

in political contest. After one flaming speech he was ignominiously "snuffed out" by a huge tin extinguisher dropped over his head. With a good conscience apparently, he distributed the Tory gold, intended to bribe the electors, among the poor, starving, voteless stockingers.\*

He organized a Chartist religious association, and a Sunday-school for men and boys, whose classes bore the heroic names of Sidney, Marvel, Hampden, Milton, Tell, Washington, Cobbett, and other historic lovers of liberty. He gave Sunday evening addresses and published a Chartist Hymn Book, partly of his own composition.† His schemes for the mental improvement of the poor weavers failed. "What do we care for reading."

\* In the following touching lines Cooper records the death of his venerated mother, about the period now referred to:—

"I laid her near the dust  
Of her oppressor ; but no gilded verse  
Tells how she toiled to win her child a crust,  
And, fasting, still toiled on ; no hymns rehearse  
How tenderly she strove to be the nurse  
Of truth and nobleness in her loved boy,  
Spite of his rags."

† The following are specimens of the often spirit-stirring hymns wrung from the hearts of free-born Englishmen by the hunger-pangs of wife and babes :—

"Britannia's sons, though slaves ye be,  
God, your Creator, made you free ;  
He life and thought and being gave,  
But never, never made a slave !"

"Sons of poverty assemble,  
Ye whose hearts with woe are riven,  
Let the guilty tyrants tremble,  
Who your hearts such pain have given :  
We will never from the shrine of truth be driven.

Rouse them from their silken slumbers,  
Trouble them amidst their pride ;  
Swell your ranks, augment your numbers,  
Spread the Charter far and wide :  
Truth is for us : God Himself is on our side."

"God of the earth, and sea, and sky,  
To Thee Thy mournful children cry ;  
Sadness and gloom pervade the land ;  
Death, famine, glare on either hand.  
  
Father, our frames are sinking fast ;  
Hast Thou our names behind Thee cast ?  
Our sinless babes with hunger die ;  
Our hearts are hardening !—Hear our cry !"