

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHARTIST
CO-OPERATIVE LAND COMPANY.

My Dear Friends,
The old song says "that misfortunes but seldom come single, his plain," so I presume, when you read the *Star* of this week, that you will say that good fortune has not come single. I am now about to answer some scores of most insolent, offensive and impertinent letters that I have recently received about the purchase of land, and to not one of which I have replied, and not one of which has had any more effect upon me than the buzz of a blue-bottle fly; indeed, I often think that it is very fortunate for you that I can bear some months abuse without being ruffled or driven into a course which the critics would be the lowest to condemn. I shall first explain my position to you with respect to the Company, and, without condescending to gratify or satisfy my impertinent correspondents, they, as well as you, will perhaps see the difference between purchasing land to let to a tenant as a safe investment for the purchaser's money, and the purchase of land, EVERY ACRE OF WHICH I shall consider, a safe investment for the poor man's labour and capital. If I had been more anxious to secure a dangerous popularity than to insure the certainty of every member's success, my conduct might have been more acceptable, until YOUR failure proved my inefficiency, and then, instead of calmly bearing the taunts of fools, I should have bent under the weight of your just reproach and my own consuming reflections.

You, my friends, will bear in mind that when once a man is located upon his little estate, that he is not a mere experimentalist, but that he has gloried his own profession upon confidence in my wisdom and knowledge. And again, I tell you that no father who ever lived in this world ever had a more tender solicitude for the success and comfort of his children than I have for the success and comfort of every member of the Chartist Co-operative LAND COMPANY. It is very easy to keep continually bawling out

BUY! BUY!! BUY!!!

but it is not so easy to find estates so circumstanced as to justify me in purchasing as other people purchase. An estate of two hundred acres of varied soil may well suit the purpose of a purchaser or a tenant, while the inequality and variety would engender eternal strife, jealousy and animosity in its ranks. Now, in Herringgate farm I positively should not know which allotment to choose, and I am commissioned to offer £30, £50 and £70 for a two, three, or four acre farm upon that estate; so that the one hundred and sixty acres which I have just purchased. It is one of the most heavenly spots in creation, situated in Worcestershire, within nine miles of Gloucester, nine of Tewkesbury, less than five from the thriving market town of Ledbury, twelve of Cheltenham, within two of the Malvern Hills, and four miles and a half from a canal, and cost £3100; the rent paid by the former tenant, for twelve years, was £336 a-year, or £2 2s. an acre, which will tell you whether the land is good or not; my own opinion is, that this day two years it will be worth £5 an acre. The roads to it are splendid, the country is beautiful, it is well watered; the very best stone is to be had within less than two miles, all dressed and squared for building at 1s. 6d. per ton; a ton of stone will do precisely as much as 200 of bricks, which cost 8s. Hence about half the price that it is at Herringgate, and, the best sand, is within a mile and a half for nothing, and there is plenty of the best material for making roads, and a vast quantity of excellent materials upon the farm. The labour in the parish is 1s. a week, I will certainly raise it to 10s., as the improvement of the labourer is part of our principle, and thus you find that building will not be more than half the expense at Herringgate, if so much, and the materials as good as any in the world.

Now for the advantages of this Estate. When we bought Herringgate there was a large amount of crops in the ground, which compelled us to forego operations until they were reaped; and such was the case in ninety-nine out of every hundred farms that we buy, while upon Lowlands and Applehurst Farm, the one I have just purchased, there is not a grain of anything sowed, so that the whole land is at once convertible to our use. The possession is to be given on the 12th of December, and then I set to work, and no time will be lost in erecting the buildings, and doing all the necessary work. Now, what a very different situation this is to be in than if I had purchased some low, unhealthy, or mountainous and inaccessible farm, or one for subdivision of which we should have waited till September, till the crops were off. I have inspected twenty-six farms before I met with one that entirely suited. If I had got the other farm in Worcestershire for which I bid, we could not have had possession until February next, and the land was £60 an acre—this is better land, though the other was prime, and is only £50 an acre. Now attend to the farms that I have inspected—one near Carlisle, a swamp, out of the way, bad roads, and tenanted; one near Broughton, on the borders of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, wild, out of the way, too dear, and tenanted; four in Kent, £70 an acre; two at Bagshot, a portion of one heath, eighty acres of the other heath; one at Wokingham, miserably out of condition, croppied, tenanted, and dear; one in Devonshire, on the top of a mountain; two at Little Messenden, in Hertfordshire, tenanted, no water, and bad land; Bonner's Farm, in Hertfordshire, all stones; Marsh Gibbon, in Bucks, flooded, no materials, no house, part common; two near Ipswich, Suffolk, one £70 an acre, the other £22 an acre, that would not take at a gift; Essex, Colliers Farm, all silt clay; another farm at the river Blackwater, eighty acres of "slob," with eternal stink, and the inhabitants afflicted with ague; Witney, near Oxford, 168 acres, sold by private contract before the auction. With regard to this, I may observe, that I wish the person who sent the advertisement had sent the notice of the sale which appeared in the following week's paper, but which he never sent. Biggs Farm, confused title; Bowers Farm, Herts, tenanted, croppied, and one-fourth under beech timber; Barnades Farm, Worcestershire, in treaty with another before I heard of it, bid £500 over him, but the proprietors under contract to sell.

Now then, in the blazing heat of summer, or in the pelted rain of autumn, I have dug every field in those several farms. I never will be drawn into so much explanation again, and, once for all, no living man, or all the men in the world, shall either drag me or force me to make a purchase that I won't be satisfied with through all time. I am not only satisfied but gratified with the present purchase, and for this reason—it is worth more to us than any other person living, and Mr. Miles, of Bristol, bid £8,080 for it. So I can't be much wrong. There was a mortgage of £7,500 upon it, and mortgagees don't lend to the full amount, and, above all, because I was offered 9000 guineas for it after I purchased it. I was very near being late; I returned from the farm after having dug in several parts of every field, and having ascertained every necessary information, and wet up to my knees; and the auction was going on as I entered the room; and when I was at breakfast, after making the purchase, a gentleman, who supposed he would be in time, arrived too late, and offered 9000 guineas. The mortgagee, who was obliged to sell, assured me, that, if I was disposed to part with it, he would get me ten thousand pounds. I shall now give you some information upon a subject that I have always been trying to instruct you upon—namely, the value of land in the retail market.

The reason of the auction being hurried on at the notice hour stated was this: the same auctioneer

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had afterwards to give the Prinknash-park estate, in the same room, in sixty-six lots; and now observe what I have to tell you. Those lots varied from less than a quarter of an acre to thirteen acres; and for the most part, though inferior land, brought from £100 to £150 an acre. One lot of less than a quarter of an acre, was let for 13s. a-year, and brought £28; another lot of five acres was bought in at £675. During the auction, I observed a labouring-looking man, with a long white great coat, occasionally bidding for a small allotment, in a fine loud tone, and amidst a good deal of laughter, and I was anxious to know his business. While I was getting ready to start by the train, he came down stairs, and said, "Well, my man; did you buy anything?" "Yes," said he; "I bought an acre and a little bit." "And what did you give?" "£105." "Now," said he, "what's your occupation?" He answered, "At the time of Mr. Guise's election, about eighteen years ago, I was in service, and I purchased a bit of land with what money I had." "Well, and how have you now?" "Why, I had six acres before this bit; and I always kept adding a bit to it. I gave £275 for three acres." "Well, and what family have you?" "Only my wife and a friendless child. I have no one to help me. I hire men to work." "Well; how much would you have bought to-day if you had got it to your liking?" "Why, I'd buy £1000 worth." "Why, have you got one thousand pounds saved after purchasing the land?" "Yes; I could manage that and a bit more too!"

Now, the reader may suppose this to be a Free Trader's steam-boat conversation; but I asked more: I asked him his name and his place of residence; and his name is Henry Bolton, of Upton St. Leonards; so that those who take the *Star* in that neighbourhood may ascertain the critical accuracy of every word I state; and, besides the £105, he has to pay his share of expense of making out title, and the whole expense of conveyance. Now, what will the growlers, who say that a man must starve upon two acres, say to that? To this branch of my subject I have only to add, that but for the brother created by a few, perhaps non-subscribers, about waking £1,350 by Carpenter's farm, that I could have added £10,000 more to the capital of the society, if I had used my own judgment in buying land that would not suit us to sell again; but the peculiarity of my position is this, that I must not only satisfy the good men, but I must avoid as much as possible dissatisfying the bad ones. However, as the next piece of intelligence which I have to communicate is of much more importance than the purchase of 50 estates, I now announce for the consideration of the several constituencies, that they may instruct their delegates, that at the next Conference I shall ask for the power to use my own judgment to increase the capital of the company, by the purchase and sale of estates, 6,000 single shareholders pay £15,000, and I would undertake to make £50,000, and perhaps more, within the six years that it may take to locate a section. Of all the speculations that are now presented to the money grubber, there is no such speculation as the buying and selling of land; and if a man has capital to buy in the wholesale market, and sell in the retail market, in less than six years he will be a second Rothschild, and without a particle of risk. There's not a day in the year that I would not undertake to make my £100. Now observe, there's an estate to be sold, a man who wishes to bid £10,000—! buy it for £10,100; he'll scratch his head, and when he finds he's lost it, he will think no more of giving me a £100 or £500 for my bargain, than of walking out of the room. He pays the deposit instead of me, and the purchase is made in his name instead of mine. So that you see I have always some resource whenever I wish to turn money-grubber.

PROVISIONAL REGISTRATION OF THE CHARTIST CO-OPERATIVE LAND COMPANY.

The non-enrolment of our society has been another subject of great anxiety with the non-members, and if they were anxious for protection against me and the Directors, I assure you I was much more anxious for protection against them. You are not to suppose that it was matter of light consideration to be obliged to publish every single act, and every single step taken by the directing body; a thing that never was heard of before, but of course rendered necessary by the lecherations of ignorant inflated boobies, who were cunning enough to remain out of sight, while they got their poor tools to fire their arrows. Application was made to the Attorney General to certify our rules for enrolment, as the new act required, but which he refused. There was no course open then, but the more stringent and expensive process of Registration. Determined to surround my offspring with all the protection that the law could afford, I, with the concurrence of the Directors, resolved upon furnishing that protection, and we are now provisionally registered as a Joint Stock Company, under the designation of

THE CHARTIST CO-OPERATIVE LAND COMPANY.

The deed for complete enrolment is now before counsel for perfection, and when we obtain the licence for complete registration, which is the next step, the members and their property are much more stringently protected than they would be by enrolment. The enrolment punishes officers for fraud, but registration not only punishes them for fraud, but fines them £20 for the most trifling neglect of duty. When the registration is complete, every member's name must be entered in the book containing the deed—the deed-book is made up like a large account-book, and every ten folios requires an additional stamp of £1—the book is to be open for the inspection, not only of the members, but of the public, at office hours, and notice must be given of every fresh act or alteration in the rules to the proper authorities, and a balance sheet with the expenditure of the Society's funds, together with the receipts, must also be furnished to the same authorities, and any change of Directors, Trustees, Auditors, or other officers, must be duly notified. The solicitor to the Society is liable to a fine of £20 for every act of neglect, and therefore I have received notice this week from the solicitor not to publish the usual weekly places of meeting, until a correct list is furnished to him next week through the secretary, of which he can give proper notice, and then they may afterwards appear weekly in the *Star*. He must give notice of any purchase of land, and all properties belonging to the Society must be vested in the Trustees for the benefit of the shareholders—so that my liabilities are not likely to affect Herringgate now.

At the Conference I shall press for the appointment of Trustees of undoubted character and integrity—in short, I am determined that no squeamishness or delicacy shall induce me to screen one single act of impropriety or to sanction a single act of injustice. The registration of our Company not only gives the shareholders a power and control over their officers, but it also, thank God!

gives the officers the power of compelling the shareholders to perform their contracts—that is, to make them pay up their shares as stipulated, whether at threepence a week, sixpence a week, or a shilling a week; and you will see the desirableness of this, when I tell you that there are many members who have paid 1s. 4d. for their licences to create dissension, and still stand in the way of those who would gladly enter. For instance, if there are a lot of these beggars in Section No. 1, we can oust them to make room for veritable members in that section. This I assure you, is very desirable. The shareholders themselves will now see the indispensable necessity of compelling the local secretary to furnish the General Secretary, forthwith, with the name, place of abode, and calling of every shareholder, and notice of every new branch opened must be sent at once to the General Secretary, in order that the solicitor may furnish the proper authority with it. The expense will be considerable, perhaps £150; but then it is my intention to move at the Conference that that is a proper item to be paid out of the expense fund, so that it will not diminish the capital of the Society.

I don't think I have anything more to add, further than that I would rather pay the expenses of Registration out of my own pocket, than be longer without its protection. And, now, in conclusion, let it once for all be understood, that I will purchase no land for the COMPANY except what pleases myself. I have travelled fully five thousand miles, and more, in search of different estates, and I will not have sleepless nights, wet feet, a hungry belly, and abuse, as my wages any longer. I will purchase no land upon two acres of which a man and his family cannot live comfortably, and purchase it for ever in less than five years. And, thank God, I shall have a little rest till the 12th of December, the day upon which we get possession; and upon the 14th, as Sunday is the 13th, the stones will be walking from the quarry, and the 8s. paupers of Worcestershire will be throwing up their hats for the Land and the Charter. I would publish some of the letters I have received, if the cowards had put their names to them, that the Chartists in the neighbourhood might pull their ears, but cowards always take care of Number One.

Your faithful friend and ally,
FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

THE SMALL FARM SYSTEM ON THE CONTINENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTHERN STAR.

Basle, Switzerland, Oct. 19, 1846.

Dear Sir,
Having been over that part of Belgium traversed by Mr. O'Connor last year, and having this year, passed through other portions not visited by that gentleman, I think it right to give my testimony, not only to the general but the particular accuracy of the statements made public through your journal.

As I take a great interest in the system of small holdings, cultivated by spade, or rather hand labour, I have wished, during the tour I am now making, to acquire as much information on the subject as my opportunities would afford, and in submitting them to your consideration, and that of your readers, I indulge a hope that they may tend in some degree to assist in the great work to which Mr. O'Connor has devoted the leisure which the late fall in public affairs has placed at his disposal.

In the centre and north of Belgium the system of small farms is obtained, and here, as well as in France, is the system of the feudal system in its worst form was superseded frequent invasions, which rendered it especially hazardous to the villen or serf to reside in the open country, so that to whatever distance cultivation might extend, the culture overruled in the fortified town, immediately adjacent to the castle of his lord. This system no longer obtains, but the habit of residing in towns or large villages is almost universal. This alone an evil which contravenes the advantages of small holdings, at the residence is usually from one to two miles from the land. Added to this the greater expense of living in towns, and the greater temptation to expense from the greater luxury which exists where members congregate. Nothing but the love of independence and the insatiable advantage of hand labour, could sustain a small farmer under such circumstances.

In Ireland a different system prevails, and there, from the system of subletting, the wonder is, not that a small holder is more docile and gentle, as well as contented, but that he can exist at all. From these evils the very interesting experiment at Herringgate is safe, and though exposed to some dangers from within is protected from any without. In Belgium, and more particularly in France (with the exception of Alsace, which, though at present forming part of France, is German in language, thought, and feeling, and in the universal want and aspiration of its people again to revert to its "fader land"), the villagers produce an immense amount of vegetables for food, which by very simple cooking is rendered wholesome and the insatiable advantage of hand labour, could sustain a small farmer under such circumstances. In Belgium, and still more in Germany, nearly every cultivator has one or more cows, which are used in the cultivation of the land and even to convey its produce to market, as well as in the conveyance of merchandise. I have seen this day seen nearly as many cows as oxen in Strasbourg, and quite as many oxen and cows as horses. It is quite delightful to witness the kindness and attention with which not only the women and children, but even the men, almost invariably show to the most docile and gentle, as well as contented, and valuable of animals. It is the veritable bread-winner, and seems to be regarded with gratitude as well as with affection. May not this have been the origin of the worship of the cow which has been and is yet the object. I have further observed, that whenever the labour is voluntary, that is, where the labourer is not governed by the fear of a factory labour, or handicraft, where the diligence, unselfishness, or weakness of one hinders all, the spirit of kindness and courtesy prevails nearly universally. I have often noticed with great pleasure the kindly, affectionate greeting of the peasant to his wife or daughter who have brought his food or come to share his labour, and with scarcely less pleasure the goodhumoured, expression in their comely faces. In England, the one sole object of existence is to get rich, to obtain social position, as the end, not as a means, of existence, and this, in spite of the evils which it entails, is the aim of the present generation. On this ground, if one is to regret to say, become contagious in France. In proportion as men lose their simplicity of thought and action, so have they entered in a sea of troubles, where ease and safety are never found. On this ground, if one is to regret to say, become contagious in France. In proportion as men lose their simplicity of thought and action, so have they entered in a sea of troubles, where ease and safety are never found. On this ground, if one is to regret to say, become contagious in France. In proportion as men lose their simplicity of thought and action, so have they entered in a sea of troubles, where ease and safety are never found.

"See," said to me a rational communist, "How the tender mercies of the present system become cruel. In this enhanced value of labour which, however, benefits not the labourer, being furnished when away from the home, the workman has more meat, more wine, and these in the first instance he obtains easily and uses abundantly, and I anticipate that he will require all Mr. O'Connor's skill and discretion to guide this infant colony afloat. It will be viewed with jealousy by the neighbouring land holders, and will have to pass through much of obloquy, and to resist, finally, the banishment of the often to his own injury. Now see the agricultural would have been better adapted. I entertain much hope, but I am earnestly desirous that the dangers to which it is exposed should be rightly apprehended from the outset, knowing, as I do, that every apparent failure will be visited upon Mr. O'Connor, who, more than any man of our time, deserves the gratitude, affection, and respect of the great body of the people, to whom he has devoted great powers of body and mind, with a perseverance, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice beyond all praise. I may interest you to know that the crop of this year in Germany, Italy, France, and Belgium is an average one, the only decrease having been in rye. It is not the less true, however, that the consumption, owing to the great amount of labour required throughout central Europe has greatly increased, and this it is which has led to the apprehension of scarcity.

yet found special to each, and this has enabled Louis Philippe to carry his long-cherished project with regard to Spain into execution. It is not known how or when he acts, but it is known that he is safe with respect to England; this is sufficient." It may be indifferent to those who have no right but that of death, hardly that to Christians, but it does concern Englishmen to know that their policy is directed by the traitor of the Barriadoes, and that he has more than one English statesman in his pay.

I am, Sir,
Yours, respectfully,
"A MIDDLE CLASS CHARTIST."

IRELAND. NARRATIVE OF MALCOLM M'GREGOR.

NO. III.

At twelve o'clock precisely, I entered an Irish Court-house for the first time, and as every circumstance connected with the administration of justice must be considered as of paramount importance, the reader who may not have witnessed such a scene will naturally expect a lucid and comprehensive description of the source from which the national character must mainly receive its formation and tone. At the entrance to the Court-house were to be seen anxious groups of litigants all gabbling together with remarkable volubility and for the most part in the native language, leaving me little to understand, except from the gestures and earnestness of the speakers. I asked a respectable-looking person what their conversation was about, and he informed me, that some were stating their case to friends, and others were offering to submit the question in dispute to arbitration, while those charged with assault were endeavouring to raise the necessary funds among their friends to fee an attorney. The interior of the court was literally wedged with country people, where also a continuous bus was kept up in a suppressed tone of voice, while here and there, where a corner could be secured, were to be seen groups in the most anxious consultation with their attorneys, the most ready instructing him as to the merits of the case, and all occasionally, and with great energy, throwing something fresh into the voluminous explanation. The judge of Quarter Sessions is called assistant barrister, and is addressed as "Your worship." He has the sole power of admitting or rejecting applicants for registration. In all civil bill actions his judgment is law, with an appeal to the judge of assize against his decision. He grants decrees, for the distress and recovery of debts or dismisses the case. Criminal and assault cases are tried by a jury, the magistrates of the district dividing the power with him in assault cases, each having a voice in awarding of punishment.

I had not long taken my seat when a soldier, as I thought, thrust his bayonet into my face, and, with a shove, said, "Make way for the magistrates," and on looking round I recognised my fellow-passenger, Captain Squeezetant, very importantly hustling his way to the bench. I remarked to a gentleman who sat next me that the appearance of so large a military force, or, indeed, any military, in a court of justice, was a very unusual occurrence. "Where are the soldiers?" he asked. "Why there," said I pointing to what I supposed to be one of the Rifle corps, from his dress and equipments. "O!" he replied; "Those are the police." "The police!" I exclaimed. "Why, they have a complete military appearance, dressed precisely like the Rifles, and similarly equipped." "Yes," said he, "but they are the police."

The hour for commencing business had now arrived, and the first operation was the registration of voters; and perhaps the best mode of instructing the reader upon this subject will be to give him a verbatim account of one or two cases. The first applicant who presented himself was Darby, or, as he styled himself, otherwise Jeremiah Hoolihane, who was ushered upon the table, and placed in the witness's chair, and who, being duly sworn, was examined in the following manner, by a counsellor who I recognised as one of the inside passengers with whom I had travelled, and who, I was informed, was retained by the Liberal interest:—

"As a freeholder, what do you claim as?"
"As a ten-pounder, yer honour."
"No; no; I mean as a freeholder or a leaseholder?"
"Ogh! as a leaseholder, to be sure."
"What's that in your hand?"
"My instrument, yer honour."
"O! your lease, I presume?"
"Yes, my lease, to be sure!"
"Who do you hold under, and what term have you, and what do you pay?"

"Why, I holds under the Captain there, now," pointing to Captain Squeezetant; "but my lease is signed by the old Lord. I took it for thirty-one years, and I have nine of it to run yet."

"How much land have you, and how much do you pay?"

"Wisha, I can't rightly say; maybe two score acres or something more. I took it in the rough and he the lump, and but I never bid it misarred, and I pays thirty for it."

"Thirty pounds, you mean?"
"Yes, then, thirty pounds."

"Now, Hoolihane, answer me one question—Is the farm worth ten pounds a year more than you pay according to your lease?"

Here poor Darby scratched his head, looked up and down, scratched his head again, and then looked sily towards the Captain, whose eye met his, and appeared to strike him dumb.

The question was again repeated, when Darby, appearing to gain courage, replied,—

"Why, to be sure, I wouldn't like to have the rent iz more to me, but rather than lave it, I'd thrice to pay it one way or other."

"In fact, you would rather give ten pounds a-year more rent than leave it?"

"Why how does I know what another would do, but I'd do it, and pay it too, rather nor quit the spot. My God, has'n't I been a score and two years at it, and is'n't it likely I should have something in it for my trouble?"

Now, sir, you say you have been 22 years there, and I'll ask you one question—have you saved over and above your rent £220, for that's ten pounds a year for that time?"

"My God, then, is'n't that a foolish question? to be sure I has'n't, but then didn't I lave it in the ground as I'd make it."

"Now, sir, do you mean to say that after paying your rent, supporting and educating your family, paying your servants' wages, and tithes, and taxes, and rates, and all other charges, that the farm is worth ten pounds a year more than you pay?"

"I do then, and I tell you, I'd give it for it to-morrow, and more rather nor give it up."

"Show me that lease? O ho, why I find several covenants here by which you are bound to make so many parcels of fencing, to put out so much lime, to pay so much duty-fowl, and to send so many men and horses each year to work for your landlord?"

"Why, what's that to do with it?"
"What's that's to do with it? why there's a covenant in your lease that failing to perform any of those conditions, an equivalent, in the shape of rent shall be payable, and the landlord is empowered to distrain for it as rent."

"Ogh, God bless you, and give me my lais, the old lord, God rest his soul, never axed me for them, give me my lais."

"Stop, stop, a minute." Here I observed a person who had sat next to counsel very busily engaged in scanning over the lease, and taking notes, and upon closer observation I discovered that it was Mr. Grubb, the captain's solicitor. Counsel continued:—

"Now, sir, if you were called upon to fulfil all those conditions would you give ten pounds a year above the present rent, for the farm?"

"Ogh yay God bless you now, and give me my lais, and let me be going away home."

"Now, your worship, I'll just examine this man's landlord." Captain Squeezetant, remain where you are, I shall not trouble you to get on the table. The Captain was sworn—"Now, Captain Squeezetant, I ask you on your oath as a conscientious landlord, do you think the farm in question, and out of which the applicant seeks to register a ten pound rent, is worth ten pounds a year above the reserved rent?"

"Upon my oath it is not, and if out of lease to-morrow I could not conscientiously ask a furthering more than the present rent, if so much, and that man has frequently called upon me, of late, to ask for a reduction; saying the land was too dear, and that he could not hold it as rent."

"That's all I shall trouble you with, Captain. Now, your worship, I call upon you to reject this applicant."

Liberal counsel—"Your worship, the application for a reduction in the rent is not sufficient grounds for rejecting applicant."

Judge—"No, Mr. Gripe, certainly not, nor should I reject any applicant upon those grounds; but, mark what his landlord says, and the non-performance of the covenants in the lease. REJECT APPLICANT."

The next applicant was William Smith, who, upon being sworn, said, that he held thirty acres under Lord Bandon, on lease for thirty-one years, and for which he paid £45 a year. Smith appeared to be a client of the Conservative counsel, who merely asked him the term of his lease, the number of acres, and the amount of rent; and then put the usual question:—

"Mr. Smith, you are a Protestant, I believe?"
"I am, sir."
"Now, Mr. Smith, would a solvent tenant, in your opinion, give £10 a year above the rent reserved in your lease for the farm?"

"He would, sir, and more; there's his lordship on the bench, and you can ask him."

His lordship nodded assent to counsel, and muttered, "O yes, certainly, and much more."

"Thank your lordship; Smith I shan't trouble you any more. Your worship will admit applicant."

Mr. Gripe—"Stop, not so fast; now, Mr. Smith?"
Judge—"Surely, Mr. Gripe, you couldn't have heard the observation of his lordship in answer to Mr. Shearer, or you never could think of wasting the public time in this case."

Mr. Gripe—"Yes; but your worship."
Judge—"Pook, pook; pray let us proceed with the public business. ADMIT APPLICANT."

Such is a fair specimen of the mode of administering political justice in Ireland, not doubting that in other districts the current runs in a completely opposite direction, varying in its course according to the politics of him who is entrusted with the anomalous power of limiting or extending the constituency, not according to law, but according to caprice and bias.

The first day was occupied with the registration of electors, and, judging from what I had seen and heard, that the administration of law must be regulated by something like the same system, I resolved upon remaining for another day. When I returned to my hotel, I was about to order dinner, when the waiter informed me that all the private rooms were engaged, but that there was an ordinary at six, where I would find myself very comfortable. I asked what description of persons would be likely to dine there, and he replied, "Why, some of the Grand Jury and attorneys, and some of the country gentlemen."

"Will the barristers dine there," I asked. "No," he replied, "Mr. Shearer and the assistant barrister dine with his lordship at the castle, and the Liberals are giving Mr. Gripe a grand public dinner." The certainty of much amusement, and a fair prospect of acquiring some useful information, at once decided me, and I resolved to remain at the ordinary.

(To be continued weekly.)

THE POOR BURNS.—The *Edinb. Courant* says:—A very interesting document, relating to the Exchequer services of Burns, has been kindly handed to us by James Melville, Esq., collector of excise in this district. It is the diary of the Dumfries collection and district from the 7th of January to the 5th of March, 1790—the district in which Mr. Findlater, the friend of Burns, was supervisor. The entries, which are very numerous, relate to the routine duties of an excise officer, in the performance of which Burns was always highly commended by his supervisor. In deed, from the humblest officer to the head of the local department in the Dumfries collection, testimony is borne to his efficiency and mild deportment. Burns is recorded as being indefatigable in the performance of his duties. The diary, however, reports Burns on duty, but that from October, 1795, to the 31st of July, 1796. "A spirit of indolence," says Wilson "reigned alight in the genius and character of Burns," a meek finale to our brief relief of his laborious manhood.—*Edinburgh Witness*.

OBITUARY AT A PENNY PER MILE.—On Thursday, in consequence of the success attending the attempt to carry passengers by omnibus at the rate of 1d. a mile, a number of the "pole proprietors" that use the little cart charged 6d. started their vehicles at a reduced rate. There are now upwards of 20 omnibuses carrying from 17 to 30 passengers each, whose charge is 2d. from the Strand to Paddington.

LATER NEWS FROM INDIA.

LONDON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30.—Despatches have come to hand in anticipation of the overland mail, which left Bombay on the 1st inst.

At Lahore everything remained quiet. Lall Singh betrayed great anxiety as the time for the departure of the British forces approached.

From Calcutta there were, as usual, rumours of intrigues and insurrections.

An insurrection had broken out in Cashmere, fomented, it is reported, by the Lahore Durbar; and a force sent against the insurgents by Ghulab Singh had been defeated with some loss. Several English officers who were visiting the country had been seized, and would be detained as hostages, though no fears were entertained for their safety.

Cholera was still raging in Seinde, and provisions were so extremely scarce and dear that an absolute famine was apprehended.

LATER AND IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

SEVERE BATTLE AND CAPTURE OF MONTERREY.

We have received, by the arrival of the steamship *Illegaria* in the Mersey on Thursday morning, our despatches from the United States to the 16th instant inclusive. The contents of these despatches are most important. The city of Monterey had, on the 24th of September, capitulated to the American arms, after a severe struggle of three days. Ampudia was, as is supposed, securely entrenched in the strongly fortified town of Monterey, with from 9,000 to 10,000 men. General Taylor stormed the place with about 6,000 men. After three days' fighting, a part of the line in the streets, and the Americans, at the point of the bayonet, carrying every rampart or other defence, were assailed, General Ampudia sent a flag of truce to General Taylor, proposing to evacuate and surrender the city on certain conditions, which proposition resulted in the appointment of commissioners, who agreed upon the following conditions, substantially:—

General Ampudia, with his whole army, was allowed seven days to evacuate, the officers with their side-arms, the men with their muskets, and a battery of 6 field pieces with 21 rounds of ammunition. All other public property to be left to the garrison, subject to the orders of General Taylor.

It was further agreed that there should be an armistice of 8 weeks, subject to the approbation or rejection of either Government. As soon as the official despatches reached Washington, the American Government, without loss of time, despatched orders to General Taylor to annul the armistice, and forthwith commence active operations against the Mexicans.

The slaughter during the three days' siege was great, particularly among the American officers, their loss, it is understood, being much greater than that of the enemy. The officials detail of killed and wounded have not yet been received at Washington, but are estimated at 300. It is due to the Mexicans to admit that they behaved gallantly.

LATER NEWS FROM IRELAND.

An outbreak of the populace at Templemore is thus described by the *Neagh* paper:—

On Monday last, as the steward employed under the Board of Works was about to place 15 men, in accordance with his list of instructions, on works at Carrigrohane, near Templemore, in this county, a body of about 150 persons assembled, and prevented the others being employed, unless work was given to them all. The steward consequently was obliged to abandon his post, and left them there. The police from Templemore, under the command of head-constable Patterson, were on the spot, and no breach of the peace occurred. During the absence of the police from the town, a number of about 100 persons plundered a bread cart of Mr. Joseph O'Keefe, a baker. Shortly after this, the police returned to their barracks when another attempt was made on a bread cart from Clonakenny, when the men, who had just returned from the gaol, and were harassing duty, rushed out half dressed, and succeeded in bringing in the cart of bread to their barracks yard. The mob amongst by this time to nearly 300 persons, and commenced firing stones at the constabulary, whose forbearance was very praise-worthy, one of them being struck with a stone, and inflicted a severe wound on his head. The head-constable then sent word of the riot to the next magistrate, who ordered out six companies of military, but before their arrival, the mob, which had increased to upwards of 50

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

NO. XXIV.

THE MARCH OF LIBERTY.

Air—Jesse of Dublin.

Mark! a strain from the South, over state and dominion
It embalsms the fresh breeze, pruning his plume,
'Tis the song of young Liberty, pruned by the plume,
Each blood and spirit drenched by the plume and plume,
The song of young Liberty, pruned by the plume,
To be heard with delight by the millions who will
And their day-dreams are filled with the hope what will
follow,
And brighter each cheek with a joy-begot smile,
Order Germany's plume, by Italy's clasp fountain,
The soul-stirring music was heard as it fell,
And Switzerland's sons round their sky-beat'd
mountains
Ho! a freedom restor'd which they gain'd by their
sweat,
Gay France caught the air in her vine-begot pasture,
And smil'd as she thought what Frenchmen had
done,
With the Bourbons the elder, and thought posted faster
To muse what the present might gain with his son.
O Britain, my fatherland! dear appellation,
How bright is the race of thy glory began!
Thy master-mind patriots have rous'd up a nation,
The slave to unsex and to make him a man;
Rally round me ye serfs—lively brave and true-hearted,
Resilient in energy, matchless in might,
The knell shall be rung of foul slavery departed,
The destruction of wrong and the triumph of right.
Remember your partners, your sons and your daughters,
Remember their sufferings, privation and woes;
Remember your duty, rush on like the waters,
A flood which increases in strength as it goes;
By your wrongs of the present, by hope so well grounded
Remit not, relax not, or dormant lie down.
March forward—your cowardly fœmen confounded
Shall yield, and your struggle with victory crown.
Lancaster. T. R. SKAAT.

Reviews.

THE WESTMINSTER AND FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW. London: G. Luxford, Whitefriars-street.

As a general rule we are apt to regard literary amalgamations with no very sanguine expectations; experience having convinced us that such unions are generally precursors to the death of the works amalgamated; nevertheless we shall venture to predict a different and happier issue of the "marriage" of the "Westminster" to the "Foreign Quarterly." These two "Reviews" are new united in one, and a glance satisfies us of the renewed vigour of both. A handsome volume of three hundred and thirty-four pages constitutes the quarterly number for October, the contents of which fully realise the anticipations naturally excited by its outside appearance.

Under any circumstances we cannot review the review, and we must therefore confine our remarks to a pretence to "review" such a volume as this, which would be preposterous. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to indicating the contents of this number, expressing our acquiescence where we can agree with the writers, and our dissent where we disagree with them, referring our readers to the publication itself for the enjoyment of its full beauties, and for the examination of what we may conceive to be its errors.

The opening article is on the "Principles of Taxation," the work under review being "McClulloch's treatise on the principles and practical influence of Taxation and the Funding system." It appears that Mr. McClulloch thinks that carried to a certain point, taxation tends to stimulate industry and commerce, and that it thus compensates, and more than compensates for the injury it causes. That without the American War, and the late French War, there would have been less industry and less frugality, because there would have been less occasion for them. This somewhat original idea the writer in the "Westminster Review" cannot swallow. We hold taxation under all circumstances to be an evil, and which is highly desirable, consistently with the attainment of good government, to reduce to the smallest possible amount.

The reviewer well adds, "We believe that the progress which the country made at that time (during the American and French wars) was made not in consequence, but in spite of the heavy taxation caused by the war." Few people are more industrious than the Serbs and the Indians of the Free-States in America, and yet in both countries taxation is very light. In advocating an entire revision of our system of taxation, the reviewer bases his system on the ground that government should be paid for in proportion to each person's share of the benefit. He thereupon argues that taxation should be equitably apportioned, collected at the smallest cost, and that the burden should be thrown on the pockets of the people into the public treasury. The "Westminster" reviewer repudiates all indirect taxation, and instead thereof, devises a scheme of direct taxation, in connection with the elective franchise. "It might be expedient," says the reviewer, "for a time at least, to make the payment of the personal tax optional, trusting to the shrewdness and general desire to pay the franchise for its general payment. In making the payment not compulsory, there would be the incidental but important advantage of restricting to a considerable extent, the noble privilege of election to those who appreciate its value, and who, by their power to pay even the small sum required, give earnest of possessing those moral qualities of industry and self-denial which are essential to the good citizen." To guard against abuse, the reviewer would make the elective franchise contingent on the payment of the personal tax for a given number of years; and he has great faith in the working of his system, and in its leading to a higher spirit of dependence; a disdain of having "the benefits of government without paying a share of the expenses," and a general feeling of the "the independent labourer can only be fairly claimed by him who manfully supports himself, and who at the close of his life leaves his country at least as rich as it would have been had he not been born."

One part of the reviewer's scheme we decidedly protest against, namely, the giving to holders of property votes in proportion to the property taxes paid by them, in addition to the vote which they would possess by reason of their personal tax. But, indeed, the whole scheme, at least as it regards the franchise, is unsound, because based upon fiscal regulations instead of human rights. As regards the plurality of votes it would be easy to prove that the individuals holding large masses of accumulated property could never have acquired such property without having unjustly appropriated to themselves the fruits of the labour of others upon such men a monopoly of votes would be to invest them with the power of triumphantly resisting any attempt to establish a more equitable state of things. We must further object that, at this time of day, it is useless to throw such a tub to the whale as this new-fangled scheme of representation. On the one hand, the aristocracy of the land and money have a mortal hatred to the franchise, and on the other hand, the enlightened and self-educating portion of the people are wedded to the more simpler form of representation, which would confer the rights of citizens upon them in virtue of their manhood. The "Charter" is the great scheme of political regeneration to which the millions have sworn allegiance. They feel that their friends of the people who earnestly desire their elevation and happiness rather than help them by putting forth schemes which the masses will never give their support to. With the reviewer's views as regards indirect taxation, and with much of his suggested scheme of fiscal reform we concur. We will here introduce a summary of his views and recommendations, which will be found to possess some value as texts for reflection.

1. That our present system of taxation is, to a great extent, the offspring of a confused and ill-digested legislation, proceeding on no sound or general principle; and that it is unequal in its pressure, and replete with inconsistencies and anomalies.

2. That, under these circumstances, the taxes are liable to frequent changes, entailing shocks to trade, and involving many persons in difficulty and ruin.

3. That it is expensive in collection, and debars large classes of people from many comforts and enjoyments, without any benefit to the Exchequer.

4. That some of the taxes check the spread of knowledge and education, and tend to prevent the formation of habits of cleanliness and prudence.

5. That many of these import vexatious and harassing trammels on industry, commerce, and personal freedom, amounting, in some branches of the excise, to a galling tyranny, unworthy the endurance of a free people.

6. That many of the taxes present temptations to deception and fraud, highly dangerous to public morals, and productive of much of the crime which it is the main duty of the government, and which it ought to be the chief purpose of taxation, to prevent.

7. That many of the taxes serve to prevent those numerous and friendly ties between country and country which are the best securities against war; the danger of which has been and continues to be the cause of the chief part of the taxation itself.

8. That it is expedient to reconstruct the present system of taxation.

9. That the principle on which taxes ought to be paid is that every person shall contribute, as far as practicable, in proportion to the amount of protection which he receives for his person and property.

10. That protection for the person being generally every man's right, it is not a thing which it would not be expedient for a time at least, to make the payment compulsory.

11.—That protection for property ought to be paid only by the holders of property; and that it is expedient, and would not be productive of permanent injury, that the tax should fall exclusively on fixed property.

12. That to prevent the injustice which would otherwise arise at the time of change of system, a single but heavy tax should be laid on movable property, including money, manufactured articles, and every species of possession, except that which is fixed to the land; the proceeds to be applied to the reduction of the national debt.

13. That representation should be co-existent and co-extensive with taxation; every one contributing to the taxes having at least one vote in the choice of a representative, and those who contribute largely have more than one vote.

The article entitled "Prospective Results of the Repeal of the Corn Laws," is written in a very readable and stirring manner, and is a most valuable contribution to the cause of the great commercial victory. The author claims for the middle-class all the "glory" of this victory, and says truly that "it has been won against the united hostility of the working classes, the clergy, and both sections of the aristocracy." With this, however, we agree, the repeated declarations of the L. Eaguers, that the working classes—"all but a knot of Tory Chartists"—were with them in their agitation? The last numbers of the "Review" were occupied with articles professing to show that the working classes had the support of the working classes, in spite of the Chartists; and our readers will remember the abuse showered by Quaker Bright upon Mr. Duncombe, when the latter asserted that the working classes were hostile or indifferent to the object of the Leaguers. Now the oldest and ablest of the literary champions of Free-trade, acknowledges that the working classes were hostile to the agitation. The Free-trade victory was, indeed, won by the "middle-class," and the working classes were left alone. This is a bit of sublime fudge; every one knows that although there was plenty of talk, the "reasoning" and "arguing" had very little to do with winning the victory, which was really gained by the arguments much more potent in the estimation of our houses of legislature,—the power of money and the force of middle-class influence as created by the Reform Bill. This article overflows with the usual "free-trade" cant, which we have heard so often, without number, before.

According to the reviewer, blessings innumerable are to flow from Corn-law Repeal. "Full employment, ample wages, good clothing, and sufficient food," may be counted upon as the certain results of the recent change. Of this millennial order of things, the working classes of Keighly, and the manufacturing districts generally, have already a foretaste. Seven years hence (indeed in less than half that time) it will be seen how fallacious were the hopes held out by the speakers and writers of the commercial dynasty. The dupes will then have their eyes opened, and will then confess the farcical wisdom of the Chartists and working men, who opposed this "commercial victory" as a fraud, only calculated to benefit the millocracy at the expense of every other class of the community.

"The Microscope and its Revelations" is a most interesting article, and affords the astounding wonders of the infinite world of a. i. m. e. s. We give a short extract.

REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Wherever we turn, within the precincts of our own homes, in meadow or moorland, hill or forest, by the lone sea-shore or amidst crumbling ruins—plants and animals are constantly to be found; fresh and animals unknown to our unaided vision, with minute organs perfectly adapted to their necessities; with appetites as keen, enjoyments as perfect, as our own. In the purest air, in the most delicate and delicate fluids, in the most different climates,—in springs, rivers, lakes and seas,—often in the internal humidity of living plants and animals, even in great numbers in the living human body,—nearly, carried about in the aqueous vapours and dust of the whole atmosphere,—there is a world of minute, living, organized beings, imperceptible to the senses of man, but which, in the course of their life, this immense mysterious kingdom of diminutive living beings is unnoticed and disregarded; but it appears great and astonishing, beyond all expectation, to the retired observer who views it by the aid of the microscope.

In every drop of standing water, he very frequently, though not always, sees by its aid rapidly-moving bodies, from 1/1000 to 1/2000 of a line in diameter, which are often so crowded together, that the intervals between them are scarcely discernible. These minute beings, on the side of the drop of water to be one cubic line, and the intervals, though they are often smaller, to be equal to the diameter of the bodies, we may easily calculate, without exaggeration, that such a drop is inhabited by from one hundred thousand to one thousand millions of such animals; in fact we must come to the conclusion, that a single drop of water, under such circumstances, contains more individuals of the human race than there are individuals of the human race upon our planet.

This article traces the history of the origin of the microscope, and its several improvements to the present time. We have then a complete history in brief of every variety of the animalcule. We repeat, a more instructive and interesting revelation of the wonders of nature we never read.

"The State and its Records" is a pleasant, readable article, the interest of which is heightened by a number of wood-cuts, illustrating a variety of new public buildings in the Metropolis, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Oxford, Cambridge, &c.

Not the least interesting to us has been the review of Burton's "Life and Correspondence of David Hume," our only fault to find with the article is its brevity.

DAVID HUME.

Feeble, grudging, and tardy has been the world's acknowledgment of the high moral integrity which Hume brought to the pursuit of metaphysical inquiry. He has been too commonly ranked and confounded with the light-minded scooners of the Voltairian school of scepticism. His researches were not truthless. He was an earnest man, seeking with what amount of force and virtue was in him, a proximate solution of the grand problem of life and being. "Where am I, or what I?" we find him exclaiming; "from what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? His favourite shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What benefits surround me, and on whom have I any obligations, cases, who have the influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty." Such is the spirit in which Hume approaches these high questions. And the sacrifices he made at the shrine of truth—we speak not of the objective truth of his opinions, but of the subjective truth of his convictions, which, to him, were more important than to be lightly esteemed. He was as true to his scepticism as others are to their faith; and, in his case as in theirs, unwavering allegiance to intellectual and moral conviction merits approval and regard. How touching is his description of the internal struggle with which his mind was agitated in what we should otherwise deem the cold and unimpassioned pursuit of abstract speculation. The passage has often excited our admiration, and we have often wondered how he could avoid avoiding solution to him called in a stormy voice to the do, a name by name, to come. He reluctantly obeyed his command; and then I stood still, ready to thank him for having rescued me from my unpleasant custody, and then to whistle up the affrighted Tony. With great difficulty, I achieved the latter object; but he no sooner saw his canine masters again than he scoured away before me at least half a mile, and took him up in my arms, he trembled like a jelly upon a crumble table; nor did he recover his spirit until the lapse of some hours. As for myself, on arriving at home I took a glass of grog, smoked my pipe, and related and laughed at my adventure. That these dogs were trained to guard in the same manner the cattle brought for slaughter, no doubt can be entertained. That any effort made by any desperate bullock to travel out of his pastures, and upon him the teeth of his police, was no less to be doubted. I would therefore advise any man who has chance, if any ever shall, find himself in a similar pickle, to "take warning by this example," and not to run the risk of his life in an inconsiderate and timid attempt to save it.—*Rides, Rambles, and Sketches in Texas.*

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An immense variety of brief critical notices of new publications concludes this number.

Of course, the "Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review," is not "by many chalks" what we should like it to be; of course, we speak of the views, not the talents of the writers therein, regarding whose first-rate abilities there can be no question; still, with all its faults, it is by far the best of the Quarterly. It is of its class the representative of "progress;" and, therefore, to say the least, it is to be preferred before all its rivals. Totally dissenting from many of the views of this publication, we nevertheless regard it as in many respects a valuable and powerful advocate of "the good time coming;" we, therefore, wish it success, and shall be glad to hear of its continued and increasing prosperity.

SIMMONDS'S COLONIAL MAGAZINE. Octonon London, Simmonds and Ward, Barge Yard, Bucklebury.

Valuable, instructive, and entertaining articles on the "New Brunswick," "Texas," "Australia," and "Cuba," will be found in this number of this very useful publication. The first of a series of articles on "Colonial Postage Reform" by the editor, is well worth the serious attention of the Colonial and Home authorities. From Mr. Dooton's exceedingly interesting "Rides, Rambles, and Sketches in Texas" we give the following extract.

AN UNDESIRABLE PRACTICE.

Contrary to almost invariable practice, I one morning sallied out totally unarmed, in Galveston Island, except with a short "life preserver," which was placed in the breast of my coat, upon a sketching ramble among the deserts and hillsides and the green swamps at the eastern end of the island. A handsome little whelp, one "Tony" by name, travelled at my heels, and made his way through the tall and stiff grass much after the same baffled fashion, and not with much greater ease than his master has occasionally experienced when endeavouring to force his way into a canebreak. About noon, having half lost myself, I looked out for a land mark; and having discovered one in an isolated mass of scrubby willow which is used and sought for by the cattle and sheep, and which stands on the prairie about a mile from the principal portion of the city itself, I directed my course thitherwards. After brushing through the pathless prairie awhile, I lighted upon a deep sandy road leading in that direction, and pursued it. The slaughter houses stand on rising ground, and has attached to it an enclosure surrounded by very high and strong wood fencing, in which are half wild cattle intended for the sale of the first of the week, and then walk down to meet me. Tony pined one little growl, and then began to whine, creeping at the same time with his tail between his legs so close upon the heels of my boots, that they chopped him under the chin at almost every step taken. As the beast approached sufficiently near to allow a distinct view of him, it must be confessed I felt at the moment that I would much rather have met face to face with any wild beast in the world. Although so large, and so much of a brute, the animal would not have been so much of a brute, only that the former was distorted, more ugly by half, horrible to look at. His head seemed scarcely less than that of a man, while his forehead and brows beaded so much that they appeared almost to shut his eyes. Conscious that to exhibit fear by attempting to get away would only be to endanger myself the more, I steadily pursued the road, without even crossing to the opposite side for the brute to follow me, and then I walked on in a straight line on the same side as he first saw me. Cautiously, however, and without more apparent movement than that was just needed, I placed my hand upon the "supplejack," or preserve, in my coat breast, and kept it there ready for a blow when needed. As we approached each other still nearer, the dog gradually walked more softly, and at the same time, as gradually kept himself towards the earth as though he were about to spring. The necessity gave me courage, and I still walked on directly in his face, knowing, as I did know, that if such show of confidence, would not save me, nothing would. Had I even attempted to get out of the way, little doubt can be entertained that he would have been upon me in a moment. When within a yard or two, his belly nearly touched mine. Tony attempted to run, yelping away, but I did not let him. As he fell, he fell, and I followed him, as I afterwards found (since I dared not to take my eyes off my antagonist for a moment), retired about a hundred yards behind, and leaving me to it, there took up his stand to await the result. Another yard or two, and the slaughter-dog put his nose close to my knee, but did not attempt an attack. He then passed behind, and at almost the same instant I observed another formidable beast, taller than the first, though of the same kind, also coming from the same place towards me. Another instant, and another dog equally as large, also made his appearance. These latter two eventually took up their positions, one on each side of me, but rather in advance; while, on turning my head very slowly in order to avoid alarming these voluntary guardians for my safe custody, I found the first one with his nose within two feet of my face, and the second one with his nose within two feet of my face. In this position they stood, and I remained in silent state, with this powerful body-guard—or rather under this dog arrest, I marched on towards the slaughter-house. Of two things I took especial care,—neither to deviate from my path, nor to increase or slacken my speed. Neither did I speak: though my thoughts were busy enough in wondering what they meant to do with me,—where they would detain me at the slaughter house, and whether I should be killed or not. I was therefore to arrive for my deliverance, or whether when we arrived on the ground of blood, they would fall upon and devour me. I knew they were not particular—that their habitation was with death, their food raw flesh and entrails, their drink not unfrequently warm blood; and as to attempting force against three of such fellows it was out of the question, unless in the case of a direct attack—though even then I must have been a good deal of a hero. I was therefore to remain in this position, until I should be rescued by some one, or until I should be rescued by some one, or until I should be rescued by some one. My only present hope lay in the possible circumstance that, as the dogs were out, there might be some one on the premises; but as we arrived almost close upon them, the first living object I beheld was a rat, about as large as a good sized kitten, sitting on his hind quarters outside of his kennel, and either washing his nose or picking up a bit of victuals by way of mid-day refreshment. This incident appeared conclusive—either that nobody was there, or that slaughter house rats were as free and bold and brass faced as indeed. The latter proved to be the case; for on reaching another corner of the building, I espied a much-to-be-desired-looking butcher scraping the hide of a pig. He instantly raised his head, and perceiving that he was being observed, he immediately avoided solution to him called in a stormy voice to the do, a name by name, to come. He reluctantly obeyed his command; and then I stood still, ready to thank him for having rescued me from my unpleasant custody, and then to whistle up the affrighted Tony. With great difficulty, I achieved the latter object; but he no sooner saw his canine masters again than he scoured away before me at least half a mile, and took him up in my arms, he trembled like a jelly upon a crumble table; nor did he recover his spirit until the lapse of some hours. 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Was ever fouler "blasphemy" penned than the following lines put into the mouth of Washington by that "rancorous renegade" Southerly?

And here, this witness I willingly bear thee—Here, before Angels and Men, in the awful hour of judgment—

Thou too didst act with uprightness, as befitting a Sovereign. Thy sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom, and his people. Heaven in these things fulfilled its wise, though inscrutable purposes. While we worked its will, doing each in his place as became him.

We cannot afford room to give the entire of Byron's poem, we must content ourselves with giving (in continuation from our last number) the following extracts:—

"George the Third having arrived before the Gate" (see our last number) is followed by his accuser, the Spirit whose

"Brow was like the deep when tempest toot. The archangel Michael next appears, and demands to know whether the accusing spirit claims the spirit of 'George Rex?' The accuser answers:—

Look to our earth, or rather mine; I am O'er, moor, thy master's; but I triumph not in this poor planet's conquest, nor alas! I need thee servant ev'ry my next lot: With all thy power, thy might, thy might pass In worship round him, I may have forgot You weak creation of such paltry things.

I think few words damnation save their kings. And these but as a kind of quip-rent, To assert my right as lord; and even had I such an inclination, 'twere (as you say) Well known; superfluous; they are grown so bad That hell has nothing better left to do

Then leave them to themselves; so much more mad And evil by their own internal curse, Heaven cannot make them better nor I worse. Look to the earth, I said, and my again: When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm

Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign, The world and he both were a different form, And much of earth and all the watery plain Of ocean called him king; through many a storm His isles had floated on the abyss of Time; For the rough virtues chose them for their clime, He came to the sceptre, young; he leaves it, old; Look to the state in which he found his realm, And left it; and his annals too behold,

How to a million first he gave the helm; How grew up his empire, his throne, his realm, The beggar's wife, which can be overthrown The meaneast hearts; and for the rest, but glance Thine eye along America and France!

'Tis true he was a tool from first to last; (I have the workmen safe); but as a tool So let him be consumed! From out the past Of ages, since mankind have known the rule Of monarchs—from the bloody robes amass'd Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars' school, Mine and the worst pupil; and produce a Rome drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain.

He ever war'd with freedom and the free; Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes, So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty' Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose History was ever stain'd as his will be. Counting for nothing his blood on dead; Yet current only by the free consent Of all the parties to the covenant.

His brilliancy and scarcity combin'd, Created it the God of all mankind! But man adopted it in ignorance, And will regret it when experience Enables him to see with what control, He sold alone the few nations of the world. The king is worship'd, not for love or worth, Not for his wisdom, not his noble birth, But the monopoly he's called to hold. Of patronage another name for gold.

A re-vend bishop would not preach base lies, But that his god, great mammon is the price: The lords would not monopolise the earth, But that by law they draw its profits worth. The monstrous dog the nation call'd to own, But for the use of gold had he'n been known. The tide of taxes from Britain's core Would cease to flow but for this magic ore. Those scarlet butchers, arm'd with guns and knives, To steal our substance, or attack our lives, But for vile gold from murder would refrain, And follow us about the train Of children, sons, who now begin to see The real destroyers of their liberty.

The upper room or gallery is chiefly confined to "fossil remains," which the proprietor has collected together at great labour and expense, and which he describes "as facts much to hard for the persons." The worthy proprietor during the hours of exhibition illumines the minds of his visitors by a short Geological lecture, which adds much to the general interest of this truly interesting and instructive museum. The proprietor's end and aim is the instruction and enlightenment of the masses, would it not be well for him to throw his museum open one evening during the week, "when the teacher's work is done," but, perhaps, as Mr. Saull is advanced in years, he might think he should be spared this additional gratuitous labour. It is decidedly a consideration, and we would suggest, that Mr. Godfrey, the author of the "World's Cataclysm," and who now superintends the museum, and conducts visitors with such thoroughly democratic urbanity, and explains the subject with such a graceful simplicity, would with much pleasure undertake the task, and thus the benevolent desire of his great and good proprietor would be more surely and effectually accomplished. In conclusion, we recommend this museum to the attention of all our readers.

From Otahetee's Tale to Salisbury Plain. Of all climes and professions, wars and trades, Ready to swear against the good king's reign, Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades: All summer'd by this grand outburst, To try if king may n't be damn'd, like me or you. Jack Wilkes.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious looking sprite—is first called, but this worthy who had "turned half courier ere he died," and is represented as now inclined to "grow a white one," does not seem inclined to give evidence against his old opponent. Junius is next called—

The shadow came a tall, thin, gray-haired figure, That looked as it had been a shade on earth; Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour, But nought to mark its breeding or its birth; Now a little little, they again grew bigger, With now an air of gloom or savage mirth; But as you gazed upon its features, they Changed every instant—to wax, none could say.

The more intently the ghost gazed, the less Could they distinguish who the features were; The Devil himself seemed puzzled even to guess; They varied like a dream, now here, now there; And several people came from out the press, To know who he perfectly; and one could swear It was his father; upon which another Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother;

Another, that he was a duke, or knight, An orator, a lawyer, or a priest, A nabob, a man-midwife; but the weight Mysterious changed his countenance at least, As oft as they their minds; though in full light He stood, the puzzle only was increased; The man was phantasmagoric in himself—He was so volatile and thin!

The moment that he had pronounced him once, Presto! his face changed, and he was another; And when that change was hardly well put on, He still I saw a change, and he was another (If that and a mother) would he tell us. Have known, he shifted so from one to 'other, Till guessing from a pleasure gave a task, At this epistolary "iron mask."

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—"Three headed at once," (as he says) as Good Mrs. Malaprop (then you might deem That he was not even one; now many rays Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam My him from sight—his face to people's fancies, Now Duke, now Cook, now King to people's fancies, And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own; I never let it out till now, for fear Of doing people harm about the throne, And by putting some minister for fear On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown; It is—my gentle public land tell ear! 'Tis that which Junius we are wont to call, Was REALLY, TRULY, nobody at all.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be Written without hands, since we daily view Them written without heads; and books we see Are filled as well without the latter too. And really, till we fix on somebody's For certain ears to claim them as his due? Their author, like the Nigger's mouth, will bother The world and

Now ready, Price One Shilling.
THE SECOND EDITION OF
MY LIFE, OR OUR SOCIAL STATE, Part I.
A Poem,
By ERNEST JONES,
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By ERNEST JONES.
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The wish having been expressed in several quarters for the author to publish in a collected form his Poems that have appeared in the Northern Star, he begs to announce that a revised and corrected selection under the above title is now on sale.

Agents are requested to send their orders to the author to Mr. Wheeler, at the office of the N. C. A., 63, Dean Street, Soho, London, or to Mr. Gowan, & Co., Printers, 16, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket, London, where copies may be procured.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY AT
BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, BY MR. JOSEPH POPE,
At the Berkeley Arms Inn, in Berkeley, in the County of Gloucester.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 4th day of NOVEMBER, 1846,
At Three o'clock in the Afternoon,
THE FEE SIMPLE AND INHERITANCE
OF HOUSES, LANDS, BRICK YARD, TIMBER YARD,
BOAT YARD, AND OTHER HEREDITAMENTS,
SITUATE NEAR THE TOWN OF BERKELEY,
AFORESAID.

Either together, or in the following or such Lots, as may be agreed upon at the time of Sale.

LOT 1.—All that Dwelling House, (now in the possession of William Taylor) Garden, Brickyard, Brick Kiln, Drying Sheds, and every other convenience for carrying on the Brick and Tile Making, and where will be found almost inexhaustible beds of Clay for the purpose of continuing the business. For upwards of fifty years an extensive business has been carried on to the profitable advantage of the Proprietor. And also all that Close of excellent Arable Land, commonly called or known by the name of Plateau or Plateau, containing by admeasurement 8 a. 9. 11 p. (more or less). And likewise all that Dwelling House, Workshops, Boatyard, and Ground, (now in the possession of Mr. Charles Cooper), on which the Boat-Building business has for many years been carried on, and there is every requisite convenience for Landing Timber or any other article upon the said Close; or the Land may be appropriated for Building, and if not sold in one lot, the same will be offered in suitable lots for that purpose, either for a sum certain or for Gross Rents, making the most convenient of those who have small capital. Clay for making Bricks and Tiles may be taken from this lot without the least injury to the cultivated parts thereof, because the tide which ebbs and flows can be let in by convenient aqueducts, made for that purpose, to fill up the pits, so as to form in due time the surface it was originally.

This lot is bounded on the south and west sides by a navigable river, called the Berkeley Pill, flowing from the Severn; and for the purposes of Building and for carrying on the businesses of Brickmaking and Boat-building, a more convenient place cannot be found, as every facility is afforded for importing Coals, Timber, &c., and for exporting Bricks, Tiles, Timber, &c. Building Stones are very scarce in the neighbourhood, and therefore Bricks and Tiles are in great requisition.

LOT 2.—All that plot of Garden Ground, being an allotment of the Duke of Devonshire, and containing by admeasurement 1 a. 3 p. (more or less), now in possession of Mr. John Baker, as tenant thereof.

This lot is a very desirable spot for Building on, and neat and convenient Houses may be erected at a small expense.

LOT 3.—All that Close of excellent Pasture Ground called Beaver's Hill, containing by estimation 3 a. 2 s. 2 p. (more or less) adjoining the road called the Lynch Lane, and within five minutes walk of the town of Berkeley, and now in the possession of Mr. John Cook, as tenant thereof from year to year.

The lower part of this Close abounds with Clay for making Bricks, &c., and may be used for that purpose. The whole of the Close may be divided into convenient parcels for Building, and will be so offered for Sale in like manner as the before-mentioned property; or it may be appropriated for the building of a residence of a gentleman who is fond of sporting. The northern part of the Close is well adapted for a small Farm or Dale.

There is a Building near the lower part of the Close, which may be easily converted into a Coach-house, Stable, Yard, &c., and Pressure and Kitchen Gardens may be conveniently made at a trifling expense. There is a never-failing well of very good Water in the Close.

LOT 4.—All that Allotment in Berkeley Heath, awarded under the late Berkeley Inclosure Act, containing by admeasurement 1 a. 3 p. (more or less) now in the possession of Mr. James Jones, as tenant thereof.

This lot is conveniently situated for building on, and is a short distance from the town of Berkeley.

The above is most desirable property, and always command good tenants at high Rents. It being surrounded by the property of Earl Fitzhardinge. Game of every description is to be found in abundance on the property now offered for sale, and therefore it is well worth the attention of gentlemen who are fond of sporting. Harriers and Fox Hounds are kept in the neighbourhood. The property lies at an easy distance from Bristol, Gloucester, Stroud, Dursley, and Newport, and is about 21 miles from the Berkeley and Dursley Station on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway.

LOT 5.—All that Dwelling House, Shop, and Garden, situate in Canonbury Street, in the town of Berkeley aforesaid, and now in the possession of Miss Golding, as tenant thereof.

The Premises comprising Lots 5 and 6 are held for a term of 99 years, determinable on lives; viz., Lot 5 on the decease of a person now aged 65 years or thereabouts, and Lot 6 on the decease of a person now aged 62 years or thereabouts; and each lot is subject to a Lord's Rent of 10s. a year.

The respective Tenants will show the Premises; and further Particulars may be obtained on application to Messrs. J. T. HINTON and SON, Solicitors, Exchange Buildings, Bristol.

Where a plan of Lots 1, 2, and 3, may be seen.

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160 ACRES OF LAND
IN WORCESTERSHIRE,
Price £8,100.

For particulars see Mr. O'Connor's Letter.

A correct engraving copied from the Map of the above Estate will appear in the Northern Star of Saturday, November the 14th.

Provisional Registration of
the Chartist Co-operative
Land Company.

For particulars also see Mr. O'Connor's Letter.

BALLOT FOR LAND.

On Friday, the 11th December, a ballot will take place at Birmingham, during the sitting of the Land Conference for occupants from the 2nd section, for about 30 acres of the estate recently purchased, there being about that amount over after locating those already allotted for, and upon the same day a ballot will take place for the next 30 to be located of the 1st section: and on the 18th January, a ballot will take place for the next 30 to be located of the 2nd section.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1846.

CHARTISM VERSUS REPEAL.

PHYSICAL FORCE.

It is a curious fact, but not the less true, that all political parties anxious to preserve their popularity with the people, and at the same time their influence with the middle classes, have been compelled to adopt not only as much of our principles as may serve this double purpose, but from time to time they have likewise been driven to the adoption of our tactics. Upon the other hand, the wily have been compelled to seek the course which led to disunion in our ranks, in order to accomplish the same object in their own, when disunion was desirable or required. Long before Mr. O'Connell threw the apple of discord among the repealers, we announced to our readers that his mission to Ireland was upon the understanding with the Whig Government that he was to break up and destroy the Repeal movement. We further stated that his measures would be cunningly devised, that he would be able to throw all the odium consequent upon such a calamity upon those who would be forced into unavoidable opposition, and then denounced as traitors; but little did we then think that the rock placed in the Chartist course would be the one relied upon by him for a split. We mean PHYSICAL FORCE.

We, the Chartists, were represented by Mr. O'Connell not only as an impracticable, but a disunited body. Surely, the greatest proof of disunion is to be found in the facility with which a party may be broken up; and now we shall proceed to contrast the mode resorted to by our moral force accusers, for the purpose of disuniting us and their success, with Mr. O'Connell's resort to the same bugaboo to break up the Repeal ranks and his success.

In 1838, when Tom Attwood, Douglas, Munz, Salt, and HONEST JOHN COLLINS, had made a complete physical force tour of Scotland, recommending the establishment of rifle clubs, and offering old muskets for sale, and when, upon Attwood's return to Birmingham, he told two hundred men in our presence, that if the first appeal from one million was unheeded, he would stamp, and three million voices, backed by as many stout English arms, would respond and compel obedience. When honest John recommended the arrest of all the magistrates and aristocracy as hostages; when Lovett told us that the only way to insure good laws was by breaking bad ones; when Henry Vincent was convicted of the most inflammatory physical force language; when the enthusiastic Beaumont and Dr. Taylor reviewed us for declaring at Glasgow and Edinburgh that we would rather bear any load of suffering than be the cause of one drop of blood being shed, and when the wild enthusiasm of Chartism had induced many of its ardent young advocates, in the midst of oppression and heat of discussion, which in their own cooler moments they would have repudiated, then it was that parson Brewster, John Fraser and Abraham Duncan proposed the celebrated Carlton Hill moral force resolutions—resolutions by which they hoped to sever the philosophical from the wild, reserving for the trickster and truckling all the force and power which the destruction of a bugaboo could secure for them.

Fortunately, however, for the English Chartists, honest ardour and enthusiasm triumphed over cunning philosophy, and the rock intended as our destruction proved a fatal barrier in their course. The very most inflammatory and violent, glad of an opportunity to skulk from the danger that they had created, abandoned the cause that they had dishonoured, and clung, with the hope of forgiveness, to the new idol created by the philosophers. The effect of such a schism threatened danger for a season, until the wily purposes of hypocrisy were seen by all. No sooner had they achieved their first triumph, than the few promoters themselves were split into sections, stoutly contending for an ascendancy less galling than that which they presumed they had destroyed. This wicked course failed in England, and, notwithstanding the enthroned power of the Liberator, it will fail in Ireland. No one section of the Chartist body ever proclaimed physical force as a weapon to be used offensively. Many attempts were made to provoke us into an unqualified denunciation of the principle; but while we repudiated violence as a means of achieving power, which but required the concentration of all our moral energies to accomplish, we never did, and we never shall, confess ourselves slaves, by denying the right of the oppressed to shake off their fetters, by the same means by which they have been imposed upon them.

When the Convention delegated the power, it naturally did so with the impression, and upon the understanding, that it would be used conformably to Chartist rules, and advantageously for the Chartist cause; and hence the question, the sole question, for our consideration is, whether or not that Convention for a moment anticipated that any other than professed, unquestionable and avowed Chartists would be elected to an office so important as that of the arrangement of the machinery by which we hoped to ensure an unequivocal representation of the principles of Chartism. We would ask our friends, whether or not the election of a committee should not, as far as principle goes, be received by the country at large as a test of his qualification to represent a Chartist constituency according to the terms and principles we have laid down. We would ask them, whether the kindest acts of Mr. Wagstaffe, which we never intended to dispute or deny, and his equivocal professions of a desire to extend the suffrage, would be such a declaration of principles as would recommend him to a Chartist constituency? Our friends are not to presume that we entertain any, the slightest, personal hostility to Mr. Wagstaffe, for, on the contrary, his character of him inclines us to esteem him beyond others of his class; but there are other qualifications necessary to constitute his fitness as a manager of our most important affairs. If upon the other hand we are told that his neighbours are aware that he is not a Chartist but hope to use him for Chartist purposes, we answer, such course would be unworthy towards Mr. Wagstaffe and disgraceful upon the Chartist body on the one hand, while we assure them, upon the other hand, that Mr. Wagstaffe would be much more likely to use them.

We have heard many good Chartist sayings, such as "God helps them that help themselves." "He who is not for us is against us." "If our work is to be done we must do it ourselves," and so forth. Again, we will take the liberty of canvassing this delegated power from the source from whence it was received, namely, from the Convention. We ask, then, would Mr. Wagstaffe, upon the qualification set forth for him, have been a fit delegate to elect upon that Convention? Would he be considered a fit person to act upon the Central Committee? Would he be considered a candidate sufficiently qualified to command the support of a Chartist constituency? And if he would not be qualified for any of these offices, then we ask, is the delegated power of Chartism to be frittered away in its transfer? Because we contend for it, that a person who is not qualified to serve in any of those capacities, is insulted by being nominated to serve for any inferior purpose. So far from objecting to Mr. Wagstaffe personally, we should be rejoiced to hear that he had fully qualified himself by an unequivocal declaration of Chartist principles. The duty which we have now set Chartists is the highest and most important they have ever engaged in, and consequently more circumspection and jealousy is required in its discharge. Let us suppose, then, that Manchester had established a central committee for Chartist purposes, and that the several towns in Lancashire had appointed local committees to act in concert with the central committee, would any town in Lancashire elect other than an unequivocal Chartist to serve as a committeeman, or would the central committee act in concert with any town that had done so? We confidently say, No. And what Chartist looks for is a defined, clear, unequivocal representation of its own principles through its own avowed members. Where principle is concerned there should be no nice delicacy as to individuals. Chartism has suffered much already for its punctilious deference to middle class shabbiness. We have been too fond of hugging a bit of respectability, while in no one instance have we ever derived a particle of benefit from its co-operation.

We are pleased to find that our friends approve of the article, which was damned by the salvage, while it appears strange that they should have approved its tenor, which went to establish what struck us as the error of their course, and still defend the error itself. However, as good feeling is actually indispensable to the success of our cause, we can point out the most simple remedy by which the error of the offending party may be established. Upon our part, we protest against the qualification set forth in the remonstrance of our friends being received as the Chartist test. We protest for ourselves against the election of any save Chartists to serve upon Chartist Committees. Upon the other hand, our friends declare that Mr. Wagstaffe is not a Whig, we are sure he is not a Tory; and therefore, a natural conclusion is, that he must be a Chartist. Well then, what could be more consolatory to the whole Chartist body than such an announcement, and thus our friends have a pleasing duty to perform in receiving and communicating the intelligence that Mr. Wagstaffe is a Chartist. None will more cheerfully hail the announcement than ourselves, and none will more respectfully apologise for the high office offered to Mr. Wagstaffe in designating him a Whig. This remedy, this easy remedy, is in the hands of our friends—they may avail themselves of it, by putting the simple question to Mr. Wagstaffe, "ARE YOU A CHARTIST? If you are, YOU ARE FOR US, if you are not, you are against us. If you are for us, we hail your co-operation; if you are against us, we must see and confess the impropriety of relying upon your services, as men do not usually rely upon the co-operation of their foes." While the men of St. Pancras exercise their legitimate right of canvassing our acts, they must never attempt to deprive us of the right to canvass theirs.

RENEWED AGITATION FOR THE TEN HOURS' BILL.

THE FACTORY-KING AGAIN IN THE FIELD!

From the resolutions given below, it will be seen that the short-time delegates have resolved to open, what we trust will prove the last triumphant campaign for the attainment of the Ten Hours' Bill. It will be seen that the delegates have invited the co-operation of their former trusty champion, RICHARD OASTLER, Esq., the factory-workers "King." We understand that Mr. Oastler has nobly consented to forsake his retirement, and again take his stand upon the platform, as the unrivalled advocate of the rights of the factory-workers. Mr. Oastler will be in Huddersfield, and will address the first of a series of meetings, on Tuesday week next, November 10th. He will spend three weeks in Yorkshire, taking part at three meetings weekly, after which he probably will visit Lancashire, and may extend his tour to Scotland. This announcement will be sufficient to arouse our northern readers, who will be prepared to give the Factory King that hearty welcome which he, and the holy cause he advocates, so well deserves.

TEN HOURS' BILL.

A meeting of delegates from the Short Time Committees of the West Riding of Yorkshire, was held on Monday, at the Royal Hotel, Brighouse, Mr. J. Rawson, chairman of the Yorkshire Central Committee, in the chair; when the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

1. That it appears desirable to this meeting of delegates that a course of public meetings should be held in the manufacturing towns of the West Riding, to permit another expression of public opinion on the Ten Hours' question; and to show the government that the mill operatives have not been in their ardour and determination to secure a legislative ten hour regulation for the young and female portion of the factory-workers.

2. That as it is probable that Parliament will assemble in the ensuing month of November, such public meetings should be arranged, so that the delegates of the Ten Hours' Bill through Parliament may feel his hands strengthened at the outset of what we fondly hope is to be the last parliamentary campaign.

3. That, to enable John Fielden, Esq., M.P., to state to the House of Commons the unchanged opinion and unabated determination of the factory hands never to rest until they get the Ten Hours' Bill, it is desirable that he should attend the said meetings, to "see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears" the earnest and determined desire that exists in the manufacturing districts to hold council more with the originator of the present ten hours' movement, Richard Oastler, Esq., and believing that it would conduce materially to the success of the Ten Hours' cause, if the factory workers had that gentleman among them on this occasion, it is resolved to invite him to attend the said meetings; and that the Secretary be instructed to communicate the wish of the delegates to Mr. Fielden and Oastler, and arrange for their convenience.

4. That the best thanks of this meeting are due and hereby tendered to Lord Ashley for his admirable letter to the recent meeting in Bradford attended by Lord Morpeth; and for his conduct in declining to attend on that occasion, when the measure to which he is devoted was excluded from discussion or comment.

5. That the thanks of this meeting are also hereby tendered to Mr. William Walker, of Bradford, for his very proper bearing and conduct on the same occasion.

6. That while this meeting hails the efforts made at Bradford, under the auspices of Dr. Scoresby and Lord Morpeth, to ameliorate the social condition of the female factory workers, as one deserving every encouragement, and as indicative of a far different feeling on this subject than that which has hitherto prevailed, it is resolved to regret that the promoters of the said movement did not add a short time to their praiseworthy objects; for without time to instruct and enjoy, all means of instruction and enjoyment are comparatively worthless.

While the tempest raged we held to this principle, and encountered no small amount of odium. Daniel O'Connell was the loudest in his denunciation of the physical force Chartists; and now we proceed to show the striking analogy that exists between him and his policy, and the moral philosophers and their scheme. We have shown that they were the first to propound and circulate the physical force principles in England and Scotland, while in 1843 every port teemed with the valiant effusions of the physical force Liberator. When surrounded by his battalions of infantry and cavalry, upon the hill of Tara of the Kings, after boasting of the amount of physical force at his command, he proclaimed the Union a nullity, a parchment fiction, and, amidst national applause exclaimed—

"Morally, if we can, physically, if we must." Such an announcement from such a quarter must have inspired the young and enthusiastic with increased ardour and zeal; their country had been proclaimed as a wilderness, made desolate by the tyranny of the Saxon oppressor; her seven centuries' grievances were burnt upon the warm hearts of those who panted for liberty, and, as a natural consequence, new and ardent disciples were roused to new and ardent inspirations. In the midst of war proclamations he invoked that tranquillity which he declared was essential to his purpose, but the prospect of which he had destroyed. This was the origin of the mere notion of the resort to physical force being justified under any circumstances, and the national valour soon rallied round the newly-erected standard. Thus we prove beyond controversy, that the Liberator was the originator and propounder of physical-force doctrines, while, like our moral philosophers, he uses the enthusiasm of his young disciples as a justification for the desertion of his principles.

We may be told that he has not deserted those principles, because he still bellows "Repeal!" as lustily as ever; but we cannot recognise the distinction between the general who deserts his army and he who surrenders his position to the intrigue of an enemy. The latter is O'Connell's case. He has weakened his position for the purpose of strengthening the Whigs, and his next move will be to abandon the cause upon the pretext of the weakness which he himself has produced. What has been the incessant declaration of the Liberator? Has it not been that ENGLAND'S WEAKNESS IS IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY; and do we not find him fostering that very weakness as the instruments of Ireland's oppression. The quondam liberal press of Ireland, without an exception, teems with abuse of Whiggery and Russell, while the very mountains re-echo the denunciation; and yet the Liberator would cunningly draw the distinction between officials acting under Whig orders, and the Whigs who give the orders. The Irish were promised Ireland, and are starving and in sorrow; while we read the damning, galling, bitter fact, that the Liberator's second son, Morgan O'Connell, who sold the representation of Meath for £800 a year, has been this week promoted to an office with a salary of £1500 a year as the purchase-money of his father's sale of that country that has so confided, so supported, so bled, and so paid for his promised devotion. Will this act open the eyes of the yet sceptical? Will this convince the nice and scrupulous about the Liberator's honour? That England's weakness is Ireland's increased oppression and her Liberator's increased pecuniary.

Is this not some substitute for the graceless rejection of a tribute which poverty marred. It is but the second windfall, and before another harvest will glad the eyes of the starving, his fleshpot will be filled with the wages of corruption. Well may he renounce the title of 'Liberator' at Fermanagh, and rather than he should go nameless, we would recommend him to assume in its stead that of 'Patricide.' He is a bad old man, and notwithstanding the power of his charmed name, the very same cause which led to the destruction of moral force treachery in England, will lead to the destruction of the same bugaboo in Ireland. This consoles us, for it is a consolation to think that those who have been dragged into the justification of a denounced principle, are daily gaining strength, while its propounder is daily becoming weaker and more exposed.

THE PRESS.

From the establishment of the Northern Star, which is within a fortnight of nine years, down to the present time, we have ever opened its columns to fair strictures upon our policy, our conduct, and our actions. There are some who have felt aggrieved that we have not surrendered them to have of ourselves without provocation. We always have, and we trust we always shall, make a proper distinction between those acts of public men in which the success or injury of our principles may be involved, and those of individuals acting a mere capricious part upon their own responsibility or whim. With these feelings we cheerfully give insertion to a remonstrance of our Somers Town friends against that portion of one of our articles of last week, in which we stated our grief and sorrow at the appointment of Mr. Wagstaffe, as one of the Local Registration Committee of St. Pancras. Our friends very fairly set forth the qualifications and pretensions of Mr. Wagstaffe, by which they would establish his fitness for that office. We ask our friends, whether or not they are amongst those who think that such pretensions and qualifications constitute a Chartist. We know of but three political names, namely, that of Chartist, Whig and Tory. Our friends ask us, if such and such declarations as those made by Mr. Wagstaffe, can justify us in designating him as a Whig? We ask, in return, whether such declarations are sufficient to constitute him a Chartist? We are ready to admit that the Convention from which the public meeting derived the power of electing its own officers was supreme in the delegation of such power, while we are not prepared to surrender our right of canvassing the acts of those who exercise the delegated power or even of those who delegate it.

When the Convention delegated the power, it naturally did so with the impression, and upon the understanding, that it would be used conformably to Chartist rules, and advantageously for the Chartist cause; and hence the question, the sole question, for our consideration is, whether or not that Convention for a moment anticipated that any other than professed, unquestionable and avowed Chartists would be elected to an office so important as that of the arrangement of the machinery by which we hoped to ensure an unequivocal representation of the principles of Chartism. We would ask our friends, whether or not the election of a committee should not, as far as principle goes, be received by the country at large as a test of his qualification to represent a Chartist constituency according to the terms and principles we have laid down. We would ask them, whether the kindest acts of Mr. Wagstaffe, which we never intended to dispute or deny, and his equivocal professions of a desire to extend the suffrage, would be such a declaration of principles as would recommend him to a Chartist constituency? Our friends are not to presume that we entertain any, the slightest, personal hostility to Mr. Wagstaffe, for, on the contrary, his character of him inclines us to esteem him beyond others of his class; but there are other qualifications necessary to constitute his fitness as a manager

some, they go into shops where Indian meal was sold, and express a desire to purchase, but it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the disappointment they experienced when informed by the shopkeepers that they were out of it, and could not tell when they would have a supply. This is truly a melancholy

