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 25 it is sound and refreshing, the itching
 30 whole skin. I am very much relieved."
 "I believe it is the same man
 35 the pain, scalp, sickly
 40 load at pure as itself itself. For
 45 drops, discolored, wounds it
 50 drops; arms, or face, these drops are a sure cure.
 55 the disease vanish like snow before the sun."
 60 the juices of various herbs, and are so harmless that they
 65 may be safely administered even to the most delicate
 70 an untold proof of its invaluable properties, the great
 75 Any medicine vendor will procure it application.
 80 Read the following extract from the NOTTINGHAM
 85 "Purpury of the blood the cause of Scurvy, Bad Legs, &c.
 90 be content to be afflicted with it, than to be cured by
 95 gun. When it is well-ascertained fact that Hale's Scurvy
 100 gun. No one is better able to judge of the value of a
 105 of medicine as to its effects on the bulk of the people than
 110 we can conscientiously recommend it to our friends, for

[illegible]

"I shall be glad to see you and to hear them in
 connection with the cause, and to hear of them
 hereafter, therefore, set about it at once.
 Delay not a moment. Your lives, your rights, your
 liberties, are at stake—then, like good men and
 true, be ready."

Yours, fraternally,
 JOHN L. MAGRAW.

Walker's Store, New-street, Edinburgh.

JOHN SHIELDS.—Mr West has delivered three
 lectures here to crowded and attentive audiences.
 The first, on the principles of the People's Charter;
 the second, in support of the rights of the
 nation's Franchise, and the third, in support of
 an alliance with France, on their triumph over
 the enemies of property. Mr West's lectures
 have been productive of much good to the cause.
 Among the signs of progress may be mentioned the
 establishment of a News Room, which will be open
 from ten in the morning till eleven at night; the
 charge so low, only sixpence per month, as to place
 it within the reach of the poorest; and the com-
 menced with the NORTHERN STAR, the EDINBURGH
 WEEKLY EXPRESS, DOUGLAS LARSEN, WEEKLY DIS-
 PATCH, NEWCASTLE JOURNAL, DAILY NEWS, &c.

Mr. EMMETT (sailor), said he thought Mr. Campbell's amendment should be adopted. He was in favor of the original resolution to look to France, and you will see that I am in favor of the amendment. (Hear, hear.) Well, as the amendment has no objection, I will move Austria - they have refused to pay - to look to politics? (Yes, yes, I feel, like Mr. Duncan, has refused to pay - they could work out their own remedy. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. FRANK (weaver), said he agreed with the original resolution, he did not think they should shackle the committee, but let us supplicate that they look to France, and never could agree to emigrate unless he took the note out of the hands of the Emperor.

Mr. COUTON (printer), said, as (Hear, hear.)

He gave the opinion of their several bodies were based on individual opinions, the first step was not to be recommended with almost all that has been recommended. (Hear, hear.)

never could agree. (Loud cheers.) He thought the

place in Newcastle, on Tuesday evening, March 28, and Mr John West will attend the meeting, to take part in the proceedings." That the delegate to the Convention must come to Newcastle, and that he must come before the Convention the imperative necessity of keeping one or more lecturers permanently in the counties, to complete the organization of the National Charter Association, is the main object of the Convention to originate or support a motion, that the Convention shall continue in office for the space of twelve months, that they may be able to receive the delegates to the annual general assembly after the adjournment required. That the district secretary write to the whole of the branches of the Charter Association in the counties, to request them to send to the district secretary, the names of the delegates to the Convention, the expenses of sending them to the Convention, and the names of the delegates that the next district delegate may bring he held in the house of Mr Jude, Cook Inn, in Newcastle, on Monday evening, March 27, at 7 o'clock. Two delegates from the afternoon. A camp meeting will be held on Chapel-street-end, Walker near Newcastle, on Sunday March 26, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 7 o'clock in the evening, when friends will address the meeting.

Thursday against all law. One of them, Mr. Tredec is yet in prison, accused of nobody knows what. But he and Mr. Wolff will be either liberated or placed in a better position. I have not heard of Mr. Wolff must say, however, that the Belgian working men and several other democrats of that nation, particularly Mr. Jottinand, have behaved exceedingly well towards the English Government. They have since then themselves quite abandoned all party sentiments of national enmity. They saw in us no foreigners but democrats.

It is true that there is an order of arrest out against a Belgian working man and brave democrat, Mr. Guasco. Another, Mr. Dassé, arrested on Sunday last, for rebellion, was before the tribunal yesterday.

I am daily and hourly expecting my order of expulsion, if not worse, for nobody can foretell what the Belgio-Russ government is about to dare. I hope myself ready to leave at a moment's notice. I am sure that the Belgio-Russ government will not leave any country, which, as the papers say, has nothing to say in the French Republic.

Salutation and Fraternity.
Your old friend,
Friedrich. March 1848.

MARCH 25, 1848

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Your old friend,
Friedrich. March 1848.

Poetry.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTHERN STAR.
SIR, I have seen in the Star of the 11th inst. a copy of one of those great French songs, (Mr. W. Ross) which the first French Revolution induced him to write, I herewith send you its companion—a still more noble song, and still more appropriate to present circumstances than the other was.

It was sung in full chorus by the old Republican who sent you this, and none of those who assisted besides the writer being now alive.—A.B.

SONG.—Written in 1793.

By WILLIAM ROSS.
Unfold, fair Time, thy long records old,
Of noble achievements accomplished of old;
When men, by the standard of liberty led,
Undauntedly conquered, or cheerfully died,
But now 'mid the triumphs these moments recall;
Their glories all fade, and their lustre turns pale;
Whilst France rises up, and confirms the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.

As spring to the fields, or as dew to the flower,
To the earth parched with heat and the soil dropping shower;
As health to the wretch who lies languid and wan,
Or rest to the weary—freedom to man,
Where Freedom the light of her countenance gives
There only he triumphs, there only he lives:
Tis then the glad moment, and hail the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.

Too long had Oppression and Terror entwined
Those tyrant-furrowed chains that enslaved the free mind;
While dark Superstition with nature at strife,
For ages had lapped up the fountain of life,
But the demon is fled—the delusion is past,
And Reason and Virtue have triumphed at last:
Then seize the glad moment, and hail the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.

France! we share in the rapture thy bosom that fills,
Whilst the spirit of liberty bounds o'er thine hills;
Redundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
Fountain where thy green woods, and thine olive trees grow.

For thy brow may the hand of Philosophy twine,
Blest emblem the mythos, the ethos and vine;
And Heaven through all confirm the decree
That tears off thy chains, and bids millions be free.

LINES ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON DISPLACED BY ONE OF ERNEST JONES.

Discarded! hero of a hundred fights,
The tyrant who in slaughter and bloodshed delights;
For the Max who shared with Liberty's fire,
Whom Democrats love and Patriots admire,
Whom Sympathists tell not of Wellington's name,
His battles and murders—his glory and fame;
For carnage and murder we're loath to deplore,
The scales have now fallen—he'll be blind slaves no more.

Wellington, begone!—we're not enough of thy clan,
The Warrior we despise and value the Max.
SOMEWHERE.

A WELCOME TO LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

We do not cheer thee, faithless king,
Nor shout before thee now;
We have no reverence for a thing
So false and so untrue.
We form no crowds to welcome thee,
And yet, we cannot hate;
Thou parasite of liberty—
An old man desolate.

When, in such sudden dark eclipse,
We see thee overthrow,
The biases die upon thy lips,
We turn and let thee go,
From vagabond of reality,
So subject, so forlorn,
The greatness of thy misery
Shall shield thee from our scorn.

We saw thee yesterday elate
In majesty and pride,
Thy flowing wealth, thy gorgeous state,
Thy power half-died.

Tegged on the faults of humankind
We saw thee make thee king,
And constant Fortune's favouring wind
Still wafted thee to wing.

We saw thee building, building up
Thy pomp before our eyes,
And say, in thy own glowing cup
The sparkling bubbles rise!

Alliance, worship, all we bring,
And, as thy guests, we dine;
Evangelists, drunk with brother's wine,
Lay grovelling at thy feet.

When earnest men affirmed their right,
And asked the judging Heaven,
If ever, since the birth of light,
Had fraud and falsehood thriven?

Our fingers pointed with mistrust
To thee as our king,
A living mockery of the just,
That gave thee truth the lie.

All this thou hast but yesterday
Thy fall is freedom's birth—
To-day thou art man for scorn,
A vagrant on the earth.

Too guilty for our sympathy,
Too paltry for our hate,
Thou parasite of liberty—
Thou old man desolate.

On falsehood built, thy basements shrank,
And all thy pride and power
Topped and crumbled—reel'd and sunk,
And perished in an hour.

A truth pervading all the lands
Inspired the people's hate,
It throbb'd in their hearts their hands—
It made thee what thou art.

Lo, like a coward, self-accused,
We saw thee fall and fly,
And beg a life that none refused,
For want of strength to die.

To 'scape thy imaginary shame
That made thee thy own foe,
We saw thee shiver, thou shaven head,
Thy glories all below.

We blushed, we groined, to see thee seek
Mean safety in disguise,
And, like a knavish bankrupt, sneak
From sight of honest eyes.

For him old man, our hate expires
At spectacle like this—
Our pity kindles all his fires—
We have not heart to hiss.

Live on—thou hast not lived in vain,
A night's cup of tears,
Insistent for thy old tyrannical reign,
And lights the coming years.

Though tyrant kings are false and strong,
Humanity is true,
And Europe based upon a wrong
Is rotten through and through.

Though falsehoods into system wrought,
Condensed into a plan,
May stand awhile, thy power is nought—
There is a God in man.

His resolutions speak in power,
Old men forlorn, live out their hours,
Thou hast not lived in vain.

THE PARROT SONG.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.—If there be one thing that the genius of this extraordinary people has brought nearer to perfection than any other, it is the cultivation of the soil. The economy of their agriculture is beautiful; the whole country presents the appearance of one continued garden; no large commons laid waste for the special purpose of breeding rabbits, are to be met with; the land is meant to feed and clothe the people, and to use its power as directed.

No inch of soil is left that can be made useful by the most laborious and apparently unimproving industry, save only such parts as are set aside for burial grounds. Swamps are drained by canals, which carry the superfluous waters where they are turned to profitable account, in enriching land that otherwise would be productive. Hills are terraced, and the sunken and the level of rivers and shores of the sea recede and leave flourishing farms to reward the enterprise of man. I know nothing that would be likely to be more valuable from this country than the report of an experienced and scientific farmer, could such be induced to bestow a short time in travelling to China, and making its agriculture his study.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S ADVICE.—Two days after Louis Philippe had been crowned, the newspapers spoke of him as being still possessed of a crown at Dreux! When and by whom was this petty French town constituted an independent sovereignty?

COST OF A BANQUET.—In Paris the cost of a dinner varies from fifty centimes to five francs; while the price of the banquet is fixed at a Crown.

Although the late French Banquet cost a Crown, the French consider the entertainment cheap at a Louis!

A FAMILY FAILING.—On leaving Paris, the Duke and Duchess de Nemours separated from each other, after agreeing to meet again at a certain point. The Duke only was there, the Duchess having mistaken the place, and being in error to which the Duke's affairs appear peculiarly liable.

PIRATES IN THE OCEAN.—According to report, Guizot made his escape in a suit of livery. Had he never consented to pander to the ambitious views of his former king, and act the part of a lackey, there would have been no necessity for wearing the garb of a pirate.

GRATITUDE TO THE MARRIED POET OF THE PEOPLE.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

He lived in poverty, he died in want—
He fought with tyranny, and died with ease.
People—respect the man, respect the man,
Who, though neglected—gave the dead his due.
The songs he left you to your hearts appeal,
Show to his dear ones that you have not failed,
They thought they sacrificed that you should learn,
That thoughts within a patriot's heart should burn,
Dying, a glorious legacy he gave
Songs to admire and helpless ones to save.

The following address has been issued by the committee formed to assist the widow and orphans of this great man.

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By WILLIAM ROSS.
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Of noble achievements accomplished of old;
When men, by the standard of liberty led,
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But now 'mid the triumphs these moments recall;
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Whilst France rises up, and confirms the decree
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As spring to the fields, or as dew to the flower,
To the earth parched with heat and the soil dropping shower;
As health to the wretch who lies languid and wan,
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But the demon is fled—the delusion is past,
And Reason and Virtue have triumphed at last:
Then seize the glad moment, and hail the decree
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France! we share in the rapture thy bosom that fills,
Whilst the spirit of liberty bounds o'er thine hills;
Redundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
Fountain where thy green woods, and thine olive trees grow.

For thy brow may the hand of Philosophy twine,
Blest emblem the mythos, the ethos and vine;
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His battles and murders—his glory and fame;
For carnage and murder we're loath to deplore,
The scales have now fallen—he'll be blind slaves no more.

A WELCOME TO LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

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Nor shout before thee now;
We have no reverence for a thing
So false and so untrue.
We form no crowds to welcome thee,
And yet, we cannot hate;
Thou parasite of liberty—
An old man desolate.

When, in such sudden dark eclipse,
We see thee overthrow,
The biases die upon thy lips,
We turn and let thee go,
From vagabond of reality,
So subject, so forlorn,
The greatness of thy misery
Shall shield thee from our scorn.

We saw thee yesterday elate
In majesty and pride,
Thy flowing wealth, thy gorgeous state,
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Tegged on the faults of humankind
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CONTRAST.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

There are not many men and women whose minds have been so expanded as to be enabled to grasp the whole arrangement and consequences of two totally different and opposite systems for forming the character of man, and of governing the human race, and then, without the prejudices of latitude and longitude, draw a just and unbiased comparison between them.

Yet such are the minds required to form a rational conclusion between two opposing systems for the government of mankind—between two distinct states of human existence, one emanating solely from the laws of man, opposed to facts, and the other proceeding from the laws of God, sustained through all past ages by every known fact.

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That gave thee truth the lie.

All this thou hast but yesterday
Thy fall is freedom's birth—
To-day thou art man for scorn,
A vagrant on the earth.

Too guilty for our sympathy,
Too paltry for our hate,
Thou parasite of liberty—
Thou old man desolate.

On falsehood built, thy basements shrank,
And all thy pride and power
Topped and crumbled—reel'd and sunk,
And perished in an hour.

A truth pervading all the lands
Inspired the people's hate,
It throbb'd in their hearts their hands—
It made thee what thou art.

Lo, like a coward, self-accused,
We saw thee fall and fly,
And beg a life that none refused,
For want of strength to die.

To 'scape thy imaginary shame
That made thee thy own foe,
We saw thee shiver, thou shaven head,
Thy glories all below.

We blushed, we groined, to see thee seek
Mean safety in disguise,
And, like a knavish bankrupt, sneak
From sight of honest eyes.

For him old man, our hate expires
At spectacle like this—
Our pity kindles all his fires—
We have not heart to hiss.

Live on—thou hast not lived in vain,
A night's cup of tears,
Insistent for thy old tyrannical reign,
And lights the coming years.

Though tyrant kings are false and strong,
Humanity is true,
And Europe based upon a wrong
Is rotten through and through.

Though falsehoods into system wrought,
Condensed into a plan,
May stand awhile, thy power is nought—
There is a God in man.

His resolutions speak in power,
Old men forlorn, live out their hours,
Thou hast not lived in vain.

THE PARROT SONG.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.—If there be one thing that the genius of this extraordinary people has brought nearer to perfection than any other, it is the cultivation of the soil. The economy of their agriculture is beautiful; the whole country presents the appearance of one continued garden; no large commons laid waste for the special purpose of breeding rabbits, are to be met with; the land is meant to feed and clothe the people, and to use its power as directed.

No inch of soil is left that can be made useful by the most laborious and apparently unimproving industry, save only such parts as are set aside for burial grounds. Swamps are drained by canals, which carry the superfluous waters where they are turned to profitable account, in enriching land that otherwise would be productive. Hills are terraced, and the sunken and the level of rivers and shores of the sea recede and leave flourishing farms to reward the enterprise of man. I know nothing that would be likely to be more valuable from this country than the report of an experienced and scientific farmer, could such be induced to bestow a short time in travelling to China, and making its agriculture his study.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S ADVICE.—Two days after Louis Philippe had been crowned, the newspapers spoke of him as being still possessed of a crown at Dreux! When and by whom was this petty French town constituted an independent sovereignty?

COST OF A BANQUET.—In Paris the cost of a dinner varies from fifty centimes to five francs; while the price of the banquet is fixed at a Crown.

Although the late French Banquet cost a Crown, the French consider the entertainment cheap at a Louis!

A FAMILY FAILING.—On leaving Paris, the Duke and Duchess de Nemours separated from each other, after agreeing to meet again at a certain point. The Duke only was there, the Duchess having mistaken the place, and being in error to which the Duke's affairs appear peculiarly liable.

PIRATES IN THE OCEAN.—According to report, Guizot made his escape in a suit of livery. Had he never consented to pander to the ambitious views of his former king, and act the part of a lackey, there would have been no necessity for wearing the garb of a pirate.

CONTRAST.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

There are not many men and women whose minds have been so expanded as to be enabled to grasp the whole arrangement and consequences of two totally different and opposite systems for forming the character of man, and of governing the human race, and then, without the prejudices of latitude and longitude, draw a just and unbiased comparison between them.

Yet such are the minds required to form a rational conclusion between two opposing systems for the government of mankind—between two distinct states of human existence, one emanating solely from the laws of man, opposed to facts, and the other proceeding from the laws of God, sustained through all past ages by every known fact.

SONG.—Written in 1793.

By WILLIAM ROSS.
Unfold, fair Time, thy long records old,
Of noble achievements accomplished of old;
When men, by the standard of liberty led,
Undauntedly conquered, or cheerfully died,
But now 'mid the triumphs these moments recall;
Their glories all fade, and their lustre turns pale;
Whilst France rises up, and confirms the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.

As spring to the fields, or as dew to the flower,
To the earth parched with heat and the soil dropping shower;
As health to the wretch who lies languid and wan,
Or rest to the weary—freedom to man,
Where Freedom the light of her countenance gives
There only he triumphs, there only he lives:
Tis then the glad moment, and hail the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.

Too long had Oppression and Terror entwined
Those tyrant-furrowed chains that enslaved the free mind;
While dark Superstition with nature at strife,
For ages had lapped up the fountain of life,
But the demon is fled—the delusion is past,
And Reason and Virtue have triumphed at last:
Then seize the glad moment, and hail the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.

France! we share in the rapture thy bosom that fills,
Whilst the spirit of liberty bounds o'er thine hills;
Redundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
Fountain where thy green woods, and thine olive trees grow.

For thy brow may the hand of Philosophy twine,
Blest emblem the mythos, the ethos and vine;
And Heaven through all confirm the decree
That tears off thy chains, and bids millions be free.

LINES ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON DISPLACED BY ONE OF ERNEST JONES.

Discarded! hero of a hundred fights,
The tyrant who in slaughter and bloodshed delights;
For the Max who shared with Liberty's fire,
Whom Democrats love and Patriots admire,
Whom Sympathists tell not of Wellington's name,
His battles and murders—his glory and fame;
For carnage and murder we're loath to deplore,
The scales have now fallen—he'll be blind slaves no more.

A WELCOME TO LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

We do not cheer thee, faithless king,
Nor shout before thee now;
We have no reverence for a thing
So false and so untrue.
We form no crowds to welcome thee,
And yet, we cannot hate;
Thou parasite of liberty—
An old man desolate.

When, in such sudden dark eclipse,
We see thee overthrow,
The biases die upon thy lips,
We turn and let thee go,
From vagabond of reality,
So subject, so forlorn,
The greatness of thy misery
Shall shield thee from our scorn.

We saw thee yesterday elate
In majesty and pride,
Thy flowing wealth, thy gorgeous state,
Thy power half-died.

Tegged on the faults of humankind
We saw thee make thee king,
And constant Fortune's favouring wind
Still wafted thee to wing.

We saw thee building, building up
Thy pomp before our eyes,
And say, in thy own glowing cup
The sparkling bubbles rise!

Alliance, worship, all we bring,
And, as thy guests, we dine;
Evangelists, drunk with brother's wine,
Lay grovelling at thy feet.

When earnest men affirmed their right,
And asked the judging Heaven,
If ever, since the birth of light,
Had fraud and falsehood thriven?

Our fingers pointed with mistrust
To thee as our king,
A living mockery of the just,
That gave thee truth the lie.

All this thou hast but yesterday
Thy fall is freedom's birth—
To-day thou art man for scorn,
A vagrant on the earth.

Too guilty for our sympathy,
Too paltry for our hate,
Thou parasite of liberty—
Thou old man desolate.

On falsehood built, thy basements shrank,
And all thy pride and power

few hours' notice, to the protection of the Provisional Government.

Thus are we encouraged by the glorious example of our French brethren. Like effort will be crowned with similar success. The march of liberty is from the west; already has she prostrated the despots of Vienna and Berlin. Shall she smile on St Petersburg ere she frowns on the oppressors of England?

Once more, then, we urge you to energetic

exertions. In the name of suffering humanity we demand the co-operation of Democrats in all parts. We exhort you to sign the National Petition, and to be prepared, in the event of that failing, with an address to the Queen, signed by millions, demanding the dismissal of her oligarchical ministers, and the delegation of the government to men who will make the Charter a cabinet measure. Arouse yourselves, working men of Great Britain, and tell the base, brutal, and bloody *Times*, that it lies—perfidiously lies—in asserting that the Demo-

cracy of these countries is content with its oligarchical government—its bloodstained aristocracy—and its rapacious moneyocracy.

By order, and in the name of the Association of Fraternal Democrats.

G. JULIAN HARNEY, ERNEST JONES, CHARLES KEEL, EDWIN GILL, COLLIN REYNARD, HENRY BAITROMP, JOHN OVERTON,	}	Great Britain.
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HENRY CHILD,	
THOMAS LUCAS,	
MARK L. BRURLE,	
WILLIAM PERRIER,	France.
ALEXANDER MULLER,	
CHARLES MOLL,	Germany.
CHARLES PPAENDER,	
CHARLES SCHARBLITZ,	Switzerland.
WILLIAM KRELL,	
PETER HOLM.	Scandinavia.
GUSTAVUS LUNDBERG,	
LOUIS OBORSKI,	Poland.
FRANCIS NYIRAI,	Hungary.
PHILIP BLUM,	Russia.

TO THE PEOPLE.

*King Billy Smith!—English Snobism—Crime
of the Traitor of the Barricades.*

FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN AND BROTHERS,

The time has arrived when every lover of his country and the rights of man should come forward and devote his energies—heart and soul, hand and brain—to the good work of

The honest leaders and advisers of the people are too few, while knaves and intriguers abound. To strengthen the former and unmask the latter; and, at the same time, advance the cause of Labour's political and social emancipation, will be the object of the letters I propose, with the editor's permission, to address to you the people weekly in the

This country has long been a refuge for de-
stitute royalty. The glorious Revolution of
1789 sent the elder Bourbons to our shores
with a host of kicked-out, beggarly aristocrats
as numerous as Egyptian locusts. The down-
fall of Napoleon and the re-imposition of the Bour-
bons, by the help of English gold and Holy A-
rmy bayonets, upon France, relieved us from
the presence and plunderings of these royal
and aristocratical vagabonds. Some fifteen
years elapsed, and down came the restore-

monarchy of France, hurried to the dust by the gallant but deceived heroes of July. Charles the Tenth again sought our shores, and the ancient palace of the Scottish kings was set apart for his lodgment. Lastly, the glorious Revolution, which a month ago buried the Janus-faced King of the Barricades from his throne, and consumed the throne itself, has sent to King "Billy Smith," with his cowardly, contemptible progeny. This worthy squad are now at Claremont, where they are likely to remain until the proclamation of a Republic in Belgium shall compel our old friend Leopold to abdicate.

No doubt, countrymen, you indulged yourselves with a hearty guffaw, when reading the journals the account of the "moving academy by flood and field," which will render forever memorable the heroic flight of Louis Philippe, and his landing on this Isle of Noisy. Forced to decamp, even without his umbrella, we behold his ex-Majesty, with his whiskers shorn, arrayed right royally in a blouse and pea-coat, with head-gear to match: the whole set off with a red and white comforter. The

disgusted," so that his own friends did not know him"—certainly Lafayette would have failed to have recognised his "best of Republicans"—Philippe the First, and last, dodged out of France, and dodged into England. Having the reputation of being the greatest swindler in Europe, the worthy *bourgeoisie* of New York, in heaven, Lewes, and Brighton, could have no doubt that his ex-kingship's pockets were lined, and, therefore, hastened to offer him their assistance. It is characteristic of *bourgeois-benevolence*, that the objects of its sympathy are always those who have plenty; *Royals* those who have nothing, it generously provides bastilles, skilfully, and treadmills. Amongst

to be allowed the honour of feeding, clothing, and lodging the old sinner of the Tuileries, was the rector, the Rev. Something Smith, who, doubtless, if Jesus Christ were now on earth, without a place wherein to lay his head, would, under the laws of "vagrancy," that is, *poverty*, send him to the treadmill. The reverend gentleman's card, with the name of "Smith," thereon, threw Louis Philippe into a paroxysm of delight. "Mr Smith ! that is curious indeed," and very remarkable that the first to welcome me should be a Mr Smith, since the assumption name was Smith by which I escaped from France; and look, this is my passport, made or

in the name of William Smith!" Can the force of bathos further go? "Louis Philippe the 1st," the would-be founder of a dynasty of kings, flying, not from the vengeance, but from the contempt, of the glorious people he had deceived, betrayed, and outraged; his disguise a red and white comforter, and his protection the assumed cognomen of Smith!

When Messrs "Smith, Brown, and Robinson" welcomed Louis Philippe, they determined to play the part of the three tailors of Tooley-street, by giving their welcome in the name of the people of England. The royal charlatan, nothing loth to play his part in this ridiculous farce, professed to accept the expressions of affection.

tion of the "friendship of the British people" to the Countrymen, the Snobs of Newhaven and the Croydon liars, who pretended to speak for the British people. You, my countrymen, hate tyranny—and therefore, you detest and execrate the cruel but baffled tyrant, whom the heroic people of France have driven from their soil.

At Newhaven, the royal hypocrite, *laying his hand upon his heart*, said, "I have nothing to say to your conscience, and nothing to reflect upon." If this were true, it would prove him to have a most convenient conscience.

Louis Philippe is the son of the notorious Duke of Orleans, or "Citizen" Egalité; he called himself—a wretch stained by every crime, and justly sent to the scaffold. In the year 1790, Philippe became a member of the Jacobin Club, and on more than one occasion officiated as door-keeper at the sittings of that famous assembly. In the register of the National Guard he erased all his titles with his own hand, and wrote after his name—*Citizen of Paris*. When all emblems of nobility were

abolished, Philippe declared that "he was too much the friend of equality" not to have received the decree with joy!

When France, sick of the entire race, pro-

and enough to forbid the Banquet, and

"Let loose the dogs of war!"

and he did so. Blood flowed in torrents. Hundreds of the people verrikilled or wounded. But the hour had struck. The mass of the soldiers and National Guard refused to fight against the people. The Proletarians carried all before them, and the Orleans dynasty went down into the "blackness of darkness" for ever. The tyrant failed and fell; but he is never forgotten, that had the troops been faithful to him, he would have destroyed half the people of Paris, and doomed the rest to a state of hopeless slavery. The blood of every patriot slain in the Revolution rests upon his head.

Truly did the noble Gregoire exclaim:—"The history of kings is the martyrology of nations!"

If every hair of Louis Philippe's head could pour blood, were strict justice done upon him, that blood would be doomed to flow.

But the French people, magnanimous in their terrible power, have spared his life, that he may live the scorn and contempt of Europe, with the hatred of every nation, and even the mockery of his former flatterers poured upon his head—

"The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world."

When in every other land the voice of the people rises to Heaven in execration of the defeated tyrant of France, shall England be an exception? No! You will declare with me, that were Englishmen free—free as they are resolved to become—this land should be no refuge for cast-out tyrants; on the contrary, England's statute book should declare that—"He who oppresses one nation, is the declared enemy of all; and those who make war on a people to arrest the progress of liberty, and to annihilate the rights of man, ought to be pursued everywhere, not as ordinary persons, but as assassins and brigand rebels."

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

BRADFORD.—The procession for Gilestead Moor camp meeting, will meet in the large room of the Land Office, on Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, and from thence proceed, at half-past eleven, to the place of meeting.

THE CHANTISTS of Manchester-road, Bradford, will meet at the Yorkshire Divan, on Monday evening, at nine o'clock, to elect a committee.

THE MEMBERS of the Land Company will meet in their rooms, on Sunday next (to-morrow), at six o'clock in the evening.

HALIFAX.—A camp meeting will be held on Skircoat Moor on Sunday, May 26th, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr S. Ryed of London, Messrs Rushton of Overden, Bowdler, Gillett, and Webster of Halifax, will address the meeting. The Rev. J. H. Russell of the Association in which the meeting is requested to meet, at Nicholson's Temperance Hall, Broad-street, Halifax, at seven o'clock on Monday noon.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

A great outcry having been raised against the circulars of the Ministers of Public Instruction and the Interior, we give the following extract from the former:—

The great error against which the inhabitants of our agricultural districts must be guarded is this—that in order to be a representative it is necessary either to enjoy order or to be a representative of the people. As far as education is concerned, it is clear that an honest man, possessed of good sense and experience, will not be interested in the interests of the people, but in the interests of the nation. It is the duty of the representative to be interested in the interests of the nation, and not in the interests of the people. It is the duty of the representative to be interested in the interests of the nation, and not in the interests of the people.

It must not be forgotten, that in a great assembly like that which is about to assemble, the majority of the members will be interested in the interests of the nation, and not in the interests of the people. It is the duty of the representative to be interested in the interests of the nation, and not in the interests of the people.

These are noble sentiments. We now give in full the famous circular of Ledru-Rollin, Minister of the Interior, to the Commissioners of the provisional government.

LEDU-ROLLIN'S CIRCULAR.
The circular which has reached you, and which has been published, traced out your duties. It is, however, important that I enter into some details, and that I state more clearly what I expect from you. You are not to be a representative of the people, but a representative of the nation. You are not to be a representative of the people, but a representative of the nation.

It is not to be a representative of the people, but a representative of the nation. You are not to be a representative of the people, but a representative of the nation. You are not to be a representative of the people, but a representative of the nation. You are not to be a representative of the people, but a representative of the nation.

2. YOUR RELATIONS WITH THE OFFICERS IN COMMAND OF THE TROOPS.—You are exercising the powers of the executive authority, so that the armed forces are under your orders. You are exercising the powers of the executive authority, so that the armed forces are under your orders. You are exercising the powers of the executive authority, so that the armed forces are under your orders.

3. YOUR RELATIONS WITH THE LAW ENFORCEMENT.—You are exercising the powers of the executive authority, so that the armed forces are under your orders. You are exercising the powers of the executive authority, so that the armed forces are under your orders. You are exercising the powers of the executive authority, so that the armed forces are under your orders.

4. NATIONAL GUARD.—You will receive from me the details of the organization of the National Guard. You will receive from me the details of the organization of the National Guard. You will receive from me the details of the organization of the National Guard.

5. THE ELECTIONS.—The elections are your great work; they will prove the salvation of the country. It is your duty to see that the elections are free and honest. It is your duty to see that the elections are free and honest. It is your duty to see that the elections are free and honest.

You comprehend how great is your task. The education of the country is not complete; it is for you to see that the education of the country is not complete; it is for you to see that the education of the country is not complete.

We append the following excellent remarks on the above circular of the *Reform*:—

The aristocrats and sleepy heads have cried out against the rigorous denunciation of double-faced intrigues, and the denunciation of the monarchy. The aristocrats and sleepy heads have cried out against the rigorous denunciation of double-faced intrigues, and the denunciation of the monarchy.

The National Guard.—The National Guard is the basis of the Republic. It is the duty of the National Guard to be interested in the interests of the nation, and not in the interests of the people.

Citizens, the provisional government has already had notice of your pretensions through the medium of the press. It would have desired earnestly that men like yourselves, necessarily friends to order, and whose duty it is to maintain it, should not have departed from the regular mode of submitting your claims. We have heard these manifestations with regret, they not only bring the insouciance of existing orders, but the insouciance of the existing orders, but the insouciance of the existing orders.

galled the officers of the *Bataillon* of the National Guard, and some of the commanders of the legions. This is what has been decided upon, and you, men of sense and intelligence, we leave you to judge yourselves; you will understand that when we form an immense National Guard, we cannot preserve the energy of the National Guard, and we cannot preserve the energy of the National Guard.

There is also another reason for your public order, the company of gentlemen and volunteers spread over the country, and the company of gentlemen and volunteers spread over the country, and the company of gentlemen and volunteers spread over the country.

M. Arago said:—
M. Ledru-Rollin has been alluded to as having taken upon himself the decision in question. It is the duty of the National Guard to be interested in the interests of the nation, and not in the interests of the people.

Magnificent demonstration of the proletarians in support of the provisional government.
We now give a detailed account of the demonstration of the people on Friday the 17th, briefly noticed in our 3rd edition of Saturday last.

The people, engaged in the combat, were heroic, after the victory, and the people, engaged in the combat, were heroic, after the victory, and the people, engaged in the combat, were heroic, after the victory.

The employees of the clubs proceeded to all the suburbs, to invite the labourers to rendezvous on different points, and to proceed from thence in bodies to the Hotel de Ville. Their instructions were strictly obeyed, and about eleven o'clock, the labourers poured down in masses into the city, forcing all their comrades who were working to join them.

The assembly did not wholly consist of workmen. From twelve o'clock till two, the crowd remained on the Place cheering and shouting, at intervals raising the banners of the *Marseillaise*, or beating the *appel* on their drums. There was no sign of opposition to the manifestation of feeling; the guard on duty was even less nervous than usual.

The *Montreux* publishes the following account of the reception of the delegates of the people on Friday, at the Hotel de Ville:—

Towards two o'clock, all the members of the government, being collected together, a delegation, composed of all the members of the government, being collected together, a delegation, composed of all the members of the government, being collected together.

Citizens of the provisional government, you have proclaimed that you wished to have the revolution, the sovereignty of the people, democracy, the Republic, a constitution made by a national assembly. You have proclaimed that you wished to have the revolution, the sovereignty of the people, democracy, the Republic, a constitution made by a national assembly.

union, confidence, and firmness, and order will be sold like liberty; the Republic will triumph, will constitute the honour of France, and will accomplish the happiness of humanity.

M. Louis Blanc said:—The government of the Republic is founded on public opinion, and will never forget that it is so; our strength, we are aware, is in the people, and our will ought always to be in unison with that which it expresses. The demands which you have expressed shall be the object of our deliberations, and the more so that they have been put forward in the name of the people.

Another delegate said: What reply shall we communicate to the people?
M. Louis Blanc replied: Say to the people who have sent you that we feel honoured in being their representatives; tell them that we cannot have a desire which is not theirs; we have the place of their sovereignty, and we only leave them the place of their sovereignty.

M. Louis Blanc said:—We have come to express wishes. The people, engaged in the combat, were heroic, after the victory, and the people, engaged in the combat, were heroic, after the victory, and the people, engaged in the combat, were heroic, after the victory.

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citizens with the means of subsistence. Let it reflect upon this, for we are now without work. All who at this moment may be employed, and have no other means of subsistence, are committing the crime of high-treason. Behold, citizens, representatives of the people, these 200,000 fellow-citizens who surround you and cover you with their solicitude. They will support you, as secured, in all measures of order, unity, and public safety. At this moment all our power is in your hands, and the conservation of the Republic is in your hands.

Some delegates asked:—Does the whole of the provisional government approve the circular?
M. Louis Blanc replied:—Gentlemen, I have been called by name. I answer the call, and demand to speak aloud. I am nothing to what was said to you just now with as much dignity as propriety by our colleague, M. Louis Blanc.

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beauty of our soldiers; nor will he doubt their force or power. For the day of February the army rose up to fight. It was not the army, but the people, who were the army, and the people, who were the army, and the people, who were the army.

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will save the treasury from disbursements which would amount to 275 millions.
The holders of the Treasury bills thus postponed have the option of waiting till the six months expire, when they will be entitled to receive the amount in new loan, at 5 per cent. par. Thus the holders of these bills are placed in the same footing as the holders of the Treasury bills.

The receipt of the octroi, or the dues belonging to the city of Paris, has only been interrupted for a short time during the revolution. It has now, owing to the assistance and energy of the inhabitants, the National Guard, and the operatives, resumed its usual course.

The director of the public workshops has issued a notice that the workmen employed will have two francs a day, and be employed at least every other day. Those who are unemployed will receive one franc, instead of half franc, and half franc, as hitherto, in order to enable them to find food for the distressed.

The *Montreux* contains the following decree, placing 60,000,000 at the disposal of the Minister of Finance, for the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce:—

The provisional government, in consideration of the decree, dated this day, which imposes forty-five centimes additional on the amount of the four direct taxes; considering that one of the first duties of the government of the Republic is to alleviate the distress which during four years has caused such injury to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; considering that credit is the most urgent necessity of these three elements of public credit; considering that the greater number of private establishments are paralysed; considering that it is necessary to supply the manufacturers with the means of securing employment for the numerous operatives employed in their factories; decrees:—

Article 1.—A sum of 60,000,000 is placed at the disposal of the Minister of Finance, for the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

Article 2.—This sum of 60,000,000 shall be divided between the various workshops which, according to the terms and following the dispositions of our decrees of the 9th of March, 1848, shall be successively formed in Paris and in the departments, and in all the great agricultural manufacturing and commercial centres.

PARIS, Sunday evening.—The government published this morning another decree, in compliance with the desire expressed by the people on Friday, postponing to a later day the election for the municipal Council of Paris, and the *Bureau*. The day fixed by the decree is the 5th of April.

The provisional government held a meeting on Friday night, to consider and decide on the question of the expediency of postponing the elections to a later date than the 5th of April, in accordance with the desire expressed by the people on Friday through their delegates. It was resolved that no postponement should take place. This decision was almost unanimous. One member of the government only voted for a postponement. That member is, of course, understood to be M. Ledru-Rollin.

The Minister of War, with a view of carrying out republican principles in the advancement in the army, has addressed to the commanders of regiments a circular in which he directs that lists of those deserving promotion be immediately forwarded to him, accompanied by the names of the officers, and the names of the sub-division; and he points out to the commanders that in the new order of things only those deserving promotion should receive it, and charges him that he will allow no personal motive to influence his decision. The same circular states that although at the present moment there appear to be no prospects of the present disposition of the foreign powers, yet, to be prepared for all contingencies, a considerable body of troops will be sent to the frontiers, and that the infantry regiments will be increased by an eighth company to each battalion, and that similar measures will be adopted with the cavalry and artillery.

Every day brings its colossal popular demonstrations. A procession of ten thousand Savoyards which paraded the town yesterday with flags, banners, and other insignia, was regarded as quite a tame and spiritless affair after the one and two hundred thousands of the preceding days. But the procession of the Savoyards was blue with thousands of bouquets, and the Savoyards were patriotic shouts, and national hymns of "Mourir pour la patrie." The sovereign people are literally sovereign.

—*London*.—*St. Mary, Newington*, in the County of Surrey, at the Office, No. 16, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket, in the City of Westminster.—Saturday, March 25th, 1845.