

My FRIENDS.—It was my intention to have written you a letter this week upon agriculture and our progress and prospects; but, finding that the malcontents had built hope of strength upon my disregard of their folly, and Mr T. A. having insisted upon answers to THEIR questions, I have thought it best to silence them by gratifying him. Next week you shall have an account of my operations here, which will be attested by thousands, and which will astonish you and paralyse Faction. I wish you could see my wheat sown at the rate of less than EIGHT POUNDS WEIGHT OF SEED TO AN ACRE, and TOO THICK. What I shall prove is this: that a man, his wife, and five children could not, in SIX MONTHS, consume the produce of a QUARTER OF AN ACRE, according to what I have this year produced under the most unfavourable circumstances, not having put a spade in the ground till the 8th of March, and my wheat was sown on that day. I think nothing of building houses: I could erect twenty thousand of them in the year; but I will show the LAND, and what I have done. I will tell you a fact here, and will treat of it next week; no man who has not seen it will be inclined to credit it; but "dates are stubborn facts," and no one can disbelieve his own eyes. On the 13th of June I planted a plot of potatoes, the largest I could get: this is the 7th of July, and I will now have them measured, and my evidence attested. I have had the potatoes measured. I took not the tallest in a line across all the drills, and they average over SEVENTEEN INCHES IN HEIGHT: some are over two feet, and average about seventeen stalks from each seed; the drills are three feet apart, and the seed potatoes are three feet apart in the drill, and they now meet and touch. As the blacksmith who has just seen them says, they are like umbrellas. Now, if the day they were planted was not booked and known to all, and if they did not bear unmistakable evidence of the fact of their growth, I should not mention one word about them—but I have not done yet—they have been landed, "earthed up TWICE," and are at height about the second landing. We measured even from the surface, and those potatoes were planted by me, and will be eaten by Mr THOMAS ACKLAM, of BARNSELY. Now, every acre in England may be made to produce as much. Mr Cullingham, our foreman, measured the potatoes, and he will bear witness.—

"I have this day measured the potatoes referred to, and fully corroborate every word of the above statement; and, truth to say, I can scarcely credit my own eyes, but so the fact stands," HENRY CULLINGHAM.

So much for what was never done before; next week I will account for it, and show how every man may do likewise. Well, you see I am on my hobby, and I must go on, though I have done as much this week as would kill a LITTLE HORSE. I have just dug one stalk of potatoes for my own dinner, and the potatoes counted; there were FIFTY POTATOES, every one of them fit to cook, and no two persons would require more for dinner: those I planted on the 8th March, on my own plan. Peter, a BLACK MAN I have, counted them, and when the old Bailiff turned them out, the Black Man roared out, "Oh, Massa Ellis, Massa Ellis, what a sight!" Now, this was not a picked stalk, but came in its regular turn. Now for the wheat: such a thing as this my eyes never beheld; it is about four and a half feet high, and each ear is about five inches long, even now, and that I intend as soon to supply all the occupants with seed. I mean to propagate it on my own allotment, and to GIVE enough to each occupant, not to SELL it; I will give some to each of the O'Connorville men this autumn. I planted less than eight pounds weight to an acre; the farmers sow about fourteen stone; so that at 2s. 6d. a stone, I saved nearly 15s. an acre in seed, and left it for consumption. I would give a large sum that every working man in England could see my garden, and not 2,000l. but 50,000l. a week would come in; and I tell you, that on my word and on my soil, I would rather be the founder of the LAND PLAN than monarch of Europe, upon the condition that it should not be carried into effect. I tell you more,—that its full results have not yet entered into any man's mind, even the most sanguine or enthusiastic.

Now, allow me to digress a bit—you see I will go on, though I was up all Monday night, and only in bed three hours last night. Men of Stockport, you have not been the best backward of your order in carrying out the LAND PLAN, and, still more glorious, your generous donation to Chartism proves that it has not destroyed your love of liberty. You remember that in November, 1835, nearly twelve years since, I told you that if the land was locked up, I would not give you a straw for Universal Suffrage. You remember I told you, that in one year the people could purchase the land, and in a few years could purchase the Land, and by prudence could pay off the National Debt. Will the men of Middleton, and all who have read it, remember my speech delivered at Middleton in 1835, wherein I predicted the effects of FREE TRADE, and how it would affect the several interests? You all remember my Letters to the Irish Landlords in 1840? Now then observe, it is important; read those letters, and say if I have not foretold, to a miracle, the present state of Ireland.

I told the Landlords of Ireland, that if they did not subdivide their estates, to meet national requirements, that Government would confiscate them. Well, read the "Morning Chronicle" of Monday last, and there you will find that the greatest part of the Irish Land MUST BE SOLD. Read the bill that Lord John Russell is preparing to enable them to sell, and read the very fact as I stated it, that the Jews and Mortgagees would oust them; and they are doing so. And now I tell you that you have only seen the BEGINNING OF THE END. I told you that when the Church pressed hardly upon the remnant left to the landlords, that they would then inquire what Chartism meant, and would say, "WHY, BLESS MY SOUL! I HAVE BEEN IN IGNORANCE—WHY, I AM A CHARTIST!"

Now, without vanity, workingmen, (although we are told there is nothing new under the sun) I ask you, if, while factions have been talking about moonshine, I have not, for fifteen years, been telling you what the inevitable effect of class legislation must be, and if I have not clearly mapped out times that have come? Now, I will venture another prediction. The present Pope is an honour to the age, but even he has to some extent joined the league of kings; he has interdicted all priestly interference with political questions. Now, couple this with the avowed intention of the British minister to exchange ambassadors with the court of Rome, and to that add Archbishop Murray's political interdict, and the only answer is, "ENDOWMENT OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD and prostration of the Irish people." And now attend to my prophecy on the 8th of July, 1847:—

JOHN O'CONNELL WILL BE MADE THE LITTLE MOUTHPIECE OF THE IRISH CATHOLIC HIERARCHY; AND THOSE OF HIS ORDER WHO NOW PLEDGE THEMSELVES TO REPEAL, WILL ADVOCATE THE EQUALITY OF THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD, THAT IS THEIR PROSTITUTION, AS A NECESSARY PRELIMINARY; AND WHEN THE GENERAL ELECTION IS OVER, YOU WILL SEE IRELAND

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MORE DISTRACTED THAN EVER, BY THE CONTENTIONS BETWEEN THE ENDOWMENT AND NON-ENDOWMENT FACTIONS. But, my friends, do you look to the LAND AND THE CHARTER, until all factions shall have EATEN EACH OTHER TO THE TAILS.

Your sincere Friend and Bailiff, FRANK O'CONNOR.

NORWICH.

Duty and justice to the men of Norwich compels me to say, that such a demonstration as theirs of Monday last has not been seen in England since 1839, and was never excelled even then. I never was more astounded. To make a guess at the numbers, or to attempt a description of the enthusiasm, would be folly. When in the centre of the congregated thousands, I could neither see beginning or end of people or banners. Close behind my carriage, drawn by four beautiful grey horses, was the most magnificent flag that can be imagined. On one side was a huge Bastille, a porpoise of an overseer at the door, dragging a starving child in, and paupers bearing the corpse of a pauper passing by; over this were the words "ENGLAND AS IT IS"; on the other side was a view of O'Connorville, splendidly done, and over it, "ENGLAND AS IT WILL BE." The market-place (an immense place) was filled with people, and the Hall at night was crammed. In short, nothing could be more triumphant; while I am bound to say, that the absence of both Mr Jones and Dr Simpson was an insult to the fine fellows by whose exertions the whole affair was got up; and I must add, that they, the Chartists, are not at all chargeable with the neglect. I can partly excuse Mr Jones, though he should have been there; but I cannot excuse the Dr, who can offer no earthly apology. The fact is, all must remember the adage, "God helps those who help themselves," and those who stand in need of Chartist support must in future be able to plead SUPPORT OF CHARTISM. In compliance with the request of the Election Committee, I sent to the address they gave me, in the hope of finding Dr Simpson, and determined to comply with their wish; but I now beg to observe that we must have a better system of discipline in our ranks—a system based on the principle of MUTUAL co-operation, not a kind of forced or one-sided action; and I beg to tell Dr Simpson that he will find himself most egregiously mistaken if he thinks I am to be his travelling trumpet, or if he thinks the Chartists are going to humbly beg his assistance. I was the only one of the three who had no personal object to serve by going to Norwich. I went to assist others, and I was the only one of the three present. Henceforth I beg to state, that I will assist no man who has not openly, avowedly, and consistently assisted and advocated Chartism. The lessening of our own dignity makes factions and weakens upon Providence despise us.

The non-attendance of those gentlemen was a sore blow to the Committee, who worked hard to get up the Demonstration, and my going was a very serious inconvenience to myself. Now I tell you what: for the future I vote for hiring candidates to hire their own servants, thus: SHOW ME YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR LAST PLACE. This picking up and hawking about of candidates, upon the modest assurance that they will condescend to represent us, is positively a disgrace to our cause.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

TO MR T. A., BARNSELY.

SIR.—I take the letter which I here print to be that of Thomas Acklam, and I shall make such comments upon it as it richly deserves. Here is the letter:—

THE LAND SOCIETY.

BARNSELY, 29th June, 1847.
SIR.—A number of persons, I among the rest, not being able to ascertain the mode of conveyance, and what kind of security money is having when they are located, I have been directed to request a solution from you in next week's Star. And, as I am informed there are members who wish to sell out, and others who decline paying up, under the idea that they will have no personal security whatever, and be liable not only for the money advanced by the bank, but for the expenses, losses, or misappropriation in conducting the society, even when the mortgage is paid off, it is hoped you will consider it worthy of your attention, and, as it is presumed to be one of the main points, that you will either give the required information, or direct us where to obtain it.

The questions that present themselves to me are:—How is the property conveyed to each member, or the Society in trust? If to the Society in trust, how far is each member liable?

If liable to expenses, losses, &c., in conducting the Society, is he liable to all, or is the exact amount of liabilities defined in such deed? When a party has paid off the money advanced, is he liable to all, or is the exact amount of liabilities defined in such deed? If liable, is the amount set forth?

I write this not doubting the integrity of the promoters, but wishing that every member may see what is his own, and what is another's, and that he may know that there is a security provided for him to place him in the way of no man.

You will see the point alluded to, and, if the questions are not put right, all we have to request is that you will be so good as to clear every doubt that may exist on the point.

Yours respectfully, T. A.

Now, sir, in reply to your own inquiries, to make which you are only stimulated by your own interest, no one in Barnsley, no party in Barnsley having asked you to be their mouthpiece. If I was to devote my time to answering such ridiculous freaks of imagination as yours, the Land Plan would very soon fail for want of my supervision, as my whole time would be occupied in replying to such correspondents; and the reason why I dignify your letter with peculiar notice, is because it is an artful and cunning compilation of the rubbish that appeared under the signature of "Omega," in Lloyd's paper, edited by Carpenter, the Chartist deserter, and of that signed "A Newcastle Miner," written by Sidney Smith, the ex-League spy, in the Dispatch.

I see no reason for punishing the artless for the deeds of the artful, and, therefore, I shall reply *seriatim* to your questions, and shall then make some observations upon the opposition offered by those two journals to the Land Plan.

Firstly, you ask,—"How is the property conveyed? to each member, or the Society in trust?"

Answer. Until the Company is completely registered, no property can be purchased in its name, and, therefore, much against my consent, and at the desire of the directors, during provisional registration, the property has been purchased in my name. When the Company is completely registered, in twenty minutes after I shall convey the whole property purchased in my name to the trustees for the benefit of the members, according to the intent and purport of the rules of the Company. When the property is thus assigned, the trustees will make the conveyance stipulated by the rules to each occupant.

Question 2nd.—If to the Company in trust, how far is each member liable?

Answer.—It appears to me that you have got hold of some railway act, and are knocking your head against it. No individual member is liable for any act performed by any officer, or by any member of the Company. The fact is, I am obliged to guess what you are driving at, as there is no sense in your questions. I remember, when the "Northern Star" was established, a cunning attorney of Halifax, who was also a brewer, corner, and coal miner, told the people, in my presence, that all who took out shares would be liable for my debts, for stamp duty, libel prosecutions, and all the rest of it; he knew he was telling a falsehood, but he thought to intimidate the people, as being a humbug Liberal, he dreaded the influence of the "Star."

Question 3rd.—If liable to expenses, losses, &c., in conducting the Company, is he liable to all, or is the exact amount of liabilities defined in such deed?

No amount of liabilities is defined, because no amount of liability is incurred.

Question 4th.—When a party has paid off the money advanced, is the property conveyed to him singly, free from all incumbrances, or is he still liable, as a member of the Company, to its debts?

Answer.—If T. A., as a member of the Land Company, pays the stipulated amount of his allotment, the land and premises are conveyed to him, for ever, free of rent; and, in case the Company was to fail on the next day, the property of T. A., so conveyed, would stand precisely in the same situation as A. B., who may have purchased a portion of an estate from a landlord, who might subsequently fail, neither law nor equity could touch the property of T. A. in one case, or of A. B. in the other case, any more than it could compel C. D., who, on the 1st of July, had purchased and paid for a pair of stockings from E. F., to pay for them again, in case E. F. had subsequently become a bankrupt. T. A. has an indisputable right to all the privileges of a landlord over so much property.

Question 5th.—If liable, is the amount set forth?

Answer.—The amount is not set forth, because there is no liability.

Now, sir, these plain and simple answers are given to your mysterious questions, lest simple and unsophisticated men may be duped by cunning individuals. And now, let me ask you, if you ever heard a society so pure, so spotless, and so honourable as the Land Company? so pure, so spotless and honourable, that the minions of faction, the hired scribbles of political speculators, spies, and informers, dread its influence upon their several trades and callings? I am of frugal habits, sir, of sober habits, and of inexpensive habits. I would prefer living upon a dry crust earned by the sweat of my own brow, to living in luxury upon the proceeds of those whose confidence had induced them to place the parings from their scanty board in my trusteeship. I established this plan, sir, with a character: I established it upon a pledge, and I told the confiding that its success mainly depended upon confidence; and it is because I see an attempt to weaken that confidence, relied upon by faction as the means of destroying the plan which must inevitably and speedily shake Monopoly to its very centre, that I thus condescend to notice your letter at all; and, in truth, I may add, that the most fortunate, and the most querulous. You, sir, have been very fortunate: you have got your four-acre allotment; and, therefore, your attention is directed to the protection of your own interest, without reference to the interests of those who have not been so fortunate. I do not blame you for being nice about your own interest, but I do think that your searching letter might have contained some show of anxiety for the interests of your less fortunate brother members.

As this letter is intended as a wet blanket to the several squibs that have been thrown by the dissatisfied, I shall also notice here another fact that has come to my knowledge. It is this: great sympathy has been expressed for the allottees at O'Connorville, and several insolent questions respecting their condition have been put to me. Let me here, then, answer those several questions at once. The allottees at O'Connorville have received their respective capitals of 15l., 22l. 10s., and 30l., without the deduction of a single farthing for the culture of the land, for seed, for dung, or for labour. They were located on the first of May, that is, 2 months since; and I should be glad to know which of the four-acre occupants would have earned 4l. a week at his trade during that time; which of the three-acre occupants would have earned nearly 3l.; and which of the two-acre occupants would have earned 2l. Furthermore, the occupants were not charged a farthing for two years' fire, and I am now engaged in contracting for the erection of out-buildings to every man's cottage, and, when the Company is completely registered, every occupant will receive a conveyance of his castle and his labour-field from the trustees, as stipulated by the Rules. All these things have been done upon the principle that I laid down in the outset—"that the poor and confiding must not be cramped like soldiers into bad service, and then punished for their misplaced confidence."

Now, I make these observations because I understand that subscriptions have been made for some of the occupants at O'Connorville, and because a set of prowling vagabonds are lurking about the outskirts to discover whether they have jumped, as if by magic, from the jaws of the bastille to the luxury of a palace. How many of those men now enjoying the free air of heaven would have been now separated from their wives and families, paupers depending upon parish relief, but for the Land Plan! And here let it be understood, that although anxious and desirous to stretch the powers given to the directors in favour of located members, that the directors have a duty to perform to the less fortunate, and from the strict observance of which they will not be frightened by the taunts of individuals or parties. There is not a member of the Land Plan who at all expected, or had a right to expect, the advantages that have been conferred upon those located, and I am repaid for what I have done by the fact that I don't think out of the thirty-five there are two dissatisfied individuals.

Now, give me leave to ask how it is that no bubble by which the working classes have been duped has ever been exposed by the virtuous press? The "Dispatch," since the establishment of the "Illustrated London News," has become a mere Whig, and now, under the management of the dismissed League tool, Sidney Smith, it has become more anti-popular than ever. Read the following letter, supposed to be written to the Editor of the Dispatch by a "Newcastle Miner," and restrain your laughter, if you can:—

Devonport, July 2nd, 1847.
SIR.—I send you the following extract from the Dispatch (weekly) of June 27th. I think the letter bears the impression of its concoction by the noble editor; it is not like the style of a miner. I shall leave to your superior judgment to decide.

J. W. FEARGUS O'CONNOR CHARTIST CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

We have received the following letter from "A Miner," dated Newcastle, June 22nd, 1847:—

"Sir, I am a very poor man, and, as such, anxious to better my condition. I have seen in a prospectus and rules circulated here, that for 22 12s. 4d. I can get possession of two acres of land, a good dwelling, and 215 in money, or money's worth, the payment of a certain rent. Now, sir, if it be true that I can secure all this for such a sum as 22 12s. 4d., I will be before I do this, I am anxious to know more of the scheme, and its anxiousness to do it now. I, therefore, venture to ask you:—

"1st.—Do you think that the benefits guaranteed by the National Land Company can be secured to all the members for the subscription set forth in the rules, viz., 22 12s. 4d., 23 13s. 4d., and 25 4s. 4d., which sums are respectively to secure as follows: To the subscribers of the first sum, two acres of land, a good house, and 215 in money; to the 2nd sum, three acres of land, a better house, and 222 10s. in money; and to the 3rd sum, four acres of land, a better house still, and 230 in money?—

"2nd.—Is the Company a legal one, and shall I be safe in joining it?—

"3rd.—It is set forth in the prospectus and rules that I have seen, that it is 'provisionally registered under the Joint-Stock Company's Act'; but I understand that this was to be followed by a 'complete registration.' Is that registration completed?—

"4th.—If it be not, is there any security for the subscribers, or can anybody legally bound to accept of the shares, or of any of the officers that are named in the prospectus, get their hands in their pockets, and say his fingers at the rest of his co-partners in an illegal trading company?—

"5th.—How is it that if this complete registration is not effected, the Company is enabled to go on with its operations—subscribers—buy land—ballot for 10— and occupy it by the 'fortunate shareholders, seeing that other companies, 'provisionally registered,' cannot operate until they have completely complied with the law?—

You answer these queries in the Dispatch will greatly oblige me, for I am sure you will speak in favour of the project. If it is a safe one, you will say so; if it is unsafe, it is time that an exposure should be made, and the promoters of a fraudulent scheme sent to keep company with the 'Morian pill' squad, who had a universal panacea for all the physical ills that flesh is heir to; only the remedy, unfortunately, rotted the entrails of those that applied for it. I remember some such scheme as this Land Company being started in London some time ago, only the subscribers were to have their land in Venezuela, not in England. I remember that some thousands were subscribed on this scheme, and that a large party left their homes to take possession of the 'promised land.' Can you tell me how they are doing?—

(We the editors) think such a company is illegal, if not fully registered; and if the directors have proceeded to buy and divide land upon a provisional registration, they may be proceeded against for a breach of the law. With respect to the 'Morian pill' of joining it, 'A Miner' may determine that by looking through the rules, when he will see the land, house, &c., are to be paid for by a rent equal to six per cent. on the ascertained value. If the two acres of land are to be 215 to crop it, and the 4th built upon it, the value of 230 10s. 4d. is the value to be paid for it. If the value of 230 10s. 4d. is the value to be paid for it, then every member of the company has, in turn, been provided with a house and land; we guess, will run over a terribly long number of years. We certainly shall not venture to recommend any man to join such a project.

"This is the opinion of the newspaper, answers the Dispatch. He also, in another number, and excellent query of 'A Dorking Labourer,' that he will make good his assertions respecting such a company, I presume he takes the negative position as to its utility and superior advantages.

"Query.—Is a pensioner either Greenwich or Chelsea) safe in joining the Co-operative Land Company?—for I know when I was in Sussex in 1837, a Greenwich pensioner forfeited his pension, because he was too conspicuous in joining a body of Chartists. I believe was done by the Whigs, who pretend to love Liberal opinions." J. W.

Now, what do you think of that 'Morian pill' tout coming from underground? Don't you think Sidney was the fabricator of both the question and answer, and are you not aware that Sidney's old friends the League, dread the success of the Land Plan more than all other classes of society put together? And then the article in Lloyd's, edited by Carpenter, signed 'Omega?' Now, the object of that article is to weaken confidence in me; and, in return, I allow me to ask you to read the character given of Mr Wm. Carpenter by his friend, Joshua Hobson, in the "Northern Star":—"The People are too wide awake either to be deceived by the miserable concoctions of Hill or Carpenter."

As for William Carpenter, he has appealed to the signers of his public life. We purpose going through them with him. We intend to begin at the beginning, and follow him closely down. We intend to know all about his various 'WERRANDS,' and his different and 'PECULIAR,' and very contradictory occupations, from a writer of religious tracts down to a keeper of a no matter what, just now. We intend to know all about his connection with the 'Trades' Unions, and a razas bought with their money; in short, we intend to trace him through all the tortuous windings and twistings of the eighteen years he has appealed to, that we may know him as he really is, and be able to judge of his right to give advice to anybody or anything.

Now, that article was inserted contrary to my wish, and was considerably softened down by my direction; and I would ask you what confidence you can place in the teaching of a man deserving such a character? And Mr Hobson's observation was—"Sir, I can prove every word of it," and yet this Mr Carpenter was one of Mr Hobson's principal witnesses in the action against me for the recovery of a year's wages. Now, is it not plain to every man of common sense that men who have been the bitterest enemies to each other who have fought their feuds when I am to be attacked? The Land Plan is now provisionally registered, and the law which requires provisional registration as a first step, and complete registration as a second step, was framed for the purpose of protecting the thoughtless from the snares of the wily; but it was not made to aid spies and informers in their assaults upon the honest intentions of honest men.

If I were called upon to furnish an account of the funds of the Company, and could not produce at a minute's notice twenty shillings and interest for every pound paid, the law would scourge me, and very properly so; but when I could place in the hands of the court, principal and interest, without a shilling's deduction for my own expenses for two years and a quarter, and when I was the man seeking legal protection, and anxious to discharge myself of so much responsibility, by conveying all the property to trustees, law would say, and equity would confirm it, that this is a company within the strict meaning of the act,—this is a man who seeks, not to embezzle, but to discharge himself of an immense amount of property.

Now, sir, give me leave to state that so jealous am I of the fair fame that I have honestly earned, and so frugal and industrious am I, that it is my fondest hope that I never shall be obliged to call upon the shareholders to pay even my travelling expenses incurred on behalf of the Company, for visiting estates, attending auctions, or other acts consequent upon my anxious and arduous duties,—duties which would cost the Company sometimes 100l. a week, and which last week cost me over 20l., and in addition to which it is my intention to bestow the premiums I promised upon the most deserving occupants. I shall not state, for the satisfaction of the members, what is meant by the several stages of registration.

Firstly, The Company is "provisionally registered;" a preliminary step required for the limitation of operations, until the Company is completely registered, and till which the Company could not buy lands or do other acts. This step was rendered necessary to protect shareholders against the concoctions of bubbles, and this is the reason the estates have been purchased in my name. "Complete registration" means, the writing of every shareholder's name, residence, number of shares held, and the respective numbers of those shares,

and which, when done, is called the [schedule] of the deed, and when that is done the names of those representing one-fourth of the amount of shares must be signed by the shareholders themselves, and then the Company is completely registered, and the property will be conveyed by me to the trustees; and by the trustees to the members, as located.

Now, this was no easy preliminary step for the directors to perform; and yet, by proper exertion on the part of the district secretaries, the whole of the required operations may be completed by the meeting of Conference. The names for the schedule are nearly completed now, and, in a very few days, the shareholders representing one-fourth of the amount of property could perfect the deed, as I think we could procure the required number of signatures in London, Manchester and districts, Nottingham and districts, and Leeds and districts. Now, the shareholders will observe, that for nearly twelve months I have been urging the district secretaries to the performance of this duty, and their neglect, and not mine, has been the cause of complete registration not being effected.

I will now, in conclusion, ask a few simple questions of the shareholders:—

Whether do they think that affection for them or hatred of me induces the opposition of the Dispatch, Lloyd's, and those wily disreputable rascals, who correspond under feigned names, and who are afraid to attach their own signatures?

Was there ever a society so noble, so glorious, so freedom-breathing and so prosperous, established for the working classes?

Was there ever such publicity given to the accounts of a society?

Was there ever such open and candid dealings between the managers and members of a society?

Was there ever an equal amount of business transacted for a like amount of money?

Was there ever a proprietor of a newspaper who refused to charge even the duty upon advertisements when he was entitled to charge a large amount for the advertisements?

The liberty-breathing papers of the 'Young and Old' Ireland party charged for the publication of the monies wrung from the starving Irish, and for the resolutions and addresses of the hypocritical leaders; while the penny appears in my balance-sheet for which there is no receipt. Not a fraction of the money has been speculated with, but every pound has borne interest from the day it was paid, although that lunatic, Jimmy O'Brien, has put down the interest of the money at 5 per cent. as a handsome remuneration for my services.

Let the members say that there is any other individual in which they wish the property to be vested in preference to myself and the conveyance shall be made, with twelve hours' notice; and let them bear in mind, that, until complete registration is effected, it must be vested in some individual. Now, sir, I wish you to understand that I will not gratuitously devote every hour and every moment of my time for your benefit and the benefit of those from whom I am to receive no gratitude for my exertions; and you and those who have been the most fortunate have the least right to cavil or complain, as, without any liability, the successful occupants can always make a small fortune upon their outlay, and if you are dissatisfied with yours, and if you dread the liabilities, and if you have more confidence in the "Miner" and "Sidney Smith" in "Omega" and "Wm. Carpenter," than you have in me, I will discharge you of all your fears, liabilities and apprehensions, by transmitting you by return of post 280 for the four-acre bugbear that you have drawn out of the deceitful ballot-box; and surely, sir, the most artful or cunning cannot diminish that amount by a fraction when it is in your pocket, even if the Company should fail upon the following day. The members will now see why I limited my operations to 24,000, and if I had been aware of the obstruction to be offered by the most fortunate, I would have allowed the power of freeing the confiding to devolve upon a more willing instrument than myself. Good God! sir, when did you see castles with out-buildings springing up, as if by magic, for the confiding poor? And is it any wonder, sir, that they should lack friends when those friends receive but the poor requital of the insolence of the most fortunate? When did you ever see, hear, or read of, or think of, the transformation of slaves into freemen? Do you not hear of building societies and bubble societies, all living upon popular credulity, and fostered and encouraged by a venal press, because the wealthy make merchandise of the poor. But when do you see the poor reaping the fruits of their own labour? Do you suppose, sir, that you have any inherent right to my every hour's toil? Do you suppose, sir, that I will neglect my own business, my own private duties; that I will pay a host of editors for doing what I might do myself, in order that my whole labour may be given to you and your order? Do you suppose, sir, that I will make dung-hills from daylight to dark; that I will plough the ground, and buy the seed, and sow the seed; that I will turn horse jobber, and cow jobber, and bailiff, and pay-clerk, and surveyor, and Land purchaser, and receive only insolence as my pay? No, sir; if I chose to establish a society of a few rich men for the purchase and subdivision of land, I could make more money in a year than I could spend in the whole of my life, and what I have a right to expect, and what I will have, too, is respect, if not gratitude, for my services. When the people are burning those services to my own account instead of their benefit, then, but not till then, they may treat me as their hired servant.

Now, sir, you may say that your letter did not merit so discourteous an answer. I say it did; for I cannot construe it otherwise than as a pitiful attempt to know how you can secure your own early-acquired benefit without a particle of consideration breathed throughout for the interests of those by whose peace you have been placed in the position of little land lord. I also intend this as an answer to hundreds of anonymous scribbles, and to the satisfied members whose fears may be operated upon by the wily. If the fourth section had not been opened, I would have confined my operations to three sections, and let your letter and hundreds of similar ones be my answer to thousands who have requested me to keep the Company open until better trade shall enable thousands and tens of thousands who are now anxious, but unable, to join. A single remark and I have done. While sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, and star-gazers, are dividing the world, ill-success of the Land Plan, I may be permitted to show the failure of their several predictions which has passed.

Firstly.—It was predicted that we would not find land to purchase.

Secondly.—That we would not be allowed to purchase it at the fair market price; and

Thirdly.—When purchased, that the class for whose benefit it was intended, being unaccustomed to agricultural labour, would fail in their new occupation.

Well; Firstly.—If I had ten millions of money, I could buy land within a month to that amount.

Secondly.—I did make a profit on one estate, and might have made a profit upon all; and

Thirdly.—The very women and children who

have been all their lives copped-up in a "ratting box," are the very best and most industrious labourers at O'Connorville; and the weavers have actually the best cultivated allotments; while a great number of them have from one to six pigs. Now, they never had these things before; and I wish it to be strictly borne in mind that when I established the Land Plan, I never encouraged the occupants to suppose that every occupant, whether idler or industrious, would succeed. The Land is the field, Labour is the means, and comfort is sure to be the end; while the idle have the consolation to know that my industry has placed them in the situation to turn their 12 12s. 4d. into 40l.; their 3l. 18s. 6d. into 60l.; and their 5l. 4s. 4d. into 80l.; and this fact I always stated as the security of the Company, the certainty of success, and the means of remunerating even the most idle; and I now confidently state that when the security we can afford the Land Bank is understood, and when the effect which will inevitably be brought to bear upon the government is felt, that every member of the four sections will be located within five years from this date, and that when the affairs of the Company are wound up, the Bank will have paid the guaranteed interest upon every pound deposited, and 20s. in the pound to every depositor, while an enormous amount of capital will remain for distribution amongst the members.

I tell you, sir, that it is impossible, wholly and utterly impossible, that the government of the country can overlook the Land Plan, or refuse aid in carrying it out. There was a part of Mr Ferrand's speech at the Crown and Anchor meeting which was not published even in the "Star." He said that there wasn't a man in England of any party who was conferring such benefits upon, or doing so much good for, the working classes, as Mr O'Connor was by his Land Plan. Such men as Ferrand and Oasler, who call themselves Tories, are sure to be in the next Parliament, and are sure to urge this Plan upon the consideration of government, and they are not men to secure seats upon pledges which they mean to violate, but they are men who would perform for Labour ten thousand times more than they would pledge themselves to on the hustings.

I shall continue in my even course, resting my claim to confidence and support upon the motto by which I hope now and hereafter to be judged—"To live usefully, die a pauper, and live in the hearts of those whom I shall have emancipated."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

P.S.—One caution I consider necessary. Let not the fortunate occupants, now or hereafter, allow the peace of their little community to be disturbed by the ravings of the dissatisfied or the artful; and let not the industrious suppose that the ill-success of the idle is to denote their failure. We are embarked in a great, in a novel, in a high and philanthropic undertaking for the regeneration of the country and the emancipation of its slaves; and if art, wile, or folly should drive me from the pursuit, I will prove popular ignorance by carrying out the plan to a greater extent, upon my own responsibility, than I have hitherto undertaken; and, perhaps, if I was to pocket some thousands a year, instead of placing it in the coffers of Labour, then I might be considered a great patriot and a wonderful benefactor, as I always find that the working classes have the greatest respect for those who grow rich upon their confidence. I shall write no more letters upon this subject.

F. O'C.

Frost of the Poets.

PART III.

Ye this week give a flow of poetical pieces from many in our possession, illustrating the deterioration of the American Agrarians to put an end to Landlordism.

APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.

Kings and landlords, hear the thunder,
As it echoes round the world,
Hear the voice of millions gathering,
Round the flag of truth unfurl'd.
The day of reckoning approach,
When the people shall demand
A reason for the degradation
They have suffered at your hand.
Fendal titles soon must vanish,
Earth be rescued from their thrall,
The sun will shine and trees will flourish,
Earth will yield her fruit for all.
Truth will prove a mighty engine,
Stronger far than cannon ball,
It will storm the strongest tower,
It will scale the highest wall.
Let truth and justice prompt your hearts,
To action for the honest end,
And then the lightning's vivid darts
Will harmless to the earth descend.

A. MICHAM.

OPENING ODE.

Rise, sons of "Young America,"
Join hands each faithful brother,
Combined for ever and for aye
Supporting one another:
We pledge our honor still to toll,
And use our best endeavor,
The claims upon God's bounteous soil
In fragments to discover.
The claims of place, class, or sect,
Let these recede to heed them,
We seek to place the human race
In universal freedom.
That none shall take a hireling fee,
Nor wear a chain or band, sir,
We claim for all the liberty
To cultivate the land, sir.
With a free soil beneath our feet,
A smiling heaven above us,
In every man a friend and neighbor,
Whose interest 'tis to love us;
With noble toil we'll till the soil,
Enjoying its fruition,
And give to God our grateful thanks,
For such a blessed condition.

The two following pieces first appeared in the journals of the Anti-Slavery. By "Patrony," our readers will understand "Landlordism."

Awake ye sons of freemen rise,
And dash this blindness from your eyes;
Why will you slumber now?
Your dearest rights are torn away,
In Freedom's clear stream you're lost,
Will you not strike one blow?
Shall you, the offspring of the free,
Who scorn'd to bend the crouched knee
To proud despotic sway,
Submit to your blood-bought rights,
By proud, rapacious, ravening kites
And vultures torn away?
Nay, brethren! you'll be freemen still—
You have the soil beneath your feet;
Your wrongs shall be redress'd—
In vain they strive to quench the fires
Which light the bosoms of your sires,
And warm their offspring's breast,
Then rise, as once your fathers rose,
In the victorious contest close;
There's freedom in each blow,
I ask not for the strife and blood,
Nor brazen thunders murderous peal;
That is not its needful nor.
I ask the voice of freedom's sons,
Which speak with louder voice than guns,
And keener cut than swords,
At this, oppression's cheeks grow pale,
Aristocratic tyrants quail;
The freeman's courage no foe can
Spare him, who read's you arch on high,
And form'd those orbs that stud the sky;
Who rule in Heaven above,
Who equal form men, and free;
To him the freeman bends the knee—
Him, he will serve, and love.

To him alone, he'll sue for grace,
And look for favour from his face:
From whom all men are free,
Unto man, who perishes must,
And mingle with his kindred dust,
Shall you submit to bow,
And beg for that which is yours by right?
Did not your fathers nobly fight,
Your freedom to maintain?
Did they for nothing shed that blood,
With which these western shores are strown?
Was all their toil in vain?
Nay, they prostrated tyrants low,
And let the tide of freedom flow,
O'er fair Columbia's shore,
To fertilize her hills and dale,
And fill with joy those wood-clad vales,
Where despot ruled before.

In vain Patrony strives to stay
The tide of freedom's onward flow,
And bid its waves be stay'd;
It drives him to our mountains high,
He trembles, whether shall he fly!
Well may he be dismayed,
Its waters onwards—onwards flow,
O'er mountains, as in days of Noah,
Where shall he refuge find?
To Niagara's lofty falls,
The waters upwards, upward rise;
A sound comes on the wind—
It springs from Fingh's lofty crest,
And start the despots of the east.
The sound a child might tell,
It is a warning sent by God,
Not to resist the approaching flood;
Patrony's dying yell.

I. B.

TO FEUDAL LORDS.

Like the lion, when he rises
From his slumber, and his roar
Echoes through the mighty forest,
From the mountain to the shore—
So the people have arisen,
From their necks the yoke have hurled,
Shouted forth their freemen,
Have proclaimed it to the world.
Like the roar of distant thunder,
When the coming storm is near,
When above the bright horizon
Dark and boiling clouds appear—
So the foes of feudal tyrants
Have assumed a threatening form,
And their passions that are changing
To the whirlwind of the storm.
Oh, ye lords, will ye withstand it?
Think you you can ever gain,
With such mighty force, a triumph—
Will ye cling to hopes so vain?
Will ye hush the million voices,
Claim submission to your will?
Call ye to the stars to cease,
Say unto the waves "Be still!"
Can ye bind a freeman's spirit?
Can ye chain the immortal mind?
Know ye not your fates are written?
Search, ye search, and ye shall find,
Will ye search the stars to find it,
Will ye search the waves to find it?
Will ye list to your advisers,
Who deceive you oft before?
Go abroad among the people,
For a lesson there is taught,
See what wonders persecution
And your tyranny have wrought—
Read your fate, for 'tis written—
Written by your bloody hands,
Even by the words "Be still!"
And the fool may understand,
Know that you, lords, petty tyrants—
Ye who would the land enslave—
Know that you, by your oppressions,
Have dug Feudalism's grave.
Know that you have raised that spirit
Which in slumber long has lain,
Which now like a flame is raging,
Never to be quenched again.

THE WORKING MAN'S DREAM.

When another day's journey old Sol had perform'd,
And returned to his bed in the west,
And a working man, weary and worn with hard toil,
Had lain himself down for a rest,
Washington came from the shades of the dead
To hold court 'mong the sons of the brave,
To inquire why the Liberty Tree did not thrive
In the soil he had struggled to save.
For he'd heard from on high, his aerial abode,
The heart-rending cries of the poor,
And his soul was overwhelmed with grief at the sight
Of many oppressions they bore.
He had witness'd the luxury, splendour, and sloth
In the homes of the wealthy and great,
And he'd seen the base frauds, that were practised by
Those who call'd on the claims of the State.

So he called aloud on the stern men and sage,
On the soldier, the clergyman and lay,
And he said why the blossoms on Liberty's Tree
Were all faded and withering away.
The highest mountain peak in Delaware county.

Then he bow'd himself down in the dust at his feet,
And with anguish of soul he did cry—
"Since there's none on earth to do justice and right,
O take me again up on high!"
"Stay, stay, noble patriot! O go not away,"
Cried a harsh-sounding voice from afar,
He look'd down, and behold, came a hard-handed throng
Well mounted on Liberty's car.
They alight'd hard by, and with eagerness sought,
To press the old warrior's hand,
On the banner they bore was this motto inscribed,
"We fight for the Freedom of Land."
Fight on, my brave sons, and the day is at hand
When tyrants to earth shall be hurld;
And the Liberty Tree with fresh vigour shall grow,
Till his branches overshadow the world,
Fight on, my brave sons, for the prizes are ahead,
But never look back on your foes;
And when the green sword of your bodies has closed
Your names shall be honoured as mine.

RISSE!

BY JOHN J. JONES.

Who are ye, who sit and murmur
O'er your grievance hard and long?
Who are ye, whose cheeks are tanned
By the iron foot of wrong?
Wear ye not God's mighty image?
Rise! assert it, and be strong!
Can ye see your wives and children
Under old oppressions cower,
And not feel your right arms aching
With the fulness of their power?
Rise! a life of idle dreaming
Is not worth one well-wrought hour!
Able-bodied—idle-minded
Do ye weep beneath your pain?
Or, with empty cant of Freedom,
Do you stagger with your chain?
Hear ye not your weaker brother?
Rise! or wear the crown of Cain!
Will ye sit in dust and ashes,
Gazing on the proud and great?
Know ye not the soul and spirit
Must achieve their own estate?
Rise! to action! or in garret
Dream, and so deserve your fate!
Are ye freemen, freemen truly?
Do ye act as freemen do?
Are your rulers not your leaders?
Are they many, or you few?
Rise! with purpose firm, and teach them
They must first be ruled by you!
Unto you belongs the vessel
And the freedom of the sea;
Will you hear your servants dictate
What their freight of laws shall be?
Rise! and hurl their errors over,
Like the worthless chests of tea!

THE AGRARIAN GATHERING.

TUNE—"Hunters of Kentucky."

Hark! with a firm and manly tread
The Agrarians are coming!
No cap and bells upon the head,
No fiddling and no drumming;
No clonish antics to excite
The jest of each derider,
As if they'd sunk their manhood quite
In punishment of bad conduct.
No banners deck'd with tawdry crests,
Nor mottoes foul and seditious,
With decency and common sense,
And truth turned topsy-turvy;
But marching with unbroken front,
All resolute and steady,
They come, as they ever went,
For Truth's stern battle ready.
A his of clasp on a rag,
With fringes round the border,
Bound which to gather, shout and brag,
Is not the kind of order.
For Agrarians to take when they
Lie reasoning men assembled—
But at their calm, resolved array,
Their direct foes must tremble!
They come! they come! in phalanx deep,
The Agrarians' columns no foe can
Unbought, untortured, they keep
Their free bold banner waving—
They—(as on Bunker's heights were stirred)
The stern sires that begat them—
Impatient wait the onset word—
"Agrarians! up, and at them!"

DOWNFALL OF FEUDALISM.

A beacon has been lighted,
Bright as the noonday sun,
On worlds of mind benighted
Its rays are pouring down.
Full many a shrine of error,
And many a deed of shame,
Dimmed by its bright light in terror
Before the lighted flame.
Proud beacon, onward haste,
Till roads of light all glorious
Illumine the social waste,
Base Feudalism has founded,
The demon gaps for breath,
His rapid march is downward,
To everlasting death,
Old age and youth united,
His works have prostrate hurled;
And soon himself, strangled,
Shall bury this world.
Victorious, oh, be,
Democracy, untiring,
Strikes at the monster's heart,
Beneath his blows expiring,
He deems the well-aimed dart,
His blows, we'll pray "God speed them,"
The darkness to dispel,
And how we fight the wrong,
Let future ages tell.
Victorious, oh, be.

We conclude with two pieces illustrative of scenes in the Mexican War. The following lines are "founded on fact." The story of the slaughter of the heroine martyr appeared some time ago in our columns—

THE HEROINE MARTYR OF MONTEREY.

BY THE REV. J. G. LYONS.

The strife was stern at Monterey,
When those high towers were lost and won;
And pealing through that mortal cry
Flash'd the strong battery's vengeful gun;
Yet heedless of its deadly rain,
She stood in toil and danger first,
To bind the dying soldier's vein,
And shake the bleeding soldier's thirst.
She found a pale and stricken foe,
Sinking in Nature's last eclipse,
And on the red earth kneeling low,
She wept and kiss'd his forehead;
When, with a winter's driving rain,
The booming shot and flaming shell,
Swept with wild rage that gory street,
And she—the good and gentle—fell.
They laid her in her narrow bed—
The foemen of her land and race;
And sighs were breath'd, and tears were shed
Above her lying resting-place.
A young girl's crimson workshippers
Went over her untimely fall,
For deeds of mercy such as hers,
Subdue the hearts and eyes of all.
To sound her worth were guilt and shame
In us, who love but gold and ease;
They heed alike our praise or blame,
Who live and die in words like these.
Far greater than the wise or brave,
Far happier than the fair or gay,
Was she, who found a martyr's grave
On that red field of Monterey.

A similar subject inspired the following magnificent lines, which first appeared in the (American) National Era, and which we copy from the New York Tribune—

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[A letter writer from Mexico states that at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.]
Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking Northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? whose winning? are they far, or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm?
"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying—God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over plain,
I see smoke of cannon clouding the mountain-moun-
tain!"
Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more—
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly on before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe, foot and horse,
Like wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."
Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away,
And I see the Northern riders gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden babel of bugles! there the troop of Minion wheels;

There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels."
"Jesu, Jesu! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!"
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance;
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like the ploughshare in its fall, through them plows the Northern ball.
Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on;
"Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?"
"Alas! I know not! friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rust the living; pray, my sisters, for them all!"
Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!"
"Oh, my heart's love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Doubt thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me, canst thou see?"
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed Cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! 'tis all o'er!"
Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded; lay the Cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid,
Close beside her, faintly moaning, faint and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lone Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern Eagle shining on his pistol-belt.
With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.
Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly smiled:
"Was that playing face his mother's? did she watch beside his child?"
All stranger words with meaning a woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died.
"A bitter curse upon thee, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, dark-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spoke the mournful Mexican woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.
Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust they lie, and bleed;
Wounded straggle, and the living, and the dead, the living, and the dead,
Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, then Christ of God forgive!"
Sink, oh Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons—drop thy curtain over all!
Tough the thickening twilight, where apart the battle rolled,
In its death the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.
But the brave Mexican women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint, and lacking food,
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they bent,
And the dying woman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.
Not wholly lost, oh Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still Thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!"

Reviews.

THE LABOURER, A Monthly Magazine of Political Literature, Poetry, &c. Edited by Feargus O'Connor. London: Northern Star Office, 10, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.

We have already quoted the lengthy, well-timed, and excellent article on "the League" which appears in this number of the Labourer. There are several other articles of considerable merit and importance, foremost amongst which is one on "Education and the Russell Cabinet." This interesting article, which we understand is from the pen of Mr. S. Kyd, is the more important, because published on the eve of the great electoral contest, in which this "vexed question" of "Education" promises to be one of the leading points of the struggle. An abstract of "The League" is another well-timed contribution, and will be of service to both electors and non-electors. A "Visit to O'Connorville," by the author of the article on "Education," is pleasingly told. "Instructions of the Working Classes," and "Confessions of a King," are also contributions of great value. We have extracted largely in another column the following lines from the number before us—

ONWARD.

BY ERNEST JONES.

Who bids us backward—laggards, stay!
As soon we back the light of day!
We have not marched so long a way
To yield at last, like craven things,
To worn-out nobles, priests, and kings,
Go bid the eagle split its wing!
Go bid the tempest cease to sing,
And streams to burst, and dikes to spring;
And, should they listen to your call,
Oh! we'll onward still, and face you all!
Oh! we have battled long and true;
While you were many, we were few,
And stranger chains we've broken through:
Think not your paltry silken bands
Can bind Progress's giant hands.
Go stay the earthquake in the rock,
Go quench the hot volcano's shock,
And fasten your wings on the eagle's talons;
Ye cannot build the walls to hold
A daring heart and spirit bold.
Forbidden the flower to bloom,
Where years have scathed a tyrant's tomb,
And tell us slavery is our doom;
Even as the peaceful march of time
Moulds the Progress's steady way,
Shall we stand and sweep your power away.

• We have received the first volume of The Labourer complete, and nearly bound in cloth; containing an elegant engraving of T. S. Duncombe, M.P., and a volume is well worthy of a place on the book-shelf of every working-man.

THE KNITTED LACE COLLAR BOOK. In Three Parts. THE ALBUM OF FANCY NEEDLEWORK—PARTS I. AND II. By Mrs. G. J. Baynes. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Graveland: G. J. Baynes.

These simple and unpretending little volumes deserve the patronage of all who are adepts in the fashionable accomplishments of netting, knitting, and crocheting; and even those ladies who are not yet skilled in these arts will find the directions given so clear and intelligible, that they will have no difficulty in executing any article contained in these manuals. Indeed, in simplicity as well as elegance of design, Mrs. Baynes excels all her contemporaries, and, as every article is well engraved, an idea may be at once acquired of the appearance of it when completed. It is a wonderful instance of the improvements in connection with the press, when works so tastefully got up can be sold for the sum of sixpence—

but in this Mrs. Baynes is no doubt aided by the extensive patronage she has received; upwards of 100,000 copies of her books having been sold in the past year. For the sake of the many to whom these arts form an amusing and a profitable occupation, we are glad to observe that the fair authors contemplate continuing her series, as well as publishing a new one, to be entitled, "The Young Mother's Book Book." We wish her all the success that her talent and ingenuity so well merit.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—"The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review," July; "Sawmood's Colonial Magazine," July; "Hunt's Review," Part 6, "People's Journal," Part 18; "Man in the Moon," "The Archivist," "Ireland, as viewed by Sir Grace the Archbishop of Dublin," "Jog's Lectures on the Moral Elevation of the People," "Equitable Danks of Interchange," &c., &c.

It is stated in "Burrit's Christian Citizen," that Father Mathew intends to visit America this summer.

The Public Instructor.

We take the following from "The Romance of a People: an Historical Tale of the Nineteenth Century," by Ernest Jones, in the course of publication in The Labourer.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

OR

The most daring promoters of the movement, the form hope of the coming storm, had assembled at the bridge of Sobieski, between the palace of the midville and the cavalry barracks. Impenetrable darkness shrouded every object, and the insurgents, headed by Louis Nabelak, still waited in suspense for some further signal. Presently a commotion was heard in the streets in all directions; it was evening and to come; the darkness saved Poland that night, the people of the parades passed in a few yards of Nabelak and his band, but they remained undisturbed.

Thus an hour elapsed, in anxious expectation. At length a step was heard approaching, and a well-known voice addressed the dispirited band. It was Wyszowski, the gallant superintendent of the School of Cadets, who dwelt in barracks not far from the Belvidere, who had occasioned the delay, and he was hurrying on to place Nabelak near the head of his young soldiers.

Louis Nabelak now divided his band into two equal parts, and, sure of support from the military school, led them instantly on to the attack of the palace. One detachment was destined to guard the rear, whilst he, at the head of the other, rushed into the court, shouting, "Death to the tyrant!"

As they burst through the outer gate, the report of firing was heard, telling them that the ensigns were already engaged. Animated by the sound, and by their own wild cries, the little band rushed up the steps, and to be heard within, save the fall of flying footsteps along the distant galleries. Several passages diverged from the great hall; which was to be chosen? Whilst hesitating, the shadow of a man was seen moving from behind a pillar—it was the President Lubowicki, crouching for concealment.

"Where is Constantine?" he answered not—but fled along the passage towards the chambers of the duke, and with a sudden bound, that proved the following shot told true, rolled beneath the feet of the advancing Poles. Door after door fell shattered beneath his blows, but Constantine was nowhere to be found; he had crept into the pavilion of the Princess Lowicka, where, surrounded by women, that man was kneeling in prayer, who had himself rejected every supplication.

The palace was gained without a blow in its defence, though thousands of devoted troops were within shot of its walls. The insurgents rushed like a storm through the deserted pile, and were proceeding down the stairs towards the pavilion of the princess, when the tidings came that Russian cavalry were hastening to the Belvidere. Before their arrival, however, Nabelak made good his retreat to the bridge of Sobieski. The ensigns were already there.

"The hour of vengeance and of victory!" exclaimed Wyszowski. "To the city! to the city!" was the answering cry; onward they proceeded. They had not progressed far before they heard the cavalry closing on their rear, and the troops had mounted in haste, some in their shirt sleeves, some with bare feet, the main body, but all with the assurance of crushing the little band of insurgents. The latter ranged themselves in single file, their backs against a garden wall, and a bold front turned to the enemy. Every shot told on the advancing Russians, and then the bayonet charged their disordered ranks, and drove them back upon the Belvidere.

A breathing time was gained, and a small number of young warriors looked round for the expected succor. But that succor never appeared; the delay gave the enemy time to rally, and, indignant at being beaten by a handful of youths, their returning march was soon heard on the right, intercepting the expected retreat of the insurgents to the city.

This time Wyszowski did not await their attack, but, again charging with the bayonet, drove them back in confusion. Scarcely was this danger over, when two Russian regiments advanced to the aid of their discomfited comrades. A powerful and well-directed fire, sustained by rapid repetition, kept the Polish ranks in check, and again a lull sunk over this desperate and unequal contest.

The Poles now pushed forward until they reached the Radzivil barracks, where they expected to be joined by six companies of grenadiers, but they were again disappointed, and Wyszowski directed all his efforts towards keeping the three cavalry regiments engaged, to prevent their crushing the rising in the city.

"Hold out, brave comrades!" said Wyszowski, "they must hear the firing, if I saw not the signal; and they will be stirring soon. Every man who dies here is raising a thousand men in the city."

At that moment a fearful cry of help arose from part of his troop that had been separated from the rest by a sudden movement of the enemy, and, as a last alternative, he advanced from the Radzivil barracks, and once more he charged a desperate struggle. Again some of the Russian regiments were attacked in turn, again repulsed, and again dispersed. Wonderful as it may seem, the veterans of the Caucasus were scattered in a prolonged struggle by the charges of these daring and untired young soldiers, who were outnumbered more than tenfold by the Russian troops.

The road to the city now lay open. The enemy did not pursue, believing the force by which they had been vanquished far more numerous than it really was, and large bodies of Russians, that might have crushed the rising at a blow, stood massed about, inactive and irresolute, for want of orders from their superiors.

Wyszowski and Nabelak now determined on leading their band into the town, and marched unimpeded down the New World Street, towards the heart of the capital. Darkness hung like a curtain before them, concealing their onward path—not a footfall on the pavement save the sound of light in the houses, for, at the first sound of the rising, every door and window had been closed, and with anxious hearts they pressed forward; no one met them in the streets—it was impossible to deny the fact—they were alone in arms against the man who reigns from Kamtschatka to the Vistula.

To the westward the assembling of troops could distinctly be heard, but their silence denoted that they were Russian detachments. Despair now began to weigh down the hearts of the insurgents, who escaped by the length of a street meeting six companies of Russian infantry, sent to the assistance of the duke. Had they met this force, they would have been crushed; but they were thin, dispirited, and exhausted as they were, they have been overpowered, and the rising in the city prevented.

The people had not moved; the Russians were under arms before the Polish troops; they were informed of the rising yet Warsaw remained silent, and that little band of patriots had been able, after a desperate and successful encounter, to march unmolested through the deserted streets. This wavering and slow are the measures of cowardice and tyranny. But, when they were about to act decisively, when the Muscovite was recovering from his panic, then, at the last hour, a deep sound was heard in the heart of the city, and the first gleam of the flashing lamps detachments of Polish troops were seen marching from their barracks—the Polish army was pronouncing for the insurrection. They took possession of Prague, the two bridges over the Vistula, and the arsenal, while the silent and steady crowds were gathering round the arsenal, the hotbed of former insurrections. The hostile forces were concentrated on their respective sides, and at length the bloody issue was at hand. Suddenly, deep, dull roar broke upon the heavy hush, red flashes mounted against the dun clouds, that hung lowly in the air, and a distant clank beneath the walls of the arsenal told that the battle of Liberty had commenced.

Steadily the Russian column advanced—a line of fire blazed forth an instant before, a volley of musketry rolled down either front, and through the clouds was heard the steady tramp of the Russian troops, as they fell of two giants, as the opposing forces closed upon each other. For a moment all was still, and then the sharp gleam of the Polish bayonets pierced the volumed smoke, and the Russian battalions were seen sweeping back into the long lines of black streets behind them, like torrents vanishing in subterranean channels.

A sparkling shower of shells and rockets was thrown against the battery in their rear to cover their retreat, and as these bright and beautiful objects of destruction came arching over the house-tops, and dropping among the dense multitudes with fatal effects, like fiery garlands, cast from heaven to crown the victory, a wild cheer burst from the inspired populace, drawing the groans of the dying, and the explosions of the deadly missiles, with a sound of triumph, for the people were beginning to feel their strength, conspiracy had turned to war, and action was fast solving doubt, fear, and irresolution.

The people, however, were still unarmed; they clamoured for arms, they were fiery and hard to restrain, while grey-haired generals shook their heads and said, "The undisciplined will throw us into confusion; the people know how to fight." But the Russians were again making head; they outnumbered the Polish troops, the latter were weary, the people eager and excited. "Arm the populace!" cried some of the more ardent, and thirty thousand muskets taken from the arsenal were distributed among them. The effect was electrical. Ere an hour had elapsed the city was in their power; the Russians were beaten back on the square of Saxony, and the long-suffering captives stood once more free among their countrymen. Many died on being brought to light; some placed themselves at the head of their friends, and a few, as it were, perished from the grave.

Strange as it may seem, during all this time the insurrection had no impulse. Every one acted and kept together from impulse; while, along the whole line taken up by the patriots, a sharp conflict was unremittingly continued, particularly in the square of Saxony, where a Polish regiment of horse-chasseurs still sided with the enemy. With but this exception the insurrection prevailed in an army without a general, and a multitude without a leader.

Varieties.

"The earth is the habitation of the natural inheritance of all mankind, of ages present and to come; a habitation belonging to no man in particular, but to every man; and one in which all have an equal right to dwell."—John Grey.

"I do not wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a very polite and accomplished gentleman, upon a certain occasion, "but of the parables I am a great admirer, in the language of the poet, that to him 'truth is strange—stranger than fiction.'"

"All the ladies' celebration of Barre, Massachusetts, were nine hundred of the first portion of the creation present. Among the tonsils were, 'Old Bachelors' may they lie alone in a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stool, eat alone on a wicker tumbler, and be their own kitchen maids!"

We learn by letters from Russia that the Transcaucasian provinces have been ravaged by locusts. The quantity was so immense that the people collected them in heaps, covered them with straw, and burned them.

The Mexican war has cost the Americans a loss of 9,000 killed and wounded, and 2,500 have died of the disease, making a total loss of 5,500.

A premium of one thousand pounds has been offered by the Royal College of Chemistry for the discovery of a method of rendering iron, when applied to ordinary purposes, as little liable to rust as copper.

An electric clock has been put up at Manchester Exchange, which is said to present the nearest approach yet to perpetual motion, for, once properly adjusted, it will go until a loss of material arrests its progress.

Dr. J. D. Lang has written a letter to the Glasgow University, recommending the giving of cotton, of superior quality, and to any conceivable extent, by means of European free labour in North-Eastern Australia.

The lake of Man, unlike her larger sister of Ireland, is agitating, and apparently with good reason, for an union with England.

We learn from the Irish Reporter, that it is proposed to hold a meeting on the 8th of July, of persons who on principle adopt a vegetable diet in order that they may commune together on the subject of physiology generally.

Sir R. L. Murchison, the distinguished geologist, has just published his geological investigations to Bohemia and the Alps. Jenny Lind has been engaged by Mr. Howard Glover for two concerts to take place at Edinburgh and Glasgow, at the enormous sum of £400 a night. During a trial on Wednesday, before Mr. Justice Erle, in which the defendant, who said to the jury, "I was committed for contempt of court," a woman named Sophia Hufnagel was convicted recently in Philadelphia of being a common scold.

We had in the last page last, "Marborough, the Duke of Devonshire," we believe the only lady whose name has so appeared.

Two French physicians, MM. Villo and Blandin, have observed, in the course of their experiments on etherised subjects, that more carbonic acid is then evolved from the lungs than in the natural state.

The increase of banks in India, during the last ten years, is a remarkable phenomenon. The aggregate paid-up capital of all the banks was only £275,000, it now amounts to upwards of £5,000,000. Two thousand bronze medals were lately discovered at Surice, canton of Fribourg, in a clay vase. They are in a good state of preservation, and bear the names of the Caesars, Claudius, and Quintilianus. The above place is in the province of Namur.

A large quantity of horseflesh, salted and pickled so as to resemble beef, was lately seized at Birmingham, in a shop celebrated for cheap and savory meals.

A young gentleman lately bathing in the Mississippi river, on observing some ladies suddenly approaching, instantly drowned himself from motives of extreme delicacy. [The more fool he.]

The King of Prussia arrived at Breslau, on the 26th, to inaugurate an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great.

Lady Morgan is occupied in preparing the first volume of a series, with the title of "Memoirs of Myself, by Myself," drawn from the diaries and correspondence of her social and literary life.

The French government, in imitation of that of France, is about to send a Consul to Calcutta. The number of emigrants who arrived in New York from 2nd April to 31st May was 30,243.

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