

Paid.

Knightsbridge
PAID

S. Dyer Knoll, Esq.
The Castle
Cyeter.

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AUG 11 1818

EXETER
AUG 2
1848
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171.92.4

Preston:

Monday, 5 March,

1860.

My dear Sir

I shall be in Scotland
in September — if all be
well.

I cannot give you
any dates, at present; and
can only repeat that, if you
wish me to come to you — you
must allow me to appoint my
own time.

In haste, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

Thomas Cooper.

5, Park Row,
Knightsbridge.
Monday morning,

Aug. 21. /48.

Sir

Your hobby is a harmless one,
at any rate; and I would not
refuse to assist in gratifying it.

Be pleased to receive the
assurance of respect from
Yours, &c.

Thomas Cooper.

Mr. S. Dyer Knott.

The time shall come when Man shall hold
His brother more dear than sordid gold;
When the Negro's stain his freeborn mind
Shall sever no more from humankind:

Toil, brothers, toil - till the world is free;
Till Justice & Love hold jubilee!

The time shall come when kingly crown
And mitre for toys of the Past are shown;
When the Pious & False, alike shall fall,
And Mercy & Truth encircle all:

Toil, brothers, toil - till the world is free;
Till Mercy & Truth hold jubilee!

The time shall come when earth shall be
A garden of joy from sea to sea;
When the slaughterous sword is drawn no more,
And Goodness exults from shore to shore:

Toil, brothers, toil - till the world is free;
Till Goodness shall hold high jubilee!

Thomas Cooper
Author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides'

DEATH OF A VETERAN CHARTIST.

Thomas Cooper, the veteran Chartist, died at Lincoln on Friday week, from inflammation, following an acute attack of diarrhoea. He was 87 years of age in March last. He was born at Leicester, on March 28th, 1805, and was taught the humble trade of a shoemaker at Gainsborough, Lincolnshire (where he and the late Thomas Miller were companions in boyhood), and having instructed himself in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French languages while at his stall, became a schoolmaster at twenty-three. He held appointments on the reporting staff of one or two country newspapers, and then became leader of the Leicester Chartists in 1841, lectured in the Potteries during the "riots" in August, 1842, was sent to Stafford Gaol on a charge of conspiracy and sedition, and was found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. During that period he wrote his epic poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," and "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," a series of stories, both published in 1845. His "Baron's Yule Feast," a short poem, appeared in January, 1846. During the latter half of 1846, he wrote a series of papers, entitled "Condition of the People," in "Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper," travelling through the North of England to collect material for his observations. In 1847 appeared his "Triumphs of Perseverance" and "Triumphs of Enterprise." In 1848 he became an active political and historical lecturer in London. In 1849 he edited the "Plain Speaker," a weekly penny journal of Radical politics. In 1850 he conducted "Cooper's Journal," a sceptical weekly penny periodical. In 1851 and 1852 he was chiefly employed as a travelling lecturer on history, poetry, and general literature. His "Alderman Ralph," a novel, appeared in 1853, and a second novel, "The Family Feud," in 1854. Towards the close of 1855 his opinions on religious questions changed, and, having returned to London, he began a course of Sunday evening lectures and discussions with the London sceptics in September, 1856, and continued them until the end of May, 1858. From that time he has been continually travelling through England and Scotland, lecturing and preaching on the "Evidences of Christianity." He published his autobiography in 1872, and his "Poetical Works" appeared in 1878.—The funeral took place at Lincoln on Monday in the presence of a large assembly of relatives, personal friends, and others. The remains of the deceased were first taken to the "Thomas Cooper" Memorial Baptist Chapel, where a short service was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. J. Bennett.—The Rev. A. O'NEILL, of Birmingham, gave an address, in which he said:—I knew Thomas Cooper in those old times, when nothing pleased him so much as to tell people that he was a Chartist. I wish I could have had time this morning to look particularly at the date, but I believe it is as nearly as possible 50 years ago this month since Thomas Cooper and myself stood together on a platform before 20,000 people at the town of Wednesbury, near my town of Birmingham. I was then the leader of the Chartists in that district of England, as Thomas Cooper was in Leicester; and he came to help me in my work there. I hear now, as it were, his ringing voice, for he could speak easily to the 20,000 people, and so could I, who was his junior—he has departed at 85, I am 73. But oh, the intense enthusiasm which he felt in those days for freedom, the intense sympathy and pity for the poor dear people, the tremendous denunciation of wrong, and the fearless way in which he denounced oppressors. My dear friends, let me remind you who live in these happy times, these peaceful and comparatively prosperous times, that in the days of 1842 the people of this country were literally starving for want, their dear children not having sufficient bread owing to those terrible restrictive laws—the Corn Laws and other laws bread had got up to 1s a loaf, and multitudes of those 20,000 that we were addressing had to go down into the bowels of the earth for 2s 3d a day. You, my sisters, have no idea of the state of things in those days with regard to women. It is a literal fact that women had to go down into the pits to get a bit of bread for their children, and that there was a rope put round their necks which went down below, and on hands and feet they literally had to draw trucks down in the bowels of the earth, and Thomas Cooper, myself, and others could not stand it. He was a tender-hearted, dear creature for the people. And in the agricultural districts there were fires continually, rick burning, rioting, and hanging. And we thought, he and I, Chartists, that one particular mode would be a very likely one to remedy all this—to give the people the vote. And after fifty years I rejoice to see that nearly the whole of the people of this country have a vote, and that of the various other points of that document that we created and advocated together, now nearly everything that we undertook in those old days has been accomplished, blessed be God. Very little, comparatively, remains to be done. I will not think any longer of that particular meeting, though I have still before me the 20,000 people that he and I addressed in the July of 1842. Do not be startled, dear friends, when I tell you that our next meeting was in a dungeon in Stafford Gaol in the August of that very year, and we happened both of us to be taken before the judges for some particular question—there were three judges, a special commission—and it so happened that he and I were chained together; and I remember that when the cold irons were put upon his wrists (for he was not very well) he exclaimed, "Arthur, how cold they feel, my lad." And so we were led away to the carriage to be taken before the judges and brought back again to the

prison. Can you believe this of your dear revered Thomas Cooper, that more than once he was chained, manacled, handcuffed, and so was I? We spent seven weeks in prison together that first time. He pleaded his own case; ten days the trial went on. I travelled after that, but in a year we met again in prison, and I was with him the last time—the second time—one whole year, in the same day-room all the day, and in the cells near enough to converse all night. I used to hear him singing the "Messiah"—he could sing it from end to end—in the prison cells, and I could hear him three cells off. He and I read the Scriptures in seven languages every morning. I did not profess to know the German language as he did, but the others of Roman origin; and we were all day talking, reading, writing, and singing for twelve months. Don't I know him! Every peculiarity and every look! Every line and every stanza that he wrote he would come to me and say, "Arthur, what do you think of this?" "I do not like it," I said; "I have no leaning that way." I said once to him these peculiar words: "You have been writing about all these suicides, and getting them all into that purgatory. I tell you what would be much more beautiful. If you could gather the history of all the martyrs, and leave them in the paradise of martyrs." He said: "That's a capital idea, Arthur," and he gathered into his volume "The Paradise of Martyrs," and you can read that in his works. I left him in prison, for his imprisonment was longer than mine; but we have never lost sight of one another. The speaker, in conclusion, said he would leave others to speak of Thomas Cooper's religious work, and said he believed that now he (Mr O'Neill) was the only Chartist prisoner left in England, though there were some in America.

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When the Science & Power, alike shall fall,
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A garden of joy from sea to sea;

Thomas
Cooper
1805
1892
Charities
Shoemaker
Schoolmaster
Journalist
Imprisoned
for Sedition
Austria
918. B-3

first taken to the "Thomas Cooper" Memorial Baptist Chapel, where a short service was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. J. Bennett. - The Rev. A. O'NEILL, of Birmingham, gave an address, in which he said: - I knew Thomas Cooper in those old times, when nothing pleased him so much as to tell people that he was a Chartist. I wish I could have had time this morning to look particularly at the date, but I believe it is as nearly as possible 50 years ago this month since Thomas Cooper and myself stood together on a platform before 20,000 people at the town of Wednesbury, near my town of Birmingham. I was then the leader of the Chartists in that district of England, as Thomas Cooper was in Leicester; and he came to help me in my work there. I hear now, as it were, his ringing voice, and so could I, who was his junior - he has departed at 88, I am 73. But oh, the intense enthusiasm which he felt in those days for freedom, the intense sympathy and pity for the poor dear people, the tremendous denunciation of wrong, and the fearless way in which he denounced oppressors. My dear friends, let me remind you who live in these happy times, these peaceful and comparatively prosperous times, that in those days of 1842 the people of this country were literally starving for want, their dear children not having sufficient bread owing to those terrible restrictive laws. Can you believe this of your dear father, Thomas Cooper, that more than once he was chained, manacled, handcuffed, and so was I? We spent seven weeks in prison together that first time. He pleaded his own case: ten days the trial went on. I travelled after that, but in a year, we met again in prison, and I was with him the last time - the second time - one whole year, in the same day-room all the day, and in the cells near enough to converse all night. I used to hear him singing the "Hesiah" - he could sing it from end to end - in the prison cells, and I could hear him three cells off. He and I read the Scriptures in seven languages every morning. I did not profess to know the German language as he did, but the others of Roman origin; and we were all day talking, read-

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