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The life of Ernest Jones.



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THE
L I F E
OF
ERNEST JONES :
BY
FREDERICK LEARY.

“Once let a great heart breathe with daring plan
The spirit of its greatness unto man,
Then lesser hearts begin to beat and bound—
The soil for flowers is hid in every ground—
And men will love the great for greatness's sake
If once you bid their soul's deep music wake,
As stones turn statues in the sculptor's hands,
So hero leaders make heroic bands.”

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world ‘This was a man!’”

LONDON :
“DEMOCRAT” PUBLISHING OFFICE, 5, NEW BRIDGE STREET.
—
1887.

ERNEST JONES.

ERNEST CHARLES JONES was born at Berlin on the 25th of January, 1819. His father was Major Charles Jones, of the 15th Hussars, Equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, who was the uncle of Queen Victoria, and became King of Hanover under the title of Ernest I.

Major Jones served throughout the Peninsular War under Sir John Moore, by whose side he was standing when the latter was killed by a cannon ball at the battle of Corunna. He also served under the Duke of Wellington, both in Spain and at Waterloo. He greatly distinguished himself in the brilliant Cavalry action at Sahagrin, in which the Hussars routed Napoleon's Cuirassiers, and in which he received a severe sabre cut on the head. He married the daughter of Alexander Annesley, Esq., a large landowner in Kent, and the subject of the present memoir was the only offspring of that union.

The family was originally of Welsh offspring, but for the last 500 years has been settled in England.

In consequence of the peace that followed the final overthrow of Napoleon, and suffering from his wounds, Major Jones retired from active service, and devoted himself to his duties as Equerry of the Duke of Cumberland. In pursuance of this he accompanied H.R.H. to the Prussian Court, and it was while his parents were thus residing at Berlin that Ernest Jones was born, being named after the King, who was his godfather.

Pleased with the country Major Jones bought an estate in Hols'ein, on the borders of the Northern remnant of the Black Forest, and resided there with his family till the year 1838.

In this comparatively lonely and purely agricultural country the subject of our memoir passed his boyhood, the solitude and romantic scenery, no doubt, tending to develop the germs of that poetic spirit which has since borne fruit in his maturer years.

He composed a number of poems in early youth, and when only ten years of age, he had translated the first Canto of Voltaire's *Henriade*, and these were so admired that they were published by Nester, of Hamburg, in the year 1830, and a prize tale, written when nine years of age, found its way into Ackerman's *Forget-Me-Not*, in the same year.

Full of admiration at the heroism of the Poles during their great struggle of 1829-30, he suddenly disappeared from home, and being with some difficulty traced, the truant then only eleven years of age, was found with a bundle under his arm, half way across Lauenburg, in the midst of the Black Forest, on his way, as he expressed himself, "to help the Poles."

During this period, and until he went to College, he received instruction from two private tutors successively, the Rev. J. Binge, and the Rev. H. Schwarke, who left the household of Major Jones for promotion, the one as Lutheran pastor to the Isle of Sylt, in Denmark, and the other for similar preferment in Oldenburgh, both having since obtained some celebrity in clerical and literary circles.

From their tuition, the boy now verging towards manhood, passed to college life, his first introduction to which was at the College of St. Michael, Lüneburgh, the exclusively aristocratic institution to which the sons of the local nobility alone had access, a foreigner being admitted only by what was in Hanover called a "letter patent" from the King.

We dwell on these otherwise unimportant particulars of his early years, as rendering more remarkable by their contrast that democratic spirit for which he afterwards became so noted.

While at the College of St. Michael his oratorical powers first attracted notice. On finishing his course of education there,

he was invited by the Professors to deliver an address in the German language. As was customary, a great concourse of the surrounding nobility and gentry had assembled for the occasion, but this does not appear to have daunted the incipient orator, for so able was the speech he then delivered, that it was published at the request of the College.

The certificate of honour he obtained when leaving St. Michael's was one of the highest it had ever accorded.

In 1838, Major Jones returned with his family to England permanently to reside here, and his son was now launched into the vortex of fashionable life.

In 1841, he was presented by the Duke of Beaufort to the Queen, and was for some years a regular attendant at Court.

About this time he married the daughter of Gibson Atherley, Esq., of Barfield, Cumberland, and neice to Edward Stanley, Esq., of Ponsonby Hall, for nearly a quarter of a century one of the members for the Western Division of the County. But neither this alliance with an old Conservative family, nor the blandishments of society, appear to have weaned him from his love of liberty, and his devotion to literature, for in the same year the first of his larger works appeared, published anonymously by Boon, of New Bond Street, a romance in two volumes, entitled *The Wood Spirit*. This work, which at once gave the author a high place in literature, received the unqualified commendation of the press.

The *Morning Post* thus speaks of it: "In every page of the volume before us, may be discovered some fresh vigorous poetical conceptions. . . . It is a production which reflects the highest credit upon the anonymous author, and we cannot but express a hope that he will shortly give to the world another of these legendary tales, in the construction of which he has proved himself so much an adept."

The *New Quarterly Review* said it was "One of the most beautiful and soul-stirring romances it has been our good fortune to read."

Balfe asked the author to write a libretto for it, to which he commenced composing music. Benedict also at the same time set to music one of the author's songs, which was published by Chappell.

These were followed by a poem, entitled *My Life*, published by Newby, of which the press speaks in equally commendable terms.

The *New Quarterly Review* says of it, "It contains more pregnant thoughts, more bursts of lyric power, more in fine, of the truly grand and beautiful, than any poetical work which has made its appearance for years. We know of few things more dramatically intense. It has few, very few equals."

Mr. Ernest Jones was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple in Easter Term, 1844, and he commenced what promised to be a successful professional career on the Northern Circuit. Prior to this his father had lost his life through a fearful accident, and his mother died not long afterwards from the shock she received on the occasion.

In 1845, although with the most promising professional prospects, he abandoned the active pursuits of the latter, and the allurements of fashionable life, to devote himself to the interests of the working classes. Sir Robert Peel's Government was in power, but at this time Free Trade had been won, and in the following year became the law of the land, and it may be noted here that he never took any part in the opposition carried on by Mr. O'Connor against the Anti-Corn-Law-League, which opposition had ceased before he joined the political movement of the day, he having been a staunch and unvarying Free Trader all his life.

Long before this, however, the Chartists had contrived to attract to their proceedings a considerable share of public attention. The party was called into existence soon after the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, and they demanded what they termed the six points of the Charter, viz.—(1) Manhood Suffrage; (2) Annual Parliaments; (3) Vote by Ballot; (4) Abolition of the Property Qualification for Members of the House of Commons; (5) Payment of Members; (6) Equal Electoral Districts.

Seven years before Mr. Jones took a prominent part in the agitation, the Chartists had assembled in great force in various parts of the kingdom, armed with guns, pikes, and other weapons, and carrying torches. They conducted themselves so tumultuously that on the 12th of December, 1838, the Melbourne Ministry found it expedient to issue a proclamation against them. At that time their head quarters was the Borough of Birmingham, and Mr. Thomas Attwood was one of their most active leaders. In August, 1838, a monstre petition was agreed to at Birmingham, at a so-called "National Convention," and a few months

afterwards it was presented to Parliament by Mr. Attwood. On the 15th of July in this year, they committed great outrages in the hardware capital, but the most extraordinary part of their proceedings up to this time was reserved for the Borough of Newport in Monmouthshire. The Chartists on the 4th of November, collected from the mines and collieries in the neighbourhood to the number of 10,000, armed with guns, pikes, and clubs. They divided themselves into two bodies, one being under the command of Mr. John Frost, an ex-magistrate, while the other was under the leadership of his son. They met in front of the Westgate Hotel, where the magistrates were assembled, with about 30 soldiers, and a few special constables. The rioters commenced breaking the windows of the house, and fired on the inmates, wounding the Mayor and several others. The soldiers returned the fire, and dispersed the mob, which, with the leaders, fled from the town, leaving 10 dead and many dangerously wounded. For their share in this fatal affray, Frost and others of the leaders were sentenced to death, but the punishment was commuted to transportation for life. They received a pardon on the conclusion of peace with Russia, in 1856.

When Mr. Ernest Jones joined the democratic movement it was at its lowest ebb, but his eloquence and ability soon raised it into power again, and won for its new champion the second place in its organisation. It soon became recognised that he had talents of the most brilliant kind, and broad sentiments on national affairs, together with a strong and vigorous manner of expression in the advocacy of his principles, which commended him to the minds of the masses of the people. These circumstances soon marked him out as a representative and a leader in the movement, especially on the two following questions, viz., that of labour being the weaker element in the struggle between capital and labour; and secondly, that of the unenfranchised in politics, in their unequal contests with class legislation, monopoly, and privilege. Of the position of the workers, he held to the opinion that there was required, not only an advocate of their cause, but also a guide in their deliberations, to enable them to avoid those indiscretions of which we have seen so much, in hasty decisions and want of judgment, and also to prevent waste of funds, which ought to be reserved for the defence of the position of the worker. On the question of the unenfranchised, he

contended, that the wider the extension of the franchise the safer would be the institutions of the country, whilst at the same time he was convinced that the political education of the people was one of the questions most essential to grow, to enable the voter to clearly distinguish between the interests of the nation and those of a class of the community, or individual interests in trade. He argued that if the franchise was only partially extended, there would at times arise sectional claims and action on behalf of organised interests, which when cast in along with the party of re-action, would swamp the interests of the commonwealth, and thus the national welfare would suffer. He looked upon political parties as a necessary evil, and the existence of the Tory as calculated to retard legislative progress, as well as the educational and social advancement of the people. It was, therefore, requisite that there should be arrayed against them one united party of progress, purged of all sectional divisions, and of everything that contributes towards its weakness; and to accomplish this an organisation must be based upon the principles of sound democracy.

He soon became attractive at public meetings, by the eloquent addresses which he delivered in various parts of the country. From 1845 to 1847, he passed from town to town throughout Great Britain, teaching political and economical doctrines, that have assisted to lay the foundation of that public opinion, of which we are now reaping the fruits. It was nothing unusual for him to address two, and sometimes three, meetings in one day.

In 1846, he attended the annual demonstration of the two counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire, held on Blackstone Edge, where the people assembled in their thousands to raise their voice on behalf of Parliamentary Reform, and on the occasion of this visit he composed a most spirited poem, of which the following is an extract:—

“ O'er plains and cities far away,
All lone and lost the morning lay,
When sunk the sun at break of day
 In smoke of mill and factory.
But wayed the wind on Blackstone height,
A standard of the broad sunlight,
And sung that morn with trumpet might
 A sounding song of liberty !

And grew the glorious music higher,
 When, pouring with heart on fire,
 Old Yorkshire came with Lancashire,
 And all his noble chivalry ;
 Then distant cities quaked to hear,
 When rolled from that high hill the cheer,
 Of Hope to slaves, to tyrants Fear,
 And God and man for Liberty."

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, that Mr. Jones never would accept payment for his labour on behalf of the working classes. Though interruptedly on the executive of their political organisation, and labouring without intermission in speech, pamphlet, and newspaper, on its behalf, he never would accept of emolument, and never would receive any salary of recompense, though conventions and conferences repeatedly voted that he should—while all the income he derived from his labour as a literary man, unconnected with politics, and from private business, over and above what was needed for a household conducted with the most rigid economy, he spent on the popular cause.

No more powerful argument on the injustice and impolicy as well as the corrupting influence of the union of Church and State, was ever written than his "*Canterbury versus Rome*," from which we quote the following extract :—

"You have been told by Macaulay and others that the Church in the Dark Ages was the preserver of learning, the patron of science, and the friend of freedom.

"The preserver of learning in the dark ages! It was the Church that made these ages dark. The preserver of learning! Yes! as the worm-eaten oak chest preserves a manuscript. No more thanks to them than to the rats for not devouring its pages. It was the Republics of Italy and the Saracens of Spain that preserved learning—and it was the Church that trod out the light of those Italian Republics.

"The patron of science! What? When they burned Savonarola and Giordano, imprisoned Galileo, persecuted Columbus, and mutilated Abelard?

"The friend of freedom! What? When they crushed the Republics of the South, pressed the Netherlands like the vintage in a wine-kelter, girdled Switzerland with a belt of fire and steel, banded the crowned tyrants of Europe against the Reformers of Germany, and launched Claverhouse against the Covenant of Scotland?

"The friend of freedom! When they hedged kings with a divinity! Their superstitions alone upheld the rotten fabric of oppression? Their

superstitions alone turned the indignant freeman into a willing slave, and made men bow to the Hell they created here, by a hope of the Heaven they could not insure hereafter."

Mr. Jones was made one of the editors of the *Northern Star*, then the organ of the Democratic movement, and he started jointly with Fergus O'Connor, *The Labourer*, a monthly magazine of literature, poetry, &c.

He had no connection with the latter gentleman's Land Company. He was, without his knowledge or consent, elected one of the trustees, but immediately had his name withdrawn, and the election cancelled.

At the General Election of 1847, Mr. Jones was chosen along with Mr. Miall, to contest the Borough of Halifax, in the popular interest, and in one of the most exciting and memorable election contests ever known in the West-Riding, they were defeated only by the retirement of one of the sitting members, Mr. Protheroe, and an unprincipled coalition between Whigs and Tories, at the last moment. The speech Mr. Jones delivered from the hustings on that occasion was so remarkable that it was given *in extenso* by almost the entire Continental press.

It was the following year which marked a memorable incident in his chequered career. On the 10th of April, 1848—a day when, according to the late Charles Graham, the thrones of Europe rocked, and constituted authorities trembled—the Chartists proposed to hold a mass meeting of 200,000 men on Kennington Common, to march thence in procession to the Houses of Parliament, and in this way present a petition to the House of Commons, praying for the enactment of the six points of the Charter. This, however, was frustrated by the energetic action of the authorities. The Bank and other public establishments were guarded by the military, and the approaches to Westminster Bridge were commanded by artillery. The consequence was that not more than 20,000 men assembled on the Common, the monstrous petition which had been prepared was sent to the House of Commons in detached rolls, and no fewer than 150,000 persons of all classes, including the late Emperor of the French, were sworn in as special constables.

In the preceding February the French revolution had occurred, the King had fled from the country, and a Republic

had been established which stirred the political feeling of all Europe, and the Government of this country became alarmed at the agitation and strong feeling displayed in various parts of the empire. A revolutionary feeling began to spread amongst the people of England and Ireland, and Ernest Jones fell a victim to that feeling.

At the end of May, 1848, when the popular feeling had reached its height, and serious disturbances had occurred at Bradford and other places, as well as in London, the eloquent advocate of the "six points" was arrested on account of a speech delivered at a great meeting of working-men held in Bishop Bonner's Fields, London, on the 25th of that month. The speech in question was delivered on the eve of his departure on a political lecture tour in the Lancashire and Yorkshire towns. One of the towns to be visited was Bradford, where a riot had recently taken place, and some remarks in his speech relating to this and other disturbances, in which commendation was passed upon the organisations existing among the men in these towns, coupled with an earnest exhortation to the working-men of London to follow their example, were made the foundation of one of the gravest charges possible to be directed against a public man. The meeting in Bishop Bonner's Fields was held in the very heat of the Chartist agitation. The question of the right of public meeting was not so liberally dealt with by men in power as it is now, and the authorities had threatened to interfere with, and had actually dispersed several meetings which they were pleased to brand as seditious. The meeting at which Mr. Jones made the famous speech which was the foundation of the charge afterwards brought against him, was too great to be interfered with, except at the risk of much disorder and bloodshed. It was estimated by the *Times* reporter, that 15,000 men were present. On the same Sunday afternoon, however, Mr. Jones had spoken at an open air meeting in the district of Tower-Hamlets, which had been threatened by the police. In his evening address to the 15,000 men in Bishop Bonner's Fields, Mr. Jones made pointed reference to this meeting and the scene he had witnessed. The language used and the advice given was construed at the trial to mean treasonable incitement of the people to resist the Government, though it would be considered perfectly admissable in our day.

On the day following the delivery of this speech Mr. Jones

travelled to Manchester, where, on the Tuesday evening, he delivered a lecture on political questions to a great meeting of working-men, in the Hall of Science (afterwards the Manchester Free Reference Library), which then stood at the corner of Tonman Street and Byrom Street. In this speech he also vigorously denounced the Government, but his remarks on that occasion were not made the subject of any charge against him.

In the meantime a warrant had been issued, and on the same night on which he had lectured in Manchester, he was arrested at the Mosley Arms on the charge of Sedition. The arrest took place with such needless harshness that even his wife, who had accompanied him to Manchester, was not allowed to return with him to London, but alarmed and suffering from illness as she was, had to travel by herself in a later train, ignorant of what had become of her husband.

On the Thursday afternoon, Mr. Jones, immediately after his arrival in London, was taken before the Police Magistrate sitting at Bow Street, where three men—Fussell, Williams, and Sharpe—who had also taken part in the proceedings on Sunday, had already been examined and committed for trial. Mr. Jones, like them, was accused of “wickedly, maliciously, and seditiously, uttering and pronouncing certain scandalous and seditious words of and concerning our Lady the Queen and Government, in Clerkenwell Green and other places,” on certain dates mentioned

In the report of the examination before the magistrates, printed in the *Times*, his appearance and bearing on this occasion was thus described:—“The prisoner who displayed more assurance than either of the other prisoners, appeared about 35 years of age, of fair complexion, and about the middle stature. He said he was a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and member of the Chartist Executive.” Mr. Jones manifested characteristic chivalry and courtesy in his conduct towards the bench and his prosecutors. He declined even on the invitation of the bench to demand the production of the original notes, taken by the reporter, who was the principle witness in the case against him. “The point was perfectly immaterial; he was quite willing to trust to the gentleman’s honour as to the accuracy of what he was about to state, and after the speech had been read he complimented Mr. White on the accuracy of his

report, which was a *verbatim* report of the sentiments he had expressed, and which he still entertained, believing them to be the sentiments of justice and truth. He offered no further defence, and the sitting magistrate, declaring that the speech was clearly seditious, and that the tone and spirit of it throughout were highly calculated to incite an ignorant mob to illegal acts, committed him to Newgate for trial."

The following is a report of the speech :—

"Mr. Chairman, and men of the Tower Hamlets,—In the first place I have to apologise to you for not having been here sooner, but a man cannot be in two places at one time. There was a meeting convened for Irongate Wharf, Paddington, and the police, I understand, had forbidden that meeting taking place. I was invited to attend it, and therefore I did attend it. There was a good many police there, but they did not venture to interfere with the meeting. And I can tell you this, hold your meetings, for although the Government are mad, they are not mad enough to put down public meetings, and if they were mad enough to do it, I, for one, thrust defiance in their teeth, and dare them to disperse this assembly. I must ask likewise for your indulgence this day, inasmuch as I start by the mail train to-night for Lancashire and Yorkshire, and as these places are both in a very excited state, I shall have to use my lungs there a good deal, and as London is not so excited as those parts of the country are, excuse me from wearying you at any length to-day. I am a physical force Chartist, and all I say is this, stand fast by your colours, do not shrink from the Charter—and the whole Charter—do not mind the nonsense of the half-and-half men, do not pay any attention to the *Dispatch*, and if you see any bodies of police coming near to this meeting, marching on to this meeting, stand your ground shoulder to shoulder. Do not run, there is danger for those who run, there is safety for those who keep together. Dare them to strike you, and my word for it, they dare not strike a blow; had as the laws are now, they are still sufficiently stringent to punish those men who assault peaceable citizens in the peaceable execution or performance of their duty. In nine cases out of ten it is your own fault: it is your own cowardice that invites others to strike a blow. It is men saying we will not do this, and we will not do that, because it is forbid. Make up your mind, stand by it, and, whatever comes, stand to your ground, there cannot be more heads broken than are broken on these occasions when men run away. All I say is, that Government are desirous of marring the performance of your present great duty. That duty is organisation. I have not been among you for some little time. Where are your classes? Have you your ward-mates? Have you got your class-leaders? Have you projected your organisation? If not, call public meetings, and elect class-leaders at these public meetings. Do not let the classes be formed before you have the class-leaders. You will find it much more easy to form a class after the class-leader is appointed; for, if you form classes, and then afterwards appoint the class-leaders, you may spend two or three hours more upon the formation of every

class, and can never come to a final determination with regard to it, as one man will live here and another there. Elect the class-leader. The class-leader will know the more likely to form the class living in his neighbourhood. He will go to these men and invite them, and there can be no dictation, no assumption of that power, because you all elect the class-leader at the public meeting. Rest assured that if each locality elects about one hundred class-leaders, you will soon have a thousand men under the banner. That is the way to get up the organisation, and then you may elect ward-mates. One out of every ten will be a ward-mate. Commence at the foundation aright—namely, the classes and the wards. All the rest will follow of itself. As a matter of course begin by forming your classes. It is no use coming among you when there is no organisation, and it is not the executive that can get up the organisation. The executive cannot go to each locality. It must be men in localities. Show us your organisation, and you will have a glorious opportunity on the 12th. Prepare in the meantime. Show us your organisation, then, and depend upon it, we will show you some very feasible means for getting nearer to your rights. Depend upon it we will not be backward. Show us your organisation, and depend upon it you will not have to make one false step. Depend upon it you will not be called upon to undertake any one step that you will not be fully prepared to carry out, and that the officers you entrust with office, will not leave you in carrying. Steer clear of all political outbreaks and partial rioting. There has been an outbreak at Bradford and Manchester. We sent down Dr. Mc. Dorrall, who is now addressing a glorious meeting at Paddington, to tell them no partial outbreaks, no partial rioting. That is just what the Government wants. In a riot of that kind they immediately seize upon the leading men. They will immediately cripple our organisation, and we will be thrown back. Go on organising, organising, organising, and the rest will come, never fear it. And there is one thing that is wanted, which is funds. Without funds the organisation is of little use. The country is beginning to do its duty nobly, and there is a great test of public feeling. But mark you. Suppose it was true as we heard last night, that the fighting had begun in Dublin. Supposing it is true that the Government had ordered the daily papers not to say one word of the insurrectionary news from Dublin, so that this country is kept in the dark about it. Suppose that it should be necessary that we should send a man over to see with his own eyes, to hear with his own ears, and then bid defiance to the lying press. Suppose that all this to be necessary, and suppose that we had not got the money to send them over to see, what danger the movement runs. See how the movement might be thrown back and injured, from the mere circumstance of not having a few paltry pounds wherewith to pay the messenger—a trustworthy messenger—to ratify the bond of union between us and the Irish people. Union, I say, of sentiment, union of democracy, but separation from the yoke which binds the one nation to the thralldom of the other. I say you must excuse me if I do not address you at great length, as I am about to start to-night by the mail train. Rest assured that I will be struggling in your cause in Bradford, in Halifax, in Manchester, and in the other places where

storm and turbulence are now going on. Rest assured that I shall not preach a miserable doctrine of non-resistance and passive obedience. But at the same time I shall preach the doctrine of manly firmness, and no heated impetuosity. If you do mean to do anything, see well first if you have it in your power to do it; and then having made up your mind, do not let even death itself prevent you from carrying it into effect. Only preparation—only organisation is wanted, and the Green Flag shall float over Downing Street and St. Stephens. Only energy is wanted—only determination. What will be the result? Why! that John Mitchell and John Frost will be brought back, and Sir George Grey and Lord John Russell will be sent to change places with them."

His trial took place on Tuesday, the 10th July, 1848, and the Government left nothing undone to secure his conviction. The following is an extract from the Attorney-General's speech for the prosecution:—

"I can assure you that I rise with great pain. I do so because, although this is the last of these cases, it is not by any means the least important. No, gentlemen, it is, in fact, the most important of the whole—not important from the rude character of the words used by the prisoner, because we might expect that from his education, and from his station in life, they were not likely to be of the grosser kind hitherto enquired into (his fellow prisoners), but they were important from the station and education of the prisoner—and because, while these induced him to address the assemblages in more measured language—they make him the more dangerous—they make the language still more dangerous, because that language emanates from a quarter that exercises the greatest influence on the minds of misguided persons who were the listeners to his doctrines, and therefore his station and education served but to give the greater weight to his erroneous instructions. One thing is fortunate, the station and importance of the prisoner furnishes a practical refutation of the charge that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and that the object of the prosecution is to add injury to the other sufferings of the working-men by selecting its victims from among the poorer classes. Gentlemen, I blush to state that the prisoner, Ernest Jones, is a member of my own profession—of a profession which should have carried with it a respect for the laws that ought to have kept him from offences like this—-he is a man who from his former habits moved in society that ought to have shown how fallacious are the doctrines he has lately promulgated with all those advantages. Knowing what the law is, and the obligations due to society, and to the constitution under which we live, knowing fully what the rights of those are, and what is required from us, he has not hesitated to address the persons assembled in this case—in a period of great distress—in a time of considerable suffering, and he has addressed to them topics which are calculated to excite disaffection, which are intended to induce them to arm and organise themselves into bodies for the purpose of resisting the authorities, and by force to obtain from the Queen, to whom, as a subject and as a member of the Bar, he owed, and had sworn allegiance, to obtain from the Government measures which would be pernicious if conceded, and which he must have known, would in their result be of no benefit to society."

It was urged on his behalf that when the military were stationed, and the cannon planted, ready to fire on the people if they attempted to cross the bridge to present the petition to Parliament in connection with the demonstration, and the fury of the assembled multitude was at its greatest height, and there was great danger of a collision between the military and the people, that Ernest Jones, being elevated on the shoulders of some men in the crowd, exhorted the meeting to disperse and meet him at ten o'clock on Bishop Bonner's Fields, when he would advise them what to do. By this means bloodshed was prevented. This was urged in vain, for he was told that a man who had such power and influence must be all the more dangerous, and the law must be administered accordingly. All the prisoners were convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

Between his conviction and sentence Mr. Jones addressed the following letter to Chief Justice Wilde (afterwards Lord Truro) :—

“MY LORD,

“In passing sentence on a prisoner, it is the province of a judge to consider the circumstances under which a verdict is obtained, the motives of the supposed offender, and the consequence of his actions.

“I object to sentence being passed on me on all these grounds, and I feel confidence in appealing to an English Judge from the venal rapacity of journalist partisans, and the guilty prejudice of a misinformed jury.

“Whatever may have been the character of the men in that box, they came prejudiced against their duty—the press sowed the seed of that feeling—and what they have heard in this Court has fortified the error.

“They have been taught to look upon me as a designing demagogue—as an ambitious adventurer living on the people. I will tell them that I came from ranks far higher than any in that box—or, perhaps, than any in this court—and I distinctly assert, that I have sacrificed domestic comfort and pecuniary resources to the cause that I have embraced. As to being an adventurer, my position raises me above the necessity of struggling for wealth in the future, inasmuch as a considerable property is settled upon my family and myself, to the possession of which we must come at no very distant period. Neither did I seek a standing in society, inasmuch as my birth and connections assured me access to what are called the first circles; so much so, that I regret having attended those head-quarters of frivolity, the levees and drawing-rooms of Her Majesty.

“But they call me a designing man, a designing demagogue. I will tell them I have never gained by the Chartist movement. I have invariably refused all and every remuneration for my humble services in the people's cause: I have never, though repeatedly pressed so to do,

accepted of one farthing for my lectures, either in town or country; and it is only a few week's since that, without solicitation, I have been unanimously elected a member of the Chartist executive, and abandoned a situation of far higher emolument, to devote myself to the duties of that office.

"As a barrister, I have invariably refused to accept fees from the poor—and even from the better-off I have returned them when offered, and their are legal gentlemen in this court that can testify the fact. When I tell you, in addition to this, that my present means are very limited—indeed, painfully so, and that my opportunities of obtaining lucrative employment have been frequent, I think you will do me the justice before to say, that no mere adventurer, no designing demagogue, stands before you now.

"Neither let it be said, that my political sentiments are the growth of a day—the result of a sudden impulse. I should be a very unworthy advocate of a popular movement were such the case. No! I will refer you to works of which I have been the author during the last ten years, and which have won the repeated and unqualified praise of the press of all parties, from the leading authorities of the metropolitan and the provincial papers.

"Think not, my Lord, I mention these things in self-glorification, but since the Attorney-General has thought proper to asperse my motives, I owe it to the cause I espouse, to vindicate my position.

"I have said the jury were prejudiced. Indeed, the grossest misrepresentation has been used by the *Times* in giving reports of speeches I never uttered; no novelty in that journal, if we may believe the *Daily News* of the 6th ult., where it states in its leading article, referring to a speech of Lord Ashley:—'The reports in the *Times* of late, as we have recently had occasion to show, have been so glaringly partial, and falsely coloured that we do not hesitate to express a belief that not one half that is here reported was ever uttered by Lord Ashley.'

"The falsehood on behalf of the *Times* is proved in the instance of the very speech with which I stand charged; in the *Times* report, gross expressions and violent denunciations being attributed to me, the use of which is clearly disproved by the very notes of the Government reporter, whom I must again compliment on the accuracy of his report.

"Further, the *Times* has outraged the laws of honour, and disgraced the press to which it belongs by prejudging a case—and filling its columns with extracts from my speeches, torn from their context and misquoted in detail. I hold in my hand a report of all I said in the convention, taken from the daily press, to prove the wilful falsehood of the *Times*.

"Now, I ask, whether a fair verdict can be given by a jury that must manifestly have come biased by such means?

"But I have to complain of far more than this. I have to complain of the manner in which the Attorney-General has conducted this case, creating prejudice, and asserting what is false.

“He has told the jury in the case of Sharpe—he has told it in my own case—that we must be base designing men for trying to redress the wrongs of others, because we ourselves do not suffer the same misery. Such an idea can only flow from a mean and dastardly soul. What! cannot the Attorney-General comprehend that a man may feel for the sufferings of another? Or does he only feel Christian charity when *he is paid for it*.

“The Attorney-General has imputed words and meanings to a man whom legal form forbade to answer him. In order to prejudice a middle-class jury, he told them that the Chartists were spoilers—would break into their shops and divide their property. Where is his proof? Where is the shadow of proof? Have we not always taught and done the contrary? It was a dastardly and deliberate falsehood—it has influenced the jury, and I appeal to you against the effects of the impression.

“What! could he rely so little on the merits of the case—could he rely so little on his own legal ingenuity—that when the other evening I shook my head in dissent from the statement—that I was afraid to stand in court by what I uttered in the field—he forgot his legal position and the presence of your Lordship, he fell out of his *role*, and made a personal attack by name, on me, not on my trial, and merely a listener in this Court, and dared to tell the jury: ‘*I said* I would still lead the people to violence!’ Why did he not tell them that I dissented from the charge of violence as well? I blush for the profession to which I belong when I hear the Attorney-General take so base, so unfair, and so unmanly an advantage.

“What! could he rely so little on the merits of his case—could he rely so little on his own legal ingenuity, that he must try to dishonour the Crown he represents by turning calumniator-general. But I err. He represent the Crown! No! no! He represents but a paltry, a vacillating, a weak and dispicable faction—and I must say it is most perfectly represented. Well, I am glad to find a mere shake of *my* head could make the Attorney General *lose his* the other evening.

“My Lord! the jury have been altogether misled in these trials:—It is not ‘Our Sovereign Lady, the Queen, against the Defendant,’ but our Sovereign Lords, the Whigs, against the People!

“Again, my Lord, the Attorney General has travelled 230 miles out of the record to get up evidence against me.* Because I said, ‘the men of Bradford behaved gloriously and gallantly,’ he tries to make me liable for every act which a few individuals in Bradford might commit. What I said then I say again. They acted ‘gloriously,’ because, in the midst of the excitement and riot, they never broke a single pane of glass, committed no one act of plunder, or were guilty of a single outrage on property. That they behaved ‘gallantly’ the *Times* itself states in a leading article.

“And now, my Lord, I have to protest against the erroneous impression which the public, and, therefore, the jury, have drawn from the remarks which fell from your Lordship on this case, a meaning which I am convinced was far from the mind of so eminent a legal authority as your Lordship; but a supposed meaning which has nevertheless procured my

conviction. It refers to the right of public meeting, to the count charging me with attending an unlawful assembly. It is a subject so important, affecting, as it does, the right of public meeting in England, that I am sure (besides the consideration of my own case), your Lordship would thank me for calling attention to this subject.

“The verdicts on the recent cases (my own included) would seem to interfere altogether with the right of public meeting and free discussion, and make them wholly dependent on the caprice of Government. They interfere with the right of public meeting, for your Lordship has ruled, that a meeting called at a lawful hour, and summoned to a lawful place, for a lawful purpose, may become illegal if inflammatory language is spoken at the same; or if the peculiar circumstances of the times cause apprehension of excitement. Now, my Lord, does not this virtually destroy the right of public meeting? Some designing knave, perhaps a Whig, may be sent to a public meeting, utter a few words of sedition, and the public right of Englishmen at once becomes an ‘unlawful assembly.’

“Again, ‘peculiar circumstances of the times’ would seem the very reason why public meetings should be held. It is exactly under ‘peculiar circumstances’ that the people ought to take counsel with one another; it is just in ordinary times that meetings are the least wanted. My Lord, you seem to be touching very narrowly on the British Constitution.

“Secondly, as to the right of free discussion. Now, your Lordship has ruled that I am answerable for everything that is said in my presence at a public meeting. Pause, my Lord, before you give to the world so monstrous a doctrine! Suppose I arrive at a meeting a few minutes before another man has done speaking, and that man has been speaking sedition; I am according to your doctrine, guilty of what he has spoken. Think of the absurdity of such a law. The context of things said before I came may make what I hear sedition. Or it may be impossible for me to prove that I arrived two minutes sooner or later; or the noise may prevent my catching the speaker’s meaning; or I may not attend to all that is said; or I may be conversing with a friend; and yet I am to be guilty of sedition. Do, my Lord, let the fault be visited on the right person. I wish the Whigs would carry out that doctrine. Why, my Lord, what has free discussion come to in England, if I am to attend a meeting in a state of terror, lest somebody should say something in some way to offend the susceptibility of a Whig Attorney-General?

“Again, my Lord, pause before you lay down this law. ‘Who shall decide when doctors disagree?’ A learned brother of your Lordship ruled a short time since, that ‘great numbers’ made an assembly unlawful. ‘If there were more than could conveniently hear,’ said the judge, ‘the meeting was unlawful.’ Your Lordship very properly ruled on these very trials that numbers had nothing to do with the matter. For my part, I believe that a meeting of very great numbers would never be found illegal. Here is indeed the glorious uncertainty of the law. The legal line has many hooks. If I swim into the wake of one

judge, I am caught on the hook of numbers. If I go to that of some other, I may be made answerable for what somebody said when I was not present, or, if present, could not prevent his saying. So much for public meeting and free discussion !

“ And now, my Lord, as to the ulterior results of the meeting. If a meeting results, or is supposed to result, in a riot, I am to be answerable for that too ! Now, see the gross absurdity of this. We will suppose I attend a meeting, make a lawful speech, and then leave ; somebody rises after I have left, makes an inflammatory speech, excites the audience, a riot ensues, and—*I am a rioter !*

“ Again, my Lord, suppose, after the meeting is over, when it has dispersed, or is dispersing, a body of evil disposed persons—say thieves, pickpockets, or police—come to the spot, take advantage of the circumstances, and commit a riot—I ask, is it fair, is it just, is it reasonable, that the meeting, and the speakers should be held answerable for their crime ? Nor is it an argument against public meetings, that a disturbance may possibly be committed by parties who are in no way connected with the meeting. What ! would you forbid public meetings because a few windows may be broken by some thieves ? Why don't you write up ‘ No Thoroughfare ’ in the streets, because a young nobleman breaks a lamp glass ? I submit, it must firstly, be clearly proved that the speech delivered was calculated to excite a riot ; and secondly, that the parties who heard the speech were actually those who caused or committed the riot. Now the law of England and of common sense appears to be this : hold a man answerable for what he does, not for what is done by another ; and let the Government take care of their own pickpockets, and not make us answerable for them.

Again, it is ruled that meetings are precisely illegal according to the alarm they create ; so that Government, by bringing up a few cowards, or a crockery dealer, as they did on Thursday last, can convict a whole meeting of illegality. What an awfully illegal meeting it would be, if it was held in a quarter inhabited by old maids—or still worse, if it was held near the abode of a Whig minister—for Whigs are proverbially cowards. Meetings, I assert, are not illegal merely according to the alarm they create, but according to the alarm they create in the majority of the inhabitants of a district, and in the minds of men possessed of reasonable firmness and courage. Not one witness has dared to assert that such alarm was created on the 4th of June.

“ Thus much, my Lord, for the law of public meeting in England. I submit that the exposition given by your Lordship is entirely new ; it is in fact a new law, and if I am sentenced under it, for an act committed antecedently, the anomaly will take place of judging a man by *ex post facto* law.

“ Thus much, my Lord, for the law under which I am convicted, or for the way in which it was understood by the jury. I do not conceive that there ever was the slightest pretext for accusing me either of ‘ unlawful assembly ’ or of ‘ riot.’ As for the words I uttered, do not suppose that I stand here to retract a syllable, or shrink from the avowal

of a single sentiment. My defence is an accusation of the Government. The speech for which I am indicted is a vindication of our constitutional rights; the indictment framed by Government is an attack upon our Constitution. I have pleaded 'Not Guilty,' not to deny my words, but because in my words I deny that there is GUILT.

"The Attorney-General would fain taunt me with shrinking in this Court from what I said outside. I defy him to do so. When did I deny my words? I have not even given you the trouble to prove them. I admitted them in Bow Street—I reiterate them here. But I will not allow the Attorney-General, or any other man living, to distort their meaning. All I ask, and have a right to ask, of your Lordship, is, give them a fair and natural construction, and let them be strained neither to my prejudice nor to my advantage. I uttered sentiments I thought to be right—I am perfectly ready to abide the consequences; but, if varying circumstances may give to the same words a different meaning, then I demand that these circumstances be scanned with an impartial eye.

"I have stood up in the right of vindication of public meeting—a right too sacred to be interfered with by police commissioners—a right which I do not think a Parliament could suspend, as I contend no Parliament can alter a fundamental principle of the constitution without the previously obtained consent of the whole male adult population of the country. I have said the right of public meeting is attached in my person, and if provocation goes in extenuation of an alleged offence, I claim in my defence the prohibition of all public meetings by the police of London. I now hold the proclamations in my hand; those proclamations are illegal—the Government has not dared to avow them—and I call on your Lordship to quote the statute giving the police authority by one sweeping proclamation to prohibit the people from the right of public meeting. I claim this as I cannot be punished for attending an unlawful assembly. This is the key to the language I used. I spoke of threatened attacks of the police, because the police had attacked public meetings that same day. I told the people not to attack the police, not to insult them, but to stand firm in case they were attacked. I reiterate the advice. The right of public meeting must be upheld; if the police interfere with it unlawfully, they must be resisted. This is law, and your Lordship cannot deny it. The right of public meeting has come to something in England, when it must be vindicated under the cannon's mouth, and the sabre's edge, against the policeman's bludgeon. But vindicated it shall be.

"Your Lordship cannot say the meeting was not held for the discussion of a grievance; the right of public meeting was endangered; that and the police were the grievances of the day; of these I spoke, for these I suffer.

"And I beg to tell your Lordship the purpose of a public meeting is not merely to discuss a grievance, but to concert measures for its remedy. Some of our great grievances—the Franchise, the Land Monopoly, Taxation, and the Church—have been freely and often discussed upon those fields, and to such audiences. From those meetings petitions have been freely and often discussed upon those fields, and to such

audiences. From these meetings petitions have been presented to the House, and how have they been met? Look back through your Parliaments since the Reform Bill. Read the catalogue of the people's petitions on these great questions. Utterly unheeded. They have, indeed, got Catholic Emancipation, but it gave them neither land, food, wages, nor trade. They got the Ten Hours' Bill, when they had not work three days in the week. They got Free Trade when trade was ruined by competition. But how have their wrongs been attended to? When Sir Richard Vivian moved for an inquiry into the people's misery, it was negatived without a division. When Sir George Sinclair did the same it was negatived without a division. These things, my Lord, have taught the people that petitioning is of use no longer, and they wish to demonstrate the public opinion by more apparent means. They, somehow, have an idea that a petition from a million of men, forwarded in stray thousands, on stray bits of paper, would be neglected, the same as such petitions have been before; but that the same million of men presenting their petition in person would meet with some attention; and at their meetings now they are publicly organising to this effect. A few men being in prison will not prevent this result, it will only accelerate it; but, I trust, it will not irritate the petitioners.

"To have made what I said sedition, it must have been calculated to subvert the throne, and endanger the public peace. Where is the evidence of this? I spoke of a great national demonstration on the 12th of June. What is their illegal in this? I chid the apathy of certain towns. I do so now—when the people sleep on their rights they die. I said I would go to the North to rally the spirit of the people. What is their illegal in this? Listen to Lord Tenterden (in *Rex v. Marsden*), 'If ministers are incompetent, and their measures prejudicial to the country,—it would be justifiable both to avow and inculcate dissatisfaction.' And as to endangering the public peace, what I said was calculated to maintain it; and that this was my intention, both previous and subsequent circumstances prove. My mission to Yorkshire must have been one of peace. Had not two members of the Chartist executive preceded me there, calmed the excitement, and restored order? And when I went to the North, did I not at two great meetings recommend the maintenance of peace and order, the respect of life and property? Thus much for the second portion of my speech. What is there illegal in that? And, my Lord, do not screen your sentence under the sophism, that though my words may in themselves be harmless, they tend to create excitement among the people in dangerous times. What makes the excitement? *Misery!* What makes misery? *Misrule!* And this brings me to the third portion of the arguments I would urge before you—the objects I had in view.

"And here, my Lord! let me call on you not to charge us with the excitement of the times. Do not believe that we few men are the creators of British discontent or Irish insurrection. Look back to deeper and to higher causes. As well might you charge us with the poor rates, and sixty millions of annual taxation. Look for the cause to your rich but fallow fields, and landless serfs. Look for the cause to your

vast machinery and cheap labour. Follow out the links of your political chain in alternate cause and effect :—

Monopoly and Destitution ;
Discontent and Crime ;
Taxation and Insurrection.

“ Behold, how you have been niggardly with schools, which forces you to be profuse with prisons. Behold, how you have grudged the poor their rights, which makes you fearful for your own ! And behold, too, how easy is the remedy ! Look at your seventy-seven millions of acres, on which the majority of your thirty millions of population starve, or are comfortless, and say, why should this be ! Let the Government divide the waste lands among the people—they would support the entire pauper population, and thus relieve the artificial labour market, so that work could be obtained at fair wages by the unwilling idler. Instead of this, what does the Government ? Incorporate these lands with the overgrown estates of the great landowners ! Do not say it is all the same in whose hands the land falls. For if one man holds 50,000 acres, do you suppose he supports 10,000 families in comfort ? Well, more than the 10,000 families—(50,000 individuals) might be supported out of that land. The Attorney-General will again say, I wish to divide all the land. Far from it—I have instanced the waste lands—I can add the Church lands—of which one-third belongs of right to the poor, and here is an episode from that, on the property of the House of Russell.

This family owns :

The Church lands of Melchurne	£6,000
Woburn Abbey and lands	10,000
Thorney Abbey.....	15,000
Dunkerswell Abbey.....	7,000
Tavistock Abbey	25,000
Castel Hymel Priory	2,000
	<hr/>
	£65,000

“ The lands, once the property of the poor, are annually increasing in value. The Duke of Bedford is also the patron of thirty livings in the Church, value about £10,000, and the whole district of Covent Garden, in London, producing an income of about £200,000 ! Now then, my object is, to obtain, by Constitutional Enactments, the restitution of such lands to the poor. There would be no need of poor's rates then, or money to build workhouses ! There would be no fear of discontent. Ah ! my Lord, if you fear that trading demagogues excite the country, give the people food and justice, and the trade of demagogue is at an end. Oh ! let the jury class remember we are their best friends. We would not touch their property or their lives—but we would relieve them altogether from poor's rate ; we would relieve them from the oppressive weight of taxation. Let us take the war-tax alone : twenty millions per annum. Most of this might be saved were you to arm the people. Most of this might be saved were you to send drill sergeants to exercise the people, instead of taking up the people for drilling. Most of this might be saved

if you had a National Guard instead of a Standing Army. And then let the jury remember what a home trade they would obtain. Two million substantial yeomen would be two million substantial customers. And the well-paid mechanics (for wages must rise as labour became scarcer by the surplus being drafted on the land)—and the well-paid mechanics, I say, would be well-paying visitors to the shop-keepers. Higher wages would operate prejudicially to the shopkeeper? The reverse. For money paid by an employing class to a consuming class is money put out at interest—and at compound interest too. The wages enable the working man to buy; the tradesmen sells only at a profit; the richer the working man is, the greater the comforts he can afford to buy—the greater the profits of the tradesmen who sells. This is the working of home-trade—this is the way in which it is to be restored in England. Such are the objects for which I advocate the Charter. I ask you, my Lord, whether the Attorney-General was right when he said: ‘I was for spoliation and division of property.’

“Instead of building workhouses, erect colleges of agriculture.

“Instead of emigration, promote home colonisation. Emigration is no remedy. Reflect; what does produce arise from? The land, and the labour spent upon it. Reduce the labour power by emigration, and you reduce the power of supplying food—the same as by reducing machinery you limit manufacture. Scarcity must ensue—poverty spread—poor-rates increase, and less ability exist to pay taxes and support the Government.

“I repeat, then, my lord, it is prejudice that has convicted me. Had the jury known these to have been my views, they never would have applied the word ‘guilty’ to me. But do not suppose I feel guilty because a middle-class jury call me so, on the misrepresentation of a whig lawyer. This bar seems to me more like a judgment seat, and my sentence more like a condemnation of the Government. I well remember the words of your Lordship at a public dinner in this city: ‘Let the City of London find me the juries, and I will find them the law.’ The City has found you the juries—you have found the law—and, I doubt not, you will find me the sentence. But what have you gained by bringing me here? What am I? A humble apostle of truth. I am your prisoner; but the truth is there—without—free—omnipotent—you have not caged it in the walls of your prison; you cannot send your police to arrest it; it blunts their cutlasses; it breaks their batons; the work is done—the seed is scattered—the crop is growing—and hear! even now, the labourers are sharpening their scythes for the harvest.

“My Lord, beware in time! Mine is but one of those warning voices sent from the heaving bosom of life—saying to you: beware! My language may be strong. Truth is so. Truth plays upon an iron harp, but her touch is unerring. The press is your worst enemy, when it conceals from you the people’s misery and the people’s wishes. Then thank me, and do not punish me, for daring to warn you of your danger.

“You think Chartism is quelled. Learn that it is more strong than ever. While oppression reigns—Chartism resists. While misery lasts—

Chartism shall flourish ; and when misery ceases the Charter will be law. It is taught in the Bible ; it is based on Christianity ; it is the star of the poor man's hearth ; it is the sceptre of the rich man's hall. It is the terrible spirit that whispers, ' no peace to the rich until the poor man has his rights.' It is the fury beside the tyrant—but it is the guardian angel of the factory child ; it is the prophet who spoke :—' Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, to turn aside the righteous from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless !'

"Do not think you can resist the demands of the people. They grow more pressing day by day. Parade your army of insolvents in the streets of London—call out your discontented soldiers : like the satellites sent to take the prophet of old, they came back as disciples who went out to prosecute. Remember the terrible fiat has gone forth,—' no peace to the rich, till the poor have their rights.' Remember, here in England, thousands of families are living on a shilling a week ; thousands of men on a penny farthing a day ; thousands of human beings keep their wretched pallets all day, for then they feel their hunger less ; thousands of families have lived through the winter and spring on turnips only. Remember, as Mr. Drummond told you in the House, English mothers have killed their children to save them from the slow death of hunger ; here in this Christian land, a mother has been driven to gnaw the arm of her dead baby ! Then, think of your fancy balls, and routs, and suppers,—then tend on your blood horses and sleek hounds, and strain the law against those who cry for their rights if you can.

"But there is a law higher than all—the law of self-preservation. Tremble lest the poor should appeal from man to God, and learn from him :—' Happier are they who perish by the sword, than those who die by starvation.'

"Concede to the people in time. You denied the Irish repeal, and now they demand independence. The Chartists are loyal subjects. But, remember, they may not always, if you neglect them so long, be contented with the Charter. I warn you the stream may greaten as it flows, and the word ' Charter ' may be changed to the shibboleth ' Republic.'

"My Lord, I am the advocate of peaceful reform. I would advise a people to bear much before they seek the dangerous alternative of force. But I believe that all Governments hold their authority from the people. I believe that the will of the majority is the fountain of law ; and I coincide with Baron Gurney, when he states—' That the first political truth that is engraven on the soul of man is, that all power flows from the people, and is a trust for their benefit, and when that trust is abused, resistance is not only a right but a duty.'

"My Lord, I have the honour to be,

"A prisoner for the Charter.

"ERNEST JONES."

Monday, July 10th. 1848, in the Dock at the Old Bailey, while waiting for sentence.

The sentence against Mr. Jones was two years solitary confinement, and two sureties of £100 each, and to be bound in his own recognisances for £200, to keep the peace for three years.

The harshness with which the sentence was enforced became the subject of universal reprobation, and gave the impression to people's minds that there was no intention that he should ever survive his imprisonment. Indeed, so severe was that treatment, that his two fellow prisoners did succumb, and died in prison, in September, 1849, of cholera, brought on by low diet, and confinement. The press of the country teemed with articles condemnatory of the treatment.

Mr. Jones was kept in solitary confinement on the silent system enforced with the utmost rigour; for nineteen months he was neither allowed pen, ink, nor paper, but confined in a small cell, 13 feet wide by 6, in utter solitude, varied only by a solitary walk in a small high walled prison yard. He obeyed all the prison regulations in the most exemplary manner, excepting one, that as to picking oakum, observing, that for the sake of public order he would conform to all external forms and rules, but would never lend himself to voluntary degradation.

On the 7th of April, 1849, he wrote a letter to Sir George Grey, which concluded with the words:—"I am not to be awed by tyranny, whether emanating, as in this case, from petty, or as elsewhere, from more powerful sources."

This was called violent language, and the permission to write letters in future was withheld.

The Government reported to the magistrates of him and another prisoner in their report under date April 8th. 1850, as printed by order of the House of Commons, that the language and correspondence of those two prisoners were of a nature calculated to show that, when they are at large, they will commit breaches of the peace, and there is, manifestly, all the desire still with them to incite others to mischief. And the magistrates recommended to the Home Office that they should not be liberated because "the feelings and opinions of the prisoners remained unchanged." Commenting on this afterwards in *Notes to the People*, Mr. Jones says, "Of course they are! Did they

think we were children, that shutting us up in a dark corner, and depriving us of our dinners, would alter the very temper of our souls?"

Again, and again, Mr. Jones was imprisoned in a dark cell, and fed on bread and water, in consequence of his refusal to pick oakum. Even the bible was taken from him. On one occasion while the cholera was raging in London, 417 having died in one day, this punishment was enforced even though he was suffering from dysentery at the time, and he was confined to a dark cell, from which a man dying from cholera had just before been removed. Well might public opinion gain ground that the Whig oligarchy finding they could not break his spirit were resolved on his destruction. But their efforts were in vain. Exemplary as was his conduct in all other respects, they never succeeded in making him perform the degrading labour task.

Ernest Jones was so broken in health in the second year of his imprisonment, that he could no longer stand upright—he was found lying on the floor of his cell, and then only taken to the prison hospital. He was then told that if he would petition for his release, and promise to abjure politics for the future, the remainder of his sentence would be remitted; but he refused his liberty on these conditions, said the work he had once begun he would never turn from, and was accordingly reconsigned to his cell.

As a further illustration of the gratuitous cruelty and petty torture practised towards him, he asked during the period when the cholera was at its height, permission to hear whether his wife (who was in most delicate health) and his little children were still alive—and the permission was refused.

Our readers may perhaps smile at another illustration of prison discipline as applied to him. After nineteen months he was allowed to receive books to read subject to the supervision of the prison chaplain—and among the books, the admission of which was refused, were Disraeli's *Coningsby*, Shakespeare's *Tragedies*, J. Fenimore Cooper's novels, and some works in French, of which language the chaplain was ignorant.

Mr. Jones, however, had mental resources of his own. During his imprisonment, and before pen, ink, and paper were allowed, he wrote some of the finest poems in the English

language. The devices by which he obtained writing materials are amusing. Pens he got by finding occasionally a feather from a rook's wing,* that had dropped in the prison yard. This quill he cut secretly with a razor when brought to him twice a week to shave; an ink bottle he contrived to make from a piece of soap he got from the washing shed, and this he filled with ink from the ink bottle when he was allowed to write a quarterly letter; paper was supplied by these quarterly sheets, leaves from the bible, or any other scrap which he could manage by any means to get hold of.

The poems he composed in prison were "The Painter of Florence," "The New World," and a number of smaller pieces which are given below, with the dates of composition:—

Bonnivard.....	August, 1848.
Hope.....	October, 1848.
Prison Bars.....	November 1848.
The Poet's Parallel.....	February, 1849.
Prison Fancies (composed when confined in a solitary cell on bread and water, without books or writing materials).....	} May, 1849.
The Mariner's Compass.....	
The Steed and the Rider.....	May 11, 1849.
The Last Light.....	June 7, 1849.
The Languages.....	June 8, 1849.
Where?.....	June 15, 1849.
What?.....	July 5, 1849.
The Garden Seat.....	
Earth's Burdens.....	
The Silent Cell (composed during illness, on the 6th day of my incarceration in a solitary cell, on bread and water, and without books).....	} August, 1849.
The Prisoner's Dream.....	
Resignation (written in the Infirmary of Westminster Prison during severe illness).....	} November, 1849,
The Quiet Home (written in the Prison Infirmary).....	
The Legacy (written in the Infirmary of Westminster Prison when not expecting to recover).....	} March, 1850.
To Wordsworth (on hearing of his death).....	
St. Cuntt's (The Charity Church reared opposite the Prison gate).....	}
Easter Hymn.....	
Hymn for Ascension Day in the future.....	Ascension Day, 1850.
Hymn for Lammas Day.....	July, 1850.

* In the debate on the petition of Ernest Jones in July, 1851, in the House of Commons, it was stated "The New World" was written in prison with the twig of a prison broom for his pen.

We append three or four of these poems as specimens :—

THE LEGACY.

Behold ! unto my death bed sent,
 The notary drew near,
 And eager for my testament,
 Each heritor appear.

The pen impatient sickness holds,
 And truth and conscience read ;
 While life the page reluctant folds—
 In witness of the deed.

“ Now faithful, ye to every one
 His heritage consign,
 My faults unto Oblivion,
 My virtues unto Time ;

“ My Memory to Pity’s care,
 To Love my latest breath,
 And gladly give the latest share—
 My pains and woes to Death.

“ My body to the leafy sod
 Where warmest lies the light,
 My soul to the eternal God !
 And to the world—Good night ! ”

’Twas ended—but contention strange
 Rose ere his eyes had closed,
 Oblivion tried with Time to change,
 But Pity interposed.

THE SILENT CELL.

They told me ’twas a fearful thing
 To pine in prison lone ;
 The brain became a shrivelled scroll,
 The heart a living stone.

Nor solitude, nor silent cell
 The teeming mind can tame ;
 No tribute needs the granite-will,
 No food the planet flame.

Denied the fruit of others thought,
 To write my own denied,
 Sweet Sisters, Hope and Memory, brought
 Bright volumes to my side.

And oft we trace with airy pen,
 Full many a word of worth ;
 For time will pass, and Freedom then
 Shall flash them on the Earth.

They told me that my veins would flag,
 My ardour would decay ;
 And heavily their fetters drag
 My blood's young strength away.

Like conquerors hounding to the goal,
 Where cold white marble gleams,
 Magnificent red rivers ! roll !—
 Roll ! all you thousand streams.

Oft to passions stormy gale,
 When sleep I seek in vain,
 Fleets of fancy up them sail,
 And anchor in my brain.

But never a wish for base retreat
 Or thought of recreant part,
 While yet a single pulse shall heat
 Proud marches in my heart.

They'll find me still unchanged and strong,
 When breaks their puny thrall ;
 With hate—for not one living soul—
 And pity for them all.

WHAT ?

What is love ? It is the striving
 Of two spirits to be one ;
 Sweetness hungering after sweetness ;
 Want that thirsteth for completeness ;
 Two planets formed hy fate to be
 Each other's dear necessity,
 Each from each it's light deriving,
 Till they melt into a sun.

WHERE ?

Where is Love ?
 O ! rather name the spot
 Where Love is not.
 Below, above,
 In calm and storm, in wild and city mart—
 Wherever heats a human heart,
 There is love !
 Even where Hate's red woof is seen
 Love weaves a golden thread between.
 In the battle's bleeding mass ?
 He lurks beneath the wet cuirass.
 Breathed with the earliest breath—
 He dies not even in death.

In the grave?
 The ring he gave—
 The lock of hair—
 Love—is there!

No heart so wither'd, lost, and old,
 Nothing so dull, and dead, and cold,
 But Love compels in his boundless fold.

He floats on the waves as he leans to the light
 Of the unseen moon in the darkest night;
 He dwells in the bud of the wet green leaf,
 He lurks in the seed of the long-dried sheaf!
 Sources of boundless misery

Joy were the joyless without thee!
 He climbs into heaven, he dives into hell;
 He sits on the thrones where the angels dwell;
 He walks through the haunts of the souls that fell;
 For what can madden the tortured mind
 Like a glimpse of the heaven it left behind?

Mr. Ernest Jones was received with a perfect ovation in all parts of the country at the expiration of his sentence, and immediately became [virtually the leader of the democratic movement. He forthwith started a weekly magazine entitled *Poems and Notes to the People*. The first number was issued the first Saturday in May, 1851, and contained 20 pages octavo. It was continued weekly: with the fourth number it became *Notes to the People*. Every six months formed a volume. The title page of the first volume reads: "Notes to the People, by Ernest Jones, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of the "Wood Spirit," "Lord Lindsay," "My Life," &c. London: J. Pavey, 47, Holywell Street, 1851."

In commencing these *Notes to the People*, Mr. Jones had more than ordinary difficulties to contend against. He shall, however, speak for himself. In "Words to the Reader," written on the completion of the first volume, he says:—

"These Notes were started without capital—that indispensable requisite in launching a new publication. They were started without funds to 'bill,' placard, or advertise; their publicity depended almost entirely on the good-will and exertion of a few readers in whose hands the first number happened to fall. No subscriptions have been solicited or received to support it; but a torrent of hostility, or a dull weight of neglect, has been directed against its progress.

"So complete has been the 'burking system,' that even when I endeavoured to send a few placards into the country, the London agents in very, very many cases (though money was paid for the booking of each

parcel), suppressed the communication. When the bills reached their destination, if placarded, as soon as the obnoxious name appeared on the walls, it was immediately torn down, covered, or defaced. An experiment has been tried at a news agents in Drury Lane, who very handsomely and honourably exhibited day by day a fresh bill on the wall of his house. Every morning it was torn down, and, on placing a watch, it has been discovered that the police are the destroying agents. . . . I have been told that I am the greatest enemy to the circulation of the work myself, by the tenour of some of the articles it contains, since those articles fly in the face of the partialities and prejudices of a large portion of my readers. I plead guilty; but my excuse is—I can't help it. What I wrote I believe to be the truth; and I hold it better not to write at all than not to write what I consider truth. . . . 'But why touch them at all? Why could you not pass them by, without expressing any opinion whatever on these subjects? Then you would have offended nobody, and might glide smoothly onward,' writes another correspondent.

"Yes! but then this periodical ought to have been baptised by another name—'THE TRIMMER'—than which character nothing is more odious, and nothing more contemptible. . . . If I write down these 'Notes,' *from that cause*, to one single reader to be myself, I will still persist in writing thus, unto the cessation of the work, *and it shall not cease, as long as it is possible to continue it.*"

From these *Notes to the People*, there is no difficulty in gleaning Mr. Jones's opinions. The first number opens with "*The New World*; a democratic poem dedicated to the people of the United Queendom, and of the United States of America."

In his introduction to the poem he says:—

"Men of America! thank heaven (thank your own strong arms) for having escaped from the corrupt legislation of this island, that floats upon waters like a plague-stricken hull of a stately wreck, within its death fraught ribs houses a people of paupers, groaning beneath the immeasurable wealth they have created, but enjoy not. At its doors die a million human beings, in a land, lashed like a conquered prey to the British Crown, that drags it down to famine and pestilence, whence all who can escape, fly to harden the move of hatred on your new Atlantis. On its colonies the sun never sets, but the blood never dries. In mechanical power it has outstripped the world, but that power it employs to displace labour, and starve unwilling idlers. Every factory is more corrupt than a barracks, more painful than a prison, and more painful than a battle field. Its commerce touches every shore, but their ports have been opened by artillery, and are held by murder. Abroad, its traders play the pirate; at home, the journeyman is cheated by the apprentice, the apprentice by the master, the small dealer by the wholesale dealer, the customer by both, and the Government cheats all. Its landlords ruin their tenants, and then decimate and exile them, lest they should have to support the wreck they have made; complain of redundant population, and yet throw corn land into grass; so then work-houses are insufficient to contain the poor, and yet cast down the cottage in which they live.

“It has been increasing its wealth, but corrupting its manhood; trebling its churches, but corrupting its Christianity; sending forth missionaries but rendering their faith hated by the acts of its professors; building charities, but making more poor than it relieved—stealing a pound and asking gratitude for giving back a farthing!—and, withal, it dazzles the world by its attitude and quiescent grandeur.

“But that grandeur is decaying: its colonies will fall off like ripe fruit from a withering tree to start up young forests of freedom! Its commerce will die because it is unsound at the core; foreign competition has been met by home competition; and both have been founded on the fall of wages, and the land desertion for the loom. Thus home trade has been destroyed, for with the working-class it flourishes or fades. Food is the staple wealth—and thus England has been made the pensioner of other lands for their daily bread. . . . Competition still grows—the wholesale dealer devours a small shopkeeper; the large estate annexes the little; the great capitalists ruin the lesser; thus the evil preys upon its originators; the middle class forced working-men to compete with working-men; now circumstances compel them to compete amongst themselves—they have no working-class reserve to fall back upon—wages are so low that they cannot indemnify themselves any longer by their reduction, and the middle-class are fast sinking back into the level from which they rose, to leave a few pillars of monopoly rearing a few pillars of monopoly above the prostrate mass, Yes! *wealth keeps centralising more rapidly than it increases*—that is a clue to the distress. The centralisation of wealth makes paupers—and the system that makes paupers can never cure pauperism; therefore the efforts to arrest the downward course have proved vain. The poor create the poor—one pauper makes another—for under the present system at least, he takes for his support from those who have, without bestowing in return; thus he drags the men next above him down to his own platform by an inevitable social law. Crime will increase, for it is not the child of ignorance but of poverty. For awhile the diseased state may purge its noxious humours, but emigration will tarry, though not till it is proven a curse—it takes away the hands as well as the mouths—two hands will feed more than one mouth—insufficiency of labour power as applied to the soil, not insufficiency of the soil for the demand of the inhabitants, is the want from which we suffer; therefore, emigration takes more from production than from consumption—an evil to the land whose productive powers are but half developed.

“Thus, while we have been extending ourselves abroad, we have been undermining ourselves at home; thus, the poor have been sinking lower every year—diminutive cariatides, supporting the vast fabric of monopoly, till at last pauperism, like a blind Sampson, shall pull down the pillar in the temple of the Philistines. Yet, withal, they tell us that trade is brisk—as though trade meant happiness! The wheels run and the hearts break. They tell us that England is prosperous and Ireland tranquil. Yes! the pulses of England are breaking fast with fever, and Ireland is tranquil with the lull of mortification.

“Such is the aspect of my own land.

“But men of America the sad ruin is germinating in yours as well. You are following in the wake of Tyre, Carthage, and Rome—of Venice, Spain, and England.

“You are a Republic, so was Venice—the mere republican form secures neither prosperity nor freedom, though essential for their existence. Political right may be enjoyed by a social slave. Political power is but defensive armour to ward off class aggression. How are you using it? You are standing still while piece by piece is being loosened on your limbs. The golden curse is in your midst—the land is annually being gathered into larger masses—colossal fortunes are being formed—an aristocracy is germinating—the worst aristocracy of all—that of money and of office: the pomp and pride of equipage and furniture is spreading—already gay liveries are dotting your thoroughfares; already the tramp of the mercenary is heard in your streets—military glory is beginning to poison your common sense—you are aping the vices of the old monarchies—and your men of letters, who ought to be the high-priests of freedom, are contaminating your intellect, with the exception of some goodly veterans, stern old republican penmen, your literature flutter in silks, velvets, and ostrich feathers. Your authors come over here, and go into estacies about a royal procession and a court ball—they are innoculating your mind with the old venom of Europe; look to it, young talents of the West—better write in rough numbers and on homely themes, than emulate the lines of Pope or Tennyson, if turned to the servility of courts.

“And what is the cause of all this? Wealth is beginning to centralise. It is its nature—all other evils follow in its wake. It should be the duty of Government to counteract that centralisation by laws having a distributive tendency. Whatever political rights you may enjoy, they will be nullified as you sink beneath the curse of wages—slavery.

“Let me draw your attention to the internal cause of a people's subjugation.

“The centralisation of wealth in the hands of a few, engenders luxury; then a class is created for the mere purpose of pandering to the luxuries of the rich. This class becomes dependent upon the rich, and, therefore, identified with their interests. This class, again, employs another section of the people as *its* dependents—takes them away from productive labour to artificial callings; unfits them for hardy toil—demoralises them—thus forms an aristocracy of labour out of the higher-paid trades—the ‘better class’ mechanics; and thus the interests of one portion of the people are severed from those of the remainder. The ‘better paid’ looks down on the less fortunate—class is thus established within class, each having its separate interests, jealousies and objects; and an oligarchy is empowered to divide and rule. The wealth of the latter, again, enables them to hire and arm the evil-minded—the ignorant, or the selfish in any numbers requisite to keep the rest in awe, under the names of soldiers and police. Beyond the pale of all these lies the great bulk of the population. The condition of the latter must steadily deteriorate—the more wealth centralises, the less can individual industry contend with accumulated capital, till, at last, they are obliged to compete with each other for employment. Taxation is entirely shifted on their

shoulders by means of a reduction in wages, more than commensurate with every tax. Pauperism requires additional taxation—taxation creates additional pauperism. Should mechanical science and power be developed, that which ought to be a blessing, only accelerates the evil because it is sure to fall into the hands of the rich few, who use it to cheapen labour; true, at last, the middle class must suffer, as they are beginning to do in England—true, at last, taxation and its effects react upon themselves—true, at last, they will discover their mistake—but a people perishes in teaching wisdom to its oppressors.

“ Revolution sometimes cuts the gordian knot, but this is scarcely ever practicable, except in the earlier stages of a nation’s decay—and sometimes in the latest; it may succeed in the infancy and old age of states, but rarely in their manhood—for in the latter period, though the middle class may begin to look upon the aristocracy with a hostile eye, they dare not subvert it—they are obliged to go forth in defence of their own enemies, because they, too, are slaves—the only difference between them and the poor being that their chain is golden; anything that unsettles credit, paralyses trade, or creates panic is their ruin—therefore, they are ‘men of order;’ they have still too much to lose, therefore, they are reactionary. Governments know this, they bridle the middle class with a curb of gold, they control the poor with a rod of steel.

“ All, then, in that stage of society, depends upon the working class—but when over toil, disease, and famine, have destroyed their bodily strength, and when centralisation has enabled Government to wield its force with the rapidity and precision of a machine; revolution as dependant on the working classes is an almost vain endeavour. The people have lost heart—and those who still retain the courage—lack the bone and muscle. The best fed, and the best grown men of the country are in the hire of the Government, and, by the touch of a telegraphic wire, by the whirl of a few engines, can be thrown in any numbers, at any time, on any given point. In such a state of society (the manhood or fullest development of our social system) isolated riot may be frequent, revolution is impossible. Witness Ireland! Flight, wholesale flight! Emigration (the coward’s refuge!) is all left the inhabitants of that unhappy land, and tranquility reigns there so profound, that the troops are withdrawn from the graves of the murdered millions, to coerce what little effervescence may be supposed to linger in the British heart. Witness England! Every year the revolutionary element has become more languid—every year it has sought some quiescent means of elevation. Some tell us, this betokens the march of the mind—the progress of intelligence; mind has progressed, but force and mind are not antagonistic agents—it is the progress of exhaustion, the march of bodily decay. The animal spirits of the people are destroyed by toil, their physical strength is worn down by hunger—they are wrecks of men, and thence die quietly.

“ In the old age of States (the decay of the existing social system) revolution again becomes possible, from the fact that a new element of discontent becomes active—the hitherto prosperous middle-class begin to suffer, they are still strong in mind and body, and, having less to lose they grow revolutionary.

“Working men of America! You have not arrived at either stage of weakness yet. Fortunes as colossal, monopolies as threatening as ours are forming among you. You do not yet feel their effects very keenly, because of the productive powers of your soil, and the varied resources of your country. Let the present system progress much longer, let oligarchy be firmly seated, the resources of the land will be but so much additional strength to the monopolist—and the rich interior prove a tantalising vision to the crowded seaboard.

“Republicans of America! Look to your remedy: ASSOCIATION, Association not local, but national—applied to both machinery and land. You still possess political power: use it to develop co-operative labour, and to restrict the centralisation of capital in the hands of a few—not by tyrannical laws, but by indirect and gradual legislation. The poor of England, reft of political power, are, I fear, sunk too low to raise themselves by associative means alone. They have waited too long, capital is too far in advance—and they possess not that which you still enjoy, the franchise. Our hope lies in the fact, that the present system is sinking from its own corruption—reversing the case of Saturn, the offspring of class government, taxation, crime, and pauperism are devouring their own parent: our only hope lies in the knowledge that the falling middle class will be forced by the pressure of circumstances to join the proletarian ranks. Our danger is, that we should unite BEFORE THE TIME—unite upon terms based on middle class advantage only. If we unite now, such *must* be the result, for we are not strong enough at present to dictate equal terms, and what strengthens the middle class without strengthening us in the same proportion, throw us further from the goal of freedom.

“Such is the living aspect of society, on either side of the Atlantic. In the following pages I have endeavoured to shadow forth the successive phases through which the nations of the earth have passed, to show how the working classes have been made the leverage by which one privileged order has subverted another—the ruling power constantly expanding, from the royal unit to the feudal nobility, and thence down to the more numerous middle class, always including larger numbers in the elements of government—till progression reached the turning point, where it vibrated between reaction and democracy. At that point, hitherto in the world’s history, reaction has always won the day, but never once from inevitable law; it has ever been owing to an external force, or to the ignorance and folly of the people. Recently, owing to a combination of both causes: the semi-barbaric power of Russia—the semi-barbaric ignorance of the agriculturists of France.

“England and America now hold the balance of the future—the great neutral powers of the East and West—and France is the fulcrum on which they turn. These are the only three countries in the world where the present realisation of democracy is possible. In America, a young nation, because it has not gone too far to recall its errors—in France and England, because they have, step by step, moved up every form of the social school. In the rest of Continental Europe, democracy is far distant—it has yet to pass through the grades of ‘constitutionalism’—the

rule of the middle class. Royalty subverted heirocracy; feudalism subverted royalty; plutocracy subverted feudalism—and at that point we stand—the next stage is DEMOCRACY or REACTION. A revolution may state democracy in power, in both Germany and Italy: but that power will not last, for its victory will be premature. A hot-house plant placed under a March sky must perish. A stage on the road to freedom was never yet overleaped with impunity. The secret of victory is—

NOTHING BEFORE ITS TIME.

The test of the statesman is to know when that time has come—the duty of the people is, never to let it pass.

“Free citizens of the Republic! my country has been called the ‘Ark of Freedom’—but in yours I see its Ararat, and to you, at whose hands Shelley looked for vindication and immortality, a humbler bard now dedicates his work.

“Unenfranchised subjects of the monarchy! To you also I address these pages, written chiefly with my blood while a prisoner in solitude and silence. You and I have suffered together in the same cause—*we are suffering now*—and we will battle on.”

We give the concluding stanzas of the poem—

“In sunny clime behold an empire rise,
 Fair as its ocean, glorious as its skies!
 ‘Mid seas serene of mild pacific smiles—
 Republic vast of federated isles,
 Sleepy Tradition, lingering loves to rest,
 Confiding child! on calm Tahiti’s breast;
 But Science gathers with gigantic arms,
 In one embrace, the South’s diffusive charms;
 Nor there alone she rears the bright domain—
 Throughout the world expauds her hallowing reign.
 Then, bold aspiring as immortal thought,
 Launched in the boundless, mounts the aeronaut;
 While o’er the earth they drive the cloudy team,
 Electric messenger, and car of steam;
 And guide and govern on innocuous course,
 The explosive minerals propelling force;
 Or, mocking distance, send, ou rays of light,
 Love’s homeborn smiles to cheer the wanderer’s sight,
 Mechanic power then miuisters to health,
 And lengthening leisure gladdens greatening wealth:
 Brave alchemy, the baffied hope of old,
 Then forms the diamond and concretes the gold;
 No fevered lands with burning plagues expire,
 But draw the rain as Franklin drew the fire;
 Or far to mountains guide the floating hail,
 And whirl on barren rocks its harmless flail.
 Then the weird magnate, bowed by mightier spell,
 Robbed of its secret yields its power as well.

With steely fingers on twin dials placed,
 The thoughts of farthest friends are instant traced ;
 And those fine sympathies that like a flame,
 Fibre to fibre draw, and frame to frame,
 That superstition in its glamour—pride,
 At once misunderstood and misapplied,
 As virtue ripens shall be all reveal'd,
 When man deserves the trust such arms to wield.
 Then shall be known, what fairy-lore mistaught,
 When Fancy troubled Truth's instructive thought,
 That He who filled with life each rolling wave,
 And denizens to every dew drop gave,
 Let not this hollow globe's encavern'd space,
 The only void, unpeopled dwelling place.
 Then shall the eye, with wide extended sight,
 Translate the starry gospel of the night ;
 And not as now, when narrower bounds are set,
 See, but not read, the shining alphabet.
 Unhooded knowledge then shall freely scan
 That mighty world of breathing wonders—man !
 How act and will are one, shall stand defined ;
 How heart is feeling, and how brain is mind.
 Then each disease shall quit the lightened breast,
 By pain tormented while by vice oppressed ;
 And life's faint step to death's cool threshold seem
 The gentle passing of a pleasant dream.

Those halcyon days shall witness discord cease,
 And one great family abide in peace :
 While hall and bayonet hut remain to tell
 That lofty race how low their fathers fell.
 One language then endearingly extends :
 Shall tongues be strangers still, when hearts are friends ?
 With Babels' curse war, wrong, and slavery came—
 Their end was shadowed in the cloven flame.

No strong armed few shall arrogate the soil*—
 God gave to man his title in his toil ;
 No vile distinction mar His great design,
 And designate a theft as " mine and thine."
 No perjured code shall make his bounty vain,
 And say, " For thee the stubble—me, the grain ;"
 But 'twixt this dust and heaven's o'erarching span,
 Man own no nobler namethan that of Man—
 No holier law than Christ's great law of love,
 His guide within him, and his Judge above ;
 Freed evermore from soldiers, nobles, kings,
 Priests, lawyers, hangmen, and all worthless things ;

*Originally written : " No parchment deed shall qualify the soil,"

For, matchless harmony pervading earth,
 With evil passions dies each evil birth ;
 And, all her stubborn elements subdued,
 Nature and man forget their ancient feud.

Thus, regions civilised the cold forsakes,
 Unkind miasma shuns the brightening lakes ;
 And, banished thence, as by enchanter's wand,
 The very earthquake leaves the lulling land—
 To exiled Art Euganean hills resigns,
 And stern old Etna spares his clambering vines ;
 But where harsh ignorance maintains the van,
 And brutes are scarce less civilised than man,
 There forms uncouth and fearful portents dwell—
 The lingering vestige of invading Hell.
 Peace blest the groves of Antioch's classic age,
 Where rude Antakia shakes with sulphury rage.
 Thro' thousand cones of France the plague expires,
 In granite cenotaphs and former fires.
 Tho' red volcanoes blast old Gondar's wave,
 And with their Puma down the Andes rave,
 The rocks of Rhine, of Leman, and Vaucluse,
 Are silent that mankind may hear the muse !
 But still from Ural's lip to Hunlat's ear,
 Crude chaos pours its messages of fear ;
 O'er Sweden's Scaldic oak, and Norway's pine,
 In quiet grandeur wintry glories shine ;
 Yet Hecla strives in Thule, with neighbouring toil,
 To thaw its snows and make its Geysers boil,
 Thick-peopled streams in leisure wend their way,
 To smiling banks of civilised Cathay :
 While mighty mountains 'mid confusion placed,
 Still groan across Kamtschatka's barbarous waste.
 But in that happier age, from zone to zone,
 One bloom shall brighten, and one joy be known :
 Earth's angel, then, at God's supreme command,
 Waving to North and South an emerald hand.
 Their golden keys receiving from the sun,
 Unlocks the crystal portals one by one.
 Again on Polar isles the stately palm
 Beckons the harque along the rippling calm ;
 And frostmokes, fleeting from each icy cape,
 To Greenland yield once more the clustering grape.

The beasts of prey an extirpated race,
 Vanish on barbarism's dusky trace ;
 No lamb and lion bound in friendship view—
 Nature is never to herself untrue—
 But as the gentlest still the longest last,
 The lamb shall flourish when the lion's past.

Then, as the waifs of sin are swept away,
 Mayhap the world may meet its destined day :—
 A day of change and consummation bright,
 After its long Aurora, and old night.
 No millions shrieking in a fiery flood ;
 No blasphemies of vengeance and of blood ;—
 Making an end of God's great work of joy,
 And of Almighty wisdom—to destroy !
 No kindling comet—and no fading sun—
 But Heaven and earth uniting melt in one.

“ Beldagon Church,” a religious poem, dedicated to the Chartists of Halifax ; and other poems, appeared in the following numbers. We append an extract from “ The Painter of Florence,” a domestic poem, dedicated to Julian Harney :—

There's a mansion old 'mid the hills of the west,
 So old, that men know not by whom it was built ;
 But its pinnacles grey thro' the forest hoar
 Have glimmered a thousand years and more ;
 And many a tale of sorrow and guilt
 Would blanch the cheek
 If its stones could speak
 The secrets locked in its silent breast.
 Its lords have been great in the olden day ;
 But the pride of their strength has broken away :
 They moulder unknown in their native land,
 And their home has long passed to a stranger-hand.
 A cunning lawyer, who could feed
 Present want with future need,
 Had drawn the youth of their latest heir,
 In the viewless mesh of subtle snare.
 The careless boy he had led astray
 With the lure of lust and the thirst of play ;
 With low companions bade him sit,
 Who spoke debauch and called it wit—
 His passions fanned—employed his purse,
 Took all he had, and gave—their curse.
 Then, when he'd run his fortune thro',
 He sought in debt a fortune new,
 And, gambling high and drinking hard,
 Threw down his acres, card by card,
 The lawyer watched his victim bleed,
 Secure in obit, bond, and deed ;
 At first with humble means began
 The quick, obliging business man ;
 But carefully picked up each stray feather
 Till he was fledged for winter weather,
 Then massed his sordid gains together
 And lent to him from whom, 'tis said,

He once had begged his daily bread :
 Steadily opened pore by pore,
 With a lulling lure and a winning word,
 Like a flapping wing of a vampire-bird,
 And sucked—and sucked, till he bled no more ;
 Then changed his tone in a single hour ;
 He felt, and he let him feel his power,
 Nor one poor drop of gold would fetch
 To slake the thirst of the perishing wretch ;
 But when he found he had sucked him dry,
 He turned his back and let him die.

Then rose the lawyer from his chair,
 Ordered his barouche and pair,
 Drove down and ransacked every store,
 Sealed every chest, locked every door,
 Counted all things o'er and o'er—
 Acres, forests, manors, all—
 From the family portraits that clung to the wall,
 To the old oak-chest in the servants' hall.

But, since it ever forms his way
 The frank and generous *rôle* to play,
 He takes a condescending tone,
 And kindly offers the widow lone
 A few small rooms, for a passing day,
 In the palace so lately all her own :
 But takes very good care she cannot stay ;
 And tells the servants, old and grey,
 He'll soothe their life's unhousted decay,
 But carefully drives them all away ;
 And bids behind them, evermore,
 His own lean spaniels close the door.

Now Devilson reaches his heart's desire.
 And takes his place as a country squire :
 But, since his origin all can trace,
 Affects a pride in his origin base ;
 And since all in this land you may buy and sell,
 Is determined to buy a good name as well :
 He buys much, when he offers a five pound reward
 To the slave who'll starve longest and labour most hard ;
 He buys more, when he bids a whole parish be fed
 On an annual banquet at twopence the head ;
 His character's rising by rapid degrees,
 Till he pays a young saint at a chapel-of-ease—
 When the bargain's completed as soon as began,
 And he's stamped a respectable, popular man.

He's soon made Justice, and Sheriff in time ;

And high, and still higher determined to climb,
Looks around for an anchor to steady his life,
And from a poor peer buys a termagant wife.

The Lady Malice is tall and thin ;
Her skin is of a dusky tan,
With black hairs dotting her pointed chin ;
She's like a long, lean, lanky man.
Her virtue's positively fierce ;
Her sharp eyes every weakness pierce,
Sure some inherit vice to find
In every phase of human kind.
The simplest mood, the meekest mien,
She speckles with her venom'd spleen,
Constrning to some thought obscene ;
Shred by shred, and bit by bit,
With lewed delight dessecting it ;
Till sin's worst school is found to be
Near her polluting purity.
But oh ! beware how you approach her !
No thorn so mangles an encroacher !
She'll lure you on with easy seeming,
To drop some hint of doubtful meaning,
Then turn as hot as fire, to show
Her virtue's white and cold as snow ;
And dragging you forth in a storm of laughter,
Hurl the full weight of her chastity after,
Such, no line is overdone,
Is Lady Malice Devilson.

Devilson's thick set, short, and red ;
Nine tenths of the man are his paunch and head ;
His hair is tufty, dense, and dark ;
His small eyes flash with a cold grey spark,
Whose fitful glimmer will oft reveal
When a flinty thought strikes on his heart of steel.
He's sensual lips and a bold hook nose ;
And he makes himself felt wherever he goes ;
He's stern to the rich, and he's hard to the poor ;
But he's many a little, low amour ;
And their cost is small—for he culls them all
From the workhouse-yard and the servants' hall.
So Devilson lives with his titled bride ;
And the saintliest pity him while they chide ;
For they feel the full force of his married bliss !
Oh ! the peerage are more than avenged in this ;
Since if he once ruined an absentee race,
She tortures him endlessly, face to face.

One of the finest poems written by Mr. Jones was :—

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

God of Battles ! give us peace !
 Not the peace of beaten slaves
 Not the truce that mammon craves,
 Wavering, frail, and insecure,
 Such as despots bid endure—
 Smouldering lull that gives them breath
 For re-doubling flames of death :
 Fragile thing with terror rife ;
 Trembling nurse of growing strife ;
 Give the peace that men bestow
 Who ! with ne'er a second blow,
 Kill the cause of war—then cease,
 God of Battles ! give us peace !

God of Battles ! give us peace,
 Peace, O Lord ! to us though dear,
 Peace may prove a thing to fear.
 There is peace far worse than strife,
 Peace that rots a people's life ;
 When alike in darkness thrust,
 Sword and heart together rust,
 And the light of honour dies
 In a scabbard made of lies.
 Peace may kill by slow decay
 Those, no sword of Hun could slay,
 Leaving of the greatness gone
 But a fleshless skeleton.
 Sunk in lust and shameless ease
 War may bring to such as these
 Fame's aspiring, glory's goal,
 Resurrection for the soul.

God of Battles ! give us peace !
 Not a peace that mocks the land,
 Binding wounds with poisoned hand.
 There is peace that more hath slain
 That ere fell in red campaign,
 Stricken still and silent down,
 Through the country and the town.
 Soldiers true, they battled well,
 Long they fought, sublime they fell.
 Yet no one pauses by their grave ;
 No one writes : " Here lie the brave,
 " Hunger slew them, cold and tears,
 " Thro' their long campaign of years,
 " Soldier's march in honour's name,

"Hear in music future fame :
 "Win from banded brothers might,
 "Sink at last in glory's light :
 "And when death has laid them low,
 "A tribute gain from friend and foe :
 "Braver those, who slumber here—
 "Theirs nor friend nor fame to cheer ;
 "Theirs, amid life's growing shade,
 "No song but what their own hearts made.
 "Theirs no tribute o'er the grave :
 "Still they fought !—Here lie the brave."

God of Battles ! give us peace,
 Yet we shrink not from the strife,
 Long as honour claims a life.
 Well we know that battle brings
 Many sorrows on its wings :
 Want and waste, and pressure sore ;
 But we'll bear them all the more :
 Well we know that war demands
 Many offerings at our hands :
 Bread to fail, and blood to flow :
 Freely, gladly, we'll bestow,
 Bear our burden brave and mute,
 So our burden bears its fruit,
 And no treacherous arts undo
 Valour's deeds of honour true.
 So that when bereft and lorn,
 Trembling we exult and mourn,
 Counting all we lost and won,
 When the great brave battle's done,
 By the closed grave we can stand,
 Million mourners hand in hand,
 Breathing o'er our dear ones slain :
 God be praised ! 'twas not in vain."

God of Battles ! give us peace,
 Rich with honour's proud increase :
 Peace that frees the fettered brave ;
 Peace that scorns to make a slave :
 Peace that spurns a tyrant's hand :
 Peace that lifts each fallen land ;
 Peace of peoples, not of kings :
 Peace that conquering freedom brings ;
 Peace that bids oppression cease :
 God of Battles ! give us peace.

Mr. Ernest Jones was also the writer of a number of political songs ; the following two may be taken as examples of the rest :—

A SONG OF CROMWELL'S TIME.

(Air : "A Life on the Ocean Wave.")

A vote in the laws they make ?
 A home on the land I till !
 Where the hearts of many break
 The cup of the few to fill,
 By the right of their laws I pine ;
 But what are their laws to me !
 For I live by right divine,
 And that is the right to be free.
 A home in my native isle !
 A share in the wealth I heap !
 Where the rich in their revel smile,
 And the poor in their anger weep.
 The poor—the poor—the poor in their anger weep.
 The rich—the rich—the rich their revels keep.

The strength that in numbers lies
 Each hour is making known :
 Pioneers of the truth, arise,
 And you shall not be left alone !
 We'll scatter their knavish rule,
 Like a prisoned storm set free,
 Till tyrant and tyrant's tool
 Have vanished from sea to sea.
 A home in my native isle !
 A share in the wealth I heap !
 Where the rich in their anger smile,
 And the poor in their anger weep.
 The poor—the poor—the poor in their anger weep.
 The rich—the rich—the rich their revels keep.

At the word of the cruel few
 The clouds of the battle frown ;
 But, long as the many are true,
 We'll say let the storm come down—
 And on as the masses sweep,
 Our cry shall meet them still ;
 A share in the wealth we heap,
 A home on the land we till,
 A home in my native isle,
 A vote in the laws we keep,
 Then the rich, if they like, may smile,
 But the poor shall cease to weep.
 The poor—the poor—the poor shall cease to weep.
 The rich—the rich—the rich their revels keep.

SONG OF THE DAY LABOURERS.

Sharpen the sickle, the fields are white ;
 'Tis the time of the harvest at last.
 Reapers, be up with the morning light,
 Ere the blush of its youth is past.
 Why stand on the highway and lounge at the gate,
 With a summer-day's work to perform ?
 If you wait for the hiring 'tis long you may wait—
 Till the hour of the night and the storm.

Sharpen the sickle ; how proud they stand
 In the pomp of their golden grain !
 But I'm thinking, ere noon 'neath the sweep of my hand
 How many will lie on the plain !
 Though the ditch be wide, the fence be high,
 There's a spirit to carry us o'er :
 For God never meant his people to die
 In sight of so rich a store.

Sharpen the sickle ; how full the ears !
 Our children are crying for bread ;
 And the field has been watered with orphans' tears
 And enriched with their fathers' dead ;
 And hopes that are buried, and hearts that broke,
 Lie deep in the treasuring sod ;
 Then sweep down the grain with a thunderstroke,
 In the name of humanity's God !

“The Painter of Florence” was subsequently published by Routledge. “Beldagon Church” and “The New World” were published by Effingham Wilson, under the title of “The Revolt of Hindostan,” and a number of the smaller poems were published by these two firms, and by Kent and Co.

The entire press were again unanimous in their expressions of admiration. We give a few extracts :—

“Real poetry ! Fancies which a poet of Arcady would bring together are here.”—*Athenæum*, September 15, 1855.

“Ernest Jones is a poet scarcely to be equalled among his contemporaries. He teaches us how to write. Where, since the days of Pope and Dryden shall we find such grand sustained heroic verse ? What power of conception ! What grandeur of expression ! What real beauty !”—*English Review*, October 31st.

“He has not only wit to write, but the spirit to live poems.”—*Athenæum*, October 14, 1857.

“The name of Ernest Jones written on a column in the temple of literature, will shine down a long succession of observant groups, with a pure, peaceful, and general light. This volume is genuine poetry !

Sanguine temperament, creative fancy, fervid heat of passion, have their brilliant and powerful expression in those true poems. Full of beauty, thought, and genuine feeling, the moral is carried home to the inmost soul."—*Nonconformist*, October 24, 1855.

Walter Savage Landor wrote to the author:—"Your present of 'The New World,' is a great honour conferred on me. I did not expect that such a continuity of vigorous poetry was to be expected in the present age. Equalled by Dryden only."

In *Notes to the People* Mr. Jones wrote, "De Brassier: a Democratic Romance, composed from the Journal of a Democrat, the Confessions of a Demagogue, and the Minutes of a Spy." In the preface to this romance he says; "Instead of writing a true analysis of the cause why democracy has so often been foiled, instead of reasoning over the inconceivable follies that have characterised every democratic movement, believing example better than precept, I have embodied those causes, and developed their effects in a tale, every political feature of which is founded on fact, and where fiction does no more than frame the historical picture."

With the second volume of *Notes to the People*, he commenced a novel entitled "Woman's Wrongs. In four Books. I. The Working Man's Wife. II. The Young Milliner. III. The Tradesman's Daughter. IV. The Lady of Note."

In his announcement of the novel, in the introduction to Vol. II. of *Notes to the People*, he says, it "will portray the working of our social system in the domestic sphere, and while replete with incident, with passion, and excitement, will be kept so pure of all objectional matter, and inculcate so true and just a moral, that the father and husband may freely give it to the wife and child."

In his "Introduction" to the novel he writes: "Every order of society has domestic sufferings peculiar to itself, sufferings besides those to which 'all flesh is heir'—brought on by the vile mechanism of our system. These sufferings may first strike man—and that is but just, for man makes society what it is—or at least allows it to remain so—but the evil stops not there—it reaches farther, to the breast of woman! What gross injustice! for society counts woman as nothing in its institutions, and yet makes her bear the greatest sufferings infested by a

system in which she has no voice! Brute force first imposed the law—and moral force compels her to obey it now.

“I propose, therefore, to lift the veil from before the wrongs of woman—to show her what she suffers at her own home—hearth—how society receives her—what society does for her—where society leaves her.

“To show it not merely in one class or order—but upward, downward, through all social grades. If I draw a picture at which you shudder—if I reveal that at which your own heart revolts—I cannot help it—it is truth—such is the world that surrounds you—such is the world that made you—such is the world you help to make—go! try and alter it and begin at Home.”

Returning to politics, we find that Mr. Jones was in favour of providing for the final and complete Nationalisation of the Land, by the State resuming possession of the soil as rapidly as the existing interests could be extinguished by process of law, by death, by surrender, or by any means accordant with justice, and a generous treatment of all classes. The Government to hold such lands as national property for ever, letting them to tenants in such quantities, and under such conditions as would secure freedom to the tenant and safety to the State. He held that minerals ought to be the property of the nation, and not of any private individual. “Access to that which is necessary for the well-being of all should never depend on the self interest of one.”

The capitalist, he contended, had no rights; as a man, his rights were equal to those of his fellow-men, but no more. “But what are his rights as a man?” asked Mr. Jones. “No man has a right to take more from society than the value of what he confers on society; therefore the capitalist has no right to take one iota of profit, or one atom of income beyond the value of what he himself produces.”

He continues, “That under existing social arrangements the capitalist makes himself necessary is no argument. Who made these arrangements? The stupidity of the many, and the knavery of the few. Place the laws of society on a just basis, and the supposed necessity at once ceases to exist.”

He goes on, "Some may say, 'is it not good to have rich men at the head of our movement, for they can assist it with money while it is poor?' I say, God deliver us from such assistance. Firstly, no rich man means what we mean. He cannot in the very nature of things, and therefore no rich man is safe for a leader of the people. Secondly, there is nothing more debases the movement than looking up to rich men to make it live. If we have not an innate vitality in ourselves, we shall never get it by the borrowed warmth from others. It renders us unaccustomed to help ourselves, it destroys our self-reliance, it is disgusting and degrading."

On the question of labour and capital which is now coming to the front, Mr. Jones states his opinions in his second and third letters, on the Chartist Programme thus:—

"Two things are necessary for the production of wealth; labour and capital. It is, therefore, argued that capital has paramount claims—since without capital, labour would be useless. Perhaps so; but let us examine what capital is, whence it arises and to whom it belongs? The *earth itself* is the fundamental capital—the capital of the human race, which, in return for labour, yields them, as interest, the means of life. Labour is capital; every working-man, the poorest in existence, is a capitalist—the capitalist of labour power, and claiming as a right a share in the general capital of mankind—the soil, the air, the waters. and the things that in them are.

"Now what is the kind of capital that claims and exercises despotic pre-eminence at the present day? Money. Whence did that money arise? From the conjunction of labour with the fundamental capital already alluded to. Was that money raised by the exertions of one man? Never! One man, by daring speculation and by the ruin of others, may have absorbed to himself the wealth produced by the labour of many, but one man's work never raised a large amount of money. Take even the strongest case of individual creation of capital (so to speak)—the invention of machinery, or some other great discovery of science. The invention of a new machine, if that machine were made and worked only by its originator, would produce but little; it is the labour-power of others employed in multiplying the machine. and in working it, that gives it power. And again, the machine does not *create* work for the working-man; on the contrary, it *displaces* work; so that, instead of claiming the *subjection* of labour on the score that without it labour could not be brought into activity, (that is, that without it the working-man could not have work) it owes an ATONEMENT to the working man, for depriving him of that, which he would otherwise have had. For be it recollected, that if the machine were not in existence, the working-man would have had work—a certain amount of human want requires a certain amount of work to satisfy it; and as in former times, where work is done by hand, since done it must be, the great masses would be certain of employment, by the very constitution of nature itself.

“ It follows, therefore, that the working man has a claim for compensation parallel with the development of machinery—or, that he should receive that compensation in the shape of lightened labour, and easier access to commodities : and it also follows that the monied man who becomes possessed of machinery, has no superior rights, that his capital invests him with no superior authority : for, firstly, his capital is created by the labour of others ; secondly, the machinery his capital has furnished is formed by labour, without which it could not have been called into existence (from the raising of the ore from the mine to the last polish of the perfected machine) : and, thirdly, the existence of that machinery was not necessary for the existence of the work. In fine, money capital did not create labour, but labour created money capital ; machinery did not create work, but work created machinery.

“ It therefore follows that labour is, by its own nature, the sovereign power—and that it owes no allegiance, gratitude, or subjection to capital. The latter ought therefore to be the servant, whereas it is the master. The whole basis of our social system is therefore wrong—it is completely ‘ *topsy turvey*.’ . . . Therefore, instead of capital having labour at its pleasure, and discarding it at will—and labour being dependant on such hire for its very existence—it is on the contrary, labour that should dictate to capital the tune and terms of its employment. Instead of the possessor of machine power hiring men for his machinery, it is the men who should hire or buy the use of the machinery for themselves : or, better still, where practicable, themselves make the machinery.

“ The system of wages is, therefore, vicious. But the special vices of the system are driven beyond the pale of exaggeration. Not only does the capitalist on the plea of his possession of capital say to the working man, ‘ You shall work for me instead of yourself,’ but he also says, ‘ You shall re-create this machinery used in my service.’ . . . And then he is actually told that had it not been for the capital of the money-lord, for the permission to work at that machinery, he would have had to perish of starvation.

“ But while the working man is thus obliged to make good the wear and tear of the machine of the master, the master never ‘ makes good ’ the wear and tear of the working man. ‘ What ! ’ says the master, ‘ do I not pay you your wages ? What more would you have ? ’ Those wages are no more than the oil to the machine, or than the fuel to the boiler to enable it to work. Life is necessary to the human machine, to keep it in work : therefore the working man owes no more thanks to the employer for his wages, than the machine does for the fuel with which it is fed, seeing that no more wages are given to the man under the present system, than fuel to the machine—namely, just enough to keep it working.

“ But every possible means is had recourse to, to ascertain and reach the minimum of wages. For this purpose competition is a primary leverage. The landlords expelled the peasantry from the rural districts, because they had impoverished them so greatly that they became paupers, burdensome on the parish, and, to get rid of the onerous burden, a system

of extradition was had recourse to in every agricultural county in the kingdom. The human flood therefore rushed to the manufacturing towns. The more there is of a commodity (with like demand) the cheaper it grows. But the demand proportionally grew less, for one machine did the work of forty or fifty, sometimes of 1,000 men. . . . Think of this fearful displacement of labour! What becomes of the surplus? Driven from the land without hope of return; displaced from the factory and the workshop, where do they go? Look for them in the workhouse, the prison, and the grave? . . . Not contented with reducing wages by means of machinery, an artificial surplus, the competition of hands, the substitution of female and child labour, and the importation of foreign goods, wages are still further lowered by increasing the hours of work, by increasing the work in each hour, by the system of deductions, and by downright direct fraud and robbery. . . . For instance . . . in some woven goods, the *figure* of the fabric will be suddenly changed, and the material will be given out at a cheaper rate, whereas it is still the *same* fabric requiring the *same* work. . . . Redress is attempted in vain—the competitive surplus is too great—‘if you don’t like it, you may go and starve,’ and the hunger forces submission—a little is better than nothing! . . . Such is the outline of wages-slavery. Youth has no pleasure, and manhood no future. . . . No mercy is shown to the withering frame, worn out in making gold for others. . . . Nothing can be laid by for that time of misery. Generation after generation is swept away, and every succeeding race is more decrepid. Man has no more the stature or the strength of old. The factory-child proceeds from emasculated loins, it sucks milk poisoned by the factory-life of its mother; it withers and shrivels from the cradle. Premature toil increases the inborn disease, overwork precludes mental culture, the mind is crushed together with the body. Each succeeding race sends forth one more feeble and vicious than its predecessor. Life grows fearfully short, crime grows fearfully prevalent. . . . Consider well the remedy. It is a general cry with working men: ‘let us have a fair day’s wage for a fair day’s work!’ which means let us have a golden slavery instead of an iron one. But that golden sham would soon be turned to iron again, for if you still allow the system of wages-slavery to exist, labour must still be subject to capital, and if so, capital being its *master*, will possess the power, and never lack the will to reduce the slave from his fat diet down to fast day fare!

“Working men raise the cry—‘Let us work for ourselves! Labour should be lord of the earth, and we should be lords of our labour!’

“The only *fair* days wage is the wage you pay yourselves—the only *fair* days work, is the work that is *free*, and for a free man’s good.

“What then are the means by which to emancipate labour? They are to be found in the very nature of labour itself. Co-operation is the soul of labour. Their is scarcely one branch of toil that can be performed single handed. . . . No man can produce and manufacture for himself all that he wants. Here is the beauty of labour; it is a fraternal thing, it draws man to man, it teaches mutual reliance, it draws

irresistably towards co-operation. But what should that co-operation be? For almost everything we see is effected by co-operation: it should be co-operation of hearts, not merely the co-operation of hands—the co-operation of interests, not merely the co-operation of powers.

“Therefore . . . since the co-operative principle is essential for the well-being of the people, since the centralisation of wealth ought to be counteracted by a distributive tendency, and since its accumulation in the hands of isolated clubs is an evil only second to that of its monopoly by individuals, all future co-operative attempts until the complete readjustment of the labour question, should be modelled on a national basis, and connected on a national union, of which different trades and societies be localities or branches; and that the profits beyond a certain amount of each local society should be paid into a general fund for the purpose of forming additional associations of working men, and thus accelerating the development of associated and independent labour.

“It is, however, evident that if the co-operative system is left to individual efforts, though those individuals act harmoniously together, it will advance far more slowly and meet with counteracting influences which it may be difficult if not impossible to overcome. Co-operation should be a State maxim, realised by the power of the State; and as the funds of co-operative bodies, even if amalgamated, may and would fall far short of satisfying the requirements of the many—as certain portions of the people lack those advantages enjoyed by others, nay! are placed under serious disadvantage by unavoidable circumstances, the State as parent of all, should supply the deficiencies of her weaker children, and then place them on an equality with the remainder—therefore it is requisite . . . that a credit fund be opened by the State for the purpose of advancing money on certain conditions, to bodies of working men, desirous of associating together for industrial purposes.

“Perhaps the *Times* would ask ‘where is the money to come from?’ The solution is perfectly easy; as in the preceding clause reference was had to the actual state of things, and the co-operation of individuals in money and labour—so here the state of society under a democratic government is being considered—and as the funds invested would be reproductive, the enormous resources of the State would surely be adequate to supply the necessary credits under judicious management. Those sources of wealth that are yet undeveloped—that realised wealth which is now misapplied—could easily and certainly set the whole community at reproductive work: and be it moreover remembered that the slightest beginnings with Government support would be sure to absorb by reproduction all the capital and labour power of the country.

“Many schemes of compromise have been suggested; they all only tamper with the evil—they all carry the germs of ruin within them. The best and most plausible of them is the suggestion, that after deducting expenses, the profits of an undertaking should be equally divided between capitalist and workmen. This is unjust in theory, and dangerous in practice. *I deny that capital has ANY right over labour that creates it. I deny that it is warranted to dictate any terms, or offer any compromise. The block of marble might as well dictate to the sculptor who gives it*

value, beauty, and importance. It is dangerous in practice, for what does this halving of profits mean? Suppose a capitalist has 1,000 workmen, and that he halves profits with these. He, the *one man*, receives as large a profit as the 1,000 men, which means that he is 1,000 times as powerful as any one individual out of the thousand. . . . Therefore, the complete sovereignty of labour over capital, is the only free trade that can give freedom, is the only protection that can protect."

"Real wealth," he contends, "is food—not cotton, woollen, silks, or cutlery. A nation may be starving in the midst of factories—nay! the factories may cause it to starve by drawing too many hands from the production of food."

"Machinery," he wrote, "ought to be one of the greatest blessings to the working classes, instead of which it has been made a fearful curse. The true mission of machinery is to facilitate production, and lighten the work of the producer, instead of which it has been used to displace labour, to render fewer working men necessary, to turn numbers adrift, and to make the work harder for those who remain employed. . . . Some deduction must be made for the manufacture of machinery itself, and for the increased amount of manufacture; but making all due allowance for this, it will be found that about half the labour of the country has been displaced—that about half the labour of the country has been thrown out of work, and subsists merely upon the casual chances of employment, upon charity, paupers-rate, theft, and crime.

"Again, machinery has violated some of the holiest and purest ties of nature. Woman ought to be a solace, helpmate, and gladdener of man, instead of which she has been made his rival. The child ought to be the pride and glory of his parents, instead of which he has been made their competitor. The labour of woman has been made to supersede that of man—the labour of childhood has been made to supersede that of the adult."

"The monopoly of the soil threw the working man of the land into the factory; the monopoly of machinery threw him out of the factory into the street.

"There he stands, and whither shall he go? On the one side, the land, but there the landed monopolist has written: 'Man-traps and spring-guns!' On the other side, the factory; but from that he has just been turned: behind him a ruined life—before him, the bastille, the gaol, and the grave!"

"The capitalist will tell us he is free—nobody forces him to work at the wages offered; if he don't like it he can leave it; he is free to take the master's terms or not just as he pleases. Oh, yes, he is very free! There he stands in the street, and he is very free indeed! Oh, yes! he is perfectly free to beg. But if he does so the policeman comes and locks him up, because he begs as charity from man for that which his God had chartered as his birth-right at the creation! Oh, yes! he is very free! He is free to starve! But if he tries to snatch an hour's rest at the door step of the capitalist, or beneath the hedge-row of the landlord, the policeman comes again, and throws him into prison as a vagrant for

having no house, while it is the robbery of his earnings by the two thieves between whom he is crucified that have prevented his ability to keep one.

“ Meanwhile the Manchester School tells us that it is not right to interfere between labour and capital—that the labour market is and ought to be subject to the same laws as every other market. . . . I answer that if the labour market ought to be subject to every other market, at all events it is not. If we have no right to interfere between labour and capital, the capitalist has no right to interfere between labour and the *means* of work. . . . By their monopoly of land and machinery, they deny man his right of free access to the means of work, and thus deny him the right of working for himself, whereby they force working men to compete with working men for employment—or make 1,000 men run after one master; if we can somewhat reverse the case, and make wages labour so scarce, that two masters shall have to run after one man, we have solved the social problem of the future. . . . How shall we set to work ?

“ We must take away half the wages-slaves out of the manufacturing and mining districts, and the wages of those that remain behind will at least double in amount.

“ But what shall we do with the half that we take away ?

“ We have seen that the evil was caused by driving the people from the land into the factory—the remedy must be just to walk them back to where they come from. . . . Thus wages would double, poor-rates and taxation would decrease, and the production of real wealth (food), would be indefinitely multiplied; while the fact of half the working population being a prosperous self-supporting peasantry, the other half a highly paid wages class, more trade would flow, and manufacture itself receive a mighty impulse.

“ We have further seen, that as the monopoly of the soil threw the working man off the land into the factory, so the monopoly of machinery threw man out of the factory into the street. Therefore, as the monopoly of machinery by a few created the evil, the possession of machinery by the many will produce the good. . . . Therefore, by means of co-operation (which it requires political power to facilitate) machinery must be placed in possession of the working classes. . . . Thus the enemy’s artillery can be turned against himself, and the law of supply and demand be made to subdue capital instead of crushing labour.”

In another place he writes, “ What is it that labour wants ? That the working man should be utterly independent of an employer. That it should be the employer who sought the work of the working man as a favour, not the working man who considered it a favour to receive employment.

“ Man has a right to work—but it is a farce to concede this, unless you also concede that he has the means of work. It is the

monopoly of those means by the landlord and the machine lord that enable them to centralise wealth, and grow colossally rich by the impoverishment of the many. Do away with that monopoly and you do away with individual capitalists. You don't take their money and machinery from them—but you render them no longer the exclusive possessors—and by this means deprive them of exclusive advantages. The factory of the individualist capitalist would close, for he would get none to work for him, the factory of the co-operative capitalists would open, for working men would rush there, where they could work for themselves. Accordingly, the present class of capitalists would altogether perish—not by a sudden wrench—but gradually—they would grow poorer every year, in the same proportion in which the working classes were growing richer. . . . I have stated that money—lord and landlord will and must be ruined—but that ruin will neither destroy public credit nor unsettle trade—because it will be a ruin gradually brought about, and because in the same ratio in which they sink, others and a far more numerous class will rise. Herein consists the advantage of the progressive over a sudden revolution—of a peaceful over an embattled movement. The latter is often necessary—when so it ought not to be shunned; but wherever possible, liberty is sheltered by the olive more completely than she can be by the sword.”

He held * “that the co-operative system, as at present practised, carries within it the germs of dissolution, would inflict a renewed evil on the masses of the people, and is essentially destructive of the real principles of co-operation. Instead of abrogating profitmongering, it recreates it. Instead of counter-acting competition, it re-establishes it. Instead of preventing centralisation, it renews it—merely transferring the rôle from one set of actors to another.”

“All co-operation should be founded not on isolated efforts, absorbing, if successful, vast riches to themselves, but on a national union which should distribute the national wealth. To make these associations secure and beneficial, you must make it their interest to assist each other, instead of competing with each other—you must give them unity of action and identity of interest.

* A Letter to the advocates of the co-operative principle, and to the Members of Co-operative Societies.

“To effect this, every local association should be the branch of a national one, and all profits beyond a certain amount should be paid into a national fund, for the purpose of opening fresh branches, and enabling the poorest to obtain land, establish stores, and otherwise apply their labour power not only to their own advantage, but to that of the general body.

“This is the vital point; are the profits to accumulate in the hands of isolated clubs, or are they to be devoted to the elevation of the entire people? Is wealth to gather around local centres, or is it to be diffused by a distributive agency?”

“This alternative embraces the fortune of the future. From the one flows profitmongering, competition, monopoly, and ruin; from the other emanate the regeneration of society.”

“The whole system of profitmongering, leading to competition and monopoly, is attempted over again, under the soothing name of co-operation itself. . . . The co-operator buys in the cheapest market and sells as dear as he can. . . . The poor customer pays him the ‘profit’—and that he divides at the end of the year between himself and his brother co-operators! Then they boast that they have made £2,000 net in one year. . . . Every farthing of those net profits, after the working charges are paid (a portion of the working charges being a fair remuneration for the work performed) is an imposition and a cheat upon society.”

His criticisms of the co-operative stores as now conducted led to a discussion between him and Mr. Lloyd Jones, which took place on the 26th and 28th of January, 1852, in the Oddfellows’ Hall, St. James Road, Halifax; when Mr. Ernest Jones undertook to vindicate the following propositions:—

1st.—“That co-operation cannot be successfully carried on without first obtaining the political rights of the people.”

2nd.—“The errors of the present movement; showing that it carries within it the germs of dissolution, would inflict a renewed evil and on the masses of the people, and is essentially distinctive of the real principles of co-operation; instead of abrogating profitmongering, it recreates it; instead of counter-acting competition, it re-establishes it; instead of preventing centralisation, it renews it—merely transferring the rôle from one set of actors to another.”

In another place he writes, "The land that is purchased should be purchased on trust for the entire union—those located thereon being tenants, and not exclusive proprietors, of the farms they cultivate. Freehold land societies, companies, &c., but perpetuate the present system—they strengthen the power of landlordism. We have now 30,000 landlords—should we be better off if we had 300,000? We should be worse off—there are too many already! The land can be more easily nationalised if held by merely 30,000, than if possessed by ten times that amount. And, again, the rent would increase the national fund—while the contributions of the freeholders would be but a chimerical treasure. . . . If, then, you would recreate society, if you would destroy profitmongering, if you would supplant competition by the general influence of fraternity, and counteract the centralisation of wealth and all its concomitant evils, Nationalise Co-operation."

He also held that all taxation ought to be levied on land and accumulated property; and that it was "absurd that future generations should be mortgaged to eternity for the follies or misfortunes of their ancestors." and the national debt be "repaid several times over." The debt "ought, therefore, to be liquidated by the money now annually paid as interest, applied as repayment of the capital, until such repayment is completed."

In reply to a charge of "spoliation" he says, "The effort of all legislation ought to be, to do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number; and failing this, and supposing that it is unavoidable to inflict some injury, the next best maxim is to inflict the least possible injury, and on the least possible number."

"Now, our ancestors (that is the ancestors of our rich taskmasters) have left us in a dilemma; they have, for their own selfish class purposes, saddled us with a national debt; if we continue to pay the interest, we perpetuate pauperism, disease, and crime, and ratify the system of class government, retaining a fatal career in the body politic—if we refuse to pay it, we must inflict some loss on some party. It is our duty to choose the least evil out of the two and palliate that evil as much as possible."

"But," cry some, "if this debt is contracted by the rich, as you maintain, why not make the rich pay it? Why not mulct the original contractors?"

“ This is precisely what the programme proposes. Is not all taxation to be levied from land and accumulated property? Who holds this wealth?—the rich, the descendants of the original contractors of the debt. . . . Thus, retribution is meted out.”

Speaking of education and the poor-law, Mr. Jones placed the latter first, because he maintained that “ Education should begin with the belly and proceed to the brain. The foundation should be raised before we attempt to raise the roof.” He held that the proper basis of the poor-law should be that, “ As it is the duty of every man to work, so every man has a claim to the means of work; and those unable to work, through infirmity or old age, have a right to support at the hands of the State.”

“ It would be considered atrocious tyranny,” says Mr. Jones, “ if a law was enacted forcing, under penalty of imprisonment, the working man to work for the master at any wages the latter choose to offer. True! there is no such Act of Parliament; but there is a law, notwithstanding, the law of *necessity*, that forces him to do so, under penalty of imprisonment too—imprisonment in the workhouse, where poverty is treated as a crime, and humanity outraged in the face of earth and heaven. . . . A poor-law might prevent this, and might place it at the workman’s option to accept or not accept the master’s terms. Now it is ‘submit or starve.’ The poor-law might interpose; and when labour fell off a certain platform of wages, it might be received upon another, by the State; namely, by always providing reproductive employment at a certain scale of remuneration (either in the shape of wages or self-supporting industry). . . . When the master proposed a reduction, the working man (no longer obliged to submit by having an alternative) would be enabled to say, ‘No! I can get more than that under the poor-law. . . . I am your slave no longer; the State supports the children; I need not be a machine under you, nor an unwilling idler on the other hand; the State finds the means of reproductive and remunerating work to those who demand it. If you will give me more than I can get from the State, I’ll work for you; but if you offer less good-bye to you, the times have altered!’”

He held, also, that the unemployed should be supported by

the State, not by the parish—where the State could not find work for the unemployed it was bound to support them until labour was provided, and that the aged and infirm should be supported in their own homes, in the houses of their relatives, or in special buildings erected by the Government, at the option of the recipients, “because by affording the recipient of relief the option of dwelling beyond the pale of his family it removes him from the scourge of that domestic tyranny, often more bitter to the aged and infirm than the oppression of the alien and the stranger.”

Education, he maintained, should be national, universal, gratuitous, and compulsory, as regards the common branches of learning; in its higher branches it should be equally gratuitous, but optional, and that schools should be established in which the young should be taught the various trades and professions.

Religion, he contended, should be free and not subject to temporal control. He advocated complete separation between Church and State; all temporalities to be declared national property, except such individual endowments as had been voluntarily and legally made; all ecclesiastical buildings of which it could be clearly shewn that their cost was defrayed from national funds, to belong to the State, the persuasion now using these edifices to continue in the enjoyment of them on equitable terms, tithes and Church rates to be abolished, the State not to interfere with the policy of the Church, all ecclesiastics to be appointed in any way their respective congregations think fit, and to be paid voluntarily by the congregations that employ their services.

He argued that standing armies were not only contrary to the principles of democracy, and dangerous to the liberty of the people, but they were contrary to the laws of England also, for which reason the form is gone through every year in Parliament of re-voting the continuance of the army for the current year. But he held that the continuance of such a force for a time was requisite even under democratic government. He states his views thus:—“The colonies want a standing force at the present time to enable them to remain free, even supposing that we had given them equal laws. They have been allowed to grow up unaccustomed to the use of arms—without military training or organisation.

“If every British soldier were withdrawn at once they would be in the same plight in which the ancient Britons were when the Romans withdrew from their island. Russia or France, Kaffirs or Malays, would deluge them with blood, and sink them under slavery. Again, to look at home, that would be an insane Democratic Government that would attempt at once, on coming into power, to disband the army. There would be 150,000 men unfitted for any other employment, cast adrift upon the world. Meanwhile the discomfited aristocrats, priests, and usurers would be so many secret rebels, casting about for means to subvert the Government and re-establish their despotism. Here would be the leverage for them; 150,000 drilled, disciplined and discontented men. No, the army must be maintained for awhile attached to the Government, and gradually, to their own advantage with their own consent, which could not fail to be given to a beneficial change, be drafted band by band among the people, rising into the ranks of useful and contented citizens.

“But when a standing army has ceased to exist—an army would be needed notwithstanding; that army should be the people.

“As it is the right of every individual to bear arms, so it is his duty to know how to use them; as every citizen ought to receive a benefit at the hands of the State, so he ought to be prepared to defend it; and as liberty is not safe, where an unarmed and undisciplined people stands in presence of an armed and disciplined class, it is therefore requisite that every male, over fifteen years of age, should be afforded the opportunity of military training.

“It has always been the trick of tyrants from the time of the Philistines to that of Pope Pius IX., to disarm the people. Without arms no people will be safe till the millenium. Standing armies may be expedient for aggression—they are injurious for defence. Aggressive wars we do not seek—therefore we need no standing force. But such a force is, I repeat, injurious for the purpose of defence. Why? Because where a people is accustomed to rely on a standing army for the defence of a country, it neglects its own arms, discipline, and training—it becomes weak, unmartial, and effeminate. Let that standing force be

beaten by an invader—and there is nothing more to oppose him. That is the reason that a country has been so often conquered by one single victory. But let the millions be armed and trained, such a thing as a successful invasion is impossible. If one battle is gained by the invader, he has a fresh battle to fight before every town—a fresh army to face on every plain, and highland—and he must be annihilated before long. The defence of the country should be in the people's hands."

On the 20th of May, 1851, a petition was presented to the House of Commons praying for an investigation of the treatment received by Mr. Jones in prison. The petition called forth the comments of the press, and the system of punishment which Mr. Jones had been submitted to was denounced throughout the length and breadth of the land. The following extracts will show the feeling of the country on the subject :—

"It is usual with unreflecting people to congratulate themselves on the abolition of torture, totally forgetting that it is only one instrument, and only one mode of application, to force an accusation of third parties, or a confession of guilt, that are abandoned. The solitary dungeon, with the use of speech debarred to the prisoner, has been imported from the Inquisitions of Spain, Portugal, and Italy; laceration of the living flesh has never been disused; the treadmill is substituted for the rack, and they who adopted the cropping of hair would very gladly abandon it for the privilege of cropping ears and nose, the extrusion of eyes, and the amputation of feet. In addition to this regular practice of torture, the country has to complain, that as it is not prescribed in the law, nor directed in the sentence of a judge, a discretion appears to have been given to inferior magistrates as to application of these kinds of refinement upon the gross cruelty of our forefathers. Mr. Jones is a political offender; that is, he has committed an act, respecting the moral nature of which two contrary opinions may be very reasonably entertained. It is only a probable offence, of which the character is continually altering with times and rulers. . . . We speak not of the littleness of mind which conceived this course of annoying a political enemy, but the violation of the legal rights of a British subject is not to be pardoned; and we trust that the authors and abettors of not one but a series of despotic outrages, alike unnecessary and revolting to our common humanity, will be arraigned before Parliament, to receive the condemnation which the public already pronounces.

"Let the contrast be observed between the cold, calculating savagery with which Mr. Jones, an imaginery, or at all events only a probable offender, and a real delinquent, who, a soldier, and one of the Queen's Guards, in a cowardly and ruffianly manner flogged a peace officer in a public place, and in the public exercise of his duty. This person is a member of the aristocracy: was his hair cut off, was he paraded with

common felons, was he severely reprimanded for reading the Bible, was he confined in a cell with unglazed windows, was he set to pick oakum, was he confined for two days or even one hour to a solitary cell with bread and water, and was he debarred from seeing his friends? If these modes of refined torture are lawful, they were richly merited by the soldier of the aristocratical ranks; but Mr. Jones' offence was, at the very most, a problematical transgression, so far as the public is concerned. In the soldier's case we would remark, that a more competent ministry would have taken the commission of the peace from the magistrate, who nullified the just sentence pronounced by Mr. Hardwick, by granting visiting letters to the multitude of people, who cheered the imprisonment of that very serious culprit.

"It is things of this kind—unnecessary and, therefore, wanton cruelties—gross partiality evinced in the severe treatment of the less offenders, and indiscriminate kindness to the greater, that disgust men with the laws and rulers, and justify the assertion, that we are a nation of hypocrites, who have so successfully painted our vices that we look upon them as virtues."—*Morning Advertiser*, June 2, 1851.

"In England, even in 1848, to be arraigned as a Chartist, was tantamount to a conviction. . . . The world has always been indulgent to political prisoners, and for a very good reason. Tyranny would be perpetual did not parties resist it, and, as in the majority of cases, resistance fails, the popular sympathy is in most cases with the defeated. Rebellion is a great crime when it fails; but as it does not always fail the offence is viewed honourably by all who would, under other circumstances, be actors in rebellion themselves. Mr. Jones's statement shows that the law as it stands may be used as an instrument of torture—legally. The punishment endured by Mr. Jones was excessive and most unequal. The Lancashire Chartists experienced a different treatment because a judge thought fit to modify their sentence, under the influence of a momentary impulse of kindness. Justice is rightly painted blind, and the scales she holds obviously require adjustment."—*Liverpool Journal*, May 31, 1851.

"The prisoner was handed over to the officials of Tothill Fields Prison, Westminster, for the purpose of confinement, not of cruelty and torture. The jailer, however, seems to have adopted a course of severity against Jones quite at variance with his sentence, and indicating a system of officious tyranny and cold-blooded torture, which, if sanctioned by the higher authorities is disgraceful to the Government, and even to the national character. The jailor must be an unfeeling villain, and the prison over which he is represented to possess so lawless and unbounded a control is worse than the Bastiles of continental tyrants, and even more odious than the diabolical dungeons of spiritual and inquisitorial despots."—*York Herald*, June 7, 1851.

"We invite attention to a petition from Mr. Earnest Jones, presented to the House of Commons, and recently ordered to be printed with the minutes, as the details . . . portray a system of persecution and tyranny on the part of the officials charged that we think and hope is

without a parallel in this country. The laws of this country award correction but not torture; and yet from the day this gentleman set his foot within the portals of Tothill Fields Bridewell, a system of persecution was adopted and set in motion that was better calculated to force lunacy or death than to produce a conviction of having erred. With the education and habits of a gentleman, Mr. Jones, whose offence was purely political, carrying with it no taint of moral crime, was subjected to requirements, and hound by restrictions that the most deprived and degraded of the class in which he had been most wrongfully placed were exempt from; and how any man could have borne up against the heart-withering influences that seem to characterise his frightful prison, seems to us most marvellous."—*The Weekly Times*, June 1, 1851.

"We can use no language sufficiently strong to denounce the horrid system of discipline in Tothill Fields Prison. We are rather surprised that he has survived to tell his tale of horror, and we have no hesitation in saying that had Mr. Jones sunk under such cruel and illegal usage, every party connected with it ought to have been indicted for homicide. We are disposed to ask, can such cruelties and horrors as these he inflicted in free-thinking, free-speaking England, on a British citizen, for the mere enunciation of a political opinion?"—*The Sun*, June, 1851.

The answers of the Government and magistrates to the petition is to be found in Parliamentary Proceedings, No. 432, June 23rd, 1851, printed on the motion of the Under-Secretary of State. In it most of the allegations contained in the petition are admitted.

After many delays, the subject was brought on by Lord Dudley Stuart in July, in the Committee of Ways and Means, as an amendment to a Government motion, and after a debate of four hours it was withdrawn, Lord Dudley Stuart giving notice that at the very earliest period of next session he should move the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry. Nothing further, however, appears to have come of the matter.

Notes to the People was continued for about three years, and then merged in *The People's Paper*, a weekly newspaper devoted to the popular cause, which appeared early in May, 1852, and was continued till June, 1858. Nearly every article in both the magazine and paper, during that long period, was from the pen of Mr. Jones, and when it is recollected that, for want of capital, even the sub-editorial details were attended to by him, that the office work of the political organisation was transacted by his hand, and that he was, besides almost unremittingly passing through the country lecturing and addressing meetings,—some estimate may be formed of the strength and labour he devoted to the people's movement.

It is noticeable that in both the magazine and the paper, Mr. Jones denounced the holding of political meetings, or committees in public-houses, and though at the loss of much support, succeeded in raising the tone of political life, and proved his devotion to the cause of temperance.

In the year 1852, Mr. Jones issued a proposition for the assembling of a Labour Parliament, the object of which was to instruct and settle the public mind on social and economical questions in view of the many crude and conflicting theories that were abroad.

The proposal was endorsed by the country. The Labour Parliament met in Manchester, and so much attention did it attract that even from France delegates were sent, among whom was the celebrated Nadaud, one of the candidates for the presidency that was obtained by Cavaignac, and next in number of votes to him.

There can be little doubt that the discussion and essays issued by the Labour Parliament did much to mature and form the public mind; the leading articles thereon in the *Times*, and other papers conducing not a little to this result.

In 1853 Mr. Jones unsuccessfully contested Nottingham, and notwithstanding the proceeding usual at that time—a coalition between Whig and Tory—polled 614 votes out of its then small constituency.

Almost ruined by his two years imprisonment, and by the constant sacrifices he had made, most men would have been driven from the field of politics. Domestic calamities had overtaken him. His wife had died in the Spring of 1857, of a most painful malady, brought on by her anxiety and sufferings during the imprisonment of her husband. For his second wife Mr. Jones married a native of the City of Manchester. His prospects were gloomy indeed, yet he never abandoned the cause he had embraced, and even in this sad period of his life found time to compose two volumes of poetry, entitled, respectively "The Emperor's Vigil," and "Corayda," which were favourably reviewed.

"Noble animated poems! I read them through more than once."—*Walter Savage Landor to the Author.*

"A poem alike honourable to your genius and your patriotic sentiment."—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton to the Author.*

"Vigorous verse with a fervent patriotic feeling which does him infinite honour. Every patriot should possess a copy of this spirited effuse."—*The Observer*, January 14th, 1856.

"The tone of Mr. Ernest Jones' mind is vigorous, and he combines depth and warmth of feeling with a lively fancy and an ardent imagination, chastened by a cultivated taste. . . . He, indeed, soars high, but his flight is sustained on steady and firm pinions. His diction is clear, sparkling and copious, and the flow of his verse is ever marked by ease and grace. . . . We would willingly quote more from his excellent poem, but, perhaps we have said enough to send the readers, who relish true poetry, to the book itself."—*Illustrated London News*, June 21st, 1856.

"In all Ernest Jones writes there is a breath of feeling with powers of minute painting, and sustained declamation. He is throughout earnest, and convinces you that he is so. You see his brow swell out with full veins, and his lip tremble, and his eye sparkle as the scene he describes rises before him."—*Athenæum*, May 24th, 1856.

"He possesses great descriptive powers, using them with taste, added to which he has the capability of giving utterance to a gentle and delicate satire, which greatly increases the interest of what he writes. Sweetly musical verses, which should by all means be read by those who take an interest, however slight, in the success of modern poets. Stern truths and told in unflinching language."—*The Ecclesiastic*, July, 1856.

"Vigorous both of conception and execution; clearness and simplicity of diction; a tone throughout of manly and poetic force of spirit."—*The Economist*, February 16th, 1856.

"Poetic gems!"—*John Bull*, January 19th, 1856.

"There is good sense here, as well as the enthusiasm of generous patriotism."—*Literary Gazette*, January 19th, 1856.

"The Emperor's Vigil, and the Waves and the War, by Ernest Jones, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of the 'Battle Day,' was published by George Routledge and Co. We have not space for lengthened extract, but we cannot resist the following quotation from one of the sweetest and tenderest poems in the volume. It is entitled the

SAILOR'S NIGHT WATCH.

What steals upon the midnight?

What walks across the wave,

Where the moon's long light path stretches o'er

The sailor's sullen grave,

Like a bridge that is built by angels,

The sinking soul to save?

And then, in the stilly midnight,

Sweet forms come tripping o'er,

For I see at the end of that ray of light

My home on a pleasant shore.
 And my dear one lonely and sad within,
 And my child at the cottage door.
 Their eyes are turned towards me,
 And I beckoned them to my side,
 I beckon them up with the pulse of my heart,
 And they come o'er the ocean wide,
 On that delicate path that the angels made
 For the feet of my sorrowing bride.

“The Emperor’s Vigil” was attuned to the stirring strains of war, and sung the praises of our gallant seamen in the Baltic fleet. It breathed throughout a noble indignation against the ambition and despotism of the late Czar Nicholas.

“Corayda, and other Poems,” was published by Kent & Co.

In 1856, Mr. Jones held a series of political soirees at St. Martin’s Hall, London, called “Evenings with the People,” the distinctive feature of each being a lecture by Ernest Jones. These lectures were afterwards published in thirteen numbers under the title of “Evenings with the People.” One of these lectures strangely enough was reported in its entirety in the *Morning Post*, then Lord Palmerstone’s organ, occupying more than six columns of that paper. On the lecture thus delivered, the *Times* and *Daily News* passed the following opinions:—

“A discourse which was certainly a master-piece. Calm and mild in its beginnings, vehement as he warms with his subject, subtle in his reasonings, forcible in his illustrations, startling with his sudden sarcasm, familiar but not vulgar, and often poetical in his metaphors, Mr. Ernest Jones has rare talent for stirring up an audience disposed to accord with his sentiments. The attendance last night at the beginning presented a somewhat listless appearance; but by the time the lecture was over it was converted into a band of enthusiasts.”—*The Times*, October 8th, 1856.

“Certainly, as specimens of oratory and even of reasoning, nothing could be much better than Mr. Jones’ addresses, and they bore on them the impress of earnestness and sincerity, which were not among the least of their merits. Mr. Ernest Jones’ political soiree, both as regards the personal efforts of the originator, and the highly and intelligent demeanour of his audience, was deserving of every commendation.”—*The Daily News*, October 8th, 1856.

In 1857 Mr. Jones wrote (*The Hereditary Land Caste*), “I am wed to no particular form of Government for theory’s sake. Systems should be made for men, men were not made for systems. I pity those persons who compose constitutions in their closets, founded on abstract rights, but totally unfitted for the require-

ments of the age. I pity those so-called 'men of the future'—well meaning visionaries, who cannot swim, yet try to cross a stream without a bridge. The way to make a happy future is to make a happy present. There are many things I consider right in the abstract, the introduction of which at the day wherein we live, I should oppose. A good thing forced on a people before they are fit for it becomes as poisonous as a hearty meal to a fever-stricken patient. I am for solid, practical reform; and no reform is solid that is not adapted to the actual wants of the people. I do not understand the quibbling and fighting over a mere form of government, or the championship of abstract rights. The right of man is to be happy, so long as that happiness is founded on obedience to the laws of God. The form of government is the best which secures the largest amount of such happiness to man. If an autocracy does so, I am for an autocracy. If a restricted franchise does it, I am for a restricted franchise. If the British Constitution does it, I am for the British Constitution. . . . I am not seeking an easy popularity by attacking 30,000 men (landed proprietors), whose existence as a privileged class is obnoxious to common honesty and common sense. I do not say there is no other class that abuses its power—but I do say: no reform, no beneficial change, can last, no real good can be effected, so long as an hereditary land caste is suffered to exist as such. You may do as you please; get the Charter, establish Co-operation—what you will; but leave the aristocracy their land, their monopoly, and their privileges, and you have done nothing. You may inveigh against the tyranny of the factory-lord; so long as you allow the landlord to be the monopolist he now is, so long you will have factory-lords oppressing you. The factory gloom is but the shadow of the black demon, aristocracy, that broods above the State. As the land is the fountain of all material blessings, so a landed aristocracy is the fountain of all social curses. All others are but side currents flowing out from that polluted source. Leave the land untouched, and heaven itself will never grant you happiness. The land is the sacred altar, whence labour, that true worship, sends from its fields and gardens the incense most acceptable on high; the land is the safety of a people, the emerald shield that God has given nations, to hold between themselves and misery; the land is the radiant armour that clothes the shining limbs of

Liberty. My countrymen ! we have been bereft of that defence. Its glorious guard has been stript from you, leaving you naked, shivering to the blasts of want. Join with me for the reconquest of the land. It is the task of the age—the mission of the century. You talk of unchaining yourselves ; unchain the land, and your own chains will fall. The franchise is the bond that binds your hands ; but land monopoly is the dungeon that surrounds your bodies. I proclaim a new crusade—a great crusade—the greatest ever known ; not for the mouldering tomb of a buried God, but the fresh green altar of the living Deity ; not for the invasion of a distant Palestine, but for the reconquest of your native Canaan. Arise ! Sojourners in the wilderness, the desert man has made around the fields of Paradise, mount with me the Pisgah of your wrongs—and gaze, look down—from that great height upon the Promised Land. There flows the river that yet keeps you from it ; the name of our Jordan is ARISTOCRACY. There towers the Jerico that guards the prize ; its name is Parliament, its ramparts are monopoly. Come ! sound with me the signal-note to-night which shall make those ramparts rock on their foundation. *The people's land shall be the people's own.*”

It was about this time that Mr. Jones was sent for by his uncle, whose heir-at-law he was, and told that if he persisted in his advocacy of what he called extreme principles, he would cut him off without a shilling. Mr. Jones indignantly refused to barter his principles, and persevered in his course. His uncle died soon after, and left his entire fortune to his gardener. Mr. Jones never proclaimed this to the world, and it was not till long after, when bringing, in self-defence, an action for libel against *Reynolds' Newspaper*, that this fact was elicited from him in court.

In 1857 he again tried his fortunes in the borough of Nottingham, but without avail.

The Manhood Suffrage movement which was largely instrumental in winning the Reform Bill of 1867, was founded by Ernest Jones. In 1858, as leader of the Democratic movement, he issued circulars proposing a conference of working men from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, to inaugurate a new movement having Registered Residential Manhood Suffrage for

its sole object—with a view of superseding the Chartist organisation by one new and more vigorous, and especially of uniting with the middle classes on a common basis of action. About 300 delegates from all parts of the kingdom assembled in St. Martin's Hall. The late Alderman Thomas Livsey, of Rochdale, was elected chairman, and Messrs. Samuel Morley, and P. A. Taylor, M.P., attended to represent the middle classes. The Programme Registered Residential Manhood Suffrage was unanimously adopted, and from that time the union with the Liberal portion of the middle class and the Manhood Suffrage organisation, which afterwards put forth fresh strength under the name of the Reform League, with the addition of the Ballot in its programme never ceased to progress.

At that conference Ernest Jones was unanimously elected as president of the movement, and voted a salary of £8 weekly. He accepted the office but refused the salary, and though repeatedly urged on behalf of the conference to accept it—an act which even the *Morning Advertiser*, at that time by no means friendly to the movement, thought fit to praise.

In the following year, Mr. Jones applied to the then Lord Mayor of London, to grant the use of the Guildhall for an address by himself on the Manhood Suffrage movement. His application was backed by a memorial signed by 800 householders of the city of London. The request was granted—the Lord Mayor himself taking the chair. The meeting was convened for two o'clock on Friday afternoon. Yet, notwithstanding the hour, which was so unfavourable for the attendance of the working classes, about 6,000 persons were present. It had been previously arranged with the Lord Mayor, and announced that a resolution in favour of Manhood Suffrage should be moved—it was done by Mr. Jones at the close of his address, and Mr. P. A. Taylor, to his honour be it said, as Manhood Suffrage was not at that time a fashionable programme, voluntarily came forward to second the motion, which was carried unanimously amid great enthusiasm.

We have already mentioned that in 1858 the *People's Paper* ceased. It was carried on at a time of great political apathy—one of those transition periods when the seed of future progress is indeed sown, but sown at a ruinous cost to the husbandman.

It became impossible to carry it on any longer, and the debts incurred through it dragged down Mr. Jones's literary property—the *London News*, a penny paper, circulating 17,000 weekly, and other publications, printed with his own type, all which had to be sold to pay off the liabilities of the *People's Paper*.

Shortly after Mr. Jones was compelled by libellous statements contained in *Reynolds' Newspaper*, to bring an action for libel against it, which was tried before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and a special jury, in the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 9th of July, 1859.

The result of this trial placed Mr. Jones's character in a higher light before the public, than it had ever yet attained. It was then seen how much he had suffered, lost, and sacrificed to his political convictions. Things the public would never have known, as Mr. Jones never mentioned them, were dragged to light by this remarkable investigation, and drew from the *Saturday Review* for July 15th, 1859, one of the highest panegyrics ever passed on a public man. We quote from it the following passage, and it must be remembered that this tribute comes from the pen of an opponent:—"The autobiography which in his own defence, Mr. Ernest Jones has found himself obliged to give to the world while prosecuting the author of a libellous attack upon his reputation, contains a history equally mournful and instructive."

The *Review* then proceeds to give a short biographical sketch, and goes on to the period when Mr. Jones started the *People's Paper*, and desired to unite the middle and working classes, on the basis of manhood suffrage.

"In 1850 he came out of prison a ruined and beggared man, but as resolutely determined as ever to devote himself to the service of the people. But by this time his opinions had undergone a certain change; he now was in favour of union with the middle classes. To advocate this combination he started a newspaper called the *People's Paper*, to support which he invited subscriptions: but although some money was subscribed the expenses far exceeded the receipts. Mr. Jones expended more than a thousand pounds, and then was obliged to let the paper go to a mortgagee. The course he took exposed him to the abuse of Mr. Reynolds, who accused him in so many words of pilfering

the funds sent to support the paper, and appropriating them to his own use. No charge was ever more triumphantly refuted, and the proper application of the money received from subscribers was shown to have been guaranteed by weekly credits. Mr. Reynolds was obliged through his counsel to withdraw the charge, and make a humble apology. As the Lord Chief Justice declared there was no stain on the reputation of Mr. Jones. He has sacrificed everything—time, fortune, and prospects—in order that he may preach the doctrine of Chartism. He even renounced a very considerable fortune, which he might have had if he would have paid the cheap price of holding his tongue. His uncle, who was possessed of an income of £2,000 a-year, put it to him whether he would become heir to this wealth and renounce his political life, or renounce the money and retain his position as a Chartist leader. Nobly and honourably he chose the latter course, and the uncle left his fortune to his gardener.

“We are proud of this history of an English Democrat, the unselfishness, the steadiness, the patience with which Mr. Jones has met temptation, disappointment and obloquy. It is something that there should be at least a few persons in a nation who look at politics very seriously. Mr. Mill has pronounced that in England there is no real interest in politics, and that Englishmen care for nothing but getting on and religion. We know that there are exceptions to this description which is true of a very large proportion of the community, and one of the best exceptions is Mr. Jones. Such men elevate the standard and purify the atmosphere of public life. He has the gratification of giving up all that men hold dear, in order to promote what he has believed to be political truth. We must own that there are few men who would have done so, much fewer than could be found to make equal sacrifices for religious truth, and there is a more complete disinterestedness in leading such a life as that of Mr. Jones than in engaging in the work of a missionary. There is no going to heaven as a reward for political usefulness, and as political usefulness is a rare and precious quality, even in a free country, we cannot but regard Mr. Jones as one who is a national benefactor.”

Owing to pecuniary losses Mr. Jones returned to his practice as a barrister on the Northern Circuit in 1859.

In the spring of 1861 he removed with his family to

Manchester, where he resided until his death, having a large practice at the Manchester and neighbouring Sessions, and the Manchester and Liverpool Assizes.

In 1865-6 some of his poems appeared in the *Crichton Annual*, published by the Manchester Crichton Club, founded in 1858, for the study of Literature, Science, and Art.

Mr. Jones was for a considerable period President of the Club, and amongst the Poems which appeared in the *Annual* was—

THE STARS.

(Translated from the German of E. M. Arndt.)

The sun, he made his wide, wide ride
 Round the world ;
 And the stars, they said : " We will go by thy side,
 Round the world."
 But the sun waxed wroth : " At home ye stay,
 Or I burn your golden eyes away,
 In my fiery ride round the world."
 And the stars to the kindly moon repair,
 In the night,
 Saying : " Thou, throned on the clouds of air,
 In the night,
 Let us wander with thee, for thy gentle ray
 Will never more burn our soft eyes away,"
 And she took them, companions of night.
 Now, welcome, ye stars ! and thou, moon, so kind,
 In the night,
 Ye know what dwells in the heart and mind,
 In the night.
 Come, and kindle the lights in the firmament blue,
 That I may revel and sport like you,
 In the kindly sports of the night.

Mr. Jones also contributed an article to the *Manuscript Magazine* of the Club, February 12, 1866, on " Fiction Writers and Fiction Writing."

At the Fenian trials of 1867 Mr. Jones was one of the counsel engaged to defend the prisoners before the Magistrates. On the prisoners being brought into Court, Mr. Jones noticed that they were handcuffed. He at once expressed his surprise. " He never knew such a thing done before in any Court. He had to apply that the handcuffs should be removed." After some further expostulation the Bench decided not to interfere.

The examination went on, but when the Court resumed from luncheon Mr. Jones said, that "he must again call the attention of the Court to the manacles which had been placed on the prisoners. The prisoners were suffering from the pressure of those handcuffs; they were a great inconvenience and indignity; and in a great measure they prevented the men from attending to the proceedings." Noticing some military officers on the Bench "he thought it unseemly that part of the military force should be on the Bench where the Magistrates were presiding."

Mr. Fowler, the Stipendiary Magistrate, said that the officers "who were not called upon to be on guard were as his private friends upon the Bench as mere spectators."

Mr. Jones, pointing to the gallery, replied, "I submit that is the place for them. There are friends of mine there."

As the Magistrates refused to interfere with the handcuffing of the prisoners, Mr. Jones, "as a member of the Bar, declined to sit in any Court where the police were allowed to over-ride the Magistrates, or to lend himself to such a violation of the course of justice." He then returned his briefs, and left the Court.

At the Special Commission held in October, 1867, for the trial of the prisoners, Mr. Jones received one of the most marked compliments ever paid by a judge to counsel. Mr. Justice Blackburn specially addressed the learned counsel and said:—"I feel that I ought to compliment and thank you for having aided the cause of justice, by one of the most proper and able defences I ever remembered to have heard."

And in summing up to the jury the same learned judge dwelt on the "excellence" of the defence, and said he felt it his duty to publicly allude to it.

A still further honour was in store for the learned counsel at the next assizes, when Mr. Justice Lush requested him, on behalf of the Crown, to defend Mulla, one of the Fenian prisoners charged with the murder of Sergeant Brett, and publicly thanked him for the manner in which he had conducted the defence.

The next day, at the same assizes, Mr. Justice Lush marked his sense of Mr. Jones's conduct by again requesting him to defend, on behalf of the Crown, Flaherty, charged with the murder of his wife, at Droylsden. We know of no instance in which so marked a compliment was paid to counsel.

But Mr. Ernest Jones did not allow professional success to lure him from the cause of the people. When the American War broke out, he was foremost in advocating justice and liberty, and his speech on the Slaveholder's Rebellion was so admired, that the people of Ashton and those of Rochdale severally had it published in pamphlet form at their own expense.

Speaking at Blackburn, surrounded by a densely packed meeting, and a crowded platform of local manufacturers, he encountered much opposition, and when with that fervid eloquence for which he was remarkable, Mr. Jones cried out "Why did the South secede?" Some one replied "For free trade." The reply was instantaneous. "Free trade in what?—Free trade in the lash—free trade in the branding iron—free trade in chains."

His matchless eloquence created an enthusiasm for union and emancipation which rendered the recognition of a Slave Republic by our Government impossible.

When public opinion was going wrong on the Holstein question between Denmark and Prussia, he contributed greatly to elucidate the merits of the case by a speech at the Manchester Town Hall. That speech earned for him a vote of thanks from the provisional Government of Holstein, and Professor Forchhammer, of the University of Kiel, and another gentleman, were deputed to go to England, and present an address in person, which they did at Mr. Jones's chambers.

In January, 1867, he held a discussion with Professor Blackie, at Edinburgh. In his reply to the professor, Mr. Jones said:—"Democracy means not the rule of a class, but of a nation—it embraces all—it tempers one class with another—it does not exclude the peer or the prince; on the contrary, it embraces them—it harmonises them—a peerage may flourish in its midst, and a throne is but the representative of one of its highest and noblest forms. There may be democracy under a king, as well as under a president; and that system of checks and counter-checks, that tempering influence to which allusion is oft made, is perhaps more perfectly realised under a democracy than under any other form of Government. We have been invited to condemn democratic institutions upon several grounds. First, because they are asserted to have failed in various countries and ages. I join issue with the conclusions drawn from these

precedents. Before it is permissible to argue from a former failure, that democracy would be injurious in the present day, it is requisite to show that the conditions in both cases are the same. I believe in the progressive development of the human mind. I believe that the human race possesses one great collective life, having its infancy, and ripening to its manhood; and I protest against demanding from the infancy of nations that which their maturity alone can achieve. I protest against measuring the child by the standard of the man. * * * *
But I will meet him (Professor Blackie) on the ground he himself has chosen. I will go with him to ancient Greece; I will follow him to classic Rome; I will accompany him to revolutionary France; I will walk by his side through our Australian colonies, and attend his footsteps to republican America; and I undertake to show that in them all, democracy has been the founder and saviour of the people's greatness. . . . Do you challenge me with France? I accept the challenge, and I ask—Is democracy alone to be measured by the standard of the gods? Do you demand of us perfection while you concede to yourselves the right to every frailty? Must we be more than men, while you are permitted to be less? If you would test French democracy, do not look alone at its excesses. Ask: What did it find France? Answer: What has it made it? It found France trodden down beneath a feudal aristocracy, which not only robbed the working men of every right, but even by law violated the inmost sanctities of home. It found the revenues in the hands of financial farmers, who ruined every trade, destroyed every industry, and made the country helplessly, hopelessly, irretrievably bankrupt. Rapine and usury reigned from end to end, and famine stalked over all the confines of the land. Bigotry and ignorance upheld immorality and vice, and terror alone kept in subjection the festering mass of misery to which the people had been reduced. Then the genius of democracy took this poor benighted people by the hand and led it from the valley of the shadow of death to the upper lights of liberty and life. True, by the paths of terror. True, the guillotine smote as sharply as the sword of battle. True, fantastic and horrible excesses were committed, like the enthronement of the Goddess of Reason. No doubt the recoil was terrible, but so had been the repression. The one was the

offspring of the other. Put your seven centuries of atheism in practice against their few weeks of atheism in theory, Put the dungeons of your Bastile against their scaffolds of the Place de Greve, and record this difference between them : that in those dungeons seven centuries heard your victims groan, while seven months cleared off the anger of the people. And add to it this : that our victims were plotting with the foreigner against the State ; yours were murdered for private cruelty, and greed, and lust. Instead of tracing thence a reason for not granting their rights to the people, see what comes of keeping them back, and be wise in time. But if you would test democracy look to the results. What did it make France ? It found the land held by a few nobles, and the people starving ; it turned it into six million freehold farms, and gave plenty to the people. In the land of aristocracy one lost battle decided the fate of the country. Under democracy the deluge of banded Europe swept over it in vain, and the occupying armies passed away as trackless as shadows from its sunny plains. The results :—In the land of St. Bartholomew it made religion free. In the land of the Bastile it made a jury the arbiter of the individual's liberty. In the land of Louis Quartorze it established parliamentary representation. True, a Napoleon now reigns ; true, the press is trammelled ; true, parliament has been coerced, though it is slowly but surely recovering its lost ascendancy ; but I tell you a people cannot leap at one bound from seven centuries of serfdom to the calm heights of perfected liberty. You are the very men who tell us that progression must go slowly ; and yet when the French people leaped to liberty by the only pathway tyranny had left them, you reproach them because they have not done that which you yourself declare to be impossible ! Yes, liberty marches by progressive steps—calm and gentle as a child if you treat her fairly, terrible as an angry giant if you try to chain her down. The first step was in '79, the second in '80, the third in '48—each time more merciful and more mild ; and Napoleon is but one of the outward forms of this transition period—the cloud between one sunrise and another, and even he is obliged to disguise his imperial mantle with the colours of the morning, to reign in the name of liberty and truth, and to bow before the virtues of the people."

Mr. Ernest Jones delivered lectures within a short time in

Dublin, Glasgow, Birmingham, London, Leeds, Bradford and other places, on the relation of land, capital and labour. Meanwhile he worked as hard as anyone in the great Reform League agitation, that so largely contributed towards the obtainment of the Reform Bill, and this he did at a great pecuniary sacrifice, "having," wrote the late Mr. James Crossley, himself a solicitor, "to our knowledge, during its course refused or returned civil briefs of a very considerable value, that he might attend the demonstrations of the league."

Speaking in Edinburgh in 1868, he said : It appears to me, that the first thing we have to direct our attention to when the new Parliament shall have assembled will be, temperately, moderately, and wisely, but firmly and decisively, and unshrinkingly, to reform the Reform Bill itself so that every town having a certain number of inhabitants shall be represented in the House of Commons directly as a burgh, and that the distinction between the burgh and the county franchise shall be abrogated. Although I am an advocate for manhood suffrage, I think that every reformer, however advanced, may well and conscientiously wave the question of manhood suffrage for the moment, and secure household suffrage, untrammelled and unfettered, from one end of the country to the other

"There is a great danger which the present Reform Bill has not provided against The constituencies of certain burghs have been enlarged, and in the same proportion in which the constituencies are increased, the expenses of elections under the present system are increased also Now, what is the result ? The result is that none but the richest men can, as a general rule, get into Parliament. The candidates of workingmen, unless they happen to have some good and faithful men among the wealthy classes who embrace their interests, cannot enter the House of Commons But, gentlemen, when we have attained so to speak, the perfection of parliamentary reform, what is it ? It is but a means to an end. It is political leverage for social reform ; and, therefore, I will now advert to some of those measures of reform to which the attention of your representatives ought more especially to be directed. Now, what are these ? I say, first and foremost, that the question of the land presses itself upon our attention, and that not alone in

reference to the peasantry—not alone in reference to the actual owners of the land, but in regard to the well being of the entire community, mercantile and manufacturing

“We want two things, as it appears to me, in regard to the land—free trade and tenant-right. We have free trade, some fancy, but we have it only in part. We have free trade in the corn the land grows ; but we have not free trade in the land that grows the corn. Until we have that, we have got only the shadow of free trade.

“No direct legislation can effect this at once. It won't do, it would not be wise, it would not be beneficial, to confiscate the soil, and seize it, and take it from this small knot of territorial aristocracy. All violent convulsive changes of this kind too frequently miss their object, and often do more evil than the evil they seek to remedy has created, or would create ; but a wise course of legislation ought to be adopted, such would gradually, by the ordinary social development of nations, break up the land into small quantities, and let it thus fall into the market upon the principle of free trade. There is another evil which presses itself upon our attention, and that is, that in a country in which so large a deficiency in the production of food exists as exists in this country, so vast an amount of it should be devoted to that which is not only unproductive but positively injurious. I allude to the immense amount of corn which is employed in the production of spirituous liquors. The amount of drunkenness that exists in the United Kingdom is something fearful to contemplate. I certainly am in favour of urging upon those who may represent us in the next House of Commons such a repressive legislation as, even if it would interfere with the liberty of the subject to a certain extent, would act as a barrier and difficulty in the way of drunkenness.

“Ignorance is a disease, and a dangerous and deadly disease. There are few things in the world more costly than an ignorant man, and unless you make education compulsory, you will not, I believe, educate the masses.

“We have two standard-bearers in this country—the one upholding the flag of religious liberty, the other the banner of political and social freedom. One is Mr. Gladstone, and the other is John Bright. Do not allow these sacred

banners which they carry aloft to be dragged in the mire, at the hands of the tories, through the streets of Edinburgh.”

At the General Election of 1868, Mr. Jones was selected by the working-men of Manchester as their candidate, and adopted by the United Liberal Party. Requested by many boroughs to become a candidate, he gave an additional proof of his devotion to the Liberal cause, by his conduct on this occasion. In Edinburgh and Carlisle he withdrew his name, from fear of dividing the Liberal party. In Dewsbury his return was a moral certainty, he had obtained 3,400 pledges out of a constituency of less than 6,000 electors; yet he withdrew his candidature because the Liberal party was divided in its choice, a portion selecting Mr. Cossham, and sooner than perpetuate a division, he selected Manchester, notwithstanding the dangers of the minority clause, that he might there become instrumental in uniting the Liberal ranks, and be the means of union and kindly feeling between the different classes of society.

He had set his heart upon being returned to Parliament by a great constituency like Manchester, the main attraction for him being not so much the triumph of Ernest Jones, as the triumph of the working man's candidate, the triumph of the principles for which he had fought during many weary years.

As soon as his candidature for Manchester was known, General Perronet Thompson, the “Father of Free Trade,” addressed to him the following letter, through the hand of his friend Mr. Northouse:—

“I am requested by my venerable friend, General Perronet Thompson, to lay at your disposal his name as a member of any Committee that may be formed to facilitate your election for Manchester, or any other constituency desirous of being represented in Parliament by an uncompromising friend of the people, and in any other way that he can of bearing testimony to your great services in the cause of Reform.”

In a second letter Mr. Northouse writes at the General's request:—“He will do everything he can to get the most eloquent and successful of the advocates of popular rights into his proper arena, the House of Commons.”

In an address delivered to a large audience in the Free Trade Hall, during his candidature, Mr. Jones said that “a greater invasion of the rights of private property was never perpetrated

than that legislative attempt which denied property in their money to trades' unions who had subscribed that money. That must be altered ; trades' unions must have the full legal protection of their funds when they were applied to legitimate purposes. If they were applied to purposes of conspiracy, or to purposes of crime, the law of the land was strong enough already to punish them, and he would be one of the first to have it put into operation. But it was not an illegal or an immoral protection to the funds of trade unions when they were applied to trade uses exclusively to enable the workmen to obtain a good bargain for his labour, just as the employer was enabled to seek a good bargain for his goods. Again, there was another matter which touched upon trades' union legislation ; he meant the magisterial bench. At present the members of trades' unions were brought before the employing class, and though he was not there to inveigh against that class as a class, he would say that employers, even when connected with different trades, ought not to sit in judgment on these particular cases. He was, therefore, in favour of Stipendiary Magistrates being appointed by that authority which the country decided to be most legitimate and safe, leaving the unpaid magistracy to deal merely with county, parochial, and municipal affairs. . . . They must improve the condition of the people physically by giving more employment and cheap food. . . . They must do it mentally by the spread of education, and in reference to that matter he was not only in favour of a system of national education, but a system of compulsory education. The temptation to the very poor was exceedingly strong to send their little children to work instead of sending them to school. They should save fathers and mothers from that temptation ; they should step in as guardians of the common weal and say that every child had a right to mental food. . . . Ignorance was not costly, dangerous, and fatal to the individual alone . . . but to the community in which that individual lived. . . . He was, therefore, in favour of compulsory education, as one of the means of sanitary reform itself, because education made the poor man alive to the sanitary influences and unhealthy circumstances by which he was surrounded, and enabled him to guard against them. An ignorant people ever was a dirty one, while an educated people was cleanly in its habits. . . . One of the greatest sources of crime and physical deterioration in this country was the

enormous amount of drunkenness existing amongst us. . . . He would not vote for the Permissive Bill in its entirety, as it now stood. . . . But he was in favour of placing a veto upon the licensing power at present resting in the hands of irresponsible magistrates, and would place it in the hands of a board elected by the ratepayers. The people ought to have the right of prohibition."

Mr. Jones concluded his address with these words:—

"I have passed through the industrial cities and rural hamlets of this country, studying the disease from which the nation suffers. For years and years past I have had my hand upon the people's pulse, and have felt its vital energy deadened by aristocratic monopoly, and its great heart oppressed by class misrule. I have learned to see the remedy on nature's breast—in her bounteous valleys and her fertile plains. For years, by tongue and pen, I have striven to stimulate the sleeping child from its lethargy, and now that, aided by abler and better men than myself, the glorious patient has awakened to new life; now that the extension of the franchise has transferred the work of reform from the stormy arena of out-door agitation to the narrower but more potent arena of the House of Commons, I confess that I have an ambition to work where work is most useful, and to end a long political career as one of the representatives of that new popular power which I, with others, have assisted to create."

Although Mr. Jones received 10,662 votes he was not successful. A petition was lodged against Mr. Birley, one of the successful candidates, on the ground of his being a member of a firm which were government contractors. As the Liberals had some hopes of unseating Mr. Birley, they determined to be prepared with a candidate and proceeded to his selection. It was at once made plain that the party were divided between Mr. Ernest Jones and Mr. Milner Gibson. The latter gentleman had previously represented the constituency, but was defeated along with Mr. John Bright, 1857, by Messrs. Potter and Turner.

On Friday and Saturday, the 22nd and 23rd of January, 1869, the novel experiment of a test ballot was taken between these two gentlemen, representatives of the press being present from all parts of the country. The result showed that Mr. Jones had received 7,282 votes, against 4,133 recorded for Mr. Gibson.

The early part of the same week Mr. Jones was suffering from a severe cold, and was induced to leave his bedroom to attend a meeting of the Hulme and Chorlton Working Men's Association on the Wednesday evening. He left a heated atmosphere to return home by cab, and incautiously left the window open. It is supposed that the exposure to the weather aggravated his cold, for at an early hour on the following morning Mr. Jones awoke in great pain, complaining of an attack of pleurisy, and he subsequently became so ill that, though he expressed his anxiety to read the morning papers in reference to his speech of the previous evening, he was unable to do so, and his son, Walter Jones, read the report to him. His medical adviser on being called in found the symptoms to be serious, but apprehended no immediate danger. He strictly enjoined, however, that his patient should be kept as quiet as possible. This injunction was the more necessary, not only on account of the interest Mr. Jones was taking in the forthcoming ballot among the electors, but also through the number of letters he was continually receiving soliciting his attendance at public meetings. One of these applications was made by the "Central Amnesty Committee," which had its head quarters in Dublin, to request Mr. Jones to address a meeting of the "Society for the Release of the Political Prisoners," to be held in the Rotunda, at an early date, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Another application, of which Mr. Jones was forbidden to be informed, was an invitation from the Drogheda Liberal Election Committee, asking permission to place him in nomination for that borough, upon the unseating of Mr. Whitworth.

The symptoms continuing to grow worse, Mr. Clayton and Mr. Roberts, surgeons, were called in. On Friday and Saturday Mr. Jones suffered much from prostration and difficulty of breathing. On the morning of Saturday he received a telegraphic message from his son, Mr. L. A. Jones, informing him that he had obtained a scholarship at Brasenose College, Oxford. Upon this message being delivered to him he evinced the liveliest satisfaction, but added that he felt worse by reason of the excitement it had caused him. A few hours later upon the result of the balloting being shown to him in writing, he said it was very gratifying, but subsequently referring to the subject in the presence of his medical advisers, he remarked that the

excitement had been too much for him. On Saturday evening, also, his son arrived from Oxford.

On Sunday and Monday—the latter being his birthday—the prostration continued, and was accompanied with increase of pain, so that Mr. Jones was unable to rest, except in a sitting posture. On Tuesday morning (January 26) he awoke, apparently much better, and was able to walk about the room; but shortly after one p.m. he complained of faintness, and in attempting to leave his chair fell forwards, and in a few minutes expired.

Just as he was beginning to see a wider field of usefulness open round him, and to reap the fruits of his long patience, the silver chord was broken, and in the moment of victory he passed away.

In his last public speech at the Chorlton Town Hall, occurs this almost prophetic passage: "There was a personal reason why he desired soon to get into the House of Commons, and that was that he could not afford to wait very long. What little work there was in him must be taken out speedily, or it would be lost altogether. When he stood for Halifax, in 1847, and Nottingham, in 1853 or 1854, he was comparatively a young man, and could afford to wait. He believed that there was some strength and working power left in him, but when a man got to be fifty he desired to make the best use of his time."

His remains were carried to the grave on the following Saturday, in the presence of sympathising thousands, who thronged the route of the funeral procession from Higher Broughton to Ardwick Cemetery.

In compliance with the expressed wish of many of his friends, Mr. Jones's family consented to make the funeral a public one. The leading members of the executive and office committees of the United Liberal party of Manchester, who supported his candidature for the city, were among those who attended as mourners. London sent from the Reform League Mr. Edmund Beale, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Odger. There was also a deputation from the Holloway Working Men's Club. The Northern Department of the Reform League and the National Reform Union was represented on the occasion. Deputations were present from fifty to sixty of the leading Northern towns, including nearly every district within a day's journey of Manchester. Amongst

the pall bearers were Mr. J. B. Potter, M.P., and Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P. A thousand men, or upwards, described in the programme as friends of Mr. Jones, preceded, and many thousands more followed the hearse to the cemetery. The streets for the entire line of route, about three miles in length, were crowded with onlookers. The assemblage for the whole distance was almost without a break, at one period the principal thoroughfare of the city, at its most spacious part, near the Infirmary, was rendered impassible by the congregation of so many thousands of spectators. Every external mark of respect was paid to the *cortège* as it passed, and the occasion excited more wide-spread and sincere feeling than any similar event that has happened in recent times.

The inscription on the coffin lid was very simple and brief. It was "Ernest Jones. Died January 26th, 1869. Aged 50 years."

The vault in which the remains of Mr. Jones were interred, lies near the middle of the cemetery. It is immediately adjoining that in which Mr. Max Kyllman was buried, and in close proximity to the tombs of John Dalton, and Sir John Potter.

His memory will not only be cherished by the working-men of England, but will live in the history of his country, whose true and faithful son he was. He was not a rich man it is true, but he voluntarily resigned a large fortune that he might serve the people, and even if, instead of applying the profits he made in his private business to the political movement, and if instead of through his life refusing all remuneration for his lectures, speeches, and official labours in the cause of reform, he had but accepted the payments that were pressed upon him, he might have been affluent and wealthy.

We see in Ernest Jones a noble and knightly soldier of democracy. In his day to be a Democrat was to hazard all the comfort, enjoyment, and advancement of life. Breathing an atmosphere of noble and intelligent conviction, and animated by a pure enthusiasm for the elevation of the people, he voluntarily relinquished an ample fortune rather than forsake the path of duty, or cease his devotion to the service of humanity, knowing full well that ignorance was the great cause of the errors and sufferings of mankind; he laboured to enlighten the under-

standing of his fellows, but experience taught him that there was little hope for popular culture until the people had the power to elect their representatives, and thus exert a direct influence on the conduct of the Legislature. The culture of the masses he regarded as essential to the maintenance of our civilisation, and the happiness and prosperity of our people.

With a passionate love of justice and unfriended truth, and with a courage to trust the truth as he perceived it, he claimed it as the right and duty of every human being freely, fully, and impartially to inquire into, freely to think on, and as freely to utter what they thought about all questions affecting human welfare ; in a word, he contended for the right of every human being to the full and free development of every power and capacity of his nature, consistent with the exercise of the same rights by others. Wherever and whenever it was possible to ennoble human effort, to extend the moral horizon, to fill life with worthy occupation, to widen, deepen, and humanize the sympathies, then he was found wielding.

“The service of life
True deed and word.”

His politics were cosmopolitan, his religion universal, his policy was

“None to injure, all to save.”

And although his charity was wide as humanity, against error and injustice he waged an uncompromising war. It was, however, principles not men with whom he warred.

When Ernest Jones commenced his great and manly career, the England he loved so well, he found a privilege-burdened and class-blighted land. In the presence of these two hateful evils he took a part which has commanded the admiration and affection of the men who lived with him, and commands the admiration and affection of those who survive him. To privilege he opposed the people, and to class he opposed the country. In the words of Dr. Pankhurst, “To him England was what it was in the old language of the law and of politics in this country.

“The old language of the law in describing the Government of England, has called it ‘This Commonwealth of England.’ By a commonwealth, he understood a land where right and justice

were not in privilege, but in universal possession. The equality of all before the same law was his principle, and not only equality before the same law, because that is compatible with subjection and servitude. It is conceivable that a land might live under one common law dictated to it by one common oppressor. That was not this common universal law by which Ernest Jones stood, and for which he fought all the days of his life. It was one common universal law imposed upon all, and made by the consent of all, the execution of it superintended and directed by the public spirit and public judgment of all. It was no mere rhetorical phrase with him to say that the Government of England must be the Government of the people, by the people, for the people. For that grand principle he lived and fought and suffered. . . .

The political self-protection of the vote was the key-stone of Ernest Jones's politics. The complete enfranchisement of the people was his principle. No man above the suffrage, no man below it, all within it. . . . Of Ernest Jones I say this, that he was cast in the antique mould of political heroism. Nothing in the old days of Greece or Rome is grander for manly courage and fearless independence of spirit, than the simple daily deeds and works of Ernest Jones. He was bred to, and prosecuted the functions of a close profession. The profession of the law in his and our days is jealous of men who go out of its limits into the open of politics. This did not deter him in any way from performing to the full all the offices of free citizenship. . . .

When I look round upon England, and see it enshrouded in great gloom and darkness . . . I think that the time has arrived when we should brighten our convictions, and strengthen our hearts by passing in review the name, the deeds, and the memory of such men as Ernest Jones. He was buried, as you remember, amid the mourning and tears of a great company of sorrowing politicians. No pomp of kings could surpass the solemn sorrow that surrounded him as he was lowered into the grave. . . . Democracy was in his day, and is to some extent in ours belligerent. But the time arrives when democracy will be no longer belligerent, but triumphant. There is one great transition that has traversed the centuries—the transition from despotism to democracy. In that day of historic justice, Ernest Jones will appear in no humble or depressed guise, but with high heroic head will take no second but a very fore-

most place among the champions and martyrs of freedom, who in times of darkness and danger—resolute to dare, to do, to die—have maintained the immortal cause of liberty, justice, and humanity.



LEAWOOD HALL.

A CHRISTMAS TALE, BY ERNEST JONES.

In a cottage on a moor
Famine's feeble children cried ;
The frost knocked sharply at the door,
And hunger welcom'd him inside.

In the moonlight cracked the leaves,
As the fox across them passed,
And the ice-drops from the eaves
Rattled to the whirling blast.

On the black hearth glowed no ember,
On the damp floor lay the rime.
Elfin haloes of December
For the sainted Christmas-time ;

And a pale girl sat there chanting
Mournfully to children twain,
Like some sweet house-spirit haunting
Old men's homes with childhood's strain.

Ellen was a maiden fair
With that beauty meek and frail,
Softened by the hand of care
From the red rose to the pale,

But the children had no feature
Of the blithe child's merry grace,
Still of spirit—small of stature—
Manhood's thought on childhood's face.

And a woman, thin and eager,
Tossed upon a litter low,
Lifting up large eyes of fever,
With a look of angry woe.

Harsh complaints and words unkind
To each and all in turn addressed,
For pain, with searching hand, will find
A bitter drop in every breast.

Bearing all with passive mood
While her sharp invective ran,
In cold and fearful calmness stood
A silent, melancholy man.

O'er his brow the moonbeam lingered
'Mid the lines that passion wrought,
Like an angel, glory-fingered.
Showing heaven the dangerous thought.

He had toiled in hope's assurance,
Toiled when hope had changed to fear,
Toiled amid despair's endurance—
These were sorry thanks to hear!

Yet he chid not her reproving,
Bore it all in quiet part—
Said: It is but misery moving
Pulses foreign to her heart.

Still in solemn silence bound,
Scarce a sign of life he gave,
But fixed his eyes upon the ground,
As though his look could dig his grave.

Sudden through the broken pane
Faintly gleamed a ruddy light,
And something like a festive strain
Came thrilling through the heart of night.

With flashing eyes that woman wan
Rose like a shade against the wall ;
“ Hark ! hark ! the festival’s began !
“ The tables groan at Leawood Hall !

“ The rich man feasts—and Leawood’s near—
“ What honey stores his golden hive !
“ Go ! bid him give those dying here,
“ One crust to save their souls alive ! ”

The night grew dark—but from a height
Afar the lordly mansion shone,
Shone pillar white and portal bright.
Like trellis-work of fire and stone.

Along the roads, from every side,
The blazing lamps were racing all,
As fast the guests invited hied
To share the feast at Leawood Hall.

It was a Norman castle high—
It was a keep of ages rude,
When men named murder—chivalry,
And robbery was called—*a feud*.

There barons stern once housed in pride,
And coined the labourer's heart to gold :
On field and fell the labourer died,
While they were gay in holt and hold.

What they had lavished to replenish,
They o'ertaxed endurance's length.
Drank his labour down in Rhenish,
And grew strong upon his strength.

Men of hautiness ! unthinking
In their selfishness of caste,
'Twas his life-blood they were drinking !
But 'twould poison them at last.

From the dust that they were treading,
Some stood up by force or craft,
Till the scutcheoned pier o'erheading,
In his face the *trader* laughed.

Then, his triumph once insuring,
This new conqueror fiercely rose,
Smote the people's neck enduring,
After they had crushed his foes :

And those mighty tryant-blasters
Settled with slaves again ;
They had only changed their masters.
And that change was worse than vain.

Since then a sterile thoughted man
 Had lorded it o'er Leawood fair,
 Who as an errand-boy began,
 And ended as a millionaire.

And his son, by slow degrees,
 Mounted life with golden feet,
 For the son knew how to please,
 As the sire knew how to cheat.

Before he rose, the people's friend,
 He feigned at all their wrongs to burn :
 Now, as he bent, made others bend.
 And played the tyrant in his turn.

Patronised each bible-mission ;
 Give to charities—his *name* ;
 No longer cared for *man's* condition,
 But carefully preserved—his *game*.

Oh ! Leawood Hall was gay that night ;
 Shone wall and tower from cope to base,
 And proudly rolled the sheeted light
 Its glory over Leawood Chase.

Through the hall the beggar spurning,
 Menials drove him from the door :
 Can they chide the torch for burning,
 They cast smouldering on the floor ?

Say not : " This is no fair sample,
 " This was but the menial's part ! "
 'Twas the master's past example
 Filtered through the servant's heart.

Full in the glare the labourer stood ;
 The music smote him like a blast,
 And through the rich ancestral wood
 He heard the fat deer rushing past.

“ While we are starving ! ” cried his love ;
 “ But they are watching ! ” said his fear.
 ‘ Twixt hell below, and heaven above—
 What dost thou on the balance here ?

“ Man is born—and man must live ! ”
 Thus anger read its maddening creed .
 “ If I take what they won’t give,
 “ Can heaven itself frown on the deed ? ”

What strife was there in copeswood low,
 The busy world will little heed :
 Who met the poacher’s desperate blow,
 Who made the reckless outlaw bleed.

That night a fierce and haggard man
 Thro’ Leawood Chase was seen to run ;
 But as the fearful race began
 The rifle’s deadly work was done.

Ye pampered drones ! pursuit is vain,
 Give o’er the godless cruel strife ;
 As well o’ertake the hurrican ;
 Despair and love fly there for life.

Long the anxious wife sat waiting,
 Fainter grew the children’s cry :
 E’en the wind, the desolating,
 Slept to his own lullaby.

The father came—but hot and wild.
The open door he staggered past,
His brow was knit, but still he smiled,
Like sunset over tempest cast.

“ Food ! food ! ” he cried ; “ they feast to night,
“ And I have brought our share as well ;
“ Wife ! we were starving—’twas our right !
“ If not—as God wills—heaven or hell ! ”

Then spoke his wife with inward pride,
To think her counsel proved so brave ;
“ I knew you could not be denied ;
“ Now bless the gentle hand that gave.”

He strangely smiled in wondrous mood,
And, with the haste of fever, quaffed
Down to the dregs a fiery flood ;
And still he smiled—and stilled he laughed

He smiled to mark their spirits rise,
And that his wife had ceased to sigh,
And how the ardour in her eyes
Gave her the look of times gone by.

He laughed to think how small a cost
Might brighten poverty’s eclipse ;
But sudden silence strangely crossed
With blanching hand his quivering lips.

Then oft he kissed each little child,
And looked as one who’d much to say ;
But ere he spoke, some pinion wild
Waved the unuttered thought away.

And Ellen marvelled to behold
Such fitful change and sudden cheer,
He had so long been stern and cold
This kindness seemed a thing to fear.

And fainter grew his smile and bitter,
And his face turned cold and grey,
While slow he sunk down on the litter.
And strength's last bravery broke away.

Then they saw where heartward glancing,
Deep the cruel rifle smote ;
While death's gurgling march advancing
Sounded up his gasping throat.

Cling like leaves of autumn's serest.
Wife and children to his side :
He turned his last look on his dearest,
And thus sadly gazing, died.

Courage now no more dissembled
Broken strength and baffled will ;
The wistful children stood and trembled,
And the room grew very still.

Still in Leawood laughter loud
Sped the dance athwart the floor ;
That was Christmas for the proud,
This was Christmas for the poor.

HULL :

Printed by the "EASTERN MORNING NEWS" Co., Ltd., Whitefriargate.

