The unfortunate and economical method better be which careful and economical one. As cunning's a fox, and as stubborn's a pig, a bourgeois makes a with a venemous animal in him in his 29.

Cruising with fondness and ranking with spite—
A legal assassin, too dastard to fight—
A campaign;—the art on which right—
Mark him well, he's a selfish, tyrannical Whig! 

Know ye the man who betrays with a smile,
Like Judas, the traitor, ungrateful and vile,
And though he's had a path which is no Fig—
With a patriot's tongue and a renegade's mind．
Oppressing the poor, and deceiving mankind—
In Charity's name, to freedom to sell.
Unfeeling as rock, and as empty as wind?
Mark him well, he's a selfish, tyrannical Whig!

Know ye the man who is crafty and base,
Inhabits the whole domain, the poor and the allies.
Wheels like a harlequin—chats like a jester—
To Freedom a deep—to knowledge a knit—
Exalting just a scamp, trampling the brave—
Who scorns the poor workman, and makes him a slave—
A white painted urn on a rank, hollow grave.
Mark him well, he's a selfish, tyrannical Whig!

—Chartist Circular, 1840.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

I.—THE SELPFISH, TYRANNICAL WHIG.

Tune—'The Shamrock so green.'

Know ye the man who is fawning and sly,
And makes us up a star of his own;—
As cunning's a fox, and as stubborn's a pig,
A bourgeois makes a with a venemous animal in him in his 29.

Cruising with fondness and ranking with spite—
A legal assassin, too dastard to fight—
A campaign;—the art on which right—
Mark him well, he's a selfish, tyrannical Whig!

Know ye the man who betrays with a smile,
Like Judas, the traitor, ungrateful and vile,
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—Chartist Circular, 1840.

ON THE SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH AT CHICAGO.

Worn stifled voice who cried from the West,
Where wounds the measure of a man's soul is first
That spread her stainless wings, and sheltering nurst,
From Freedom's heaven out upon them, on the West?
America! shrink not from thy new guest,
For Liberty was thine for best and worst:
How shall we judge upon thy guest?
Then what of Labour's hope—the will to
Equal, Fraternal, knowing want nor greed—
Whomroned in a people's heart when states are free?

June 1866.

WALTER CRANE.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

In connection with the above sonnet by comrade Crane, the following extract from a letter just received from an American comrade will be read with additional interest:

Genoa, Kane Co., Illinois.

"My mail box, for the past month, has been open to read hundreds of letters who are set to dog us (my wife and myself), and several letters of value have 'gone astray.' Of course, we have to bear such annoyance. This is practically Russia now: and to be known as a Socialist is to be a marked man or woman.

Many times we have been made aware that our every move is now watched; and nothing is allowed with suspicion and sending and stealing and stamps. In letters, we are threatened with mob-violence to compel us to leave the town. Anonymous articles are published in the local papers, accusing my labours of personal violence to us, and abounding with such pet names as 'Bloody Anarchists,' 'rioters,' 'bomb-throwers,' 'murderers,' and the like. Of course we are not yet driven away. But what can be done by any means to check the movement and we may have to leave on short notice.

There is little of interest to write about the movement in this locality (I am 35 miles from Chicago). The trial of the Anarchists occurs immediately, and we will probably have learned the result before this reaches England. Many of our comrades, and our lawyers, are anxious of an acquittal, but I confess I have grave fears for the result. If it was simply a case of justice and law and order, we would certainly be acquitted, as there is not the least evidence against one of the men now awaiting trial; but the whole course of the press and the authorities during the past few weeks proves that they are determined upon vengeance, and that no stone will be left unturned to force a verdict of murder and sentence of death upon at least one of the persons. The attitude of the press remains unaltered, and the smashing of the Paris Commune. They have been unceasing in their cries, not for justice but for vengeance. The future may bring about strange events."

An evil is not cured by counteracting its symptoms, or external phenomena, but by attacking it at the root.—Buchner.

The boundaryless and unreserved speculation will come to an end, and in place of incalculable national debts we shall have an inestimable national wealth. —Walter Crane.

There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves; but it was much better to make such provisions by which every man might be put in a situation to keep clean, and not to steal, than to make him capable of dying for it.—Sir Thomas More's "Utopia."

There is nothing so much to be desired to keep the people honest, industrious, and healthy, as the freedom of the press, where the news of the hour daily; houses, etc., half an hour's labour; that is (assuming every man did his share), a total of 14 hours labour daily would suffice to supply us in abundance with all the comforts of life. The progress of invention and the increasing application of machinery are daily reducing even the amount of labour, so that the part which hitherto has been made by men, and by which is simply to superintend the machinery which does the work.—William H目睹.

The full text of the letter from Walter Crane is included in the document. The letter discusses the suppression of free speech at Chicago and provides an update on the trial of the Anarchists.