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Dr. Bradshaw, of Uperthorpe, came into the room in broad daylight, (Mrs. Ainsworth was seen to call upon him at an empty house he has in New-street just before), and disturbing the whole business, gave notice, at that irregular and improper time, that at the next meeting he should move that the salary of Mrs. Ainsworth and of her (Sheffield) nephew should be paid; they never having done one hour's work, nor entered upon the situation. Dr. Bradshaw was very coolly received, and bolted, not doubt to report to his favourite that he would get for the cash. It is notorious that Dr. Bradshaw is very partial to a little fat man; but it is expected that the Guardians will not be so far drowsed as to pay, by granting salaries for no services done to them.

The meeting was then adjourned to that day next.

It is heart-rending to see the crowds of miserable, starved, half-naked human beings anxious to labour for their bread, who are collected in and about the centralised hell, prepared to go through the fiery trial, with the knowledge that thousands remain at home with their families starving, rather than endure the buffings of those arrogant and pampered Jacks in office.

TO THE KIND FRIENDS FROM MANCHESTER AND OLDHAM, FOR THEIR COMMUNICATION OF MR WHITBLE'S COWARDLY CONDUCT—I have only to say that I thank the two working men; but to request they will not take any notice of the poor creature. The man who wrote down the *Champion* will experience but little difficulty in speaking himself down. During my absence, I leave him and myself entirely in the hands of the working people. I rejoice they did not kick him, as there is no argument in his new alliance, quite understood and the nature of his free alliance, and his motive for seizing the present moment for venting his spleen in Lancashire. I trust that the dead body of the *Champion* may not infect my Northern coadjutor with the monomania of personality. Indeed, I am sure it will not; so my friends in Lancashire need be under no apprehension.

F. O'CONNOR.

MRS. O'BRIEN, AND THE SOUTHERN STAR.

We have no wish whatever to intermeddle in the disputes, much less in the private affairs, of our contemporaries, and especially of our coadjutors in the glorious cause of "right to the people"; but the following letter from Mrs. O'BRIEN to Mr. O'CONNOR, having been handed to you, we think it but right to publish it. We are authorised by Mr. O'CONNOR to say that he called once on Mrs. O'BRIEN, and that he was arranging a committee of friends, who were induced, by the statements of the *Southern Star*, to think their exertions unnecessary:—

77, Brook Street, West Square, Lancashire.

DEAR SIR,—I was in hopes you could have spared a few moments to call on me, as I had a great deal to say to you. I was confined last Wednesday with a cold, and am harassed out of all patience by that *Southern Star*. I shall be compelled to publicly contradict such false assertions; indeed, I am very unequal to the task, and I hope you will not quite forget, in the hurry and anxiety of your own affairs.

Yours, most truly, S. O'BRIEN.

Since the above was in type, we have received the following letter from Mrs. O'BRIEN:—

London, May 12th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Will you oblige me by inserting the few lines in your widely-circulated Journal.

However painful to me, still, as Mr. J. B. O'Brien has permitted me to publish the various resolutions of Lancaster Castle, to correspond with his friends in any shape, I am compelled to assure Brother James's Radical friends, and the public in general, that Mrs. O'Brien has no connexion, directly or indirectly, with the *Southern Star*.

That paper still lives, and may flourish; but I do not distinctly and publicly declare that the *Southern Star* does not exist for the interest or benefit of James Broderick O'Brien or his family. His friends will, I am sure, not collect a note to the same effect against some weeks' talk from himself, in the *Northern Star*. Had not illness prevented, I should have immediately contradicted the false statement which appeared in the *Southern Star* of May the 6th.

Yours, most obediently, SOPHIA O'BRIEN.

To the Editor of the *Northern Star*.

All we can say upon the matter is, that to permit the wife of O'BRIEN to suffer want or inconvenience during the incarceration of her husband, would be shame to the whole people.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1846.

THE WORTH OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

ON our sixth page will be found two letters from Mr. O'CONNOR. The one to Mr. LEECH, a Manchester Operative, should be read by every Radical as his political polestar, to point him to the beneficent to be derived from Universal Suffrage. The meeting of the Suffrage is not all that we must struggle for; it is utterly valueless, save as a means to an end; and that end the extension of social happiness, and individual comfort, amongst the people.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

ALL thanks and honour to the brave Radicals of Carlisle! They have done their work well. They have acquitted themselves like men. They have carried the war into the enemies' camp with a vengeance, and their victory is as perfect as the attack was daring. The lying "League" called together the people, whom, on a former occasion they duped so easily, to reap laurels and gather glory for themselves off the fruitful soil of popular credulity, on which they fancied they should find them growing in abundance; but they were made to know that the seed had been spoiled, and rendered unproductive by the neglect of proper treatment of the soil in which it had been sown.

The proceedings of this meeting are such as should infuse courage into the most timid Radical of the whole empire; while they afford ample confirmation of the character of the subtle and unscrupulous, money-grubbing profiteers, who would fain persuade the people to perform another fool's dance to their fiddle.

It is always dangerous for the people to ally themselves, on any terms, with their natural enemies. We should have been much less pleased, therefore, if the motion of Mr. HANSON, which acknowledged the services of the Anti-Corn Law delegates as deserving thanks; though it asserted the necessity of UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, as the only remedy for national evils had been carried, than by the bold, manly course taken at once by Mr. BOWMAN, in moving:—

"That no confidence can be placed in those persons so prominent in agitating for a repeal of the Corn Laws, inasmuch as they have grossly cheated and deceived the people in not assisting them, as they promised, during the agitation for the Reform Bill, to secure them the franchise; but, on the contrary, have done everything in their power to keep it from them, and further belied them in shamefully misrepresenting their wishes and intentions."

The appointment of their own Chairman by the Radicals, at the beginning of the meeting, was well done. It showed their confidence in their own strength, and their determination to exert it. We are glad the "League" gentry stood the battle: that they did not, like their friends and co-mates at most other places, as soon as the signs of a sharp contest appeared, skulk off and leave the field. The meeting was their own; they chose their own ground; and we hope they are satisfied with the evidence, afforded to them by the people, that the tactics are clearly understood.

Our readers will find an account of the proceedings, extracted from one of the local papers, on our third page. We refer them to it with great pride and satisfaction; commending the example of the brave Radicals of Carlisle to the imitation of the brethren throughout the empire.

Justice is not man, who has thought at all of the oppression of the public press to clear away the mist of ignorance and give an impetus to the dissemination of right principles, but most lamentable blindness of the Irish nation; without one single ray of shining by the clear light of truth on her wretched hemisphere. The whole press of Ireland is, in the opinion of the public, in the pay of the factions. Not a single paper dares to advocate the cause of honest liberalism." O'CONNELL, share the whole between the two parties, and the people are left wholly satisfied. Sometimes ago a bright meteor dated for a period before our eyes, in the form of a truly independent Irish newspaper—the *Dublin Monitor*—was, indeed, refreshing to our eyes and heart with a truly liberal Irish paper—one that dared to titillate for the people equally with Whigs as Tories, and did not hesitate to beard the hoary tyrant, in his strong hold, and expose his villany; but alas! it is too good to last long: a change came over the spirit of the *Monitor*, and it learned to bow its head in submission to the political Dagon of the "liberals." We were disgusted, but not surprised; and we looked anxiously for the coming of another star of hope. We rejoice to find that our hope is not to be entirely cut off. From a spirited and well-written prospectus, in which the proprietors readily recognise our old friend of the *Monitor*, we learn that the same parties who conducted the paper while it maintained its political integrity have determined once more to hazard the frail bark of independent patriotism on the stormy sea of political agitation. They are establishing a weekly *Dublin Journal*, to be called the "*The World*;" the number of which is to appear on the 16th inst. *The World* be what the *Dublin Monitor* was, and cordially wish that all the success and encouragement it can desire may be experienced. We hope to find it an invaluable helpmate in the cause of great and good of arousing the energies of Irish people to a due sense of the "injuriousness" which they are the victims, and to the exertion of those powers by which, in co-operation with English, Scotch, and Welsh brethren, they speedily establish RIGHT FOR ALL.

DEVIL KING LAW.

Our direct attention to a statement given in another column, from a correspondent whose name, and on whose veracity we have a perfect reliance, of the manner in which the three-headed Devil-King has chosen, during the present week, to exercise the despotism vested in him, by the late Poor Law Enactment, at Loughborough.

An individual named MASSER has, for some time, been in the possession of the workhouse at Loughborough parish; and he seems to have given great satisfaction, for it appears that the late Board of Guardians, though commanded to do so by the Commissioners, refused to discharge him, and that he is resigning at the order of his black majesty, the Devil-King; he resented him, the contractors of the whole term of their official existence, and the duties of his situation so satisfied him, that on his successors, the new Board of Guardians, obtained him in his place, though in direct contravention of the commands of the Devil King. We can see the Devil King seeing his authority slighted—proving that the Loughborough Guardians were disposed to exercise at least a partial independence, as well as bear the name of the official contractors, which had been elected, sends him forthwith, one of his imps—a tramping vagabond—under the name of an assistant Commissioner, to enforce the perfect despotism of his majesty on those whom, when they refuse to obey his despotic tools in his hand, he can at any moment reduce to mere cyphers; and, indeed, punish he can, as he has done, by the example of the late Board of Guardians, who, in disobeying his commands, MASSER, whose name, from our correspondents communications, we have seen that he resented him, the contractors of the whole term of their official existence, and the duties of his situation so satisfied him, that on his successors, the new Board of Guardians, obtained him in his place, though in direct contravention of the commands of the Devil King. 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The representatives (!) of a great people in the very midst of ruin—the "collective wisdom" of an empire tottering to its fall, unable to find anything to do, because LITTLE JOHN was not there to lead (!), the Government. Truly things have come to a fine pass! O ! that the people would arise, and in the greatness of their moral might, say to those worse than worthless imbeciles, "Stand clear, and make room for honest men."

MESSRS. COLLINS AND LOVETT.

From documents inserted elsewhere, our readers will perceive that we were misinformed, when, on a late occasion, we stated that these worthy patriots had been set at liberty. The Whigs have not so much liberality about them. It seems, however, that an offer of release has been made them; but on terms of implied insult which the "shabby set" must have known, from the character of the men, would have been rejected with scorn. The full period of their sentence expires on the 25th July; and they were to have the commutation of the five remaining weeks on condition of selling themselves to the Whig harpies for a whole year, with the privilege of being allowed to pay their own purchase-money. The remedy of these good men to the base proposal of the Burgundy pitch crew is given on our seventh page. It is worthy of the men, and the cause in which they suffer.

POVERTY PUNISHED AS A CRIME.

AMONGST our Halifax news will be found a paragraph thus headed; from which it appears that the magistrates of that borough have recently exhibited their *mild* and *Christian* spirit in the oppression of a poor child, who was guilty of being a destitute orphan. It seems that the poor lad (about fifteen years of age) had no parents; that he had no employment, and could get none; that he had no habitation—no means of even obtaining shelter for the night—his shirt having been sold to procure for the previous night's lodging. There was no charge against him of having committed, or attempted to commit any crime—not even the crime of begging. It is merely said that the officer found him in company with others, and that he found them, on inquiry, to be destitute.

Now, what is done with this poor, uncomplaining, starving, naked, perishing orphan, in a *Christian* country—amongst *Christian* people, and by a bench of *Christian* magistrates! Is he, in accordance with the commandment of the Lord Jesus, warmed and fed, and clothed, and comforted! No; but his suffering is gratuitously rendered doubly overwhelming by bitter censure and unmerited reproach. He is branded with infamy, because of the distress into which the villainous arrangements of society have permitted him to fall, and made to suffer punishment for the sins of his tormentors—"The fench passed a sentence of one month to Wakefield on the 14th telling him, at the same time, he might tell his companions what they had done with him, and if they came there they would send them also."

If this affair have been rightly reported to us (and we have no reason to think otherwise), any thing more infamous never happened. We are sorry that our correspondent has not sent us the names of the honourable Gentlemen sitting on the Bench which issued this disgraceful fiat. Where did these magistrates learn their law! Whence do they derive their authority to treat mere destitution as a crime! It does not appear from the statement sent to us that this poor child was accused of having done anything which even English law construes to be a crime. Surely, either man or boy may at least starve in silence and in quietude! So long as no one is annoyed thereby, or even asked by him to alleviate his sufferings, surely the bare fact of destitution cannot be a crime to merit the gratuitous addition of insult and contumely to the infliction of imprisonment. We have read of cases in which magistrates have expressed their heartfelt sorrow that the beggar and only relief they could afford to suffering destitution was the food and shelter of a prison! In such cases, though we detest the state and the society, by which such circumstances are produced, we see something to admire in the mode of giving the best form to a bad system; but here, in the conduct of these Halifax magistrates, we see nothing but a brutal heartlessness, in which we are very confident would be felt to be disgraceful by the cannibals of New Zealand. Either this is the character of their proceedings, or our correspondent has misrepresented them; in his statement; if he have done so, we require him, in his next communication, to correct that misrepresentation; if he have not, we require the men of Halifax—at all events the *Christian* part of them—to marry the magistrates who sat upon that bench, as men with whom no Christian can or ought to associate as an equal, or to hold any communication further than what cannot be avoided, until they have made full and ample reparation to this poor boy, for the wanton injustice inflicted upon him, and to society, for the outrage they have committed on public morality and public decency.

MR. O'CONNOR AND HIS WHIG PROSECUTORS.

ON our first page will be found a very full report of the splendid speech of Mr. O'CONNOR before the Judges of the Queen's Bench, on Monday. The speech will cause the ears of JOHN CAMPBELL and the unprincipled Government to which he appears to tingle, for yet a long period of time. Never before was it the lot of any luckless public functionary so to be handled. Many and many a time, as we have been informed by a gentleman who was present during the whole time, did he quiver and turn pale as he withered under the fearful castigation; while the Judges not unfrequently found it necessary to hide the rising smile, which his evident vexation caused to mantle, even on their grave faces. The applause manifested in the Court, and so promptly and effectively put down by the Lord Chief Justice originated among, and was principally sustained by the gentlemen of the Bar, who, with the utmost gravity portrayed upon their countenances, employed their feet which were ensconced beneath the benches, as the means of venting their approbation of the chastisement bestowed upon the "Burgundy pitch" cabinet.

The chief merit of the speech, however, is not its eloquence, nor its causticity, but the proud picture which it gives us of the patriot struggling for the cause of right: the rare spectacle which exhibits of the rich man suffering from the persecution of his peers for his assertion of the poor man's right—the aristocrat, forgetting all the pride of birth and pomp of heraldry; trampling beneath his feet the class distinctions, which might otherwise have given him eminence, and in the very face of his peers unfurling the banner of a republic of democracy, allying himself, inevitably and irrevocably to the common people, and demanding equal rights.

We grant that, in all this, there is no more than that amount of honesty and patriotism which arises from right feeling; but in such an age of wrong, in this, in which we live, it is a great thing to say that. Let the whole be read and canvassed by every working man in England, that they may all know whether their confidence in him has been misplaced. He was not one thing on the platform or in his hustings, while the cheers of thousands might uphold his courage, and another thing in the dock before his judges with a prison in prospective; he sought not the unworthy means by which impunity has been secured by other and more noisy demagogues. He did not, like O'CONNELL, shrink from the consequences of his own writings, and put forth a substitute for a poor man, to be imprisoned in his stead. Nothing could have been more easy than to do this, had it been so disposed. He need have been in no danger of any prosecution for anything contained in any

[illegible]

This law has been acted on to our knowledge in several instances; so that it is well established by precedent as well as, or by statute. Either Mr. T. C. F. knew this, or he did not. If he knew it, he is guilty of a wilful perversion of the law which he is sworn to administer for the purposes of private pique or party bigotry; if he did not know it, he is shown himself ignorant of that which is the duty of every magistrate to be most familiar, the law for receiving evidence. In either case, he has proved himself to be a disgrace to the bench, and to the Government which appointed him.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.—We are requested by Mr. O'Connor to state that Mr. Lavery will receive £5 from the office, not that it is due, but because he deserves it. The Scotch Delagates will bear in mind that when Mr. Duncan asked Mr. O'Connor, in August last, what he would give for his (Mr. D.'s) speeches? Mr. O'Connor replied, "insertion if they are worth it;" but what he wanted were not speeches, but condensed reports of the Radical movements, and both Lavery and Duncan, without any understanding whatever, have sent only speeches, for which they have charged, and will now have received £10. Mr. O'Connor has frequently been obliged to pay for his own speeches before the Star was established; but now he must pay for others. This has been written in consequence of the manner in which the application was made. However, Mr. O'Connor thinks Lavery's exertions well worth the higher reward, and as Lavery returned what he had been overpaid by the Convention, he has proved himself a very trust-worthy and honest person, and his request is therefore granted.

ALPH. FORD.—His letter next week.

THOUGHTS ON MONARCHY "will not suit us.

C. H. H., CAMBRIDGE.—His "Address to the Charter" shall appear, but must await its turn. We are very full of poetry just now.

EMPERIES AND MAXWELLTOWNS WORKING MEN.—Their address to Daniel O'Connell next week.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN DANGER!—"We are quite full this week, but will try to find room in our next.

"ON SPRING." } There is not enough of merit in }  
"ON SPRING UNDER } THE } these poems for publication. }  
NEW POOR LAW." }

"THE SWALLOW" shall appear.

MACGREGOR.—His extracts are received. Thanks for them. They shall appear forthwith.

"THE CHARTIST ANTHEM." } Declined.

ACROSTIC—1 PITY FROST." }

N. IRISHMAN.—His communication is unnecessary.

T. CLANCY.—His communication is undervalued long. We cannot promise to insert the whole but will give the more important portions of it as soon as we have room.

JAMES HORAM takes a very short-sighted view of the Corn Law question. The charge for exportation is the curse of the country. No country acts wisely who does not provide, by means of legislation for the employment and sustenance of its whole population, independently of foreign aid.

MAVINA E. C. JONES.—Her articles upon the subject of the papers to which she alludes, are respectively fully declined.

JAMES BROOK.—Next week.

JOHN JAMES WALL recommends that every city, town and district, in every country, appoint a delegate, to hold a delegate meeting in the centre of each country, and that each delegate meeting shall appoint a delegate to proceed to London, to sit as a member of a National Committee, and there lay down a system of laws, with regulations by which the people may co-operate universally with them in carrying the plan established by them into full operation. He also proposes, instead of adding a halfpenny to the price of the Star, for a Defence Fund, to add the other penny, which will be the price of half-a-penny of beer weekly. He thinks that those whose hearts is in the cause, may surely sacrifice a half-a-penny of beer weekly for one twelfth of millions to come.

MEMBER OF THE LEEDS RADICAL UNION. SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION recommends, as an effective means of helping on the movement, the establishment of a Chartist Travelling Dept., either at London, Leeds, or Manchester, from which tract might be had at a cheap rate, and actively circulated by every Association in the Empire. We quite agree with him.

LOVER OF FREEDOM, commenting on Mr. Lavery's plan of agitation recently published in the Star calls on all Chartist Associations to send their opinions regarding the propriety of having an agitating body perambulating through the length and breadth of the land. The Secretaries of the said bodies to affix their name and address, so as they may communicate with each other, and thereby make arrangements to ensure the election and payment of the respective delegates.

FUND FOR SUPPORT OF THE FAMILIES OF THE IMPRISONED CHARTISTS.

From Bristol ... .. s. d.  
Neil Shaw, Saltcoats, Ayrshire ... .. 0 6  
The Female Chartists, at Loughboro' ... .. 2 6  
The Democratic Association, Do. ... .. 2 6

MRS. FROST AND OTHERS.

From Sudbury, Suffolk, per James Wood ... .. 2 6  
From Sudbury, Suffolk, per James Wood, for R. R. Richardson 2 6

M. URBARTH, DALKETH.—Mr. John Fraser received all the Portraits for his subscribers, and we suppose has them yet, if not delivered. Apply to him.

M. ADAM.—All the Plates due have been sent. Forthcoming.—His letter was too late. It had gone by Rochdale instead of Halifax.

JOHN RICHARD.—Dr. Taylor.

JOHN FLETCHER.—Apply to Mr. Ridley. They have all been sent, and also the number of papers ordered.

W. HAMMOND, RHOODES.—If we had it, it was noticed in the Star.

THOMAS DUNNING.—The Plates were sent by Deacon weggon.

THE PORTRAITS FOR GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH were delivered to Pickersgill & the carriers, on Tuesday, the 15th of May.

ALL THE PLATES FOR WALES were sent by Cockburn's; those for the other parts of the South by Deacon's, and those for Scotland, by Pickersgill's. Allsmall parcels were sent by post.

P. R., BIRMINGHAM.—The paper, with plate, charged 6d. We cannot account for his Star not being delivered. We sent as many as the agent could deliver.

W. M. LEE.—Too late to be inserted this week. Show respect to attention in our next.

AN INHABITANT OF MONMOUTH.—Next week.

GEORGE LLOYD.—Too late.

ANCIENT FORESTERS.—The paragraph from Halifax thus headed, would be charged to us as an advertisement.

W. M. STYKES.—Arrived too late.

MURDER AT GLASGOW.—At the Justiciary Court, Glasgow, on Thursday, Thomas Templeton Cockburn, was placed at the bar, accused of the murder of Lavery, in so far as on the night of the 8th of the month of the 5th February, 1840, with the assistance of his accomplices, he had caused the said Lavery to be murdered by him in Colliestown, Glasgow, he did attack and assault Mary M'Taggart, the wife of James M'Taggart, a Chartist, and a member of the Glasgow Chartist Association, on Templeton, his wife, by repeated and violently striking her head against a board in the house, and did also with his fists and feet, or with some instrument to the prosecutor unknown, inflicted several blows upon her head and other parts of her body, by which, or part thereof, she was mortally wounded, and soon thereof died, and was murdered by the said Thomas Templeton. The Jury returned a verdict, finding, by a majority of four to one, the prisoner guilty of murder. Lord Moncrieff, after commenting on the cruel nature of the crime, ordered the prisoner to be executed.







## Varieties.

**JOHN PORTER** and **Anthony Brown** (Stout) have been chosen Sheriffs of Dublin. The Corporation is evidently on its tier.

IT IS REMARKED that the Queen was to accompany Prince Albert to the review at Woolwich, but it was urged that if her Majesty determined on being present, the Prince would have to take with him a *little baggage*, as it is not etiquette to appear in the presence of the Queen, on such an occasion, but in full regiments!

THE CIRCUMSTANCE of Doctor Lardner having had his own brow adorned by his wife, is viewed by him, on the principle of equal justice, as a sufficient justification for his rendering the same favour to another. It is not in matrimony, appears to run in the Doctor's family. He has a brother, who, like himself, is separated from his spouse, though we are not aware that a divorce, as in the case of Mrs. Dionysius, has been obtained.

PRINCE ALBERT proceeds admirably in his study of the English language, and is a tolerable wit. When he was thrown from his horse, the other day, in the Park, he said to his Aid-de-Camp, who dismounted to render him assistance, "Ah, ha! I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find that I have fallen off!"

THE POLICE REPORTS tell us that, at Lambeth-street, Joseph Lardner, a wretched-looking object, was charged before Mr. Bingham with ill-treating his wife, and threatening to take away her life by cutting her throat. Verily, these Lardners are a queer set. Their conduct towards wives is absolutely horrible.

LARDNER has, it appears, been trebly punished for his amorous delinquency; for not only did Heavidee hide him, but he has been driven to hide himself, both before the sheriff and the Captain and since.

THE GENTILITY of the latter is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion—but in the MISERABLE cause of honour—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you have dealings are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

THE *Flight of Mrs. Heavidee* was little matter of surprise to many persons, to whom she had been represented by her doating husband as a perfect angel.

A SMALL SKIN—It is stated that there has been recently presented to the Museum of the Asiatic Society of Bengal the skin of a lion which measured twenty-one feet in length. When shot, the lion measured twenty-one feet! It had swallowed a spotted deer, which was taken out of the inside not much decomposed for the spots in the skin measured three feet one inch across.

PRINCE ALBERT, with commendable modesty and discretion, presented himself at the review at Woolwich, the other day, in the undress of a Field-Marshal. It is the opinion of all who know him, that when engaged on military duty, plain clothes become his best!

THE CHINESE have a designation "laboriously vile." How admirably it applies to the Whigs and Whigery.

THE *Reverend Dr. Lardner*, on being asked how he managed to effect the seduction of Mrs. Heavidee in so short a space of time, and with the utmost coolness, "by getting on the right side of her."

PARLIAMENTARY PETITIONS are like Morrison's pills. The effect is proportioned to the number. The House must be well dosed before a "motion" can be expected.—*London Magazine.*

THE *REVEREND LADY* is a very early days of "improvement," she cries.

"Confound your innocence," he says,

"Give me my once sound hide!"

THE TWO PATHS OF VIRTUE.—There are two paths by which man strives to ascend to virtue; if the one is closed to him, the other is open to him. The fortunate acquire her by the struggles of action, the unfortunate by the pains of suffering. Happy he whose friendly fate has conducted him through both.—*Schiller.*

CONFESSION OF THE QUEEN.—"Albert," quoth her jocular Majesty, "when I see you and your mount together, what sign do you remind me of?" Of course the juvenile Field-Marshal had no idea and speedily gave it up. "The horse and groom," replied Victoria. This, Miss Spring Rice says, is *intirely* the Queen's own.

THE SENSIBILITY of Prince Albert appeared to be strongly worked upon on the night of his visit to the German opera, for he was seen for the first time since his coming to England to blush—it is presumed at the poor figure cut by his own countrymen on the stage. Poor enough, Heaven knows!

PENNY POSTAGE COVERS.—Many letters to which the "adhesive" stamp had been applied, arrive at the Post-office minus that "adhesive" stamp. The plan of pre-payment at the time letters are put into the post-office, is decidedly preferable to the "plaster" system; in fact, very few comparative of the former have yet been used.—*Standard.*

AN AMERICAN INDIAN, of a cannibal tribe, once stated that he knew a former Bishop of Quebec. In conversation with the Indian, the latter made an allusion to the Bishop, was asked "if he knew him?" "Know him?" was the savage's reply—"Why, I have eaten him!"

WHEN LORD BLOOMFIELD, at the *debut* between the acts of the Royal military force played at Woolwich, the other day, the Indian having been made an allusion to the Bishop, was asked "if he knew him?" "Know him?" was the savage's reply—"Why, I have eaten him!"

WINSTON CHURCHILL, it is rumored, is to be enlarged, in order to afford additional accommodation to Prince Albert, whose ideas, keeping pace with his "enlarged" fortune, would fain possess the whole of the building, with a view to its conversion into a German palace, by the quantity of sovereigns at his disposal on English industry.

THE ADDRESSES.—At the west-end of the town, since the appearance of postage labels, the Ministers are called the *Addressers*, and it is supposed that they patronised the Stamps because they are emblematic of their own peculiar ingenuity in sticking to their places.

THE LATE COMMUNICATIONS between his Neapolitan Majesty and our ambassador, showed so strong an infusion of "sulphuric acid," as to leave little hope that the temper of the parties would be soon "sweetened," or that a sugar-candy termination of the affair might be looked for so shortly afterwards as a certainty. This unexpected result is ascribed, as far as the royal sulphur-dealer is concerned, to the liberal use of "sulphuric acid," which he has, very speedily put a better face on the matter.

THREE GENTLEMEN were excused serving the office of constable at Kensington last week, on the ground that they were gentlemen, and as such, very unfit to perform the duties of the office. Very correct, we should think, be such doubt of that, unless, indeed, Dugberry's axiom be admitted, "the most despicable man to be constable," when gentlemen must be allowed to present higher claims than most others.

A SURE SUBJECT.—There is nothing like economy, and there is no economist equal to Joseph Hume. Only think of his saying, the other evening, when the grant for the expenses of the new Houses of Parliament was before the House, "He thought even now it would be better to leave the £150,000 that had been thrown away, and go to a site in the Green Park or elsewhere, where it would be less dark, damp, and dreary!" Here's a pretty economist, forsooth! Content to leave £150,000 thrown away! Oh, Joe!

PLEASANT PROSPECT.—An American paper says, "The Great Western brought us over a fresh supply of the 'sweet mob.' They stopped at the Ashby House and Blanche's, stole a quantity of sovereigns at each, and then disappeared. This summer they will be as plenty as blackberries. Each steamer will bring a fresh lot."

A COUNTRYMAN, who had gained his cause at the late Gloucester Assizes, was asked if it was not very mournful for the poor fellow who had conducted his cause? "Oh, no," replied the countryman, "I didn't expect a Sergeant, I had Captain Talford to speak up for me."

THESE—The following important coincidences were observed by a French journalist at the Court in the Garden of the Tuilleries, Paris, on the evening of the King's fête (May 1):—"The tri-colored flag and outside of France everywhere met the eye. The *Tri-colored* was played three times. The *Tri-colored* of the Royal Family present were the Queen, her daughter, the Princess Clementine, and her daughter-in-law, the Duchess de Nemours; and the gowns of her Majesty and the Princesses had respectively three flowers."

## TO MR. LEECH, A MANCHESTER OPERATIVE.

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every road of ground maintained its man."

MY DEAR LEECH,—I thank God that the day has arrived when even those who would gladly do without the people are compelled to seek popular assistance. I write this letter to you, not popularly, but as a witness of good breeding or courtesy, nor yet as I have "read of your good sense," no, I write it to you because you are

"A plain blunt man."

I write it to you because you have proved yourself to be an honest man, and a very able opponent of those who would feed the starving operatives of Manchester, without letting them know from whence the means were to come.

I have never desired a too close investigation into the various results likely to spring from Universal Suffrage, and for this reason; one section of society would object to one measure, and another to another measure. Each section would cavil at a portion of the measure, of the whole of which they could not judge until it was wholly put in operation.

I have, however, at all times kept before my hearers and readers the one paramount advantage which I anticipate from Universal Suffrage. It is the restoration of my fellow man from a too artificial to a more natural state of life. This blessing can only be accomplished by discharging the overgrown and over-populated towns of their squalid, artificial, and superabundant population, and by once more bedecking the face of nature with the comfortable, modest homes of Nature's children.

Now, Leech, I have gone further than any man living in endeavouring to repeal the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland; but now I would not accept of the measure unless accompanied by Universal Suffrage. Neither would I struggle for a moment for Universal Suffrage, if I was not morally convinced that the result would be a restoration of man to complete and entire independence; which never can take place, till he enjoys for the whole of life a field whereon to exercise his labour. Can anything be more galling, heart-rending, and mortifying to an industrious man, with a wife and family dear to him, than being told by an employer that his services are no longer required, or that he has grown too stiff in his service to remove bales fast enough from one end of the premises to another? I told me the fact, Leech, and it made me very sorrowful. Now if that old man had a hold for the whole of his life upon five acres of ground, nature would be his helpmate, and every April shower a fellow labourer with his growing family.

In consequence of the present employment of the operative class being so very foreign to that which agricultural pursuits would impose upon them, I have to contend, firstly, against that difficulty, and, secondly, against the complete ignorance of the operative of both of agricultural pursuits, and the value of labour when applied to land for a man's own benefit. But nature having implanted in each man's heart a reliance upon the "kindly fruits of the earth," so as in due time the man may enjoy them, a natural feeling, in consequence thereof, will quickly come to the aid of the most ignorant.

I have more than once drawn a comparison, between the former and the present condition of the working people. Formerly society was divided into small rural communities, so closely allied in interest, and so mutually dependent upon each other for companionship, as to make them resemble a large family. Suppose seven hundred to constitute the village population. There were masters and men reciprocally depending upon each other for everything. The stamp upon each man's fabric bore the sterling representation of each man's value in the community. They possessed a sufficiency, but none either extravagantly or exclusively. If the master had £3,000 it was well; but even that he could not have amassed without the hands by which he made it having their little store.

Thus did the machinery work well and harmoniously, and the little community were happy. No policeman—no Commissioners of Poor—no spies—no informers—no Tom Clarksons were known in the neighbourhood. The civil power, consisting of the whole population, with the exception of the offenders, was the law's only staff and the law's best protection. Drunkenness or immorality seldom occurred, because they set an indelible brand upon the vicious. Every man was known to his neighbour, and every man's character was of value to his neighbour, and vice was hunted from the society. But if you now see scores of drunken men in your streets—pick-pockets are let loose upon you, or if offenders swarm, you pass the drunken and the profligate by, as having no concern in his fate, because the overgrown community admits of no brotherhood.

What is the present state of the working classes? A whole family will rise together from the loathsome bed; the prematurely aged parents, accompanied by their dwarf and stunted children, with hurried, tottering step, are seen, by the flickering light of the expiring lamp, wending their way with half-closed eyes to the spot where the angry-sounding bell summons the thousand slaves to do a tyrant's bidding—to make money for a tyrant's self. Five minutes too late, and then the real value of your labour is tested by a heavy fine in the over-seer's "black book." There you work by machine precision, man being made tributary to every mechanical revolution. For fourteen hours, in this unwholesome place, the anxious parent is compelled to see the exhausted offspring tottering through the required evolutions; until at length, by the fresh-lighted lamp, they grope their way to the sleeping-place, where the mother opens the door of that which to her is no home. No enjoyment there—no meeting of the whole family, from different and suitable avocations—no mirth—no song—no narrative of each one's daily pursuit. The old and her little brood lie down to broken rest, until the poor father, driven to resuscitate nature, as he conceives, but really to produce a little excitement, returns from the drunken revel, and breaks the family's slumber.

In families, even in small families, Nature points out the different hours at which the young and the old, and even members nearly of the same age, should eat, and drink, and sleep, and play, and rise, and go to bed; but alas!—ah, alas! the whole working community, of all ages, sexes, dispositions, and constitutions—the old and the young—the firm and the infirm—the robust and the weakly, must rise, must eat, must drink, must work, must lie down together in one solitary mass, as mere prisoners in this sea-board dungeon.

The traveller sees the wealth of the master, but seldom witnesses the maiden's pallid cheek—the infant's twisted limb—the prematurely aged sire, and haggard dame; and little does he think that every guinea in the rich man's coffer has been coined from the maiden's blush and the infant's maw! No, Leech, he in turn makes money of the master's speculation upon the labour of the slave; and even if he did see it, he would tell you that the *Doctors* have declared it wholesome!

Here then, in your present state, you have a complete perversion of Nature's wise decrees. Here you have thousands of slaves depending upon a tyrant, and hence, instead of your national character with other countries now depending upon the industry of England's sons, her greatness is boasted as belonging to her tyrants' greed and speculation!

I am too long upon the dark side of the picture. I cannot bear it. It makes me weep, and makes me very mournful, to think that I should have devoted the prime of life to the cause of those who tamely bear such blasted ignominy, when in twenty-four hours the giant could crush the pigmy.

I now come, my dear Leech, to the bright side of the picture. I have been accounted the very best practical farmer in my own county, which is the largest in Ireland; and, therefore, I feel myself competent to advise upon agricultural subjects. I shall come at once to the boiling pot—the family group—the blazing fire—the clean hearted—the peaceful home—and the happy family. Good God,

if I could but see it! You have nearly forty millions of acres of land in this country. More than six millions of that has been taken from the people by Act of Parliament within the last sixty years, and yet I would not even rob the robbers! No! there is no necessity. Machinery, with its great improvements, has caused an over population, and the political economists say that when one branch is overstocked other channels of employment open for the expenditure of labour. Well, I agree; and I, therefore, wish to open a new, a sure, and a wholesome channel. I want for one million families, consisting, say, of seven million persons—that is, husband, wife, and five children—I want for those seven millions, five million acres of lands at any, even the most exorbitant rent; for when labour has a fair field for its exercise, rent is but an item. I want those five acres, and from them I have before shown that a man and his family, as producers and manufacturers of certain articles, which furnish a mere trifling amusement, may make nearly one hundred pounds sterling per annum. In this I have not included fruit, eggs, honey, and a thousand things which flow with a freshness from man's own land, produced by his own hand. I have not said one word of the difference of a head of half-rotten cabbage bought in the market, as compared with that fresh from the garden to the pot. I have not said a word of the difference between milk and milk and water; in fact, I have not said a word of the difference between wholesome and unwholesome food. I want five millions of acres at any rent, to take off seven millions of wretched slaves from the slave market. I think that done, that the reduction of the surplus population working for tyrants would at once throw the balance of power into the hands of the operatives. The dead weight would be taken off. The unemployed reserve would no more remain at the disposal of the master; and as the terror of the slave. I only want one-eighth part of the land for one-half the population, at a fair, or even an unfair rent; and to show the value of labour over all other commodities, let this plan be ratified by Act of Parliament, and in twenty-four hours the one million heads of families would have a loan of one hundred millions, at three per cent, thrust upon them as a national debt; and where would be such security on earth for money? That sum would give each man one hundred pounds for a small mortgage of £3 per annum. Well, suppose he has his five acres, what then? Why, Leech, think of the independent farmer labourer getting up in the morning at sunrise if he will, later if he is poorly, and not at all if he is disagreeable to him, and no pay stopped. Think of the mother rising when she felt that duty and nature called, and the children called, according to their age and constitution. Leech, I fear that some of the murky slaves themselves will laugh at me for thinking of those delicacies, but what do they cost? Nothing, but are the produce of good laws. Well, Leech, think of the wholesome work before breakfast, and the good breakfast, and then the bustle of the little ones going to the village school, kissing the mother and the father, and the dog and the cat, and every thing in the house because it is their own house. Then think of the day—too short for willing labour; and then the children returning at evening, each running, first to his parents, then to his own little flower knot, then the prattle while the father cuts the cabbage or gets ready other vegetables for the supper, the mother milking the cow that actually smiled on the little brood it fed! Think of the neighbours. "Well, master Will, thou'rt a rare garden full of stuff this year; and, bless the young uns, but they look as though they could manage it!" Then think of the fireside, if winter, and the shady side of the hedge-row with the neighbours, if summer. Then think what a curiosity if a policeman, or man in red were to pass by, or a monkey in the shape of man were to take out pencil and book to take down every word you said about fighting the robbers, or who would come for the cabbage? Yes, Leech, that, while the robber, injustice, now by law and arms, steals your wife from your side at the same unseemly hour both winter and summer—steals your little darlings from you before you have begun to feel their comfort—steals you from your home to make money for a tyrant—and then thrusts you into a police-house to relieve exhausted nature, there to pay for the very force that ruins you! Think of the child's anxiety to see his father's blood on the tree, and to mark every trace of God's omnipotence and bounty, through his tender care, of his creatures in the change of seasons; each, though differing in temperature and length of day and night, bringing its own comfort; the man working with God for six months, and returning thanks to God that he has made the earth in that time yield wherewithal to live upon through the winter's chilling blast!

How different this, Leech, from your one long, monotonous, and continuous season of grief and sorrow! No sun to cheer you in your task, no winter's day, no summer's night. This is Sunday morning, Leech, and perhaps the *Christian* may say my place should be at church. Well, am I not worshipping God? am I not rendering him the most complete adoration by endeavouring to fulfil his commandments? Or should I be more acceptably engaged in smelling the spiritual breath of some royal bastard, preaching "peace upon earth, and good-will among men," while he lived by the sword, and caused eternal war upon earth? But, Leech, think of the person to your district—the meek, mild, kind follower of Jesus—weeping with the sorrowful, and rejoicing with the glad; think he may be your own son, administering comfort to your own neighbours, and like the good divines of old, saying, "Thank ye!" for what plenty could afford from its store. Think then of your family dressed for church; think of the unostentatious pride of all your neighbours, vying in the appearance of their children; and above all, think of the man who absented himself from the modestly-built house of prayer; and think of the surprise of all if a drunken man was seen on the way side! Then, Leech, should you be first made to forget God before, as men, you could work out your own political salvation? No, no. Then the happiness here below would increase the hope in the future.

Leech, "Look on this picture and on that," and decide for yourself! Now the land produces more for pleasure houses, and horses doing what in part would be the pleasing work of man, than it does for man. Leech, the very idea of modelling with the land now affrights the loyal and the timid out of their senses, and why so? Have you ever asked yourself, and answered it? If not, I will answer it for you. It is because the land gives the franchise, and because the franchise gives, in church patronage, army patronage, navy patronage, police patronage, post-office, excise, customs, tax, and all other kinds of patronage, an annual sum greater than the whole rental of the United Kingdom; and hence, where they lose a pound in rent by bad management, that very bad management gives them three pounds in patronage. Let me see if I can prove this. In the reign of Henry IV, the nobles and gentry took much land into pasture, whereby many agricultural labourers were thrown out of employment; and immediately, "Universal Suffrage" then being the standard of franchise, a law was passed declaring, "that the practice had caused much idleness, and consequent poverty among the people, and also prohibiting the landlord from using his own land, to the disadvantage of society." Now they say that they cannot interfere with the land; and the Duke of Newcastle says he has a right to do what he likes with his own.

Now, Leech, one word upon a subject on which you have proved yourself capable of teaching all the political economists—I mean a repeal of the Corn Laws. The masters say their only wish is to relieve the labourer. Now, think you that any man can devise so complete and effectual a repeal of the Corn

Laws as the five-acre system would produce? and think you that the cotton masters will join in that plan—a plan which would at once make the poor man independent of all men? No, they never will! Think you that Daniel O'Connell will join in it?

No, no—a thousand times, no!

Leech, the operatives, in their present state, remind me of the changed condition of the coach horses in Manchester. Before railroads were established, the coachman held a tight rein, with the whip in the rest. The horses were fat and mettlesome, and above their work; but now that steam does their business, and that no man knows how the powers of steam may be increased, the whip never rests, and the reins hang loose upon the sluggish team. So with man! Steam does his work, and he is now a creature entirely at the mercy of man's invention and the improved power of machinery. My dear Leech, had I not had an eye to the storehouse, I never should have been a Radical. Living from hand to mouth destroys the independence and energy, and patriotism of man; having a stake in the country makes him a noble being. I seek to give him that stake. All his vices are consequences of oppression and misery; while his virtues are characteristics of nature. I seek to develop the virtues. Man is born with propensities which may be nourished into virtues, or thwarted into vices, according to the moulding.

Will the whole people, then, join with my spirit, while my body is entombed in the dungeon? Will they join with that spirit in doing their own work, not mine? Will you begin in Manchester, and now let the whole people know what we expect from Universal Suffrage? Will you establish Associations throughout the whole kingdom, to be called Chartist Agricultural Associations—Five-Acre Associations—or Land-Labour Associations—or by any name you think will sufficiently distinguish the object; and preach to our flocks, and tell them that their own apathy postpones the blessing, while their own energy would accomplish it in a month. Will you tell them that a repeal of the Corn Laws would but open a new channel for speculation in human food; and that bread reduced to the price stated by the humbugs, would so reduce wages, as to set every hand in England, Scotland, and Ireland to work at machinery, upon mere speculation, for six months; and then every warehouse in Manchester would groan under your premature production, while you would walk by the baker's shop, your teeth watering at the great big penny loaf, which you would not have a farthing to buy one quarter of it with. Now establish these Associations, and prepare for Whitsun-week, to take the nation's will upon it. I speak to you in the name and on behalf of all the incarcerated virtue in the prison-houses. I appeal on behalf of your crippled children, your care-worn wife, and your manly feeling. I appeal to you on behalf of peace, for the present system must bring war and bloodshed. I appeal to you on behalf of one, whose whole life has been devoted to the cause of the most poor; and who, when you read this, will be suffering a felon's punishment.

Let me now hear no more about want of plans. Lowry has given you a good one. I have given you fifty. O'Brien has given you one. Binns has distinguished young patriot, not only gives you plans, but hourly carries them into practice. This young gentleman deserves very, very well of the nation. I should like to see him minister of justice over our new world.

Now, my dear Leech, I have completed my last letter. I preferred doing this the day before my incarceration, to preparing myself for the Attorney-General. I leave the carrying out of the plan to those whom it will change from slavery to Heaven-born freedom. If they will not work it, that they may be eternally slaves, and that their bodies may groan under the foulest oppression, is the sincere prayer and hearty wish of

Your incarcerated but cheerful and devoted Friend and Servant,

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

May 10, 1840.

Read every reader of the *Star* to keep this letter as a test by which I may be hereafter tried, if I survive my imprisonment. If not, I desire that no horse shall draw me to my resting-place, but that I shall be carried upon the shoulders of working men from the prison-house to the house of death, and then all my advice will be followed as though I had been inspired. I desire that no Whig shall be allowed to follow my remains, for it is not meet that they be murderers and mounters.

TO THE MEN WITH FUSTIAN JACKETS, UNSHORN CHINS, AND BLISTERED HANDS, THEIR WIVES, AND CHILDREN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I call you my dear friends, and my only friends, because you are the only class of society who care for me, or for whom I care a single straw. I have told you over and over again that there are not seven in the kingdom out of your class who would not rejoice to see my head upon Temple Bar, thank God for it! but thank God, also, that your love keeps my head upon my shoulders; for without it the tyrant class would soon find good and sufficient reason for removing it. Now I begin to tell my story to you, because I don't want the rich or comfortable to read it.

Upon Monday week I appeared in the Court of Queen's Bench to tell the Judges why I should not be imprisoned, but I felt so ill that I could not then proceed, and I was resolved not to allow a barrister to lessen my punishment at the expense of our cause. Had I employed counsel, his object would have been to throw all the blame upon others and to have white-washed me—his client. Well, that course I would not allow; and, upon my application, judgment was postponed till last Monday. On the Saturday previous, in consequence of increased illness, I was further postponed till Monday next, when I hope to be able to act as my own advocate. On Monday, after I left the Court, I was obliged instantly to betake myself to bed; and upon that evening I was cupped on the left side, and at night I was copiously bled. On Tuesday I had a large blister applied to my breast; and on Wednesday I had got so much worse that my physician thought it prudent to call another to his aid. Those two gentlemen found it necessary to apply a burning powder over my blistered chest, which gave me great pain; and they dosed me at the rate of eight bottles a day—enough, you will say, to kill the devil. But I beat physicians, drugs, devil and all; and after being for a whole week in bed, I got up on Sunday, and am now quite hearty.

For four nights I raved incessantly; and this I only introduce to make you laugh at one conceit which haunted me for the greater part of that time. I had courts of justice, prisons, Chartist, Attorney-General, physical force, and the Queen's Bench eternally before me, and now, for the first time, I thought I was forced out of bed to go to the Queen's Bench, and in trudging through highways and byways, across the fields, I was pursued by a hedgehog. At last I turned upon my pursuer, who, in his turn, retreated. At length I ran it down; and, in endeavouring to catch it, its bristles stuck to the palm of my hand, from which I could not disengage them, and in that situation I made my way to the Queen's Bench, where I saw the Attorney-General without his wig, and who, the moment I entered, claimed the hedgehog as his wig, charged me with the theft, and put me upon my trial for the offence; and there I remained with my hand during the whole of a long trial, after which I was found guilty of being a physical-force Chartist, the proof whereof was established most satisfactorily by the Attorney-General's wig being found in my possession. Now, that is true as the gospel.

So much for my disease, and the accompanying nightmare; and now for your disorder, with its accompanying nightmare; which, alas! cannot be so easily removed. Your disorder is machinery, your nightmare

is over-population. My physicians were men, yours must be Universal Suffrage. No other power on earth, believe me, can either cure your disorder, or remove the nightmare from your chest. Now, you are conscious, whatever your enemies may say, that my demand for you has been, that your condition in society should, like that of the higher orders, be improved in the same ratio as the age improves. That, while they ascend in the scale of comfort, you should also ascend. Well, does this equitable adjustment ever take place? Let us see. The House in which a monarch lived some two centuries back would now be scoffed at by a wealthy subject. The mansion of a peer of the same date would be a sorry residence now for some of your cotton lords. So with the equipages, attendance, dress, food, living, and, in short, luxuries of every description. All of these have gone on in the ascending scale, while you would rejoice to be placed in that generally proud position which your forefathers occupied. Is it not so? And if it is so, can those ordinances be just which have thus turned all improvements to class purposes, and party distinction?

To enlarge upon this subject would be a mere waste of time; I throw the subject before you; it is for you to say, "Is it so, and, if so, why so?" I say, it is so; and I say that it is so, because the improved class legislate for themselves at your expense. Well, but others say why not lay down a plan by which Universal Suffrage can be accomplished? I have laid down many, but none have ever been acted upon, and for the reason which I have more than once explained. It is this—When those in work see the many wretched creatures out of employment they congratulate themselves upon their own comparative situation, without reflecting whether it is such as their usefulness entitles them to. They, with their wives and children, measure their lot by comparison with the worse lot of others, and not by the standard of even-handed justice. Well, you will say, no matter what produces this state of things which thus deprives the unemployed of the assistance of the badly employed, so long as it is so, and so long as we are the sufferers and cannot remedy it. Well, but you can remedy it. The remedy has been pointed out by the Convention, and you would not adopt the remedy. O'Brien has pointed out a remedy. Lowry has pointed out a remedy. Binns has pointed out a remedy. The Scotch people have pointed out remedies, and I have pointed out thousands of remedies; and we are now many of us in prison, because you would not follow our remedies; but you thought that you could stand in the Market-place, and shut your eyes, and open your mouths, and see what God would send you; and you forgot the old maxim that God only helps them who help themselves. You actually, some of you, felt superior of Harney, Deegan, and others, who are either not tried, or very prudently pleaded guilty, to avoid a prison, in order still to be of service to the cause. Now, nothing can be more unbecoming than this. There is just about as much honour and glory in meeting a jury of shopkeepers as there is in fighting a mad dog. I rejoice that Harney was not prosecuted, and I still more rejoice to find him again in the field. What pleasure can it be to those at large to console themselves with the reflection that they are copied up in Whig dungeons? You should leave such rejoicings to the Editor of the *Champion*, and not join in them. Your weakness has ever been your enemy's strength; and what greater weakness can there be than condemning your poor but honest brethren upon mere suspicion and surmise. I advised Deegan to plead guilty, and rejoice that he did so. He is an able man, a zealous man, and an honest man. I advised many others to plead guilty, and I advised them to serve, and not to injure the cause.

Well now, enough of this. Let us have no more squabbling. Let every man work as Binns is working, and let every man think as I have always thought, that the whole burden rested upon my own shoulders; and if every man had thought that, I and others would not now have been in a dungeon. This is the second letter which I have written this day before my incarceration; and those who would not listen to me when I spoke to them, will they now attend to me while I write them? Will you, in spite of all unjust authority, prepare yourselves to work in this country during the Whitsun holidays? You have now time enough to make all the necessary arrangements. Will you abandon the house of drunkenness, and club your peace for that occasion? Will you do this; and if you do, who can stand against you? Enough of that. Now for your degradation. One tyrant in Ireland can raise from the poorest people in the world thousands in a week for a juggle. Are the wives and families of the imprisoned Chartists in this country as independent as you promised to make them? Why you scolded them for being behind you in the race for liberty; you have held up your hands like forests of barked oak in pledge that you would stand by your leaders. Well! have you done it? You can best answer. I never do beg for myself; but I can upon a nation which allows the bravest of her sons to suffer increased torture in their dungeons, upon the heart-rending reflection, that they have fought and suffered for those, who will not become fathers to their children!

Enough of that; and now for the Charter. Do the fools vainly imagine that all the physical force of this nation can impede the nation's will? Do they vainly hope to fence with a principle, to stab a sentiment, or to shoot down an opinion? Do they think that the slaves in this sea-board dungeon will much longer tamely submit to tyrannical sway and despotic rule, which subjugates the will of millions to the tyrant's lust? Did I not tell you over and over again that the middle classes would kick against the legislation of their own representatives, so soon as they received the first squeeze—the taxing press? Have I not told you that when poverty became too prevalent—that then the burden of the state should be borne by those who imposed it upon others? Was I not right in all this? Aye! and every squabble among the enfranchised will add power and strength to your cause. Let the Whigs now, with their tattered fragment of a parchment constitution, stand before the rushing dreams of knowledge, and say to public opinion, "Thus far shall thou go, and no further!" Hear, then, my parting advice. Be firm, united, and bold, and the Whigs themselves, with the Devil to back them, cannot much longer impede our progress. Let your motto still be—UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND NO SURRENDER! Let no crutch-monger for one moment divert you from the great principle, and victory must be your reward.

As I ever have been,  
Your true and faithful Friend,  
FEARGUS O'CONNOR.  
May 9th, 1840.

MURDER AT BIRMINGHAM.—On Thursday, the neighbourhood of Walmer-lane was thrown into confusion, in consequence of the finding of the body of a young girl named Harriet Wright, in the canal, near Walmer-lane Bridge. The body had no sooner been found and recognised, than suspicion became attached to a young man named Josiah Lilly, with whom she was known to keep company. Information was sent to the station-house, in Saltford-street, and Sergeant Bruff was despatched to the residence of Lilly's mother, in York-street, where he apprehended the youth in bed, at six o'clock in the morning. An inquest was held yesterday before Dr. Davies and a jury, which lasted nine hours. The source is about eighteen years, bore rather an indolent character, and is an apprentice to a plume manufacturer in Birmingham. A great number of witnesses were examined, and the jury, at half-past eleven on Friday night, after twenty minutes' consultation, returned the following verdict:—"We are agreed that the deceased came by her death by drowning, and record a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner."

## MURDER OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

## EXAMINATION OF COURVOISIER AT BOW-STREET.

At an early hour on Monday morning, it having been rumored that Courvoisier, the assassin of the late Lord William Russell, had been removed from his London residence in Norfolk-street, to the station-house, in the custody of the officers, preparatory to his undergoing an examination before Mr. Hall, the Chief Magistrate, an entire of the street was blocked up by an immense crowd of people to catch a glimpse of the prisoner on his being brought from the station-house to the Court, which is across the way. The prisoner was brought to the station-house in a hackney-coach between twelve and one this morning. After Mr. Jardine had disposed of the night charges, Mr. Hall arrived, and had a short interview with Mr. Wray, the Receiver to the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, who was on the Bench; but as none of the witnesses had arrived, and no orders had been received from Scotland-yard when the prisoner, the prisoner was not brought over from the station-house until the night charges, which on Monday morning are unusually numerous, were disposed of.

Mr. Hall, after holding a long consultation in the Magistrate's room with Mr. Fox Maule, and Mr. Hobler, the solicitor for the Crown, entered the Court at twenty minutes before one o'clock.

Mr. Flower, the solicitor for the prisoner, was also in attendance; but although he made repeated applications to be allowed to see the prisoner at the station-house, he was refused. The prisoner was then brought from the Police Commissioners, to prevent any person holding communication with him.

At half-past one o'clock the Hon. Captain Byng, the comptroller of the household, came on the bench, together with Lord Montford and other gentlemen.

At a quarter before two o'clock, Mr. Hobler handed to the bench the police-sheet, on which the charge against the prisoner Courvoisier was drawn up, and Mr. Flower having completed his examination, the prisoner was prevented from holding any communication with his client, which on all other occasions was invariably allowed.







