









Next comes Walsall—Smith, Corn-Law leaver, (Whig); Gladstone, own brother to Newark (Tory). Question—Corn Laws; and seven to five on the Tory. Manchester—Jim Crow Gibson, (Whig, Tory, Radical, and Chartist); Sir George Murray, (Tory) 6 to 4 against Gibson.—Question, Orange or Blue.

Rochdale—Sharnam Crawford, (honest man), a walk over; or Lombard-street to a China orange upon old Ireland against the field, whoever stands.

The Five Boroughs—Dr. Bowdler, (anything or nothing) Col. Percussee, (Whig); Tory not yet declared, but one will start; 20 to 1 on the Col. against the field; 100 to 1 the Col. against the Dr., and 70 to 1 the Col. against the Tory.

Now, of these five seats it is possible that the Whigs may lose Canterbury—it is probable that they may lose Walsall—it is more than probable that they may lose Manchester, and it is certain that they will lose Rochdale, which, upon any question of mere PRESERVE vs. policy, will reckon, at least, as ten. SHARNAM CRAWFORD, in spite of himself, is ten to have five joints in his tail, as it merely requires the raising of the real standard of Irish principle in the House to insure the influence of public opinion upon, at least, five members returned by popular constituencies, and who must vote for the right thing, without reference to the man, or they must go about their business.

The great secret of O'Connell's humbug influence has been the jargon that he supported the best thing going. Now, Sharnam will set a better thing going, and his presence is the heaviest blow that Daniel could possibly have received; and hence his attempts to choke him with fresh butter at starting. KIRKALDY—the Whigs will win, and, in passing, we must just observe (as some foolish print has called the poor doer) "the Radical candidate" that a more miserable selection could not have been made, and our Scotch friends may rest assured that any effort made on behalf of the skin-a-flint Malchusian will be received by their English brethren as anything but a compliment.

In fact, if we were bound to name three political, mind, political—humbugs, of the first water, we should undoubtedly say Smith, Jim Crow Gibson, and the Doctor. As to Jim Crow Gibson, every honest man, every consistent man, every decent man, and even every rogue, for decency's sake, is bound to oppose him; and we do hope that the right good six-foot high Jim Crow, with his straw hat and white feather, and tri-coloured tail of orange, blue, and green, is ready, just to let the Jewish Jim see his brother from old Kentucky. It is vulgar to say "Who are you?"—but the boys may fairly say "What are you now, Jim?"

## MOTHER GOOSE.

We are irresistibly driven, and, indeed, contrary to our express resolution, to say one word of our friend in her forlorn state.

The funeral pall which she so modestly threw over the mangled carcasses of her flock, on Saturday last, leaves us something to hope from her modesty. Of course, we mean the sad and mourning exhibition given as a "correct view of the interior" of the slaughter-house. The sight, the very sight, was enough to chill the boldest blood, and freeze the warmest imagination. We never saw a more dismal figure on the blackest tombstone, or a more fitting sign for such a shop. A few raw-boned nags and white feathers would have made it look like what it truly was, the hearse of a departed virgin sister; for, alas! it contained the consumptive remains of the Maiden Association—the spinners' corpse.

But "Nid desperandum" is the last and best plank of the shipwrecked politician; and we shall look anxiously, on Saturday, for one of those grand ruses of novelty so innocently hinted at in *Mother Goose's* New Year's prospectus, and in which she describes her advance to her frequent flights of fancy and changes of opinion!

May we not, then, justly look for one of those starting bursts of imagination—an electric shock of fancy—a lurid flame of vivid light—a volcanic eruption of boiling genius; and, by one touch of her magic wand, may not strike the chimney-pot off the Parliamentary H-o-n-e, say *presto*, and, by a sublime effort of harlequin-wandism, convert the inimitable pile—the H-o-n-e—into U-n-i-o-n-e-r-a-l? We have seen changes and transformations far more incredible.

May we not expect to receive chastisement for our untimely and rebuke for our lagging policy, by an announcement that our Universal Suffrage means nothing, and that the true and magical transformation means, the enfranchisement of man and beast—man, woman, and child?

What are the odds that, out of the scattered fragments of the menagerie, a new, a vigorous, and really moral force Universal Suffrage party does not spring up, and start into a giant infant existence, like the goose with the golden eggs, which we unfortunately killed before the laid?

But, then, what becomes of the advertisements? Ay, there's the rub! "Quacks" may not for filling stuff, but doctors know they don't pay.

We fear the case is hopeless: and we would strongly recommend our friend to study the fiddle-fiddle of local politics; to be a great man in ward and vestry meetings; to keep a jealous eye over the Corporation and all its works; in short, to be a great luminary in a little sphere, which he may irradiate; for we assure him that his flash is long lost before it rises above the horizon of the great political hemisphere.

We give this advice with the most kindly feeling, and, at all times, be happy to assist a friend in the hour of need.

Nothing but a bold, a very bold, a tremendously bold, stroke will do now. We are prepared for it, be it never so startling; and, therefore, let it come.

Three removes are as bad as one fire," poor Richard says; but *Mother Goose*, scorning to be bound by the ordinary rules of almanac-wandism, has assured us that, with her, fire, at least, has had the effect of raising her circulation. Had other authority than a doctor made the assertion, we should have hesitated, if not doubted it.

## THE HUSTINGS' PATRIOTS AND MINISTERIAL HACKS.

Nothing so much sinks the character of politicians as the fact, so boastfully and studiously proclaimed, that the politician, to be efficient, must throw off the gentleman. Of the truth of this we have had as excellent specimen just now at Leeds.

The hustings' patriots ever have been the greatest Ministerial hacks; in fact, the crutches of the mutilated body of Whiggery. They go about, in the language of Hume, (the historian, not the "hack"), "proclaiming that the people are not so well governed as they should be," while they themselves are the very reserve upon which unjust rulers have to fall back, when assailed by the enemy.

The Sham-Radicals, in the dishonest hope of ditching something for themselves, have allowed their patrons to commit wholesale plunder; and, in point of fact, they are, in political honour, bound to support them, inasmuch as the sons, nephews, friends, cousins, relatives, kith and kin of these hustings' hacks, have all provided for, either in a workhouse job, a police job, a church job, or some other filthy job.

Now for our specimen. On the 21st, we had a batch of those fast-and-loose gentlemen, who wish to run with the hare and hold with the hound, upon the hustings at the "intellectual feast"; and they vied one with the other in strong denunciation of the present Administration; in fact, named some personally, and the most prominent, as the great obstacle to all Reform, and they were cheered. Well, what did the meaning crew next do? Why, upon the very following day, we found them lauding,

praising, and applauding, and even drinking the health of the said Ministers, with thunders of applause! and these very fellows will vote black and white, and day night, and even a hole through an iron pot, to keep those "lagging," "inefficient," "inept" Ministers in office. Out upon such dirty vermin!

## THE "SUN" AND ITS AUTHORITY.

We give the following few lines from the *Sun*:—"FRIDAY MORNING.—Mr. O'Connell did not appear at the meeting yesterday, and I believe that it was fortunate he did not do so, for some persons were apprehended by the police, having daggers in their possession. This is a fact which I have been informed upon authority on the correctness of which I have every reason to rely. It was to oppose and about him down, that the Chartists were organised in such numbers, and it was for this purpose, too, they had supplied themselves with whistles, the effect of which they first tried upon the Chartists, upon Mr. Hume and Mr. Roebuck, the last of whom so properly rebuked them. The meeting itself was, as far as numbers went, a very magnificent one, there being present at least eight thousand persons, and of these there were not less than fifteen hundred Chartists; the remainder were Reformers, who look for Vote by Ballot, Household Suffrage, and Re-distribution of Electoral Districts, Triennial Parliaments, and no Property Qualification for Members."

Of this we shall merely say that the "penny-a-liner" who wrote it, also concocted it; and, when he wrote it he knew that he told a willful, barefaced, malicious, but harmless lie—harmless, because it appears "on authority" in the *Sun*. In very truth, we lament and grieve that our contemporary should allow himself to be made a standing joke for scribbles, the butt of "authority." No matter where the poor *Sun* is sure to be the victim. We need not contradict the assertion, as every one knows that it is false as false can be. In fact, some of our domestic "Suns" would have rejoiced too much in the God-send, to have allowed the metropolitan luminary the first cut at the tit-bit.

In another part of "Mr. Authority's" report, he says that "a half-drunken Chartist, upon the platform, observed to him that there could not be fewer than 50,000 persons present." This is as big a lie as the other fact "upon authority"; for, unless Mr. Authority himself was drunk, there was not a drunken man at the meeting.

In what is called the comment upon the proceedings, the *Sun* appears to think, and would make others think, that the meeting was for a compromise of minor differences, and was terminated by an alliance among "Reformers." Poor luminary! how dark his lamp shines! The compromise was just this:—The Chartists said, in very plain terms, "Behold our banner and our motto—the Charter, the whole Charter, and nothing less than the Charter; and those who are willing to enlist are welcome. But no party shall agitate for any less measure—not even for a repeal of the Corn Laws, the 'honest Ballot,' H-o-u-s-e-hold Suffrage, or Short Parliaments;" and this was what the *Sun* calls compromise!

The meeting was the death-blow of faction and of Whiggery, and of fiction, which is better. But why waste so much time with the butt of "authority"? Just a word. O'CONNOR, who had more to do with the meeting than the *Sun*, is charged with all they choose to allege; while, most anxious in the midst of so much affected accuracy, every one of the "Establishment" stops short at the vote of confidence in O'CONNOR—not one publishes that part, "upon authority," of the meeting!

## THE QUEEN'S RECITATION.

NURSERY cares and labours, have, we presume, late engrossed the time of our chief magistrate so fully, that she has found it difficult to afford much leisure for the conning of tasks about state matters; and hence, the only merit of the royal homily—its shortness. We are sorry that we cannot accord to it the other quality of a jackass's gallop—sweetness. It is in every way deserving of the eloquent phraseology of our gallant neighbour—"meagre and miserable." Its rejoicing is over the rapine, bloodshed, treachery, rapacity, and busy-body-villainy which characterize all our intercourse with foreign nations; its congratulations are on the peaceful aspect of our neighbours, while France is surrounding her cities with walls, and preparing to bristle them with cannon; its prophetic hints are at more taxes, and more stringent laws, to keep down the Chartists. The Chartist, however, has pretty well learned how to take care of themselves. They will laugh at the precautionary physical force arrangements which may be taken, and quietly render them all nugatory in their onward progress to the Charter. We cannot afford more space for comment on the first baiting, for the present session, of the Tax-trap, lest our passing note should fall, in both those essentials, of which we have stated the Queen's lesson to be deficient in one.

## THE PROPOSED "UNION" MOVEMENT.

We request attention to a very well written letter on our 7th page, signed WILLIAM HICK. With the sentiments, generally, expressed in that letter, we most cordially concur. We think, however, that the writer has mistaken both the meaning and the probable effect of the address from the several Chartist delegates published in our last. He seems to think that the "beneficial union of the working classes with the honest advocates of right in every other class," spoken of by the delegates, must necessarily involve the placing of the people under middle-class guidance and leadership, and he is naturally therefore fearful that some similar humbug to that of the Reform Bill agitation will be practised on them: indeed he broadly intimates an opinion, that it is the purpose of the delegates to solicit the middle classes to come out and "lead" the people. We believe him to be, here, labouring under a great mistake. We believe that none of the delegates mean any such thing, but by the people, is this:—They think the time is near, when all the classes of society, who live upon the labourers, will see their own interest to be necessarily and immediately jeopardised by the longer denial of justice to the masses; and they expect, therefore, to see the middle and higher classes come over in a body to the Universal Suffrage ranks and lend their aid to the accomplishment of that which they have hitherto impeded in its progress, as the best means of securing the continuance and establishment of their own rights, and of our position, altogether, as a nation, among the nations of the earth. In that case they will accept the assistance of those classes; they will show to them the difference in spirit between a people and a faction; they will suffer the mantle of returning honesty to cover the foulness of past delinquencies, and admit them to the privilege of co-operating for the general good. But whoever thinks to place them again at the head of any popular movement will find the people having too vivid a recollection of their former pranks in that position to allow it to be done. No, no; the people know them too well. No more middle class leadership! No more "Reform" mania! The people have taken their own affairs into their own hands; the helm of the vessel under their own guidance, and it will require more tact than is possessed by the parties whom our friend seems to fear, to wheedle it from them; and more force than they are possessed of to wrest it from them.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

DAVID JOHN.—His long letter having no general interest, but being merely local and personal, we cannot find room for it.

J. YARROW.—Where Mr. O'Connell's portrait is to be, he shall have it. At present we have none but specimens for Agents.

THE UNFRANCHISED'S ADDRESS has not enough of poetic merit for publication.

MR. PERCE CHARTERIS.—We have received a letter from this person: we advise him to be quiet.

GRACIOUS.—We have sent his letter to the *Executive*.

T. R. SMART seems angry about his communications being neglected. The Lord bless him! We only wish we held him at our desk for a week or two. He will see that his present address is inserted. His song will appear next week.

ISAAC DREWIS deprecates the drinking customs of society; commends total abstinence; carries the failure of many societies and public bodies to the mischievous habits engendered by their practice of meeting at public Inns; and recommends, that wherever practicable, Chartists shall eschew all connection with the beer-barrel. We quite agree with him.

H. GRIFFITHS.—We thank him for his numerous and valuable favours; but we have no room for the "Ladies of the Tories at Canterbury."

HENRY TOMES.—We have received an insolent letter from some man, under this signature, about some communication, sent to us a long time ago, and rejected. He threatens to go to every public meeting, and tell the people that the Northern Star is a paid Government paper! His chief cause of anger seems to be that we have not inserted his missive, which was to "shake the very foundation of a corrupt Government!" we have not returned it to him. Now we have given public notice many times, that we do not hold ourselves bound to take care of rejected correspondence; and that all parties settling so much value on their lucubrations as to wish for their return, must keep copies for themselves.

JOHN KINGS.—We have received a letter from this person, in which he complains of our exception to this necessary rule, even though the infliction of his sore displeasure be the penalty. If our "devil" chance to stumble on his papers while rummaging out the Balaam box of the office for the first time, and if he said "devil" acquainted to which circumstance, we will order it to be immediately posted off to Mr. Tomes, that he may therewith light his pipe; but this is all we can possibly do for him.

STARS TO IRELAND.—The Secretary of the Liverpool Committee for the transmission of Stars and other political information to Ireland appeals to the people of England for more Stars. The Committee have got very few to what they expected.

A MEMBER OF THE LIVERPOOL COUNCIL can have Arthur O'Connor's plate on the same condition as a Fiveling.

JOHN LARSEN wishes us to say that he has received from a few of the members of the Ten Pound Loan Association, held at Richmond Fields, the Red Bank Brewery, Manchester, nine shillings and sixpence.

JONAS KINGS OF MANFIELD, wishes his name to the Tretal Address.

ROBERT JONSTON PAGE, JAMES CHRISTIE, and JOHN HOGGAN, of Dunfermline, wish their names to the Tretal Address.

R. HUNTER writes us that a young woman in the service of a priest, at Alton, having applied for permission to attend a Chartist service, was denied by her Reverend master, with much abuse.

JOHN SWILLINGS.—We have no room.

C. WOOD, HONLEY, has sent us a song. We will print one verse of it without alteration; and we think that ought to satisfy him.

"We will not hurt nor harm the wife, If they were all like sucking pigs, Natural and as base as any prigs, That's knapping all they can."

DAVID CARTER would have the Chartists of each locality of the county of Middlesex to sign their names to the following pledge:

I, A. B., do pledge myself, in the presence of my fellow members, to subscribe, weekly, for the period of one quarter of a year, the following sum, to be expended in the following manner:—

First.—That all subscriptions for the above object shall be received by the local Secretaries, and paid to the Treasurer of the County Council once a week.

Second.—That the local Council shall provide suitable lecture rooms, to be defrayed by the public's voluntary contributions.

Third.—That the local Council shall nominate the lecturers, and that they shall be elected, by ballot, once a quarter, by the whole of the members of the County.

Fourth.—That the County Council shall pay the lecturers once a week.

Fifth.—That the lecturers shall equally proportion their services in the localities.

Sixth.—That the Secretary and Council of each locality shall attend to conduct every arrangement on the lecture night.

BIRMINGHAM RESTORATION COMMITTEE.—We have received a letter from the Birmingham Restoration Committee, in which they request that we should occupy more space than we can spare. It is signed, T. P. Green, secretary, and E. Spinks and John Hardy, auditors, and shows a balance of 28 4s. 7d. in the hands of the Treasurer.

VECTIS.—We have no room for reports of Whig meetings.

THE "SONO" to the tune of "Flowers of the forest" will not suit us.

MR. PITT writes us in our report of the Mill Meeting, last week, that when Mr. Pitt was asked to procure a hearing for Mr. Hume he was assailed by all sorts of noises.

This, Mr. P. writes us, was incorrect. He says he was assailed by a single voice, that of Mr. Foxes, to interfere; and that, when he did so, he was heard very attentively: the only interruption of moment being from one of the reporters, who ought to have known his place better than to be doing that.

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## O'CONNOR AND THE PRESS.

TO THE FUSTIAN JACKETS, BLISTERED HANDS, AND UNSHORN CHINS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I HAVE explained to you, and I hope satisfactorily, the error with which you have been misled, as to my connection with Mr. O'Connell, which, in fact, was no connection at all. It really appears, as if this political imposture was, by common consent, to have to hold, to himself and his heirs for ever, the exclusive right to abuse, insult, and vilify every gentleman who presumes to differ from him, and, if attacked in turn, a kind of exemption from responsibility is claimed.

What is there in this man, or in any other man, to give him a license for attack, and supererogatory against him? Let it be your pride that your friend has been the first man who successfully combated, triumphantly overcame, and successfully exposed, the deepest hypocrisy that ever trod the political stage.

I now turn to my defence upon another point. Little Russell, and a set of licensed plunderers, and even honest Edward Baines, and George Henry Ward, who has tried the bust of saint and sinner, Whig and Tory, to take out an honest penny, and, above all, the Beggars themselves—these have all attributed my political position, and what they call the violence of the Star, to the desire of a trafficking politician to make money of popular credulity. Poor fools! Poor unfortunate wretches! How easy, how very easy it is to give a soft name to vice, and a hard one to virtue. But see how I meet them.

What is the principle upon which every newspaper in the kingdom is started, or rather what are the terms? Either by an individual, with the hope of making money, or by a company of shareholders, with the double intention of adding political importance to their party, while they open a safe speculation for interest upon portion of their surplus capital. What were the terms upon which I started the Northern Star? Why, singular enough, I have in my possession the calculation of profit and loss, upon the highest circulation we ever expected to attain, made before the paper was established, by Mr. Hobson and Mr. Hill; and that was the cheering prospect of a loss of only £10 a week, which I calculated, by saving double that sum in travelling, and other expenses incidental to agitation, would be to me a gain of £10 per week. Thus I show you the prospect at starting; and reduce my office to the homeliness of having produced a small article in the political market; and which, be it remembered, was, from its extreme tone at starting, to have lived the short and merry life of one half year at farthest.

Recollect that no Radical paper but the Star ever has succeeded in England, and that friend and foe prophesied evil to that paper. Well, I have given to national purposes, and spent upon the national cause, every halfpenny that the Star has made since the commencement to the present moment, together with other funds. This I solemnly aver; while, since the Star was established—namely, from the day I took my seat in the House of Commons, in Feb., 1835, I have not spent the sum of one pound upon amusement, luxury, pleasure, or dissipation—not a pound, on my word. I am a poorer man to-day than when I established the Star; and yet I am a trafficking politician, while little Russell has his thousands a-year for lending himself to national fraud! Daniel has nothing but the pliancy of his conscience to live upon; and Baines and that class would starve, had it not been for the successful traffic in politics; yet "they are all honourable men," and I am a trafficking politician, who might, in the three years and a quarter had I been avaricious, have amassed, from the profits of the Star alone, over £20,000!

Again, observe that my course in Ireland was precisely the same as it has been in England. I invariably prosecuted incendiary magistrates, county magistrates, chief officers of police, shooting persons, and every oppressor of the poor, and defended every poor man, and always at my own expense.

I left my client at a moment's notice, and repaired to Bandon, and remained there for five days, to prosecute Captain Vigoreux, a stipendiary magistrate, for an insult offered to poor men.

I left my bed, and rode forty miles in wet, when very ill, to attend an inquest of a boy, whose body I had had disinterred, his parents having assured me that his death was caused by a severe beating received from a Major Cochrane, a magistrate. I appeared as prosecutor; and, I assure you, to a gentleman living in the same county, and not quarrelsome: these are not evitable duties to perform. There is something very bold and awful, in having a major magistrate brought and held as a prisoner, while an inquest is being held upon the exhumed body of the deceased son of a poor Irish working man.

I prosecuted some chief constables at my own expense.

I prosecuted the Rev. Archdeacon Rider, Major Collins, and Captain Bagley, for the Ratham murder, at my own expense, for thirteen days, and got a verdict of "wilful murder against them all. I attended at the inquest to prosecute them at my own expense, but the Grand Jury threw out the bill.

I lost my seat in the House for declaring that a certain captain magistrate was a tyrant. He got up all the opposition, petitioned against me, and he boasted of it.

I resisted at Grattan's election for Meath, in 1831.

I was counsel for Donat, at Mallow, in 1832. I resisted Col. St. Wall, at Kinsale, at the same time.

I registered the West Riding of the county of Cork in person, and at my own expense. I hired a barrister to attend in the East Riding.

I was counsel for Mr. Skully, at Mallow, in 1835.

I was counsel for Mr. John O'Connell, at Youghal, in 1835.

I left London for the purpose, and was counsel for Mr. Jacob, at Dunragan, in 1834; and for those several services, I never received, never asked for, and would not accept, one penny piece. I got knocked down several times, and well licked, and my clothes torn of my back; but that was all I got. Now, bear in mind, my man was always returned. I was up nearly night and day, because my heart was in the cause.

Remember that, in Ireland, a good and popular counsel makes his bargain upon those occasions, and seldom gets less than £200 to £1,000. I was always worth the highest penny. Recollect that O'Connell took £1,000 from a Tory candidate, and Dickey Shiel took £500 from a Tory candidate. Recollect that I defended all the tide prisoners without fee, while O'Connell fobbed two hundred guineas special fees, and did not attend to all the cases; but Barristers of standing never return fees. Recollect that this was not in England, nor when I had a paper, nor in a country where a paper dare side against the rich and with the poor.

So much for my voluntary services before you knew me, and now for my unpaid exertions before I experienced the comfort of eighteen months' imprisonment, as a portion of the profit consequent upon a good political paper.

From February, 1833, to June, 1835, I was an Irish Member, settled in the affections of my constituents; and during that period even my enemies must allow that my conduct in public, my speeches and votes in the House, were not directed by any desire to court favour with an English constituency, while my every vote was in favour, not only of Irish, but of universal liberty. I did not, not only I was not allowed, support the cause of the Dorchester Labourers, the Trades' Unions, and all those desolate and oppressed, and oppose every act of a powerful Government, leaving myself without party, or back, in order to secure the support of an English constituency, or to make a traffic of my politics.

From June, 1835, till November, 1837, two years and a half, I paid my own way, and had not the most remote idea of establishing a newspaper; nor should I have attempted it, but for the profligacy, avarice, contempt, and injustice of the whole press, without a single exception.

Then, from February, 1838, till November, 1837, I had no paper. I had no political trade for those four years and a half, except the trade of spending my life, my health, and my money, in behalf of what I have ever thought right and just. What, then, constitutes my trade? I established a paper with the prospect of losing, at least, £10 per week; but, instead of that, so far as the mere article of trade is concerned, it has become the most profitable provincial paper in the kingdom. Was I to say, "Oh, stop—don't read the Star; let me lose the £10 a week?" No; but every £10

made, was spent in travelling, agitating, donations, subscriptions, and so forth, in support of the cause.

If, then, in my case, there is error, I have been the passive instrument in the hands of a criminal community, who, by their support, have magnified offence into the blackest crime. Was any man ever charged before with the crime of having succeeded even in a speculation? While I am charged with having my dark forebodings turned into bright reality.

Well, I have now offered other parties to read £1,000 in the establishment of another paper, if I can be secured against any greater loss for the space of two years, still willing to risk £10 a week in the establishment of a press, by which alone we can ever hope to frustrate the wicked, support the righteous, and triumph over the unjust.

I shall now proceed to show the great danger to the individual, but the great strength to a cause, consequent upon the success—mark, not the establishment, but the success—of a dissent paper.

The press is the first estate, the ruling power, the governing medium in England. No party can exist without it. Time is too precious to allow some to think for themselves—some have not the brains to think for themselves—some will not take the trouble—some would rather not, and hence we find a great variety of minds, interests, and opinions, sacrificing themselves, body and soul, to the guardianship of the press.

No party can have an acknowledged political existence in a state, no matter how numerous, without the support of some portion of the press. In fact, the importance, power, and corruption of the British press is a fact so thoroughly admitted, that it needs not further comment, than, in passing, to observe, that if a newspaper was in the market to-morrow the sale would be regulated by the amount offered by the purchaser without a question as to the future politics of the article. This proceeds, principally, from the immense profit derived from advertisements, made numerous by fictitious trade, fictitious capital, and an ungodly state of the trafficking community, occasioned by our artificial state of society.

I said there was great danger to the man who attempts any innovation upon this legitimate branch of trade. In fact, he is looked upon as a smuggler. Had I abstained from interfering with the established rules of the press, I might have been the most popular man in England, both with the press and an ignorant community. Had I pandered to the prevailing local prejudices in each district, I might have ridden the district hobby-horse to death, while the press would have kept up my local popularity. Thus I might have vapoured about the universality of the Suffrage, and regretted its impracticability, while I tickled the fancy of the all-powerful liberals with the necessity of the Ballot, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and denunciation of the Tories and the House of Lords; I might have preserved enough of agreement with different sections of the movement to have rendered me acceptable to all. In Glasgow I might have been a Glasgow Reformer, and in Leeds a Leeds Reformer; and if any differences appeared between my speeches at the several places, I had but to qualify, contradict, or, if the worst went to the worst, to retract, and thus preserve a sectional or patchwork popularity, without any benefit being conferred upon the people. To this system, however, I preferred establishing a great national mirror, in which, not only myself, but every other public man should be reflected, dressed as he might, change as he would, or attempt to disguise himself as he may.

Now, my poor but honest friends, be assured that nothing has so far tended to your debasement, and your country's ruin, as the deceitful, dastardly, and dishonest practice of acquiring popularity upon the promise of applying it for one purpose, and then directing it to a diametrically opposite one. The man, then, who makes such an insidious upon the sum supposed to belong legitimately to the "Establishment," as the immense circulation of the Star must make, insures for himself no very favourable treatment from the sufferers; while the exposition of public delinquents subjects him to the taunt and reproach of the detected cheat.

Arising from these circumstances, have you not constantly marvelled at the rule observed by the press, the lawyers, and the demagogues, towards me, as the proprietor of the first dissent paper ever established, and successfully upheld, in this country. If a violent doctrine is propounded by the Times, the Chronicle, or any other daily paper, you never hear the name of Mr. Walter, Mr. Easthope, or the proprietor mentioned. No, not even as connected with the politics of the paper. So it is with all other journals, whether metropolitan or provincial. But now observe the contrast. I am not only held responsible for every word written by the Editor, (which I avow myself personally, legally, and morally responsible for), but I am held responsible for every letter, with the proper signature of the writer, which appears in the Star. I am held responsible for every word spoken by every person reported in the Star; and I am held responsible for every act committed by the people, even where those acts are in direct opposition to the advice given in the Star. You never hear that "the Star said so and so,"—"the Editor recommends so and so;" no, but "O'Connell recommends, and says so and so."

Let me give you one more striking, ludicrous, and convincing instance. Sometime in the spring of 1839, the Times Mercury, or Pilot, I know not which, gave a representation of a "cat" for the annoyance and destruction of horses, in the event of cavalry being brought against the people. This cut of a cat was accompanied by an anxious wish upon the part of the Editor, that such a bed might be prepared for Mr. O'Connell. The sub-editor of the Star thought it worth the insertion, and gave it accordingly, with other news. Well, what was the result? Why, every paper in England, even honest Mercury, had an article upon the base recommendation, not of the Star, but of the bloodthirsty O'Connell, who gave a description in his paper of that destructive instrument called a "cat," and recommended his bloodthirsty fellows to be prepared with a sufficient quantity of the fact; being that I never saw a drawing of a cat, or any other cat than a pussy cat, until I saw it in the Star, taken, as I have said, from this Times paper. Now, need I give you a more convincing proof of the length to which trafficking politicians, who have nothing but the characters of others to live upon, will go? This falsehood was actually urged against me by the Attorney-General, who is, beyond all comparison, the most ingenious liar in England. Thus I show you that there is great danger to the man who shall venture as a pirate upon the ocean of political strife.

Now, then, let me ask you what has been the result to the cause? Before you had the Star,—(for it has been your organ)—you have had the benefit, while I have had that reward which ever will be awarded by the powerful tyrant to the struggling patriot,—well, before you had the Star, what were you, who were you, and who were your leaders? You were nothing; you were like the distanced horse in the race—nowhere; and your leaders were your drivers. What are you now? Everything, everywhere, and leading yourselves! Such is your position, while I am here for having placed you there; and right glad I am that my crime has been so great, and my end so well accomplished.

Now, just observe, the man who makes personal aggrandisement his aim and end, must keep the people in ignorance; while the man who wishes to see justice done to all, having only a man's share himself, will look to the light of knowledge as his polar star. When the Irish press refused to lie, to flatter, or to work on Sundays, for Mr. O'Connell's breeches pockets, what does he say? He says, "I'll get a paper; I have been offered £3,000 to establish one." Well, I tell him, he dare not. I tell him, if he establish such a paper as the Star to-morrow, and, along with it, established reading societies for the purpose of communicating its contents, that Universal Suffrage, total abolition of Tithes, and repeal of the Union, would be carried in twelve months,—but without that profit now arising from the vapouring about them, and the consequent subscriptions paid by the wealthy absolutely and actually to suppress them. When O'Connell gets subscriptions, the English people foolishly imagine that they come from those who desire the accomplishment of the measure agitated for; but nothing is more erroneous. They come from persons, who "know his temper," and who "know how to hold him." Those who give the cash know full well that they give as the golden link which binds Dan to property, and they also know that, that resource failing, he must either be abased in office, or thrown headlong into the

arms of the people; in the one case they are quite sure that their order could never again expect to procure the services of so successful a juggler, while in the other he would fight with all the "ferocity of a renegade."

If O'Connell established a paper to-morrow, the press which now praises him would maul him to death in a month, and make such an exhibition of tattered delinquency as was never before served up to the public. This newspaper, then, has given me a most destructive popularity—destructive, because it has marked me as a prey for the vengeance of all who choose to oppress, with a certainty of being well backed by the "Establishment." But have not, single-handed, fought them all like a man? It has done this for me, while it has made you the most powerful people of which history makes mention.

Good God, how I glory in the rich and consoling reflection; not one drop of blood shed through five years and a half of unparalleled cruelty and persecution upon the one hand, and patient suffering upon the other,—while I am victimised for the result. Yes, that's my crime; not that I libelled or defamed, but that I would not allow you, though hard pressed by tyranny, to pollute your hands with blood, or soil your cause by crime, thereby making you an easy prey to the powerful.

When did you ever hear before, in the worst days of dark oppression, even under the hellish sway of a Sidmouth or a Castlereagh, of a gentleman being thus treated for life? I am in solitary confinement. The only prisoner in the empire in solitary confinement. The letters of my sisters, my friends, and relatives, are all perused by a gaoler, or his deputy; and mine to them are as minutely scanned. My clerk dare not hand me an account of three figures, without first submitting it for inspection to my keeper and spy. I am obliged to find my own cells. I am locked up from morning till night in a stone cell, which was last occupied by a soldier, who was removed here from the felon's prison, as a further punishment, a greater one than the prison allowed. I am between two and three hundred yards from the place where I am told I am to exercise. I have not seen it yet, for, since my yard was given up to convicts, I have not left my house. The prisoners have their day-room doors open, from seven in the morning till they go to bed—mine is never open. I am locked up in one cell all day and all night, and when my keeper asks me what time I would wish to walk, should it rain at the appointed hour, then I am a prisoner for the day. If a friend comes to see me, our every word is heard by a spy, and reported. I pass by all the other wards in my way to my exercise ground; and, then, I see from fifteen to twenty, having, at all events, the consolation of the society of their own order, a room to walk in and out of, as they thing proper, their coats paid for, their washing paid for, and what is still more galling, I see men who have committed forgeries, rapes, larcenies, assaults by stabbing, and all sorts of crimes, committed, on an average, for not more than nine months, whilst I have double the time to serve; and this in a free country, and under a Reformed Government, who looked upon the use made by the Tories of the law of libel, as the most oppressive engine against the freedom of a people. Is this the worst? No. But mark the worst. If any other newspaper proprietor in England had been similarly treated, no matter what his politics were, the fraternity of pirates would have insisted, eye, insisted upon, being treated as libellers were wanted to be in Times. Ye Gods! what luxury in the tenth year of Reform, to yearn after the good old times of Sidmouth and Castlereagh!

Well, how has the "Establishment" treated me? Why, in order to level all distinction, they speak of all others as political libellers, while I am the only one of this class in this kingdom in prison. Was ever such a fate? If I was at large, could they keep Edward Baines in close, degrading, solitary confinement, as they have kept me, and for the same offence?

"No, no; a million times NO." I defy them. I would lose my life, or have him, even him, or John Edward Taylor, or, properly treated, while they were in.

You have heard of some of the abominations practised at Wakefield, and other hell and mad-houses; but George White has not yet told you that, even upon the usual punishment, there is a refinement. What is it? Why, sentence to three days' SOLITARY CONFINEMENT. That is the state in which I am to be, have been, in, for FIVE HUNDRED AND FOUR DAYS! Two whole summers, and one whole winter!

What think you of that, my friends? Will any man say that my sentence, carried out, as it has been, and as it may be, to the end, for aught I care, is not worse than six years' ordinary imprisonment?

Just think of all my letters being handed upon, after having been perused, and that in direct violation of the only prison rule upon the subject, and in compliance with the order of an upstart jackanapes of a state pauper, fit for no earthly occupation but that passive one of being practised upon by a barber's apprentice, to teach him how to shave men; and such is your Home Secretary. "A poor" on such secretaries, say I. I am here, and I am thus treated, because I am the proprietor of the Star, and because the Star threatens the tithe of corruption with its downfall. The Star has made as many Generals as Napoleon ever made, and many of these Generals, forgetting the cause of their promotion, have made the Star with a hatred even more implacable than the open and avowed foe. I assure you, I have more enemies to contend against than you are aware of. Never man was so watched.

In recounting some of my poor services to Ireland, I forgot to mention that my very first act, as a barrister, was to volunteer my services for the defence of honest John Lawless, the honestest public man that Ireland has seen for the last forty years. Yes, I defended him against one of the most tyrannical charges ever preferred against man, brought against him by Mr. O'Connell, and submitted to a tribunal at the Corn Exchange. Mr. O'Connell appearing as prosecutor. After some days of gross persecution, Lawless was acquitted, but no satisfaction was ever rendered to this much injured man. That was in 1831, and was a circumstance very likely to ingratiate me with the crown prosecutor.

My friends, bear one thing in mind—that while I was spending thousands, I had to pay dearly for every word of mine which the sevenpenny "Establishment" condescended to publish; whereas, now I have to pay dearly for the sentiments of others, not only for news, but for the very means of distinguishing talent. Let me give you one striking instance. When I attended the great delegate meeting of Scotch representatives at Glasgow, in August, 1839, and when the proceedings were over, I took advantage of the moment for procuring a good condensation of Chartism news from the several districts represented by sixty-four of the most efficient men I ever met. I then stated that I would pay so much per column for news, mark news; but that a half column must be the extent allowed to any one locality, in justice to all men. Immediately Mr. Abraham Duncan said, what will you allow me for reports? The same, I answered; but mind, I bar speeches. Well, Messrs. Duncan and Lowrey made a most efficient tour of agitation, and sent their own speeches at full length, without a line of news, and frequently complained if press of more important matter delayed their publication for a week, and sent in a bill of £10, which I paid. Thus, you see, I was compelled to pay dearly for publication of garbled reports of my own speeches, while I was obliged to pay others for reports of their own speeches; and I am sure, if those speeches had a beneficial effect, which I believe they had, they were welcome to the money, while I merely relate the fact, to show how different were the means open to me, from those which I have opened for others. And also, in justice to Lowrey, I must say, that he thought he was writing according to contract.

These letters hitherto have been upon two subjects, which may be considered as personally relating to myself. For three days to come, I shall write about matters wholly appertaining to you and your cause. I shall place the question of the Corn Laws, the attempt to establish a hungry disease church, instead of a gorged state church, as the dominant religious state establishment, and many other questions clearly before you; while I do expect that my having occupied two letters in self-defence, upon the vital point of physical force and political truth, will be pardoned, when you consider that I stand alone of my order, and that my character is of some value to my party. In conclusion, let me direct your attention to the great value of publication of the national will. You will find the most efficient

proof in the fact, that the "Establishment" does not publish Chartism practical intelligence, as it publishes the humbug speeches of the tribe of practical Reformers. If it did, we should never hear of physical force; in fact, we should be ever strong in our moral strength.

I am, my friends,  
Your true and faithful friend,  
FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

MADAM,—In my last, I noticed the arrangements of society generally, which directly tend to the increase of that mass of crime which all must lament and deplore. Let us pursue the subject a little more fully, and notice a few of those arrangements in detail. Not to be tedious, I will only crave your attention to three, which are supposed to exist for, and to be most essentially connected with, the prosperity of the community.

First, one arrangement of our present anti-social state, that large farms are more profitable than small ones, and that what are called waste lands shall be enclosed and brought under consideration.

Now, Madam, let me ask what is the natural, the inevitable result of all this? Is it not that the farmer with small capital must be driven out of the market, and that he who has expended his money in stocking his farm, (held only for a short lease), becomes fearful of sustaining loss, and under the influence of this fear, surrenders his manly independence, and becomes the crawling slave of his imperious landlord. Then, as to the inclosure of waste lands: were not the lands, which have been enclosed during the last eighty years, the common right of the poor, and have they not been wrung from them by an unprincipled aristocracy, without even the pretence of giving an equivalent in return? It is said that like begetteth its like, and the truth of the aphorism is clearly shown in this instance. The system of large farms necessarily threw many persons out of employment, and prevented the cultivation of much valuable land, lest the price of agricultural produce should fall so low as not to enable the tenant to pay the rent agreed for; and this in itself a most grievous crime, since it puts a drag upon the exertions of industry, and prevents a healthy development of the powers of society. Nor was that system of legal robbery, perpetrated under the name of "Enclosure Bills," one whit the less criminal. The lands were not waste; they were the common right of the poor, in the places to which they were appendages, and nothing but the bold and daring effrontery of a class legislation, would have dared to place a finger on them. But they were taken, and many a family once rendered happy and comfortable by their means, is, by their enclosure, reduced to misery, want, and wretchedness. And what has been the result of all this modern march of improvement?—Poverty. Am I asked for proof, I refer at once to the evidence of those who have been foremost in the mischief. One of the reasons assigned by the aristocracy—that aristocracy who surround your throne, and prevent the accounts of distress from approaching your royal ear—for the enactment of the New Poor Law, was that the poor would eat up the land; was ever such a four entertained since the enactment of the 43rd of Elizabeth, till small farms had been superseded by large ones, and the Peas and Commons had been swallowed up by greedy and insatiable avarice? If, then, this fear was well founded, out of their own mouths I convict them of having, to an alarming extent, pauperized the nation. The same parties declared the Bastardy Act to be necessary, because of the great immorality of the women of England. I know the accusation was a gross and scandalous libel, and they knew it too, but we must not produce even a single decent pretence for such a charge, when the cottage was a peaceful and happy home, when our agricultural population remained located upon their native soil, and when low rents and happy couples were preferred to large receipts and abandoned misery. The pretext for the rural police, to which, Madam, you have been induced by the traitors who surround you, to give your assent, was the insecurity of life and property, in the agricultural districts. (This was but a pretext; the real motive for the embodiment of this infamous and unconstitutional force was to put down Chartism, and to crush the rising spirit of the people.) Still our calendars and our county rates tell us that crime has increased to a fearful extent, and it has done so in the rural districts progressively, as the crimes of legal robbery have become more bold and frequent, and as the means of obtaining an honest and respectable subsistence, have become circumscribed and precarious. Thus we behold the want of principle in the governing few, producing a vast amount of delinquency in this portion of the misgoverned many; and we shall find, as we advance in our review of the arrangements of society, that the same sad effects flow in other directions, from the same prolific root of evil.

The second arrangement of society to which I wish to direct your Majesty's notice, is the undue influence which all our laws and institutions, especially those of recent and LIBERAL fabrication, give to what is called property. I say, to what is called property; because so confused and obscure are all our notions on really important matters, that we fail to recognise the most valuable of all property—the skill and industry of the people, as any kind of property whatsoever. We call property or wealth is money, houses, lands, or anything which has acquired a nominal and fictitious value, and which constitutes a man "respectable," in the conventional, the perverted use of the word. We lose sight of the important fact that money is only the representative of things which are conducive to the necessities, the comforts, and the conveniences of life, and is used merely as a convenient medium of exchange. So alter circumstances as that it shall fetch nothing, and, beyond the mere intrinsic value of the metal, it would be only so much accumulated rubbish or useless lumber.

Place a man without food or clothing beneath a burning sun, in the midst of the arid deserts of Arabia, and surround him with gold and silver bearing your royal lineage and superscription, in sufficient plenty to discharge the National Debt, and he would give the whole for a cup of cold water, a morsel of bread, a rag to cover him, and the most inconvenient vehicle to transport him to the society of men, amongst whom he might obtain a subsistence, even by the vilest drudgery.

What a misnomer, then, is it to call money, in the abstract, property. Property in houses or land is just the same: the house is of no value to the owner, if he cannot find a tenant; and the land is useless, unless made profitable by cultivation. It is, then, skill and industry, in all their multiplied and active forms, that give the real value to all these things, and to a thousand others, which their fond passions glory in as property, and because of which they claim a right to lord it over their fellow-men. And this by the interested maintainers of things as they are, sent up as the perfection of human society, and the acquisition of this heterogeneous mass of lumber, which can neither ward off sickness, nor defy the approach of the king of terrors, is actually, according to our glorious Constitution, made the substitution for intelligence and honesty, in both the electors and the members of the Senate. It can exalt a man, whose intellectual talents would not recommend him, to the situation of a common porter, to the magisterial bench, where, swelling with his sanctified importance, he "plays his fantastic tricks," and sends men, infinitely superior to himself, to the cell or the tread-wheel, for the high crime of poverty. And what, I ask, is the consequence of this vicious domination of that which is misnamed property? It is not that the bonds which should bind man to man are loosened, that the laws which are made by such unworthy legislators, are founded upon such unjust and partial principles, are despised, and, in many cases, openly defied; and that acts of reckless oppression are perpetually perpetrated? No wonder that, under such a system, crime should continually increase; the real wonder is, that things are as they are, and that we are as we are at present find them. These men of property are notoriously the most grinding, oppressive, and unprincipled wretches, in existence. Their selfishness is unparalleled; their love

of domination, insatiable. If a man in their employ ventures to think for himself in politics, he is kindly admonished, by his condescending master, that he has nothing to do with state matters, and is sent for sound instruction, in his various duties, to Father Vatican, or Parsons Episcopal; or the Reverend John Methodist, or, perchance, to the Reverend Timothy Dissent, the Reverend John Diphin-well, or Obadiah Broadbent, who, though ready to send each other to fire and faggot on almost every other subject, will cordially unite in directing their various applicants to bow with obscure devotion at the shrine of Mammon; and to "order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters." And if all this pains and trouble fail to work conviction, and the toll-worm slave is still resolved that his thoughts shall be free, the last effort to bring him to a better mind, is feelingly resorted to, and in the midst of winter, he is deprived of his employment, or driven from his cottage, with those he loves, his wife, perhaps, far advanced in pregnancy, or with an infant at his breast, to die in a ditch, or be separated and poisoned in a Union Workhouse. Can you wonder, Madam, that, under such circumstances—and they are not of rare occurrence—the distracted father will, steel, rather than voluntarily starve, or be legally subjected to a lingering dissolution? No; if you give the matter a moment's consideration, you cannot wonder. The poor outcast, the victim of the virtuous man of property, has been driven to desperation by his accumulated wrongs, and, in the bitterness of his anguish, he poetically exclaims:—

"Now men of death work out your will,  
For I am suffer and be still;  
And come he slow or come he fast,  
It is but death that comes at last."

There remains yet one arrangement of society to be considered, or rather a combination of several arrangements, which is of immense moment, which is productive of incalculable mischief, and in which is involved some particulars, which ought especially to interest your Majesty, as a woman and a mother; I refer to the factory system, in connection with which must be taken into consideration, the increased application of machinery, and the effects it has upon the mining population.

It is a fact, which I must suppose to be well known to your Majesty, that a vast amount of capital has been of late years invested in factories for the fabrication of silk, woollen, and cotton goods; immense quantities of which, especially cotton, have been exported to foreign markets, and immense quantities more would have been exported, but for the operation of the English Corn Laws. By this system, large fortunes were realised by the fortunate speculators in a few years. A tide of wealth rolled through the manufacturing districts, and this, no doubt, you have been taught to consider as an evidence of national prosperity. But this is a most fatal and mischievous conclusion. I admit that the Millowners and the Capitalists of Manchester, of Leeds, Bradford, Ashton-under-Lyne, Staley-bridge, and all the manufacturing towns of the empire prospered exceedingly. I admit, too, that the shipping interest of London, Liverpool, Hull, and other ports, shared to a vast amount in the commercial advantages which arose out of the extensive exportation of British manufactured goods, but I deny that these parties were THE NATION. All this prosperity was only that of a class, or at the most, of certain classes; and I shall show you immediately, that in thus securing class prosperity, we paid "too dear for our whistle;" and that, in fact, the nation, the bulk of the people, were injured and not benefited by such partial prosperity. Nothing, I apprehend, can be fairly considered as conducive to national prosperity, which has a direct tendency to destroy the health, debase the mind, and shorten the lives of the working population. This being admitted, let us inquire how far the factory system, as at present conducted, is directly conducive to those fearful ends. The factory labour was, at its commencement, carried on by means of water power, on the banks of the various streams in Yorkshire and Lancashire, which, having for ages rolled on in undisturbed repose, became agitated by the whirl and noise of water-mills, and their vicinities became peopled with a manufacturing population. This system was one in which vast profits were realised, and in which human life was sacrificed to an immense, an unknown extent. Still avarice acted, and feelings capital, was unsatisfied; and upon the introduction of steam power, that agent was eagerly seized upon, and the water wheel, which could not be kept perpetually in motion, was almost universally made to give place to the steam engine, which could be kept in constant activity, and which was in numerous cases as used as to run the mills from twelve o'clock on Sunday night, to twelve o'clock on Saturday night, without intermission. By this means, two things were at once secured.

First, the steam engine and power loom displaced a vast amount of human labour, and compelled thousands to seek employment in some other branch of industry, and, Second, the labour market being thus overstocked, the insatiable monster, avarice, which like the horse leach is ever crying, "give, give," had the opportunity, which it failed not to lay hold of, of tramping down the price of labour, and of thus reducing the working classes into the condition of slaves and bondsmen. Besides this, the new factory aristocracy found out that much of the labour which must still be performed by human hands, could be done better, at all events cheaper, by children than by adults, and the labour market, as I observed before, being overstocked, it was no hard matter to induce, (to compel would be the more correct expression), the fathers and mothers of large families to send their children to the mill, that, by their earnings they might aid in providing a scanty subsistence for those who gave them birth.

This state of things went on for many years, and not a voice was heard against it. Parliament cared as little as it knew about the matter; the revenue was increased by the duties on exported goods, and of course the Chancellor of the Exchequer was enabled to tell the country that things were in a prosperous condition. By and bye, some glimpses of truth gained an admission into the public mind; inquiry was instituted, facts of the most appalling character came to light, and some shadow of protection was, from time to time, afforded the helpless factory child. And what is the actual state of things at present? Be it remembered that we are now enjoying the advantages of a reformed system, and that system leaves fathers unemployed, and little children, LITTLE GIRLS, Madam, as much entitled to tender care, and judicious training, as the Princess Royal, confined for many hours in the heated and unwholesome engagements of factory labour. Without time or means for any kind of mental culture worth the name, and prevented from taking those invigorating exercises so conducive to health, and so necessary to fit them to be the parents of a strong and healthy race. That reformed system also leaves, as far as adults are concerned, the operations of machinery entirely unchecked, and machinery itself untaxed, so that man who needs food, clothing, and sleep, is left by those who pretend to be his representatives, to the fearful odds of competing with that which requires neither food, sleep, nor clothing. I will only notice one thing more connected with this arrangement of society, before I inquire into its general results. The introduction of steam and its application to the purposes of manufacture by machinery, has had, and must necessarily have, a marked effect upon the mining population, especially in the departments of iron and coal. It has been stated, and I fear with too much truth, that the classes engaged in these works are extremely ignorant, and demoralised to an alarming degree. The quantities of 'coal' that have been required, since the application of steam to practical purposes, has been immense, and must have required a proportionate increase in the mining population. It has been stated that one-third of those engaged in coal mines are FEMALES, (if the men of England had the spirit of their ancestors, they would not allow this outrage on common decency to continue another month,) young persons, in many instances, who are compelled to work hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, in positions which must be injurious to the constitution, and sometimes almost in a state of nudity.

These things, Madam, exist in a state of society (and must exist till the present arrangements are changed) of domination, insatiable. If a man in their employ ventures to think for himself in politics, he is kindly admonished, by his condescending master, that he has nothing to do with state matters, and is sent for sound instruction, in his various duties, to Father Vatican, or Parsons Episcopal; or the Reverend John Methodist, or, perchance, to the Reverend Timothy Dissent, the Reverend John Diphin-well, or Obadiah Broadbent, who, though ready to send each other to fire and faggot on almost every other subject, will cordially unite in directing their various applicants to bow with obscure devotion at the shrine of Mammon; and to "order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters." And if all this pains and trouble fail to work conviction, and the toll-worm slave is still resolved that his thoughts shall be free, the last effort to bring him to a better mind, is feelingly resorted to, and in the midst of winter, he is deprived of his employment, or driven from his cottage, with those he loves, his wife, perhaps, far advanced in pregnancy, or with an infant at his breast, to die in a ditch, or be separated and poisoned in a Union Workhouse. Can you wonder, Madam, that, under such circumstances—and they are not of rare occurrence—the distracted father will, steel, rather than voluntarily starve, or be legally subjected to a lingering dissolution? No; if you give the matter a moment's consideration, you cannot wonder. The poor outcast, the victim of the virtuous man of property, has been driven to desperation by his accumulated wrongs, and, in the bitterness of his anguish, he poetically exclaims:—

"Now men of death work out your will,  
For I am suffer and be still;  
And come he slow or come he fast,  
It is but death that comes at last."

which you are taught to hail as one of national prosperity and happiness. Now, I ask, is not this state of things one which has a direct tendency to destroy the health, debase the mind, and shorten the lives of the working classes, or a large proportion of them? Here

