edinburgh have passed resolutions for preventing spirit shops from being open on Saturdays.

There were upwards of 800 fewer cases of pauperism in the parish of Birmingham last week, than in the corresponding week in 1851.

Salmon appears to have deserted the Shannon this year, and to have been replaced by the Liffey.

together like cattle, as is so frequently done in emigrant ships, is neither pleasant nor profitable.

That the churchwardens and overseers be empowered to raise a sum of £1,000, to defray the expenses of sending out to Australia poor persons having settlements in the parish and willing to emigrate, under such rules and regulations as the Poor Law Board are willing to sanction.

The object of the parties adopting such a resolution is to lessen poor rates, or to overcome pauperism by emigration. Those points are made clear from the speeches livered by the active parties. The rate-payers of St. Martin's in the fields are not alone in their impression as to the desirableness of extending emigration, in hopes of lessening pauperism. We tell them they begin at the wrong end. To send labourers out of a country that has millions of acres of land uncultivated, and profitable if cultivated, in hopes of getting rid of pauperism, is not only unwise, but suicidal. It

* Has it occurred to you, that in a case of this kind emigration might be applied and be a benefit ?

Answer.—“Of the greatest possible. And I am convinced that the expense to devolve upon the landlord in sending a portion of the population out, would be amply repaid in a very few years, in a pecuniary point of view, &c.”

Such was the opinion of the Earl of Derby thirty-one

Is there any requisite for life, that gold can buy, that England, Scotland, and Ireland do not possess? Has not England to be enriched by labour? Is not England already enriched? Then how comes it that in an old country, which is the granary of the marketable wealth of so many countries, that the labourers, the producers of its riches, are obliged to quit it in search of gold, which, when possessed, can only be used as a means to command the necessaries and luxuries of life? How comes it that the freed emigrants leaving England so generally prefer the United States to any of our new colonial dependencies? There can be must be causes for all these results. It is not enough to reply by a few fine sentences about the 'Mother country' sending out her children to establish other countries, and to spread the Saxon tongue, and carry civilisation to the ends of the earth.' All such fashionable balderdash may tickle the ears of the groundlings, but will be rejected by those who know that 'the mother country' has been capricious

As a people, we have learned to produce wealth; are we boast of our civilisation, and be loud-tongued about carrying it to the ends of the earth, so long as we can produce nothing more cheering than advancing pauperism—nothing more satisfactory than emigration as a remedy for national evils—nothing more consolatory than a contrast between the extremes of wealth and poverty—we should, at least, be modest and guarded in our self-gratulation. What we have done we know; what we have not done we also know. We have produced riches, but we have not allayed our anxiety to procure them; we have forgotten their legitimate use. We have become too belated in the ear and callous in the heart, to practically remember the homely words of Bacon:—“Good policy is not to be used, that the treasures and manners of a state may be gathered into few hands—otherwise, a state may have a great stock, and yet starve and rot, as the sick man, who would avert it, he sayeth.”

ASSAULT BY A FISH.—The Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police is frequently called upon to award damages for injuries inflicted by dogs and other animals, for which the owners are civilly responsible, but it is rather a novel thing for it to be called on to do so in the case of a fish. Such, however, was the case on Saturday, when a dealer in shellfish at the fish market, was summoned by a Madame Greubrecht who claimed 30 francs damages for the injury caused to her nose by one of the defendant's lobsters. The plaintiff, wishing to regale her husband with a tit-bit for dinner, went to market and

was bargaining for a lobster, which she took up in her hand, but threw it down again, saying it was not fresh. The dealer protested that it was alive, but Mad. Grebucbet asserted the contrary, and that it even stunk. To satisfy herself that such was the case, she a second time applied her nose to it, when the lobster, as if in defence of the owner's veracity, seized hold of Madame Grebucbet's nose with its claw, and held it fast. She screamed for assistance, but, instead of immediately rendering it, the dealer and her companions around her burst out into a laugh, and it was some little time before the nose of the lady could be released. The fisherwoman in her defence maintained that she was not to blame, and that the mischief was solely caused by the impudence of Madame Grebucbet.

in applying her nose so close to the lobster's claw when she had been told that it was alive; and the Tribunal taking the same view of the case, the complaint was dismissed, and the plaintiff ordered to pay the costs.

A COMPLACENT DEBTOR.—In reply to a lawyer's letter sent to a debtor, who, but a few months ago, passed the insolvent Court, having in his schedule, the names of his baker, butcher, grocer, milkman, tailor, shoemaker, laundress &c., &c.; the following curious epistle was received:—
London, 19th May, 1837.—Gentlemen,—I have at this moment two judgment summonses against me, and four summonses in the County Court, one for £15, the other for £14 5s; if your clients desire, under the usual terms, to accept of these, and give judgment to save your clients expense, I have nothing to object to. I am, &c.

DEATH OF A TIGER HUNTER.—We announce with regret the death of Captain Charles Colby, of the 1st Infantry of the United States, and commanding the convalescent depot at Suresburg, under the following distressing and warning circumstances:—On the 30th of last month Captain Colby went out tiger shooting at the foot of the hills on which the Marce depot is situate, and having come upon a large male tiger first he wounded him, as he supposed, mortally. Upon this he drew near with his elephant, and, descending, approached the animal, which lay to all appearance dead, but which, on his coming close to it, sprang upon him and mutilated him dreadfully. He was rescued by the Mahouts and other natives of the shooting party, some of whom immediately started for Rawul Pindee to give information of the occurrence, on receipt of which two medical officers at once mounted an elephant and repaired to the scene of the accident, which they reached early the next morning. They found Captain Colby dreadfully wounded, and judged among

A number of cats were shipped from New York to California some time since, and an American paper, the "Cincinnati Nonpareil," now says that an inhabitant of that city has recently sent 500 dogs on speculation to that city.

The net surplus of the Exhibition of Industry is officially stated to be £150,000.

A servant-girl received the following written character from a person who meant to compliment her highly—"This is to certify that Isabel Wier served with us during the last half-year, and found her in every respect Creditable and free from nothing that was in any way poor."

Our Friends will oblige by forwarding reports of Chartist meetings, and other Democratic proceedings.

The Committee again assembled on Wednesday evening, June 2nd. Several donations were handed in. The subscription list was received and ordered to be circulated. The Committee then adjourned till Wednesday evening next, June 9th.

Persons willing to aid the Committee, by taking subscription sheets are requested to communicate with G. Julian Harney, 4, Brunswick-row, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, London, to whom all letters are to be addressed.

Persons desirous of assistance will meet on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, in the coffee-room of the Institution, John-street, Tottenham-court-road.

LIST OF REFUGEES AT PRESENT UNEMPLOYED SPECIFYING THE PROFESSION OR TRADE OF EACH.

A.G., M.C., A.G., Men's Shoemakers
A.F., Shoemaker
F.A., V.M., T.C. Cabinetmakers
C. Artificial Flower Maker
T.S., Founder, Stoves, &c.
F.G., Engineer
A.R., Jeweller
P.M., Lithographer
B.L., Stonemason
C.A., T.F., B.C., T.L., Mechanical Workmen
B.L., E.B., T.B., E.F., H.F., Carpenters and Blind-makers
A.C., A.L., Chemists
S.F., Surveyor (Bridges and Roads)
L.S., Plasterer
L.S., Chemistry Teacher
N.M., D.F., L.W., Teachers of Drawing
F.T., A.R., Teachers of Riding
A.R., A.T., F.T., J.B., H.F., M.B., T.L., T.P., A.C., H.G., K.G., J.P., A.B., P.L., N.F., A.C., R.E., L.V., Teachers of the French Language
A.T., Teacher of Geography
A.T., H.G., Teachers of Mathematics
L.L., Stone Sawyer
A.B., B.L., A.C., D., Locksmiths
L.W., Sculptor
L.G., B.G., E.C., Tools
C.T., Upholsterer
G.D., P.F., L.F., Silk Weavers
L. Velvet Weaver
A.T., Weaver
Z.P., C.C., L.V., P.M., Compositors
Z.P., Printing Mechanist
C.P., Hand Press Printer
F.B., T.D., Mason's Labourers
A.C., Bookbinder, Pasteboard Maker
B.G., T.F., Porters, Waiters, etc.

E. L., speaks French. Has been employed in commerce business as Rheims for a long time. Knows book-keeping and is very useful in a wine manufactory.

M. K., knows no particular trade, but willing to work at any employment.

A. K., Articled Veterinary Surgeon.

B., a Painter and Decorator.

R. L., a Fancy Painter on Glass.

A. P., a Fancy Painter on Glass.

Bucor. — W., speaks French and English; young could be employed at any work requiring assiduity, care and cleverness.

LEEDS. — V. M., is young and robust. Has worked for several months at a cabinet-maker's.

S. M. wishes for work at a turner's on the lathe, or at joiner's.

men in book-keeping.
 F. N., frames and chairs.
 ROONEY, B. C., G. L., Z. K., T. N., L. L., were a
 of them employed in a carpet manufactory for nine months
 at present without employment.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A. A. has worked at a joiner's.
 T. W. has worked at a bookseller's.
 NORTHAMPTON.—J. S., shoemaker.
 NOTTINGHAM.—C. B. has for some months worked in a
 in industry, and, being habituated to heavy work
 has impaired his health, and wishes for a less laborious em-
 ployment.
 BLACKBURN.—T. T., speaks English. Is clever, and could
 be used in book-keeping.
 PARSLOW.—T. B., hairdresser and barber.
 A. C. has worked for several months at a cabinet-maker
 2nd class.

T. M., very meritorious and diligent. Ready for any sort of work.

T. F. knows technical drawing.

T. K., speaks German and English. A draftsman by trade but was reduced to assist in the work of a cabinetmaker.

S. C. Knows the use of the file and all the plans and a little of carving. Wishes to work as a cabinetmaker's.

SUNDENLAND.—B., young and robust, has worked at paperhang's.

METROPOLITAN DELEGATE COUNCIL — DISGRACEFUL UPRAOR.

On Sunday, May the 30th, the *bona fide* delegates assembled to re-discuss the motion and amendment which occurred at the last meeting.

beater and camped, from the west city limits, a number of miles from the place where the conference was to be held. Credentials were also handed in by a number of delegates, purporting to represent "localities" which had been formed on the *Saturday Evening* and *Sunday Morning* papers for the definite purpose of impeding the full and free discussion of the proceedings in connection with the Massachusetts Convention. The delegates were not in the least real. The Red Chartists locally were numerous enough to vote in repudiation of the late proceedings, so of course localities were manufactured for the purpose of outwitting them. As an instance, credentials were handed in bearing the name of Mr. R. B. Thigden, the printer of a "revelatory standard" in the city of New York. He is a Christian and his brother delegates were the prime movers in the late "Conference," and some of the "printer devils." As soon as the credentials had been read, the

localities which were not to be controlled by him. As for the pledge required, his locality—which was as flourishing as one, as they in London—would, perhaps, pledge themselves to change their place of meeting, if any gentleman should be so foolish as to refuse to resign his seat in the hard-earned peace collection. Mr. Jones, however, would not allow the "People's Paper" to be sold to the "Po' Houses. Mr. Dexter protested against being voted on the Council. He presented his credentials duly signed, and was already a delegate—After a great turmoil, Mr. Jones's amendment was carried, and the Georgetown Locality, with the two delegates, was admitted to Secretary's table. Within five minutes of the previous meeting—an motion for their confirmation, Mr. Farrah moved, as an amendment, "That the minutes be confirmed up to the hour of adjournment when the several delegates left the room." Mr. Washington

* Here the number of Polish Refugees in want of employment is very large. Many have never applied to us, nor sufficiently acquainted with their situations to recommend them to the Committee. Some have not yet done it in consequence of their recent arrival. We therefore content ourselves, meanwhile, to give the names of those few only, who, belonging to the Democratic Society, are better known to us as wanting, and by their character deserving, the Committee's protection.

FINSBURY LOCALITY.—At the meeting of this body, on Sunday last, it was resolved to suggest to the Metropolitan Council to be asked to consider the petition, urging an agitation to obtain the liberation of the political prisoners. A petition prepared by the same body, and when signed by the public generally, to be presented to the Lords by Lord Brougham, and to the Commons by T. S. Duncombe, M.P. Other resolutions that were passed included one expressing regret at the discussions exhibited in the Metropolitan Delegate Council. A resolution was also moved that no resolution should be passed without a 2/3 majority. A debate ensued, and the decision was adjourned.

BRADFORD.—The Chartist council met on Monday last, and passed resolutions recognizing and pledging themselves to support the new "executive" elected by the late "Conference," inviting Mr. Finlen to Bradford, and call-

not approve of the proceedings of this body." Ant communi-
cation was addressed to David Johnston, Secretary, No.
2, Wills Court, St. Asaph, Caernarvonshire.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND.—A correspondent commenting on
the electing proceedings of the Far North, asks, what
are the non-electors doing? and adds, "Never has there
been a more favourable opportunity to revive Democracy,
and spread our principles, than at present. The general
election is at hand—let the Democrats attend the electoral
meeting, and elect a man who will represent them as
a good honest man of their own on the hustings. In order
that these things may be done efficiently we must have an
association. Let the 'good men and true' commence
immediately, for there is no time to lose. In places where
there may be no weekly meeting, let even four, or half a
dozen, make a beginning, and if they continue truthfully,

NEWARK, ON-TYNE, MAY 28.—The members of the National Anti-Slavery Association in the Democratic Hall, Nunn-street.—Angus M'Leod in the chair. Mr. James Charlton proposed, Mr. J. Powell seconded, the following resolution, which was ably supported, at some length, by the proposer and seconder, and Messrs. Cookbook, Cairns, and Rane:—"That this meeting having read the report of the Manchester Convention, hereby express its as their unanimous opinion—1. That the acts of said Convention were calculated to excite the passions of the people to the cause of freedom.—2. That Mr. Cookbook having said they were determined to oppose the middle-class even if they went for the Charter, and Mr. Jones having suggested the propriety of breaking in by force upon their meetings and opposing them, this meeting hereby expresses its entire

members and friends has been held for the purpose of giving the members of the Council an opportunity of further elucidating the principles of the Association. John W. Woodcock, the principal reporter was Mr. John W. King after which Mr. Naylor addressed the assembly in a lengthy and eloquent speech. Mrs. Dexter, the popular lecturer, then spoke for some time on the social and moral elevation of woman. Those who have had the pleasure to listen to Mrs. Dexter can well understand her ability to treat of such a noble question. Possessed of talent, common sense, and energy, and admired for her moral worth, the cause of woman has been her life's work. Mr. Naylor, the advocate, Mrs. Holmes followed, her address being in support of the professional elevation of woman. Mr. Naylor again spoke in defence of the political rights of the fair sex. We have received a report of the address deli-

Hal), to discuss the above subject. There were a goodly number of Democrats of various shades present, apparently inclined to hear and take part in the debate. Jonathan Chase, the Maine abolitionist, was unanimously elected to the chair. Mr. George Grant was the first to move in discussion.—Mr. Grant said he considered that if the Manchess Convention had not taken the movement up, there was nothing but a respectable funeral left for it. He had no faith in being allied to middle-class reform; he was for the whole or nothing, and nothing but the "whole hog" would do. He said he did not believe in any bit-by-bit reform. But he did not agree with the plan of the Executive Committee of the collection of monies. He thought the Executive Committee left the cause to voluntary subscriptions, it would sink into a worse state of apathy than it had done heretofore. For that reason he entirely dissented from that clause, as

me to prevent the death of the movement. When the meeting was held meetings he approved of opposing them. He concluded that the only way to agree was to let the gates playing themselves to push, support the "People's Paper," in preference to any other, as they had done; he thought that did not belong to their business. — Mr. Charlton commented upon what he considered to be the absurd policy and proceedings of the Conference, which he censured. He thought Mr. Grant must be a man of straw, and that he was not whether the leadership of the Manchester Executive would be given to him or not, and efficient to the future Executive, which would have been elected at a proper time, when the debt of the old one was cleared off. He thought Manchester was not the proper place for a Conference to meet, or any other provincial town. He thought it was sheer imprudence for

movement.—Mr. Henderson thought the Charlist leadership was generally based on obstructions to progress; it did not agree; it refused to meet them; they had no part in disorganizing the movement; he thought some of the members were disturbing other reform meetings. He thought there was remaining proved how little real interest really the Charlists took in their cause. He should have liked to have seen a really National Convention of the people, and he would like to see the Charlists at such a convention. He had heard many persons speak favorably of the "Conference," and he thought it would be a mad policy, if they went to oppose everything which the Manchester Conference had recommended themselves, so that they had no room to complain of Mr. Harney, Cooper, Holyoke, and others, as they had done. He wanted to know what Jones had recommended them to obstruct the Parliamentary and Municipal Reform. He thought that the Conference was very successful in its aims, and he assured them for (anonymous) other officers, and men.

where they would find out hundreds to go and oppose the middle-class reformers at their meetings. He severely censured Mr. Cockcroft and others for recommending such a course.—Mr. John Brown stated that he considered the Manchester Conference had done quite right in calling the Manchester Conference, and he would not attend the Conference, if it was not to have the adjournment of the debate, which was carried; and it was ultimately agreed to resume it on Sunday evening next, at seven o'clock.—C. B. KNIGHT.

Bryant has been killed in a coal pit, Starvell Colliery, near Bristol. He was descending the shaft in a basket, when a piece of coal fell upon him. Upon being taken up he was quite dead.

"Father, it speaks here about illuminated manuscripts; what were they lighted with?" The father hesitated, and when the question was repeated, answered desperately, "With the light of other days, my son!"

GREAT SPEECH ON THE
AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.

KOSUTH'S SPEECH,
GENTLEMEN,—Some generous friends, to whom my heart
is bound with ties of everlasting gratitude, for their kind-
ness, support, and protection,—men, distinguished also by
the affection and confidence of the people,—have been
intimated to me that before I leave Boston and Massa-
chusetts, those bright stars of consolation in the gloomy
night of the poor wandering exile, I am desired to give some
explanation, in Faneuil Hall, about the greatest condition of
England and the climate of our days. I see as clearly as
I see you, that the die is cast, and I see as clearly as
you cast. I see the war between freedom and oppression
about to be engaged, but *really* engaged, I see the struggle
in that condition, in which two inexorable armies are both
marching, already to meet; I see that the shock of the battle

tainly—with certainty, weighed not by visionary imagination, but with that calm, arithmetical calculation with which the statesman looks at the matter of his country's interests before he musters up a battle to his credit. He imagines how torturing it must be to the mind to know that such a declaration from the United States as the resolutions are, would be tantamount to a declaration of war on the part of Massachusetts, and such mutual aid as would enable me to provide for those necessities which cannot be provided for without financial means, would ensure the triumph of the cause, and the attainment of the beneficial result of a peace of honor, and 100,000 armed men, and the control of the vessel and all the other means of the national armament, in question, which principle shall rule the course of the nation, then proceeded to notice and to combat the idea, that it was the destiny of France to lead the nations to liberty. Louis le Napoleon's *coup d'état*, much against his will, has emancipated Europe from its reliance upon France. The combined

heard the denomination of "the bourgeoisie." Among all possible qualifications of oppression, none was so odious as to oppress people than the oppression of an Assembly. The National Assembly of France was the most treacherous the world has ever yet known. Issued from universal suffrage, it went so far to abolish universal suffrage, and every day of its existence was a new blow more stricken at democracy by the bourgeoisie. Louis Napoleon had been beaten sounder than Adam Smith, and he had no more reasons to hate and to despise, and the people applauded him as the people of England applauded Cromwell when he whipped away the Rump Parliament, though indeed, there is not the slightest likeness between Cromwell the giant and Louis Napoleon the dwarf. (Cheers.)

in the brightest moments of his triumph—this democracy will either make use of Louis Napoleon a tool, in spite of himself, serving the democracy, or it will crush him [Applause and cheers.] Should he succeed in maintaining himself to the next Spring, without being attacked from abroad, you will see him brought to the necessity of an offensive war—may be that against England, but in any case against Austria. Against Austria, however, he will stand on the soil of Italy, and will never be the ruler of France, he may abandon Italy to herself, but never can he abandon it to Austria. Against the rivalry of Germany, necessarily, no whim of personal inclinations can prevail; and not even cowardice can submit to it. Whichever of these alternatives may occur, so much I take for sure, that the momentary success of Louis Napoleon *est pour d'abord* the momentary success of the democracy.

[illegible]

liberty awakened in Italy, the services of German troops of Spain and of France poured into the country and extinguished the glowing spark in the blood of the people, lest it should once more illumine the dark night of Europe. ("Cries of Shame.") Frederick Barabossa da Castro, Milton of his foundation, when it attempted to resist the imperial troops, was captured and sent to the dungeons of the cities, and lead the plow over the smoking ruins. Charles the Fifth gathered all his powers around him to subdue Florence when it declared itself a democratic republic. Napoleon extinguished the last remnants of republicanism by government by crushing the Republics of Venice, Genoa, Lucca, Regensburg, and left only by despotism, to ridicule the republicans. The Republic of Venice was destroyed, the Republic of Genoa was reduced to a province, the Republic of Lucca and the Holy Alliance parted the spoils of Napoleon. The riveted away the iron fetters together which enslave Italy.

nied to them, cannot be taught not to remember their past glory and their present degradation. Every stone speaks of the ancient glory, every Austrian policeman, every French soldier of the present degradation. The tyrants have no power to unmake history and to silence the past. The tyrants have no power to make themselves powerful to stir up the activities of mankind, there is no more impressive than unmerited degradation, which impels us to redeem our lost honour. What is it, therefore, that keeps those petty tyrants of Italy, who are jealous of one another, on their tottering thrones, divided as they are by the very passions which they profess to despise? What liberty unites the people? It is only the protection of Austria, straddling the peninsula with her bayonets as with her spies. And Austria itself can dare to stand in Italy because she relies upon the assistance of Russia. Such

Europe; though cut down by the despots, it will spring again from the roots in the soil, which was always German. Remember that the despots of the East and of Italy were ever tyrants over their own despoiled subjects, and that the despots of the West were tyrants without foreign aid; remember that Austria is the Austrian army which occupies Italy; remember that Austria is the Austria who have fought again and triumphed over the yellow and black flag of Austria—under the same tri-colour which having the same colours for both countries, shows emblematically that Hungary and Italy are but wings of the same army, and that against a common enemy. Remember that even now, the despots of the East and of Italy are the middle Italy can subvert without an Austrian or French garrison—(applause)—and remember that Italy is a free land, open from three sides to the friendship of all who sympathise with civil and religious liberty on earth, but from the fourth side shut out by the despots of the East.

looks back into the mirror of his past, that the Venetians cannot help to weep tears of fire and of blood from the eyes of Rialto; when you feel all this, then look back to how the Romans fought in 1849 with a heroism scarcely paralleled in the most glorious days of ancient Rome—and let me tell in addition, upon the certainty of my own positive knowledge, that the world never yet has seen such a complete and extensive revolutionary organisation as that which Italy to-day, ready to burst out into an irresistible storm at the slightest opportunity, has now in her bosom.

make that opportunity, if either foreign interference be checked, or the interfering force occupied at home. (Much applause.) The revolution of 1848 has revealed a new and developed spirit of Italy. Except a few wealthy proprietors already very unfortunates, the most singular unanimity exists both as to aim and means. There is no shade of difference of opinion either as to what is to be done, or how to do it. All are unanimous in their devotion to the Union and Independence of Italy, with France or against France, by the sword, at all sacrifices, and without compromise; they are bent on renewing order and aid they will triumph in the long run. (Cheers and prolonged applause.) The difficulty in Italy is not how to make a Revolution, but how to prevent its untimely outbreak; and still even in that respect there is such a complete discipline as the world never yet has seen. In Rome, Romagna, Lombardy, Venice, Sicily, and all middle Italy there exists an invisible government, whose influence is everywhere discernible. (Applause.) It has eyes and hands in all departments of its people's action. In all classes of society—its laws voluntarily paid—its force organized—its police—its newspapers regularly printed and circulated, though the possession of a single copy would send the holder to the galleys. The officers of the existing government convey the missives of the invisible government—the diligences transport its agents. One line from one of these agents opens to you the galleries of art on prohibited days, gives you the protection of uniformed officials, and if you find no place, at a diligence office, detain the director to send a supplement. The chief of police avowed openly to Cardinal Antonelli, that formerly the palace watched and spied, but now the palace itself is watched and spied, and punished terribly, inexorably, if it dares to interfere with the orders of the invisible government which never fails to be punctually obeyed. (Applause.) This is the condition of all Italy, is shown on one side in the fact that the King of Naples holds fettered in dungeons 25,000 patriots, and Radezky—(cheers)—has sacrificed nearly 40,000 political prisoners to the scaffold—(hear, hear)—and still the scaffold continues to be watered with blood, and still the dungeons receive new victims, evidently proving what spirit there exists in the people of Italy. (Applause.) And still Americans doubt that we are on the eve of a terrible revolution, and they ask what use can I make of any material aid, when Italy is a barrel of powder which the slightest spark can light, Italy is the left wing of that army which Hungary is the right wing. (Applause and cheers.) In respect to foreign rule Germany is more fortunate than Italy. From the times of the treaty of Verdun, when it separated from France and Italy, through the long period of more than a thousand years, no foreign power ever has succeeded to rule over Germany, such is the resistive power of the German people to guard its national existence. The tyrants who have overthrown them were always anxious to introduce German liberty those tyrants were always anxious to introduce foreign institutions. First they swept away the ancient German right—this common law, so dear to the English and American—this eternal barrier against the encroachments of despotism, and substituted for it the iron rule of the imperial Roman law. And again, when the French, under their Emperor, whose genius comprehend everything except freedom, extended their moral sway over Germany, when the princes of Germany thronged around the foreign despot, begging for crowns from the son of the Corsican lawyer, with whom the Emperor were happy to form matrimonial alliances—with the man who had no other ancestors than his—then it was again the people, which did not join in the degradation of its rulers, but, jealous to maintain their national independence, turned the foreigner out, though his name was Napoleon. Other nations, now and then, were great by some great men—the German people was always great by itself. (Applause.) But the German people cannot bear independence and liberty; they had rather themselves be slaves, the underlings of the Czar, than to allow that their people should enjoy some liberty. An alliance was therefore formed, which they blasphemously called the holy alliance—with the avowed purpose to keep the people down. Rather than to acknowledge the rights of Hungary, they bowed before the Czar, and gave up the independence of the Austrian throne; they became the underlings of a foreign power, and then they said that the people of the European Continent should become free. Since the fall of Hungary, Russia is the real Sovereign of all Germany; for the first time Germany has a foreign master! and you believe that Germany will bear that in the Nineteenth Century which it never yet has borne. Bear that in her manhood which it never has borne in its childhood. Soon after, and through the fall of Hungary, the pride of Prussia was humiliated, Austrian garrisons occupied Hamburg, Schleswig-Holstein was abandoned, Hessia was chastised, and all that is dear to the Germans purposely affronted. Their dreams of greatness, their longing for unity, their aspirations of liberty, were trampled down into the dust, and ridicule was thrown upon every elevation of mind, upon every revelation of patriotism. Hassenpflug, convicted of forgery by the Prussian Courts, became Minister in Hesse, the once out-lawed Schwarzenberg, and Bach, a renegade Republican, Ministers of Austria. The churchward piece of Prussian trash was abandoned, Hessia was of order, are trying to enforce upon the world, has for its guardians all out-lawed reprobates, forgers and renegades. (Applause.) Gentlemen, the German Princes bow before the Czar, but the German people will never bow before him. (Applause.) Let me sum up the philosophy of the present condition of Germany in these few words: 1848 and 1849 have proved that the little tyrants of Germany cannot stand by themselves, but by their reliance upon Austria and Prussia. These again cannot stand by themselves, but only by their reliance upon Russia. Take this reliance away, by maintaining the laws of nations against the principle of interference—and the joint powers of America and England can maintain them—(applause)—and all the despotic Governments, reduced to stand by their own resources of power, must fall before the never yet subdued spirit of the people of Germany, like rotten fruit rotting by a good apple. (Applause.) Let me now speak about the condition of our own dear native land. (Cheers and prolonged applause.) Kossuth then proceeded to review the several classes of the Hungarian people, and showed that from the sentiments of patriotism and duty, and even from self-interest one and all of his people are the inexorable enemies to Austrian rule. He then proceeded to trace the course of the Hungarian Revolution, and showed the benefits it conferred upon the people of Hungary. He then proceeded to speak of "Turkey, the country of religious institutions, the country of religious toleration. (Applause.) Turkey, when it extended its sway over Transylvania and half of Hungary, never interfered with the way in which the inhabitants chose to govern themselves; she allowed even that those who lived within her dominions, collected the taxes voted by independent Hungary, with the aim to make war against the Porte. While the other parts of Hungary, Prussia, Austria, and the Austrian policy, and the Protestants several times compelled to take up arms for the defence of religious liberty in Transylvania, under the sovereignty of the Porte, the Unitarians got political rights, and Protestantism grew up under the protecting wings of the Ottoman power. The respect for municipal institutions is so deeply rooted in the minds of the Turks, that at the time when they became masters of the Danubian provinces, of Moldavia and Wallachia, they voluntarily excluded themselves from all political rights in the newly acquired provinces, and up to the present day, they do not allow that a mosque should be built, that Turk should dwell and own landed property across the Danube. They do not interfere with the taxation or with the internal administration of these provinces; and the last organic law of the Empire, the Tanzimat, nothing but the re-declaration of the rights of municipal corporations, guaranteeing them against the centralising encroachments of the Pacha. While Czar Nicholas is about to convert the Protestant population of Livonia and Estland, by force and by alluring promises, to the Greek Church, the liberal Sultan, Abdul Medjid, grants full religious liberty to all sects of Protestants. Kossuth then proceeded to review and contrast the Turkish and Russian Empires, as regards their present position and power, and showed that Turkey had recovered from the disasters she had experienced previous to 1830. Twenty-four years ago Turkey was believed to be in a decaying state; it is now stronger than it has been for the last hundred years. After some further observations relative to Russia, Kossuth said, I am often told, let only the time come when the Republican banner is unfurled in the Old World, then we shall see what America will do. (Applause.) Cries of "Yes." Well, gentlemen, your aid may come too late to be rendered beneficial. Remember '48 and '49. This is my last meeting. Whatever may be the fate, so much I can say, that the name of Boston and Massachusetts will remain a dear word and a dear name, not only to me but to my people for all time. And whatever my fate, I will, with the last breath of my life, raise the prayer to God that he may bless you, my dear country and bless your country, and bless all your land for all the coming time and to the end of time; that your freedom and prosperity may develop and grow and progress from day to day; that one glory may be added to the glory which you already have; the glory that America, Republican America, may unite with her other principles the principle of Christian brotherly love among the family of nations; and so may she become the corner stone of Liberty on earth. That is my farewell word to you. (Cheers and enthusiastic applause.)

When Kossuth was conducted through the Hall the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the crowd at the door was so great that the committee, himself and wife, were obliged to remain in the ante-chamber for a considerable length of time. This ended the last Kossuth meeting in Boston.

LAW-SUIT ABOUT A HAT.—The Civil Tribunal of Chateau Thierry has lately had a rather singular case brought before it; the object in dispute being neither more nor less than the hat worn by the Emperor Napoleon in the Russian campaign. This relic of the emperor fell into the possession of the late M. Etard, his valet-de-chambre, and the litigation between the widow of that gentleman, who claims a right to retain the hat, and the other branches of the family who demand that it go into a common fund for division. Counsel on both sides were heard, and the court, after a short deliberation, decided that the hat should be sold for the sale of the property left by the deceased, but be put up for sale amongst the members of the family themselves, and be retained in the possession of the widow until that should be decided.

A lady who died lately at Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, has left annuities of £25 each to her grey mare and carriage mare.

The total number of Germans who arrived at New York, 1851, was 70,540.

Co-operative Chronicle.

We shall be glad to receive Reports of Progress from Managers or Secretaries of Co-operative Associations and Stores, in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

THE WORKING TAILORS' ASSOCIATION LONDON.

(BY ITS LAST SECRETARY.)
A CHAPTER TOWARD THE ASSOCIATIVE HISTORY.

CONCLUSION.

At the conclusion of our last, we had arrived at the virtual dissolution and reformation of the Castle St. Association. The Cooper-haters—for I cannot call them Cooper-operators—who had been ejected by the votes of their own fellow-workers, never let slip an opportunity of reviling the Association, and especially its Manager, whom they denounced as a tyrant; they did not gain much public sympathy, however, and were soon lost sight of, though not before they had succeeded in prejudicing some of the working men against the Association and its Manager. Some few of them held together and formed a new Association, appointing the leader of them to be their Manager—poor fellow! One could not have prayed a worse punishment for him, or a more unfortunate benediction to fall upon him! They did not cling together long, but broke up, calling each other sorry names; and poor Benny! he was denounced worse than Cooper. Many false statements were circulated regarding their leaving the Working Tailors' Association none more damaging than the one averring that they had been robbed of the fruits of their accumulated labour; which was simply a lie! Seeing that each man received his full share of the profits earned while he was a member, over and above his weekly earnings, leaving the Association—worth about as much as its liabilities amounted to! Various statements of this kind were sent to the Press; among other journals I may mention "The Leader," the "Northern Star," "The Cook's Journal," &c.; these were received with caution. The various Editors applied to us at the Association for our report of the affair, which we furnished, so that they had both versions to judge by; in each case, save one, they had the effect of determining them not to publish it in print. At this time the illustrious exception was Mr. Ernest Jones. At this time he had begun to manifest his strange, unwarranted, and suicidal opposition to the Co-operative Movement. Without consulting Walter Cooper, or any other parties connected with the Association—without knowing anything of the quarrel or the men, save from Mr. Harris—one of the ejected, Mr. E. Jones inserted in his journal (the "Notes of the People") all the atrocious lies and dastardly insinuations which that worthy furnished him with, without inquiring as to their veracity, or caring for their trustworthiness. How unlike the honourable conduct of the Editors previously mentioned! And this from a presumed friend of the working classes! and because we did not think it worth while to reply to the malignant misrepresentations, and dastardly lies of that despicable Harris. Mr. Jones endorsed them, and proclaimed them to be true. So that it followed, that any infamous statement made in his paper, which might be thought too vile and contemptible for insertion in the columns of the "Christian Socialist," must inevitably be true. Excellent Logic! "A Daniel come to judgment." And why were Mr. Harris's statements not repelled? Because, at Castle-Street, he was known for a drunken and irreputable person. The last time he had been seen there he was in a beastly state of intoxication; which supplied him with the courage (2) necessary to bully and insult. Such was the man whose statements Mr. Ernest Jones printed, and whose cause he undertook to champion. But, this was only on a par with the whole of that person's proceedings with regard to the Co-operative Movement. Again and again did he make the most reckless assertions; and in spite of all the evidence adduced and admissible to the contrary, he ignored the facts, and still gave forth his version for the genuine one, heedless of how much such conduct might injure his reputation for veracity!

In one place he triumphantly asserted, "I always averred that the very spirit of inordinate selfishness was in your plan of Co-operation." Did you? And pray in what does this inordinate selfishness consist? The Central Agency divides profits with its customers, and you cannot prove to the contrary. Sir! In the Associations they have always shared equally, whether they were associates or auxiliaries! And you cannot prove to the contrary, Sir! One of the laws provides, that when we have repaid the borrowed capital, one-third of our net profits, he ever so large, shall go to the general Association Fund to assist others. Now, if we had been so utterly selfish, we should not have made such earnest endeavours to pay off this Capital—first, because that would entail upon us the giving away of a goodly portion of our profits, for the benefit of others; and, secondly, if we had retained the £150 already repaid, we might have considerably enlarged our business. Another of our laws provides, that if the Association be broken up by any other cause than insolvency, four-fifths of the whole property shall be given up to the general fund of Associations. This is a check against that grasping selfishness, which, on the principle, that should the skies fall, it would catch larks, might break up the Association for the value of its profits, and kill the goose to get the golden egg.

This is not very like the spirit of inordinate selfishness. And again, how coarsely and unscrupulously Mr. E. Jones traduced the men who took the bold initiative in the Co-operative Movement; who he maligned their motives; and yet, how ignorant he was about them. He asserted that the support we have received was, in nine cases out of ten, the concession of Thieves to Fear, and of Avarice to Ostentation! And this was applied to the men who had bravely stepped from their ranks the inheritors of riches and luxury, to bathe for trampled Labour, and in its name challenge Competition, the Goliath of Capital, to combat!—This was applied to the men who had given as the hand of brotherhood on the common ground of our humanity, and nobly and resolutely set about realising the schemes they cherished for our emancipation and redemption!—This was applied to the men who hundreds of the working men of London had learned to know and to love, and whom Mr. E. Jones did not know! Is not such conduct calculated to disgust the men who may have put their hand to the good work, and to impede for years the reign of those glorious ideas which we yet think to translate into actual every-day life—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity? Why, such policy and action as this of Mr. E. Jones could not possibly triumph, unless the rest of the nation were exterminated, and he and his clique were left alone in their glory; when they would inevitably devour each other! I cannot glean from the writings of Mr. Ernest Jones that he has any honest and tangible complaint to substantiate against this Co-operative Movement—no earnest desire to set it right where it may have been wrong, nor any competent plan for doing so; on the contrary, he has been only too eager to propagate any falsehood, still clinging to it when refuted. He has seized upon the most miserable pretences to attack it, and put the most squinting constructions upon our words and actions, and the most palpable intent to damage and to damn. He would marshal a brilliant array of magnificent words and sounding sentences; but as for the matter of any clear thought, he would continually fly off at a tangent! Now, this epileptic style, or hysterical sublimity, won't do with us—we have had a surfeit of it—its "dear departed one," depend upon it; for other talent is demanded for the discussion of our plans and principles, which have to be wrought out with calm fore-thought and wise consideration, in the light of all our past experiences, and our Movement is not manned and worked by men with whom bombastic balderdash, and blustering bravado is all likely to be successful. Old Charlists and Socialists, farther-seeing, farther-reaching, than Mr. Jones, perhaps, are to be found in the present Co-operative Movement—indeed, the very flower and chivalry of English Democratic workers, not yet fossilised in the political stagnation, are there, grasping the means within their more immediate reach, for the enfranchisement of their class; and so far from their not seeing the utility of Political Reform, I dare aver that they best comprehend the value and necessity of such Reform, in effecting the Social Revolution they are engaged in.

On looking round for the cause of Mr. E. Jones's senseless attacks on this Movement, one might be led to imagine that he found it was encroaching upon the domains of those agitators, who have no wish for agitation to end, as their occupation would be gone, and that the means of livelihood were daily diminishing. If we did not know that Mr. E. Jones was none of these. If it had been O'Connor, for instance, who had to get up an agitation on purpose to sell his paper, we might right think this was the fact. But in the case of Mr. Jones we are at a loss to lay our hand on the incentive to his opposition. Nevertheless, in spite of internal quarrels—in spite of the sneers and attacks of enemies, and the falling off of friends—in spite of misrepresentation and calumny—and in spite of the abuse and misrepresentation of Mr. E. Jones, the Working Tailors' Association, and the Co-operative Movement generally, have been eminently successful—far more so than was anticipated at starting. At the end of the first year, the Castle-Street Association had done business to the amount of four thousand pounds and upwards; and at the end of the second year it had doubled that amount; thus having turned over the Capital which it started with, some twenty-four times in twenty-four months which shows a rapid stroke of business. Meanwhile, the men have had the advantage of good wages, steady work, and of being their own masters. The average weekly wages of the London tailors, according to the last census taken, was 14s. 6d., the average of the men in Castle-Street was 23s., which, with the inestimable benefit of clean and healthy workshops, demonstrates the immense superiority of Co-operation over Competition.

Looking, then, upon what has been done, and the blessings conferred upon hundreds by Associations for production and distribution, we cannot join with those who assert that nothing can be done until the political Revolution be first accomplished. Doubtless, that would be the greatest leverage the people could obtain for the working out of the Social Revolution, if they knew what they wanted, and possessed sufficient unity to obtain it. But let us not deary any honest attempt to emancipate even the few from the grinding tyranny of Capital—any such movement is better than apathetic suffering and deadly stagnation.

GERALD MASSEY.

CENTRAL CO-OPERATIVE AGENCY.

The business of the Agency is going on most favourably, the principal inconvenience being the want of sufficient room for the premises now occupied for carrying on those operations, rendered necessary by the nature of the business. To secure purity in the articles prepared by the Agency, such as coffee, cocoa, spices, &c., it is necessary they should be ground and prepared on the premises, as it would be most dangerous to entrust them for preparation to those who are ordinarily employed for that purpose. To do this efficiently, now that the business of the Agency has so increased, requires steam power; and on the premises at present occupied, there is not room to erect a steam engine. Not only is it enabled to execute orders with increased efficiency, but also to manufacture many articles, such as pickles and sauces, which they are now compelled to sell without being able to guarantee their freedom from adulteration.

Mr. Jones having been invited to explain the principle and method of the Co-operative business in a few of the large provincial towns, would be glad to receive invitation from such places as may be desirable to avail themselves of his services.

Letters addressed to the Agency will be attended to.

HALIFAX WORKING MAN'S CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

We have been favoured with the Report of the Board of Management of this Co-operative Society for the half year ending May 1, 1852, and regret that we have not space to give a full account of the progress of the Society. It has been continued with the Central Agency, the Salford Hatters, the Working Tailors' Association, the Rochdale and Bradford Societies, the White Lane Company, and the Broom Street Joint Society; whilst new accounts have been opened with the Preston Gingham Company, and the London Needle Works Association.

The Treasurer's statement shows a total of £1,372 18s. 6d. as the receipts of the Society, and a total of £1,372 18s. 6d. as the disbursements. The gross profit on the half year's business is £170 6s. 7d., which, after deducting all trading expenses, cost of management, rent, and other items of outlay, leave £74 17s. 0d. as the net profit. The balance in favour of the Society is now £24 11s. 6d. Their business and members are on the increase.

During the half-year now expired there has been an addition of twenty-six members to our Society, and a withdrawal of four, leaving the present number nominally 202.

In conclusion, the Board of Management exhorts the members to "continue steadfast in the cause to which you are by this experiment committed: knowing that your labour will not be in vain in the holy work of the social and political elevation, and ultimate emancipation of your class."

CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE.

At the last meeting of this body, at the Craven Hotel, Strand, Viscountess Neale, Esq., in the chair.

Mr. Nash read a paper upon the Equitable Labour Exchange, established in Gray's Inn-road in 1832, upon the suggestion of Mr. Owen. He read part of the report of the committee upon which the scheme was commenced, and expressed his confidence in the practicability of such a scheme, notwithstanding the want of success which had formerly attended the efforts of the committee. He stated that the material was worth more than labour to those in which the labour was worth more than the material. Much injury was done also from spurious places—Exchanges which arose up and created distrust of the system. Yet, goods to the estimated value of £11,140 passed through it during the six months of its existence, and the value of the goods deposited for exchange, as well as of the exchanges effected, continually increased, while to consumers it effected an immense saving by striking off a vast amount of intermediate profit.

Mr. Lloyd Jones expressed his opinion that, to such an exchange, the introduction of articles of food was requisite to keep the notes at a premium, and that part of the payment ought to be in cash.

Mr. Saul stated, difficulties from articles of food being wanted so much more frequently than others, the baker would be overpowered with articles which he did not want.

At P. Worley answered this difficulty by showing that a coat or a table was worth many loaves.

Mr. Stiles stated another difficulty, in the want of persons sufficiently skilled in the value of articles. Again, in the want of cash being taken to pay the commission.

Mr. Neale called attention to the two principles involved in the Labour Exchange: the bringing the producer and consumer face to face, getting rid of unnecessary intermediate dealers, and the introduction of money into labour.

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Trades' Intelligence.

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

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF UNITED TRADES.

259, Tottenham-court-road, London.

"FIAT JUSTITIA."

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

In consequence of the unanimous decision of the Trades in connexion with the Association that the usual Annual Conference should be postponed to a future period, the formal and official business required by the constitution to be transacted was proceeded with on Whit-Monday. G. A. Fleming, Esq., President, in the chair.

The Secretary (Mr. Peel) read letters from the Trades connected with the Association in the following places:—Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Wigan, Heywood, Stockport, Todmorden, Wolverhampton, Northwich, Birmingham, Walsall, Darlaston, &c., &c.

Special general meetings of the above Trades had been held, at which votes had been unanimously passed, that the present Central Committee should be re-elected for the ensuing year, and that G. A. Fleming, Esq., be solicited to accept the office of President.

Mr. Fleming stated, that he would accept the appointment with pleasure until the next Conference; by which time he hoped some gentleman, possessing similar public influence with the late President, might be induced to accept the honorary appointment. But as he had always been most desirous, and had, as far as was in his power, contributed to promote the objects of the Association, he should not hesitate, under its present form, to continue his services, in accordance with the desire of the members so unanimously expressed; and he trusted that before the expiration of another year the Association would assume that position which the excellence of its objects, and the perseverance of its Executive, so fairly entitled it.

The Secretary then brought up the Annual Report, which was read, adopted, and ordered to be printed and circulated forthwith. The Cash Balance Sheet for the past year was also brought up, and ordered to be audited.

The Conference then adjourned to Wednesday, to receive the report of the auditor.

WEDNESDAY, June 2.—The Conference re-assembled, and after correspondence was read from Nottingham, Wolverhampton, Northwich, Manchester, &c., the auditor's report was brought up and received.

It was then resolved:—

"That this Conference, on behalf of the Trades in connexion with the Association, has to express its unfeigned regret at the resignation of its late President, T. S. Duncombe, Esq., M.P. The reasons, unremittent, and generous exertions of that gentleman, from the first formation of the Association to the period of his withdrawal, pre-eminently entitled him to the heartfelt and lasting gratitude of the working classes of Great Britain, as the fearless and independent champion of the Rights of Labour; and this Conference, in recording its thanks for his great and valuable services, desires, at the same time, to express its hope that he will continue to serve the country at large in the parliamentary career to which he has devoted his intention of exclusively devoting himself in future."

"That in the name, and on behalf of the members of the National Association, the best thanks of this Conference are given to the proprietors and editors of the 'Star of Freedom,' 'The People's Paper,' 'Reynolds's Newspaper,' 'The Leader,' 'Glasgow Sentinel,' and the 'Wolverhampton Herald,' for the valuable support rendered to this Association during the past year, by the gratuitous insertion of its reports, and their generally favourable notices of its operations."

"That the thanks of this Conference be tendered to G. A. Fleming, Esq., for the able support he has so long and steadfastly rendered to the Association, not only by his official connexion, but by the services he has conferred through his connexion with the Press; and by his ready and generous acceptance of the office of President of the Association for the ensuing year."

"That the grateful thanks of the National Association of United Trades be given to the members, individually and collectively, of the London Central Defence Committee, and its provincial auxiliaries, for their noble, continuous, and disinterested exertions on behalf of the members of the Central Committee, so unjustly prosecuted and imprisoned with the Wolverhampton Tin Plate Workers, for their spirited endeavours to uphold the rights of British industry, and their generous expressions of sympathy and earnest hope that that Committee will not finally separate without making some efforts to impress their constituents with the importance and absolute necessity of a more intimate connexion between the Trades of this country, for purposes of mutual defence against the tyrannical encroachments of Capital."

JUNE 3RD. WM. PEELE, Sec.

WEAVERS' STRIKE—THE TWO LOOM SYSTEM.

AND REDUCTION OF WAGES.

The manufacturers of the Keighley and Bingley districts seem determined, despite of all reason, to introduce the two-loom system into those districts. The weavers, on the other hand, seem to have a very clear idea of the consequences which must ensue to them from the general adoption of this system, throwing, as it will, one half of the people out of employment, and, as a necessary consequence, reducing the wages of the other half. In consequence of this strike succeeds strike, hitherto with the most abundant success, so as putting a stop to the system, which, though at an immense sacrifice of time and money, within the last few weeks, no fewer than seven strikes have taken place in a row of which the weavers have been victorious—Messrs. Ellis, Holmes, & Bingley; Mr. Jones, Sharp, and Son, of the same place; Mr. Clapham, of Wilsden; Mr. Higgins and Sons, of Keighley; and Messrs. Mearl and Brothers, of Ilkworth. The weavers of Mr. G. Hattersley, of Keighley, are now out on strike

Police Intelligence.

BOMB ATTACK ON A PUBLIC WORKS
At the Warship-street Office on Wednesday, a masked dyer, in Huntingdon-street, and John Laidlaw, of the same street, for final examination with having assaulted and wounded Stannard, one of the constables attached to the Theatre, in Shoreditch, whereby the sight of eyes had been totally destroyed.—If appearance evidence of the complainant, whose face was disfigured, and his head enveloped in bandages, on duty in a side passage of the theatre on the 5th ult., the elder prisoner passed out, afterwards returned, and observing the neck of a bottle protruding from his pocket, witness invited him to him that he must leave it behind, as the intru-

