

BELGIUM.  
(FROM OUR OWN LONDON CORRESPONDENT.)  
LETTER IV.  
TO THE WORKING CLASSES OF GREAT  
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

I write this letter from the capital of Sardinia; and in my passage here I have been a very strict observer of persons and manners, and of the Land above all things. I believe it has been the fashion for travellers to compile the history of countries either from the works of other writers, or from a very imperfect knowledge acquired through a slender acquaintance with individuals, whose accounts of things are generally tinged by prejudice, or misstated from ignorance. For these reasons I have resolved upon not falling into this too common practice,—a practice which has naturally gone to add more or less of discredit to the accounts of all travellers. There are, however, subjects upon which no controversy can arise, and upon which the most prejudiced person can form a correct opinion. These are, the appearance, manners, customs, and habits of a people; the necessary, or rather the inevitable, consequences which must result from the management of the land of a country; and, above all, the relation which the several classes stand to each other. Therefore, as I do not wish to fall into the usual error of travellers, I have rejected,—except for comment when we meet,—all that I have heard, and I shall content myself with putting you in possession of what I have seen. Some may say: "Mr. O'Connor wants us to believe that he has been sufficiently acquainted with the history of Belgium, Prussia, Germany, Nassau, Baden-Baden, France, Switzerland, Austria, Sardinia, the Austrian Italian States, and Lombardy, in a single month, to enable him to instruct the English people on the subject." I mean no such thing; but I do mean that I have seen as much as I required to convince me of the correctness of my views on the all-important subject of the land, as well as to confirm my oft-expressed opinion, that the monopoly of the land must inevitably lead,—firstly, to the too great disparity between the classes of a country; secondly, to the unnatural reliance of a people on the caprice of the monopolists of the land for food; and thirdly, and above all, to the enactment of bad laws; and what is still more, to the capricious administration of those bad laws. I have seen the people and the land of all the countries I have named; and I have heard it repeated, over and over again, that the Land of England cannot be made to produce food for its inhabitants.

I have heard that much of the land of that country is not worth cultivating; and I have heard the climate irrationally abused as ungenial; and I have heard that much of the land of England is not worth the trouble or expense of cultivation. I have heard that it is a decree of Providence that there shall always be poor in THAT land; and I have heard it said that "the increase of the pauper class is a consequence of increased civilisation." I have seen barren valleys, and barren hills, and barren slopes, all made barren in consequence of their proximity to the quicker money-maker—"the tall chimney." I have also seen the Alps—the snow-capped Alps of Switzerland, and of Sardinia, and of Italy. I have seen the majestic mountains of Liege; I have seen the high hills of Germany, and of Baden-Baden, to the foot of the Black Forest; and I have seen the result of man's labour, when unchecked by mechanical power, displayed even to the very summit. I have seen a happy and contented peasantry living in the midst of almost natural plenty; while I have seen millions starving, or driven to the ocean for sea-wood, whose every-day work it is to make riches out of the very best land for indolent lords (who do not like the "trouble" of "business"), and insolent squires, and arrogant middlemen, and proud shopkeepers, and a tyrannical Government. How comes this, you Englishmen, and Irishmen, and Scotchmen? How comes it, I say, that you, whose prowess in arms I have every where seen? How comes it, that YOU, to whose valour many Kings owe their crowns, and whose blood has been shed in torrents to preserve the lands of other countries to the use of their people, should be like wild beasts at home? No; not even like wild beasts; for as Thucydides has said of the Romans of his day:—"You, who have conquered all for others, have not the poor privilege of the hare, or the fox, or the tiger." The hare has his "form," the fox has his "earth," the tiger has his "jungle," while you have no resting place—even in your ruins; but are subject to the decree of others as to the place where you shall live or shelter. And then what shelter you have! when you arrive at the place of destination—"noises" and the dead-stone! Will you longer believe the Mathiasians, who tell you that the land of England cannot be subdued and cultivated to the uses of her people; and this too in the teeth of the fact, that the people of Switzerland, and of Sardinia, and of Germany, and of other countries, cultivate their mountains almost to the summit; and that those people are better off in every respect than you are? They are better off, because they have a house, however humble that house may be; because they are the "FIRST" partakers of the fruits of their own industry; and because they never are driven to live upon, and to fight for, the bones of horses and of human beings; because they never are dragged from their beds to the dead-stone before life is extinct; because their own cows are their own cattle; and because the disparity of classes does not render a provision for the poor necessary to save the property of the rich. For, believe me, my friends, that you would have no seven millions, nor yet seven sixpences a-year, in the shape of poor-rates, if the property of the rich would be equally secure without them.

I have been repeatedly asked the question here on the Continent, "what it is that makes the well-fed, well-paid, English working classes so dissatisfied, turbulent, and unruly; and I find that most people here take their notions and opinions of you from principles which travel for themselves from the large manufacturing establishments of England; or from "bag men," who travel for them, and receive orders of your produce. Such is the source from which the German scribe, Kuntz, received his information of your character; and such is the source through which you have been misrepresented. Every town on the Continent swarms with English Jews; and their representatives abound. On the other hand, all intelligent foreigners, who have travelled for information in England, have come to the very same conclusion; namely, that "in England the poor are too many" and "THE POOR ARE TOO POOR;" but then they do not all see that the too great riches of the rich is the cause of the too-great poverty of the poor.

When I return, I shall be able to instruct you on many subjects on which it would be impossible to inform you in a letter. One thing, however, I must tell you here; and that is, that I have not seen one drunken or tipsy man since I left England. We to that country where the very existence of monarchy depends on the dissipation of the people. O, what would I give that we had a Government "strong" enough to submit its act to, and to depend for existence upon the sober mind of man! No Government in the world, save the Government of England, has an interest in drunkenness, lewdness, dissipation, and depravity. Even the boasted Protestant Church owes its wealth, in a great measure, to brothels, gin-palaces, public-houses, and all sorts of obscenity. O, how it must mortify men to see able-bodied Irishmen starving while filling the very best soil: while here you see families, with little labour, happy in the midst of a wilderness.

Before I return to Lessines, and the charming Sisters of Charity, and the small farms of Belgium, I must tell you, that although you hear little of Sardinia, it is out of all comparison the most splendid country I have ever been in—it is the garden of Italy. The men are the finest race of men ever beheld. Their roads are, perhaps, the finest in the world; much better than the very best in England. Their mules are worth more than £30 a-piece; that is, the best class. Their oxen work upon roads, and their cows work on the farms, and the young women work in the fields. If you were popped down in Sardinia, you would imagine yourself in England, amongst the English, were it not for a very slight difference in the hats and shoes of the working classes. In the towns there is no visible difference between the higher and middle classes of the two countries, except that those of Sardinia are very much finer men and better built. I must tell you a very

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funny anecdote that occurred whilst I was detained at Chino, one of the frontier towns on the Austrian side of Switzerland. I was there amongst the smugglers, from Sunday morning till Wednesday night. I was all day amongst the peasants, who are very fond of playing "bowls," just as they are played in England, with this exception—that in England they are played in bowling-grounds or bowling-grounds; in Switzerland they are played in the streets; and the peasants, over channels, and pavements, and all obstructions, play remarkably well; so much so, that out of the two bowls of each player, one of each will be within half an inch of the Jack nearly every time. Well, one of the Custom-house officers, in his regimentals, and a peasant boy were playing a game, and many were looking on—I amongst the number: when a dispute arose as to which of two bowls was nearest the Jack. Many gave their opinion, but none was satisfactory; when at last I was appealed to; and so near were both, that I knelt down on the spot on both knees, and was springing with my glass, all being intent on my decision, when the carriage of an Italian Count passed, with an English gentleman sitting by the Count. At the moment I rose from my knees and gave judgment, surrounded by the peasants, the English gentleman exclaimed to the Count, "Fearless O'Connor, by G—d!" I thought it laughable and characteristic to be seen in the mountains of Switzerland, surrounded by the peasants, by one who most likely had often seen me in a similar situation in England.

I now return to my notice of the delicious hospital of Lessines. The Sisters of Charity wash the floors and the windows, and the whole of the hospital; and do everything with such a grace as to make one wish very much to be sick. Indeed, I had a very bad toothache; and when I saw the young nun from Cologne, I had half a mind to ask if it was a malady that came under the category of ill for which patients were admitted into the hospital. The twenty-one sisters and the novices did together; and I never saw a more humble preparation than was made for their repast, which I am sure was just as humble. I saw an old man eating his soup; and it was such as you could not excel in the best hotel in London. No skilly—no hot water and bones; but real, regular, good soup: AND PLENTY of it. To finish on this subject, I shall never, as long as I live, cease to think of this glorious institution, supported by its own land; and I never will stop until I see precisely such another in every parish in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Indeed, I have seen the "BASTILLES" turned into such institutions. At Lessines I saw an immense stone quarry, where 650 men were employed. You can form no estimate of the size of this immense excavation. Here the men work in gangs of fifteen and twenties; and their business is to quarry and dress the stones for building; but more especially for repairing the roads. All the roads in Belgium are very well paved. At this work the men earn from 2s. 1d. to 2s. 6d. a-day each.

I am resolved not to be minute o questions of wages and other details; and for this reason, because the smaller amount of wages paid to mechanics in Belgium, as compared with what English mechanics receive, has been made subject of foolish controversy even in the House of Commons; while a very necessary branch of the subject has been wholly lost sight of—namely, the relative value of money, and what it will do in both countries. I told you that at Oldenburg, in Belgium, I dined and had a glass of brandy for 8d. Now, I will tell you what I paid on Thursday last, for my dinner, at the Italian Hotel, at Arona. Arona is on the bank of the splendid Lake Maggiore, and the hotel of which I speak is the principal one of the town; and a very fine hotel it is. I had cold veal and jelly; a splendid roast cutlet; a large piece of fat boiled beef; half a roasted fowl; a dish of French beans; bread; cheese; peaches; grapes; cakes of all sorts; and A BOTTLE OF WINE—the real juice of the grape, and all for ONE SHILLING AND EIGHT-PENCE—two francs at 10d. each. Now, then, can you give some answer to capitalists when they speak of the "miserable" wages of foreign labourers. Do you, in reply, tell them, that out of those miserable wages they can save enough to buy land at an enormous price, while, if you could save, you could not get the land to buy, because they and the aristocracy know that the monopoly of the land gives both a monopoly of everything else; and always bear well in mind the fact, that those who talk about repealing the Corn Laws have no notion of allowing you to grow corn yourselves. Now, above all things, mind that! I now return to Italy, which I visited again on Sunday and Monday, with a much better interpreter of the Flemish language. I saw a bundle and a half of very middling good, that a man with a wife and five children had purchased. Before he bought it, he paid at the rate of 120 francs, or £4 10s. 8d. the bundle, and a bundle is an English acre and a quarter. He had a cow and a heifer upon this less than two acres, and would, after supporting his family, have food enough for another cow; he works the cow, and does not find that it injures her in the least. None of the children, except one, is old enough to assist him, and that one weeds, and puts out manure. In the winter all the children of the neighbourhood go to the Govvys next season, and are in the fields all the summer. For the bundle and half of land he paid £320 English, and the rent was £7 5s.; so that you see in the shape of land security, to be WORKED BY HIMSELF, he was well satisfied to have little more than £2 per cent. per annum for his money. In Belgium the land will sell for sixty years' purchase, and all because it affords the very best outlet for small capitalists to purchase enough to expend their own labour upon. I visited another spot of ONE HUNDRE, for which, without a house, the occupant paid 160 francs a year, or at the rate of £6 5s. 4d. for an acre and a quarter. This man had his ground in excellent order, and would purchase it "IF HE HAD THE CHANCE." He had a fine cow, a calf, and two pigs; and now, what I wish particularly to draw your attention to is the fact, that men with a wife and five, six, seven, eight, and nine children, can have enough, after living out of an acre and a quarter of ground, to buy that ground at more than double the price it would fetch in England; and again, that the land is not one-fifth as good, and that the price of surplus produce is not one-half as much; so that you will see that of all trades in the world for a poor man, farming is the best, and of all countries in the world England is the most favourable, because there is a higher price for surplus after consumption. Now, my friends, may I not boast of my consistency in opposing the League spouters, when I contended that the way to repeal the Corn Laws was by allowing every man to be his own producer, and that out of the surplus of millions, we should have more than enough even for all the idlers who now live upon the fat of the land, while their laws prevent the people from having enough to eat. In almost all instances I found that one of the family worked at some work in the winter at which he earned money; but in the summer the land required the labour of all. I saw a very splendid spot of four hundred, for which the occupant paid 480 francs a year—that is, £10 4s. 2d. a year for exactly five acres without a house; he had three cows and three pigs, and grew more corn than his neighbours, and is considered rather a large farmer; he has seven children—four help on the land, and he works his cows, and all the four are not able to MANAGE SO MUCH without help. Now, my dear friends, here are the points of this letter in your minds till I write again. They are, that one in every ten English working man is a pauper, while millions of acres of good land is under WEEDES—grass; that among the almost inaccessible Alps the people are allowed to cultivate valleys amid the rocks and

know, and are happy. That if you get larger money, you have fewer comforts and less of certainty, and that the only value of high money wages is the ability of the Government to take the lion's share in the shape of taxes. I hope to be in London with my next letter appears, and in the same number I will relate to you one of the most awful tragedies in real life that has recently occurred in a country in which I have been, which the press dare not publish, but I will give you names and all. I have not seen a Northern Star (in full) since I left England; that paper and Punch are prohibited in several countries—the Northern Star in all except France and Belgium. I am, your faithful friend and servant,  
FERRARIS O'CONNOR.  
Torino, Sept. 30th, 1845.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### INSURRECTION IN ITALY.

The Journal des Debats gives the following account of an attempt at insurrection which broke out at Rimini, on the 24th ult. "We learn by a letter from Milan, dated the 29th ult., that on the 24th an attempt at insurrection was made at Rimini. This attempt had been combined, it is said, by some inhabitants of the town and some Spanish and Piedmontese refugees. The night of the 23rd, about one hundred of these refugees, landed near Rimini, the insurgents immediately proceeded to the fort of San Leo, situated at a short distance from the town, and in which they are supposed to have had partisans. They penetrated into the fort, and set liberty the political prisoners, who were very numerous. They then entered Rimini, where they stopped the couriers, and carried off the despatches. The Cardinal Legate of Forlì immediately sent troops to Rimini. On the 27th, at their approach, the insurgents, who without doubt had found no support in the people of the town and environs, hastily quitted Rimini, after having taken their arms and some of their re-embarked, the others took refuge in the mountains. The letters from Bologna do not speak of any other movement having taken place in the Romagna. At the first report of this attempt, Marshal Radetzki, who commands the Austrian troops, reinforced the garrison of Forlì, and sent a detachment of his troops to Rimini, where some musket shots had been fired at the Cardinal Legate and his secretary, and that the latter had been killed. This news needs confirmation."

We add the following from the London Times and Chronicle:—"Letters from Milan of the 3d confirm the main facts given by the *Debats*, and adds that the Italian refugees who landed on the 24th at Rimini, were originally from Piedmont, and that they were accompanied by a native of Piedmont of the name of Ribotti. The affair at this time looked very serious, for the garrison of San Leo, consisting of 500 men, joined the insurgents. Fortunately, however, for the authorities, they were seized when they were about to enter the town, and were taken to the fort of San Leo, where they were confined. The governments of the other Italian states are greatly alarmed at this unexpected outbreak, and are taking every precaution to prevent any more such attempts."

A private letter from Faenza, of the 24th ult., corroborates part of the above statement, and adds that the insurgents were fired on by the troops of the garrison, and that Singala and Ancona were prepared to join in the movement. "Last night," says the writer, "a band marched upon Castel Bolognese, a small town of the legation of Ravenna, to form a junction this evening with a body of about one hundred guerrillas, mostly belonging to Faenza, who have taken their station on the frontiers of Tuscany. The plan of the insurgents is to advance upon Rome."

Another letter from Tuscany, of the 29th ult., mentions that the movement at Rimini commenced on Monday, the 22nd, and that the standard of revolt was first raised by the troops of the garrison. A report that the military commission sitting at Florence had been ordered to send a detachment of troops to Rimini, the refugees residing at Faenza had re-entered the legation. "The Morning Chronicle of Tuesday has the following:—The accounts received from the Romagna respecting the recent attempt at insurrection at Rimini, in the Romagna states, agree in stating that for the present the movement has failed. A great number of persons have been arrested in different places, but principally at Imola and Faenza, where it was expected that the attempt would be made. The refugees residing at Faenza had intended the insurrection should have broken out. The Papal Government is taking the utmost precautions against a renewal of the attempt. It has reorganised the pontifical volunteers, has changed the garrison at Faenza, so that no fidelity to the rebels could be expected, and has ordered the Italian emigrants from the neighbouring countries, where they have taken refuge, to have sent out a small fleet of armed vessels to guard the coast. The details, as given by the *Chronicle*, are very interesting. It has been ascertained that it was not until the 24th of September that the refugees landed on the coast of the Adriatic, not far from San Leo, to which place they immediately marched. At San Leo they set at liberty the state prisoners whom they found there, and from them they were a great number. They then proceeded to Rimini, where they were met by the troops of the garrison, and kept it till the 27th. On that day a detachment of troops, sent to the relief of the place by the Cardinal-Legate of Forlì, arrived, and the insurgents immediately took to flight, and retired towards the mountains. It is not quite clear whether it be true or not, as stated by some of the private letters from the country, that the garrison of Rimini to the number of 500 men joined the insurgents. Should that be really the case, it appears extraordinary (or rather would do so in any country) that the troops of the garrison, after having found courage to raise the standard of revolt, would not have the further courage to defend themselves. It appears, however, certain that they did not do so. A great number of the insurgents reached the sea, and escaped in that way, whilst others found refuge in the mountains. A large number of persons who did not join in the insurrection, but whose opinions on political subjects are known, have prudently retired to the Tuscan States to avoid the persecutions to which they would be exposed. According to the French papers, this insurrection is not a new movement, but is the result of a political movement it is a failure. Officers have already been given for the trial of the persons implicated before a military commission, a tribunal from which the ill-managed states of the Church are never excluded. According to the French papers, this insurrection, though it appears to have been a failure, is the result of a political movement it is a failure. Officers have already been given for the trial of the persons implicated before a military commission, a tribunal from which the ill-managed states of the Church are never excluded. According to the French papers, this insurrection, though it appears to have been a failure, is the result of a political movement it is a failure. Officers have already been given for the trial of the persons implicated before a military commission, a tribunal from which the ill-managed states of the Church are never excluded. According to the French papers, this insurrection, though it appears to have been a failure, is the result of a political movement it is a failure. 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Poetry.

BEAUTIES OF BYRON.

"CHIEF HARBOR."

The second canto of this magnificent poem was written in Greece in the year 1810, when the poet was in his twenty-third year. At that time he appears to have regarded the restoration of Greece as all but impossible; hence the dejected and almost despairing tones of the following beautiful stanzas. A year or two subsequently, Byron had cause to change his opinions as to the destiny of the Greeks, and what he did for them—devoting to their cause his fortune, his person, his sword, his life—is not written on the hearts of freedom's sons in every clime? Is not his name imperishably entwined with that of his passionately-loving friend?

GRECES?

Fair Greece! I'd rather die than see thee  
Immortal, though no more: though fallen, great!  
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,  
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?  
Such thy sons who dream of freedom's dawn,  
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopylae's sepulchral strain—  
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,  
Leap from Euratos' banks, and call them from the tomb?  
Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow  
Thou wast with Thrasylus and his train,  
Confronted thou forbode the dismal hour which now  
Thy great valour's glorious name shall stain!  
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,  
But every carle can lead o'er thy land;  
Nor rise thy soil, but idly roll in vain,  
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,  
From birth to death enslaved; in word, in deed, un-  
manly!

In all save form, how changed! and who  
That marks the free soil sparkling in the eye,  
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew  
With thy unquenched flame, lost Liberty!  
And many a dream within the hours is slain  
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:  
For foreign arms and aid they fondly seek,  
So easily they trust to foreign aid!  
Or tear their name defamed from slavery's mournful page.  
Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not  
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?  
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought!  
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!  
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,  
But not for you Freedom's altar flame  
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!  
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;  
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

When riseth Lacedaemon's hardihood,  
When Thbes Egeonides rears up,  
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,  
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,  
Then may't be restored; but not till then.  
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;  
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when  
Thou men its shattered splendor renew,  
Recall its virtues back, and trample time and fate!  
And yet how lovely in thine eye of woe,  
Land of lost gods and god-like men! art thou!  
Thy tales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;  
Thy fane, thy temples to thy surface bow,  
And not unglorious dwell thy glorious crew,  
Broke by the force of every rustic plough:  
So perish monuments of mortal birth,  
So perish all in turn save well-recorded worth!

Save where some solitary column stands  
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;  
Save where the Titanian's half-gods grow,  
Save where the Phrygian's half-gods grow,  
Save where some warrior's shrine adorns the grave,  
Where the grey stones and unmoistened grass  
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,  
Whilst strangers only regardless pass,  
Lingering like me, perchance to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"  
Yet are they thies as they, thy crags as wild;  
And thy grey rocks, and thy grey hills, and fields,  
Thine olive as when Minerva smit'd,  
And still his bonied wicket Hymettus yields;  
There the lithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,  
The free-born wanderer of the mountain-air;  
The free bird, the long-winged sunning bird,  
Still in his beam trembles the mountain-air;  
Art, Glory, Freedom, fall, but Nature still is fair;  
Where'er we tread 'tis haunted holy ground;  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mood,  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
The scene of the violated world dwell upon:  
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wood  
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:  
Age shales Athena's tower, but spares Gary Marathon.  
The sun, the soil, but not the spars, the same;  
Unchanged in all except its foreign loam,  
Reserves alike its bounds and boundless fame  
The battle-field, where heroes' blood was shed,  
First bowed beneath the brand of Iliad's sword,  
As on the morrow to distant glory fled,  
When Marathon became a magic word;  
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,  
The flying Mede, his slain broken bow;  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear,  
Mountains above, Earth's ocean plain below;  
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!  
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?  
What sacred trophies mark the hallow'd ground,  
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?  
The silent urn, the violated world dwell upon:  
The dust thy courier's hoof, dark stranger! spurns  
around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past  
Shall pilgrims pensive, but unwearied, throng:  
Lo! shall the venger, with thy Ionian blast,  
Hail the bright clime, and the bright clime shall throng:  
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;  
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!  
Which ages venerate and bards adore,  
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The above stanzas conclude our extracts from the second Canto of *Childe Harold*.

AN ACROSTIC.

T he bard of Chant, accept my humble praise:  
I ttribute to thee, O bard, thy name and fame;  
O h, that our tyrants would be warded by thee!  
O h, that they incline in time the slave make free!  
A h! would they listen to thy warning strains,  
S laves to make men and break their galling chains!  
O nst wold thy pen—make o'er the despot's heart!  
O n, then, write on, and set the Dragoon's part.  
O n the task which freedom's blood has stain'd,  
R eserve us, heaven! in struggling for the right,  
F ach one for liberty declare the world all o'er,  
R emove our fetters, or "Slaves" toil no more!"

J. SHAW.

REBUS.

THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES. A PRISON

RHYME IN TEN BOOKS. BY THOMAS COOPER, THE  
CHARLIS. London: J. How, 133, Fleet-street.

A splendid address to "Night" opens the Fifth  
book—we can find room for only a portion of the  
stanzas—

Hail eldest Night! Mother of human fear!  
Thy slayest of thy country, and thy slayest  
Thy native helplessness! Dearth whose dear  
And solemn coverlet, he trembling, dwelt  
To what in thy vast womb of darkness dwelt  
Unseen, unknown—but, with the waking Sun,  
Soundings, springing up, and with the Sun,  
In untroubled slumber, his Joy-land's dream  
Up the blue sky—and light's bright reign again begun!

Hail starless darkness!—sterile silence hail!  
Would that o'er Chaos thy wild rule had been  
Perpetual, and repit Man's birth-wail  
Or deed it had been established to proclaim.  
Food for dependence, thus, the brooding mind  
Gathered up amidst the gloom of night came  
Althwart its vision—far, as fits the wind,  
These fumed glances fled—or with new forms com-  
bined.

In allegoric lessons for the soul—  
Of Liberty, each marble fragment strewn  
Upon that plain, each pictured deed and scroll,  
Told, as it lay in ruined pulchritude—  
"She is a goddess Man hath oft pursued—  
"Woe seldom—and hath never yet attained  
"Her living presence!" Drury's solitude  
O'er all I saw in saddest vision reigned—  
Until a verdant mound my anxious spirit gained.

And, on the mound, methought a mystic circle  
Of giant stones, in simple grandeur rose—  
Reminding Earth's first fathers' handy-work;  
Their temples, or their tombs. Of Freedom's cause—  
When Gallia's south-bound laurel on her brows  
Dwelt with the eagle's beak, and Freedom's cause  
Self-aided on the wound of Freedom's cause—  
In earnest converse seated seemed to be  
Mid shadow of that huge eagle's hoary majesty.

A band of the French revolutionaries are introduced,  
including COVINCER, DEZOR, ROSSA, VALAZ, LE  
BAS, and BADER. The language of the several  
speakers is very grand; we can, however, only find  
room for the following magnificent outburst, of which  
COVINCER is the speaker:—

The spirit of Prometheus doth but sleep  
Within human heart,—lulled, drugged, and drowsy  
By the soft sedatives which so keenly keep  
His fiery breaths,—but, when the sun is clear,  
Their prey into more slumber, when aroused  
For a brief breath by Freedom's vital touch,  
It started its sleek keepers, who caroused,  
Gaily, beside their prostrate victim's couch—  
Thinking it safe, for aye, within their privileged clutches!

Nay, rather light that curse on ye, yourselves—  
Ye timid, crouching crew! Is there no heart  
Among ye stung to see the puny slaves,  
His children, daily die—his wife dispart  
His hair, and glare in madness! Doth the smart  
Of degradation cease to rankle in your veins?  
Faint, though ye be, and feeble—will some start  
Upon his feet, and cry, while awful remains  
In him of life—"Death! or deliverance from our  
chains!"  
Cowards!—do ye believe all men are like  
Yourselves!—that craven folk doth parody  
Each Englishman's untried soul doth strike  
Aye!—that no voice could exorcise  
Old Tyranny's spirit—and impel to rise  
Millions omnipotent in vengeance ire?  
Fool, that I am! are there not hungry spies  
On every hand—who watch, for dirty hire,  
Each glance of every eye that glows with Freedom's fire?

Prost! while I rave in darkness, thou dost feel  
The sun in yon far southern feld—  
But, hark!—thenceforth, thy clasp—Thy hand to heal  
No help extends! Poor victim!—lost, repinned  
By hirelings of the minion whose spite planned  
Thy death, and built thy gallows—brought, through fear  
Of Labour's vengeance, stayed the hangman's hand,  
Thy wretched heart's thirteenth lead to cheer  
England's lean artisans, and Gambril's mountaineer!

How many a deplorable sorrow!—  
Of tyranny doth slinking descent  
Upon thy dead—clipping thee "rebel fool,"  
And gallant Shell!—"broil-slain miscreant!"  
Who, had your cause and ye proved dominant,  
Would loudly have extolled your fearlessness,  
And not so miserably yielded the chariot chain  
Filled with the eulogy of your excess  
Of deep fraternal zeal to end Man's wretchedness!

In the notes to this book we find the following re-  
marks on Frost:—  
I write from no personal knowledge of John Frost—  
for the "Newport inscription" occurred more than a  
year before I became acquainted with a single Chartist—  
but from the testimony of my intelligent and intelligent  
friend, Henry Vincent, who had witnessed Frost's up-  
right discharge of duty as a magistrate, frequently par-  
took of his hospitality, shared deeply his political views  
and purposes, and speaks enthusiastically (I mean in  
private) of the poor exiles' generous sincerity and patriotic  
high-mindedness.

So, Mr. Cooper's "eloquent and intelligent friend,"  
Henry Vincent, yet continues to be "an enthusiastic  
admirer of the poor exiles' generous sincerity and  
patriotic high-mindedness." This is news to us.  
Mr. Cooper does well to add, however, that this  
enthusiasm on the part of the "political pedlar" is  
confined to "private" exhibitions, and should they  
they were particularly private. It may be true  
that Henry Vincent, the *Chartist*, frequently par-  
took of Frost's hospitality, and shared deeply his  
political views and purposes; but we are sure that  
Henry Vincent, the *Chartist*, is utterly guiltless of "now  
availing any connection with, or admiration of, the  
poor Frost. This "respectable" mouthpiece of  
"moral" insinuations, flimsy sentimentalities, and  
poetical puffery, whose hypocritical canting and  
whining about "the blessings of religion" draws  
the exultant of the city black and white, and  
testament platforms, would be shocked to hear  
the name of Frost mentioned, and "the *Chartist*"  
would cause him to faint outright. We can assure  
Mr. Cooper, who glories in the name of "the *Chartist*,"  
that his claiming the "eloquent and intelligent" for  
his friend, and his "respectable" mouthpiece, and  
offence by that "respectable" gentleman, and the  
offence will be not a little magnified, from the fact  
of Mr. Cooper reminding the world that the now  
frosty Mayworm, Vincent, was once a *Chartist*, and  
a "friend" (?) of the "rebel" Frost's.

In another note on the Newport affair, Mr.  
Cooper offers some further remarks, which we are  
bound to transfer to our columns. We must, however,  
dissent from the doctrine "that a resort to force, un-  
der any circumstances, is indefensible, either as a  
wise or a just proceeding." With all deference to Mr.  
Cooper, this is an indefensible nonsense; and we  
wonder how it is that "respectable" mouthpiece, and  
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The spirit of Prometheus doth but sleep  
Within man's heart:—the dark, blood-flecked brood  
Of serpents that so hush around it creep,  
Now they perceive, with apprehension shrewd,  
Their Terror-Trinity of Crown, Sword, Rod—  
Is near enmeshment,—may justly dread  
Of degradation cease to rankle in your veins?  
Faint, though ye be, and feeble—will some start  
Upon his feet, and cry, while awful remains  
In him of life—"Death! or deliverance from our  
chains!"  
Cowards!—do ye believe all men are like  
Yourselves!—that craven folk doth parody  
Each Englishman's untried soul doth strike  
Aye!—that no voice could exorcise  
Old Tyranny's spirit—and impel to rise  
Millions omnipotent in vengeance ire?  
Fool, that I am! are there not hungry spies  
On every hand—who watch, for dirty hire,  
Each glance of every eye that glows with Freedom's fire?

Prost! while I rave in darkness, thou dost feel  
The sun in yon far southern feld—  
But, hark!—thenceforth, thy clasp—Thy hand to heal  
No help extends! Poor victim!—lost, repinned  
By hirelings of the minion whose spite planned  
Thy death, and built thy gallows—brought, through fear  
Of Labour's vengeance, stayed the hangman's hand,  
Thy wretched heart's thirteenth lead to cheer  
England's lean artisans, and Gambril's mountaineer!

How many a deplorable sorrow!—  
Of tyranny doth slinking descent  
Upon thy dead—clipping thee "rebel fool,"  
And gallant Shell!—"broil-slain miscreant!"  
Who, had your cause and ye proved dominant,  
Would loudly have extolled your fearlessness,  
And not so miserably yielded the chariot chain  
Filled with the eulogy of your excess  
Of deep fraternal zeal to end Man's wretchedness!

In the notes to this book we find the following re-  
marks on Frost:—  
I write from no personal knowledge of John Frost—  
for the "Newport inscription" occurred more than a  
year before I became acquainted with a single Chartist—  
but from the testimony of my intelligent and intelligent  
friend, Henry Vincent, who had witnessed Frost's up-  
right discharge of duty as a magistrate, frequently par-  
took of his hospitality, shared deeply his political views  
and purposes, and speaks enthusiastically (I mean in  
private) of the poor exiles' generous sincerity and patriotic  
high-mindedness.

So, Mr. Cooper's "eloquent and intelligent friend,"  
Henry Vincent, yet continues to be "an enthusiastic  
admirer of the poor exiles' generous sincerity and  
patriotic high-mindedness." This is news to us.  
Mr. Cooper does well to add, however, that this  
enthusiasm on the part of the "political pedlar" is  
confined to "private" exhibitions, and should they  
they were particularly private. It may be true  
that Henry Vincent, the *Chartist*, frequently par-  
took of Frost's hospitality, and shared deeply his  
political views and purposes; but we are sure that  
Henry Vincent, the *Chartist*, is utterly guiltless of "now  
availing any connection with, or admiration of, the  
poor Frost. This "respectable" mouthpiece of  
"moral" insinuations, flimsy sentimentalities, and  
poetical puffery, whose hypocritical canting and  
whining about "the blessings of religion" draws  
the exultant of the city black and white, and  
testament platforms, would be shocked to hear  
the name of Frost mentioned, and "the *Chartist*"  
would cause him to faint outright. We can assure  
Mr. Cooper, who glories in the name of "the *Chartist*,"  
that his claiming the "eloquent and intelligent" for  
his friend, and his "respectable" mouthpiece, and  
offence by that "respectable" gentleman, and the  
offence will be not a little magnified, from the fact  
of Mr. Cooper reminding the world that the now  
frosty Mayworm, Vincent, was once a *Chartist*, and  
a "friend" (?) of the "rebel" Frost's.

In another note on the Newport affair, Mr.  
Cooper offers some further remarks, which we are  
bound to transfer to our columns. We must, however,  
dissent from



look for any change as to be immediately realized, except perhaps, in partial experiments under unusually favorable circumstances. Men are naturally prepossessed for what is, in preference to what only might be. We can they be instantly forced by any arguments out of their prejudices. We must wait for the germs of their better views, or to replant the old and impracticable within new and better mold. We must wait till the worshipping of themselves through external moral means, be fitted for entering upon improved arrangements with their kind. No change is necessary; for the life of the individual is in no relation whatever to the chronology of man's moral evolution. But it there, not much, is

great moral revolutions. But is there not much in the  
meantime to make this lingering endurable? Every-  
where throughout Britain, the attention of the  
intellects is arrested by the condition of the masses. Evil  
is seen and acknowledged. Men, without regard to  
party or sect, express themselves with kindly sympathy  
regarding the sons of toil. The use of any ungracious  
language towards them, such as statesmen and wit is  
degraded as it is years ago, would now be resented by all  
Measures even in contemplation for practical improvement  
both in the physical and moral state of the working-  
class. It may indeed be said that the condition of these classes  
is the greatest question of this age: it is one which seems  
likely in a little while to absorb all others. Can we the

doubt that the present system of things will, in the course of a few years, be visited with at least great ameliorations? There is here, surely, some consolation for the complaining parties; some reason why they should sit not altogether without trust and hope under the evils which they feel to be besetting their state. Even in that general moral advance which distinguishes the present age, they may read the promise of better things for themselves; for it is reasonable that society at large should be gradually

it is impossible unit society at large could be much more harmonious  
ized than it is, and yet admit of the present unsatisfactory re-  
sults between the industrious orders and the rest of the com-  
munity.

8. I have now delivered myself of the thoughts which have  
for some time been in my mind with regard to the condition  
and prospects of the working classes. To some things  
will appear visionary; to myself they might have date some  
few years ago; but men are forced, by circumstances  
emerging in the course of time, to modify their views.

9. I have thought it best to come frankly out with these ideas  
such as they are; for, so presented, they at least convey  
to you a true sense of what one person, and he one to  
whom such matters are not new, has concluded upon to

Intensions, and pronouncement with candour and courtesy.

Unlike the philosophy of the famous—or rather, *in-famous*—tract, “the Employer and the Employed,” is the philosophy embraced in the above excellent address. An admission of a fact is made in the first set-out, which the tract was written to deny: *the existence of a cause of discontent in the workers, even in the most “prosperous” of times; in*

In paragraph 3, Mr. CHAMBERS takes a just view of the present position of the worker, in contrast with that of the "retainer," and again with that of the "serf." Viewed in relation to PROGRESS, and as a necessary step towards something better and higher than the world has yet seen, the growth of

that the world has yet seen, the workers' present position will bear advantageous comparison with the two former states from which they have passed ; but viewed in relation to *actual condition*; to comfort and amount of care bestowed on them, the contrast is not a favourable one. The tie of *interest* in the condition of the "serf" and the "retainer," has been snapped ; and interest now is to *give as little* as can be helped, regardless of the fact whether the amount given will furnish food and clothing, or not. This is one of the evils that has attended on the present

development of the "independent" system; and its cure is to be sought,—not in a return to "serfage" or "retainership," but in aiming for that higher development of "independence" which will not leave any one class at the mercy or under the care or absolute control of any other class.

How well does Mr. CHAMBERS put his point, in relation to "individual protection." Every assumption of individual protection is a DEGRADATION to the protected. How true! And what a way does that gentlemen go. If the lawless

ways does that sentiment go? If "no human being has a right to act the part of protector towards another," no human being has a right to legislate for another, or exact other obedience from him than he is free and willing to give. In that one sentence is embodied the whole political philosophy relative to the rights of man. Would that it were universally recognised and embodied in practice! we should then see a far different social world from that which now offends the moral sense!

In the fourth paragraph we have the REAL ques-

tion, as it affects the workers, opened out. Parties talk of the evils of immense accumulation on one hand, and of bitter penury on the other, as inseparable from the social system; as bound up in our "high state of civilisation" as necessary and irremediable. "The error proceeds," says Mr. CHAMBERS, "from treating the present position of the worker as a *final* one—as if the SYSTEM of HIRE were a thing so perfect, that it could never be changed for anything else." This is the error; and the point-view out of that error by Mr. CHAMBERS is, of course,

ing out of that error by MR. CHAMBERS is of itself a proof that a knowledge of that error cannot long be absent from the minds of all who are forced from position to consider the question. Great credit is due to MR. CHAMBERS for the boldness he has displayed in thus going to the root of the evil. The question of WIRE has hitherto been most gingerly touched by all our political economists and social tinkers: for they have long been aware that in that question was bound up the whole of our present landed and commercial system. MR. CHAMBERS, however, approaches

it; and even indicates the *possibility* of HIRING being dispensed with. Glorious anticipation! May the knowledge necessary for its realisation roll onward, even as the tide of the ocean, till not a dry bone on the beach be left untouched. With the abolition of HIRE will go slavery of body: and till HIRE is so abolished, to talk of freedom in any other than a relative or comparative sense, is to mock ourselves with high-sounding phrases—wanting the substance.

This subject we commend to the attention of the workers themselves. In the above address they will find much which it behoves them to deeply consider. Let them particularly dwell on the faith and hope expressed in paragraph 8; and let them take heart, and renew their exertions to bring about the happy period therein shadowed forth. The fact that such a faith has been avowed, and such hopes given expression to, by one so influential in *his class*, ought to inspire them with new hope, and lead to redoubled effort. "The principles they have given life and being

effort. The principles they have given me and being to, are thus seen making their way throughout society. They have taken root even where we had cause least to expect their appearance. Let the workers therefore persevere; and the new phase of progress,—as much in advance of the present system as the present is of serfdom,—will soon manifest itself. REAL INDEPENDENCE is the prize of their high calling: let them labour so as to fit themselves to obtain it!

**To Readers & Correspondents.**

**TO AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS, AND READERS.**—For some time after our location in the metropolis, we were inconvenienced by having the paper machined away from the printing-office where it was "set." This arose from the machines we had at Leeds having to be removed and re-erected. Much disappointment to the readers was the con-

Another cause of delay was in having the printing and publishing office so wide apart. Letters intended for one place were constantly sent to the other; and all the arrangements we could make did not prevent mistakes arising from this source. This has determined us to *concentrate* our operations. The printing machine is now at work in our own office; and we have further determined

to publish there also. In future, therefore, the  
"setting," printing, and publishing of the *Star*  
will be done under one roof. This will involve no  
change to the agents and subscribers, only in the  
addressing of their communications, and the















