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## THOMAS PAINE

Robert Green Ingersoll

*With His Name Left Out, the History of Liberty  
Cannot be Written*

TO speak the praises of the brave and thoughtful dead, is to me a labour of gratitude and love.

Through all the centuries gone, the mind of man has been beleaguered by the mailed hosts of superstition. Slowly and painfully has advanced the army of deliverance. Hated by those they wished to rescue, despised by those they were dying to save, these grand soldiers, these immortal deliverers, have fought without thanks, laboured without applause, suffered without pity, and they have died execrated and abhorred. For the good of mankind they accepted isolation, poverty, and calumny. They gave up all, sacrificed all, lost all but truth and self-respect.

One of the bravest soldiers in this army was Thomas Paine; and for one, I feel indebted to him for the liberty we are enjoying this day. Born among the poor, where children are burdens; in a country where real liberty was unknown; where the privileges of class were guarded with infinite jealousy, and the rights of the individual trampled beneath the feet of priests and nobles; where to advocate justice was treason; where intellectual freedom was infidelity, it is wonderful that the idea of true liberty ever entered his brain.

Poverty was his mother — Necessity his master.

He had more brains than books; more sense than education; more courage than politeness; more strength than polish. He had no veneration for old mistakes — no admiration for ancient lies. He loved the truth for the truth's sake, and for man's sake He saw oppression on every hand; injustice everywhere; hypocrisy at the altar, venality on the bench, tyranny on the throne; and with a splendid courage he espoused the cause of the weak against the strong — of the enslaved many against the titled few.

In England he was nothing. He belonged to the lower classes. There was no avenue open for him. The people hugged their chains, and the whole power of the government was ready to crush any man who endeavoured to strike a blow for the right.

At the age of thirty-seven, Thomas Paine left England for America, with

the high hope of being instrumental in the establishment of a free government. In his own country he could accomplish nothing. Those two vultures — Church and State — were ready to tear in pieces and devour the heart of any one who might deny their divine right to enslave the world.

Upon his arrival in this country, he found himself possessed of a letter of introduction, signed by another Infidel, the illustrious Franklin. This, and his native genius, constituted his entire capital; and he needed no more. He found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; upon their knees at the foot of the throne, imploring that mixture of idiocy and insanity, George the III., by the grace of God, for a restoration of their ancient privileges. They were not endeavouring to become free men, but were trying to soften the heart of their master. They were perfectly willing to make brick if Pharaoh would furnish the straw. The colonists wished for, hoped for, and prayed for reconciliation. They did not dream of independence.

Paine gave to the world his "COMMON SENSE." It was the first argument for separation, the first assault upon the British *form* of government, the first blow for a republic, and it aroused our fathers like a trumpet's blast.

He was the first to perceive the destiny of the New World.

No other pamphlet ever accomplished such wonderful results. It was filled with argument, reason, persuasion, and unanswerable logic. It opened a new world. It filled the present with hope and the future with honour. Everywhere the people responded, and in a few months the Continental Congress declared the colonies free and independent States.

A new nation was born. It is simple justice to say that Paine did more to cause the Declaration of Independence than any other man. Neither should it be forgotten that his attacks upon Great Britain were also attacks upon monarchy; and while he convinced the people that the colonies ought to separate from the mother country, he also proved to them that a free government is the best that can be instituted among men.

In my judgment, Thomas Paine was the best political writer that ever lived. "What he wrote was pure nature, and his soul and his pen ever went together." Ceremony, pageantry, and all the paraphernalia of power, had no effect upon him. He examined into the why and wherefore of things. He was perfectly radical in his mode of thought. Nothing short of the bed-rock satisfied him. His enthusiasm for what he believed to be right knew no bounds. During all the dark scenes of the Revolution, never for one moment did he despair.



Year after year his brave words were ringing through the land, and by the bivouac fires the weary soldiers read the inspiring words of "Common Sense," filled with ideas sharper than their swords, and consecrated themselves anew to the cause of Freedom.

Paine was not content with having aroused the spirit of independence, but he gave every energy of his soul to keep that spirit alive. He was with the army. He shared its defeats, its dangers, and its glory. When the situation became desperate, when gloom settled upon all, he gave them the "CRISIS." It was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the way to freedom, honour, and glory. He shouted to them, "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier, and the sunshine patriot, will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

To those who wished to put the war off to some future day, with a lofty and touching spirit of self-sacrifice he said "Every generous parent should say, 'If there must be war let it be in my day, that my child may have peace,'" To the cry that Americans were rebels, he replied: " He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that in defence of reason rebels against tyranny, has a better title to 'Defender of the Faith' than George the Third."

Some said it was not to the interest of the colonies to be free. Paine answered this by saying "To know whether it be the interest of the continent to be independent, we need ask only this simple, easy question: 'Is it the interest of a man to be a boy all his life?'" He found many who would listen to nothing, and to them he said, "That to argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead." This sentiment ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church.

There is a world of political wisdom in this: "England lost her liberty in a long chain of right reasoning from wrong principles"; and there is real discrimination in saying, "The Greeks and Romans were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principles, for at the time that they were determined not to be slaves themselves, they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind."

In his letter to the British people, in which he tried to convince them that war was not to their interest, occurs the following passage brimful of common sense: "War never can be the interest of a trading nation any more than quarrelling can be profitable to a man in business. But to make war with those

who trade with us is like setting a bull-dog upon a customer at the shop-door."

The writings of Paine fairly glitter with simple, compact, logical statements, that carry conviction to the dullest and most prejudiced. He had the happiest possible way of putting the case; in asking questions in such a way that they answer themselves, and in stating his premises so clearly that the deduction could not be avoided.

Day and night he laboured for America; month after month, year after year, he gave himself to the Great Cause, until there was "a government of the people and for the people," and until the banner of the stars floated over a continent redeemed, and consecrated to the happiness of mankind.

At the close of the Revolution, no one stood higher in America than Thomas Paine. The best, the wisest, the most patriotic, were his friends and admirers; and had he been thinking only of his own good he might have rested from his toils and spent the remainder of his life in comfort and in ease. He could have been what the world is pleased to call "respectable." He could have died surrounded by clergymen, warriors and statesmen. At his death there would have been an imposing funeral, miles of carriages, civic societies, salvos of artillery, a nation in mourning, and, above all, a splendid monument covered with lies.

He chose rather to benefit mankind.

At that time the seeds sown by the great Infidels were beginning to bear fruit in France. The people were beginning to think.

The Eighteenth Century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreath of Progress.

On every hand Science was bearing testimony against the Church. Voltaire had filled Europe with light; D'Holbach was giving to the *élite* of Paris the principles contained in his "System of Nature." The Encyclopedists had attacked superstition with information for the masses. The foundation of things began to be examined. A few had the courage to keep their shoes on and let the bush burn. Miracles began to get scarce. Everywhere the people began to inquire. America had set an example to the world. The word Liberty was in the mouths of men, and they began to wipe the dust from their knees.

The dawn of a new day had appeared.

Thomas Paine went to France. Into the new movement he threw all his energies. His fame had gone before him, and he was welcomed as a friend of the human race, and as a champion of free government.

He had never relinquished his intention of pointing out to his countrymen the defects, absurdities and abuses of the English government. For this purpose he composed and published his greatest political work, "THE RIGHTS OF MAN." This work should be read by every man and woman. It is concise, accurate, natural, convincing, and unanswerable. It shows great thought; an intimate knowledge of the various forms of government; deep insight into the very springs of human action, and a courage that compels respect and admiration. The most difficult political problems are solved in a few sentences. The venerable arguments in favour of wrong are refuted with a question — answered with a word. For forcible illustration apt comparison, accuracy and clearness of statement, and absolute thoroughness, it has never been excelled.

The fears of the administration were aroused, and Paine was prosecuted for libel and found guilty; and yet there is not a sentiment in the entire work that will not challenge the admiration of every civilized man. It is a magazine of political wisdom, an arsenal of ideas, and an honour, not only to Thomas Paine, but to human nature itself. It could have been written only by the man who had the generosity, the exalted patriotism, the goodness to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

There is in all the utterances of the world no grander, no sublimer sentiment. There is no creed that can be compared with it for a moment. It should be wrought in gold, adorned with jewels, and impressed upon every human heart: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

In 1792, Paine was elected by the department of Calais as their representative in the National Assembly. So great was his popularity in France that he was selected about the same time by the people of no less than four departments.

Upon taking his place in the Assembly he was appointed as one of a committee to draft a constitution for France. Had the French people taken the advice of Thomas Paine there would have been no "reign of terror." The streets of Paris would not have been filled with blood. The Revolution, would have been the grandest success of the world. The truth is that Paine was too conservative to suit the leaders of the French Revolution. They, to a great extent, were carried away by hatred, and a desire to destroy. They had suffered so long, they had borne so much, that, it was impossible for them to be moderate in the hour of victory.

Besides all this, the French people had been so robbed by the government, so degraded by the church, that they were not fit material with which to construct a republic. Many of the leaders longed to establish a beneficent and just government, but the people asked for revenge.

Paine was filled with a real love for mankind. His philanthropy was boundless. He wished to destroy monarchy — not the monarch. He voted for the destruction of tyranny, and against the death of the king. He wished to establish a government on a new basis; one that would forget the past; one that would give privileges to none, and protection to all.

In the Assembly, where nearly all were demanding the execution of the king — where to differ from the majority was to be suspected, and, where to be suspected was almost certain death Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness and the justice to vote against death. To vote against the execution of the king was a vote against his own life. This was the sublimity of devotion to principle. For this he was arrested, imprisoned, and doomed to death.

Search the records of the world and you will find but few sublimer acts than that of Thomas Paine voting against the king's death. He, the hater of despotism, the abhorrer of monarchy, the champion of the rights of man, the republican, accepting death to save the life of a deposed tyrant — of a throneless king. This was the last grand act of his political life — the sublime conclusion of his political career.

All his life he had been the disinterested friend of man. He had laboured — not for money, not for fame, but for the general good. He had aspired to no office; had asked no recognition of his services but had ever been content to labour as a common soldier in the army of Progress. Confining his efforts to no country, looking upon the world as his field of action, filled with a genuine love for the right, he found himself imprisoned by the very people he had striven to save.

Had his enemies succeeded in bringing him to the block he would have escaped the calumnies and the hatred of the Christian world. In this country, at least he would have ranked with the proudest names. On the anniversary of the Declaration his name would have been upon the lips of all the orators, and his memory in the hearts of all the people.

Thomas Paine had not finished his career.

He had spent his life thus far in destroying the power of kings, and now he turned his attention to the priests. He knew that every abuse had been

embalmed in Scripture — that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text. He knew that the throne skulked behind the altar, and both behind a pretended revelation from God. By this time he had found that it was of little use to free the body and leave the mind in chains. He had explored the foundations of despotism, and had found them infinitely rotten. He had dug under the throne and it occurred to him that he would take a look behind the altar.

The result of his investigations was given to the world in the "AGE OF REASON." From the moment of its publication he became infamous. He was calumniated beyond measure. To slander him was to secure the thanks of the church. All his services were instantly forgotten, disparaged or denied. He was shunned as though he had been a pestilence. Most of his old friends forsook him. He was regarded as a moral plague, and at the bare mention of his name the bloody hands of the church were raised in horror. He was denounced as the most despicable of men.

Not content with following him to his grave, they pursued him after death with redoubled fury, and recounted with infinite gusto and satisfaction the supposed horrors of his death-bed; gloried in the fact that he was forlorn and friendless, and gloated like fiends over what they supposed to be the agonizing remorse of his lonely death.

It is wonderful that all his services were thus forgotten. It is amazing that one kind word did not fall from some pulpit; that some one did not accord to him, at least — honesty. Strange that in the general denunciation some one did not remember his labour for liberty, his devotion to principle, his zeal for the rights of his fellow-men. He had, by brave and splendid effort, associated his name with the cause of Progress. He had made it impossible to write the history of political freedom with his name left out. He was one of the creators of light; one of the heralds of the dawn. He hated tyranny in the name of kings, and in the name of God, with every drop of his noble blood. He believed in liberty and justice, and in the sacred doctrine of human equality. Under these divine banners he fought the battle of his life. In both worlds he offered his blood for the good of man. In the wilderness of America, in the French Assembly, in the sombre cell waiting for death, he was the same unflinching, unwavering friend of his race; the same undaunted champion of universal freedom. And for this he has been hated; for this the church has violated even his grave.

This is enough to make one believe that nothing is more natural than for

men to devour their benefactors. The people in all ages have crucified and glorified. Whoever lifts his voice against abuses, whoever arraigns the past at the bar of the present, whoever asks the king to show his commission or questions the authority of the priest, will be denounced as the enemy of man and God. In all ages reason has been regarded as the enemy of religion. Nothing has been considered so pleasing to the Deity as a total denial of the authority of your own mind. Self-reliance has been thought a deadly sin; and the idea of living and dying without the aid and consolation of superstition has always horrified the church. By some unaccountable infatuation, belief has been and still is considered of immense importance. All religions have been based upon the idea that God will forever reward the true believer, and eternally damn the man who doubts or denies. Belief is regarded as the one essential thing. To practice justice, to love mercy, is not enough. You must believe in some incomprehensible creed. You must say, "Once one is three and three times one is one." The man who practiced every virtue but failed to believe, was execrated. Nothing so outrages the feelings of the church as a moral unbeliever — nothing so horrible as a charitable Atheist.

When Paine was born, the world was religious, the pulpit was the real throne, and the churches were making every effort to crush out of the brain the idea that it had the right to think.

The splendid saying of Lord Bacon, that "the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, are the sovereign good of human nature," has been, and ever will be, rejected by religionists. Intellectual liberty, as a matter of necessity, forever destroys the idea that belief is either praise or blame-worthy, and is wholly inconsistent with every creed in Christendom. Paine recognized this truth. He also saw that as long as the Bible was considered inspired, this infamous doctrine of the virtue of belief would be believed and preached. He examined the Scriptures for himself, and found them filled with cruelty, absurdity and immorality.

He again made up his mind to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow-men.

He commenced with the assertion, "That any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." What a beautiful, what a tender sentiment! No wonder the church began to hate him.

[He] believed in one God, and no more. After this life he hoped for



happiness. He believed that true religion consisted in doing justice, loving mercy, in endeavouring to make our fellow-creatures happy, and in offering to God the fruit of the heart. He denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. This was his crime.

He contended that it is a contradiction in terms to call anything a revelation that comes to us second-hand, either verbally or in writing. He asserted that revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication, and that after that it is only an account of something which another person says was a revelation to him. We have only his word for it, as it was never made to us. This argument never has been and probably never will be answered. He denied the divine origin of Christ, and showed conclusively that the pretended prophecies of the Old Testament had no reference to him whatever; and yet he believed that Christ was a virtuous and amiable man; that the morality he taught and practiced was of the most benevolent and elevated character, and that it had not been exceeded by any. Upon this point he entertained the same sentiments now held by the Unitarians, and in fact by all the most enlightened Christians.

In his time the church believed and taught that every word in the Bible was absolutely true. Since his day it has been proven false in its cosmogony, false in its astronomy, false in its chronology, false in its history, and so far as the Old Testament is concerned, false in almost everything. There are but few, if any, scientific men who apprehend that the Bible is literally true. Who on earth at this day would pretend to settle any scientific question by a text from the Bible? The old belief is confined to the ignorant and zealous. The church itself will before long be driven to occupy the position of Thomas Paine. The best minds of the orthodox world, to-day, are endeavouring to prove the existence of a personal Deity. All other questions occupy a minor place. You are no longer asked to swallow the Bible whole, whale, Jonah and all; you are simply required to believe in God, and pay your pew-rent. There is not now an enlightened minister in the world who will seriously contend that Samson's strength was in his hair, or that the necromancers of Egypt could turn water into blood, and pieces of wood into serpents. These follies have passed away, and the only reason that the religious world can now have for disliking Paine is that they have been forced to adopt so many of his opinions.

Paine thought the barbarities of the Old Testament inconsistent with what

he deemed the real character of God. He believed that murder, massacre and indiscriminate slaughter had never been commanded by the Deity. He regarded much of the Bible as childish, unimportant and foolish. The scientific world entertains the same opinion. Paine attacked the Bible precisely in the same spirit in which he had attacked the pretensions of kings. He used the same weapons. All the pomp in the world could not make him cower. His reason knew no "Holy of Holies," except the abode of Truth. The sciences were then in their infancy. The attention of the really learned had not been directed to an impartial examination of our pretended revelation. It was accepted by most as a matter of course. The church was all-powerful, and no one, unless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, thought for a moment of disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The infamous doctrine that salvation depends upon belief — upon a mere intellectual conviction — was then believed and preached. To doubt was to secure the damnation of your soul. This absurd and devilish doctrine shocked the common sense of Thomas Paine, and he denounced it with the fervour of honest indignation. This doctrine, although infinitely ridiculous, has been nearly universal, and has been as hurtful as senseless. For the overthrow of this infamous tenet, Paine exerted all his strength. He left few arguments to be used by those who should come after him, and he used none that have been refuted. The combined wisdom and genius of all mankind cannot possibly conceive of an argument against liberty of thought. Neither can they show why any one should be punished, either in this world or another, for acting honestly in accordance with reason; and yet a doctrine with every possible argument against it has been, and still is, believed and defended by the entire orthodox world. Can it be possible that we have been endowed with reason simply that our souls may be caught in its toils and snares, that we may be led by its false and delusive glare out of the narrow path that leads to joy into the broad way of everlasting death? Is it possible that we have been given reason simply that we may through faith ignore its deductions, and avoid its conclusions? Ought the sailor to throw away his compass and depend entirely upon the fog? If reason is not to be depended upon in matters of religion, that is to say, in respect of our duties to the Deity, why should it be relied upon in matters respecting the rights of our fellows? Why should we throw away the laws given to Moses by God himself, and have the audacity to make some of our own? How dare we drown the thunders of Sinai by calling the ayes and noes in a petty legislature? If reason can

determine what is merciful, what is just, the duties of man to man, what more do we want either in time or eternity?

Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar the sacrifice of the goddess Reason, that compels her to abdicate forever the shining throne of the soul, strips from her form the imperial purple, snatches from her hand the sceptre of thought and makes her the bond-woman of a senseless faith!

If a man should tell you that he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and after taking you where it was should insist upon having your eyes shut, you would likely suspect, either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiable daub. Should he tell you that he was a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refuse to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to say the least of it, that he had an odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would his conduct be any more wonderful than that of a religionist who asks that before examining his creed you will have the kindness to throw away your reason? The first gentleman says, "Keep your eyes shut, my picture will bear everything but being seen;" "Keep your ears stopped, my music objects to nothing but being heard." The last says, "Away with your reason, my religion dreads nothing but being understood."

So far as I am concerned, I most cheerfully admit that most Christians are honest, and most ministers sincere. We do not attack them; we attack their creed. We accord to them the same rights that we ask for ourselves. We believe that their doctrines are hurtful. We believe that the frightful text, "He that believes shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned," has covered the earth with blood. It has filled the heart with arrogance, cruelty and murder. It has caused the religious wars; bound hundreds of thousands to the stake; founded inquisitions; filled dungeons; invented instruments of torture; taught the mother to hate her child; imprisoned the mind; filled the world with ignorance; persecuted the lovers of wisdom; built the monasteries and convents; made happiness a crime, investigation a sin, and self-reliance a blasphemy. It has poisoned the springs of learning; misdirected the energies of the world; filled all countries with want; housed the people in hovels; fed them with famine; and but for the efforts of a few brave Infidels it would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism, and left the heavens without a star.

The maligners of Paine say that he had no right to attack this doctrine,

because he was unacquainted with the dead languages; and for this reason, it was a piece of pure impudence in him to investigate the Scriptures.

Is it necessary to understand Hebrew in order to know that cruelty is not a virtue, that murder is inconsistent with infinite goodness, and that eternal punishment can be inflicted upon man only by an eternal fiend? Is it really essential to conjugate the Greek verbs before you can make up your mind as to the probability of dead people getting out of their graves? Must one be versed in Latin before he is entitled to express his opinion as to the genuineness of a pretended revelation from God? Common sense belongs exclusively to no tongue. Logic is not confined to, nor has it been buried with, the dead languages. Paine attacked the Bible as it is translated. If the translation is wrong, let its defenders correct it.

The Christianity of Paine's day is not the Christianity of our time. There has been a great improvement since then. One hundred and fifty years ago the foremost preachers of our time would have perished at the stake. A Universalist would have been torn in pieces in England, Scotland, and America. Unitarians would have found themselves in the stocks, pelted by the rabble with dead cats, after which their ears would have been cut off, their tongues bored, and their foreheads branded. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the following law was in force in Maryland:

"Be it enacted by the Right Honourable, the Lord Proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his Lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the Assembly, and the authority of the same:

"That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, wittingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or the Godhead of any of the three persons, or the unity of the Godhead, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or any of the persons thereof, and shall thereof be convict by verdict, shall, for the first offence, be bored through the tongue, and fined twenty pounds to be levied of his body. And for the second offence, the offender shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead with the letter B, and fined forty pounds. And that for the third offence the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy,"

The strange thing about this law is, that it has never been repealed, and is still in force in the District of Columbia. Laws like this were in force in most of the colonies, and in all countries where the church had power.

In the Old Testament, the death penalty was attached to hundreds of offences. It has been the same in all Christian countries. To-day, in civilized governments, the death penalty is attached only to murder and treason; and in some it has been entirely abolished. What a commentary upon the divine systems of the world!

In the day of Thomas Paine, the church was ignorant, bloody and relentless. In Scotland the "Kirk" was at the summit of its power. It was a full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of religious liberty. It taught parents to murder their children rather than to allow them to propagate error. If the mother held opinions of which the infamous "Kirk" disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them, or to write them a word. It would not allow shipwrecked sailors to be rescued from drowning on Sunday. It sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious cruelty and gloom, and to change mankind into a vast horde of pious, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Scotch divines said: "The Kirk holds that religious toleration is not far from blasphemy." And this same Scotch Kirk denounced, beyond measure the man who had the moral grandeur to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." And this same Kirk abhorred the man who said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child, cannot be a true system."

At that time nothing so delighted the church as the beauties of endless torment; and listening to the weak wailings of damned infants struggling in the slimy coils and poison-folds of the worm that never dies.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century, a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead\* was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the Scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell that he might get warm. Notwithstanding the poor boy recanted and begged for mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones.

Prosecutions and executions like this were common in every Christian country, and all of them were based upon the belief that an intellectual

conviction is a crime.

No wonder the church hated and traduced the author of the "Age of Reason."

England was filled with Puritan gloom and Episcopal ceremony. All religious conceptions were of the grossest nature. The ideas of crazy fanatics and extravagant poets were taken as sober facts. Milton had clothed Christianity in the soiled and faded finery of the gods — had added to the story of Christ the fables of Mythology. He gave to the Protestant Church the most outrageously material ideas of the Deity. He turned all the angels into soldiers — made heaven a battlefield, put Christ in uniform, and described God as a militia general. His works were considered by the Protestants nearly as sacred as the Bible itself, and the imagination of the people was thoroughly polluted by the horrible imagery, the sublime absurdity of the blind Milton.

Heaven and hell were realities — the judgment-day was expected — books of account would be opened. Every man would hear the charges against him read. God was supposed to sit on a golden throne, surrounded by the tallest angels, with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads. The goats would be thrust into eternal fire on the left, while the orthodox sheep, on the right, were to gambol on sunny slopes forever and forever.

The nation was profoundly ignorant, and consequently extremely religious, so far as belief was concerned.

In Europe, Liberty was lying chained in the Inquisition — her white bosom stained with blood. In the New World the Puritans had been hanging and burning in the name of God, and selling white Quaker children into slavery in the name of Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Under such conditions progress was impossible. Some one had to lead the way. The church is, and always has been, incapable of a forward movement. Religion always looks back. The church has already reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile.

Some one not connected with the church had to attack the monster that was eating out the heart of the world. Some one had to sacrifice himself for the good of all. The people were in the most abject slavery; their manhood had been taken from them by pomp, by pageantry and power. Progress is born of doubt and inquiry.

The church never doubts — never inquires. To doubt is heresy — to inquire is to admit that you do not know — the church does neither.



More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and sceptres, honours and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, trampling beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the church never can recover. Livid with hatred she launched her eternal anathema at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants have echoed the curse of Rome.

In our country the church was all-powerful, and although divided into many sects, would instantly unite to repel a common foe.

Paine struck the first grand blow.

The "Age of Reason" did more to undermine the power of the Protestant Church than all other books then known. It furnished an immense amount of food for thought. It was written for the average mind, and is a straightforward, honest investigation of the Bible, and of the Christian system.

Paine did not falter, from the first page to the last. He gives you his candid thought, and candid thoughts are always valuable.

The "Age of Reason" has liberalized us all. It put arguments in the mouths of the people; it put the church on the defensive; it enabled somebody in every village to corner the parson; it made the world wiser, and the church better; it took power from the pulpit and divided it among the pews.

Just in proportion that the human race has advanced, the church has lost power. There is no exception to this rule.

No nation ever materially advanced that held strictly to the religion of its founders.

No nation ever gave itself wholly to the control of the church without losing its power, its honour, and existence.

Every church pretends to have found the exact truth. This is the end of progress. Why pursue that which you have? Why investigate when you know?

Every creed is a rock in running water: humanity sweeps by it. Every creed cries to the universe, "Halt!" A creed is the ignorant Past bullying the enlightened Present.

The ignorant are not satisfied with what can be demonstrated. Science is too slow for them, and they invent creeds. They demand completeness. A sublime segment, a grand fragment, are of no value to them. They demand the complete circle — the entire structure.

In music they want a melody with a recurring accent at measured periods. In religion they insist upon immediate answers to the questions of creation and destiny. The alpha and omega of all things must be in the alphabet of their superstition. A religion that cannot answer every question, and guess every conundrum is, in their estimation, worse than worthless. They desire a kind of theological dictionary — a religious ready reckoner, together with guide-boards at all crossings and turns. They mistake impudence for authority, solemnity for wisdom, and bathos for inspiration. The beginning and the end are what they demand. The grand flight of the eagle is nothing to them. They want the nest in which he was hatched, and especially the dry limb upon which he roosts. Anything that can be learned is hardly worth knowing. The present is considered of no value in itself. Happiness must not be expected this side of the clouds, and can only be attained by self-denial and faith; not self-denial for the good of others, but for the salvation of your own sweet self.

Paine denied the authority of bibles and creeds; this was his crime, and for this the world shut the door in his face, and emptied its slops upon him from the windows.

I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favour of tyranny — in favour of immorality; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity, or liberty, and yet he has been pursued as though he had been a fiend from hell. His memory has been execrated as though he had murdered some Uriah for his wife; driven some Hagar into the desert to starve with his child upon her bosom; defiled his own daughters; ripped open with the sword the sweet bodies of loving and innocent women; advised one brother to assassinate another; kept a harem with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, or had persecuted Christians even unto strange cities.

The church has pursued Paine to deter others. No effort has been in any age of the world spared to crush out opposition. The church used painting, music and, architecture, simply to degrade mankind. But there are men that nothing can awe. There have been at all times brave spirits that dared even the gods. Some proud head has always been above the waves. In every age some Diogenes has sacrificed to all the gods. True genius never cowers, and there is always some Samson feeling for the pillars of authority.

Cathedrals and domes, and chimes and chants — temples frescoed and groined and carved, and gilded with gold — altars and tapers, and paintings of virgin and babe — censer and chalice — chasuble, paten and alb — organs, and anthems and incense rising to the winged and blest — maniple, amice and stole — crosses and crosiers, tiaras and crowns — mitres and missals and masses — rosaries, relics and robes — martyrs and saints, and windows stained as with the blood of Christ — never, never for one moment awed the brave, proud spirit of the Infidel. He knew that all the pomp and glitter had been purchased with Liberty — that priceless jewel of the soul. In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross adorned the hilt of the sword, and so where others worshiped, he wept and scorned.

The doubter, the investigator, the Infidel, have been the saviours of liberty. This truth is beginning to be realized, and the truly intellectual are honouring the brave thinkers of the past

But the church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wonders why any Infidel should be wicked enough to endeavour to destroy her power;

I will tell the church why.

You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake — wasted us upon slow fires — torn our flesh with iron; you have covered us with chains — treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the right to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion, you have robbed us of every right; and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored your God to torment us forever.

Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines — that we despise your creeds — that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power — that we are free in spite of you — that we can express our honest thought, and that the whole world is grandly rising into the blessed light?

Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that Infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of all?

Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of Reason, and soldiers of Freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

We deny that religion is the end or object of this life. When it is so considered it becomes destructive of happiness — the real end of life. It becomes a hydra-headed monster, reaching in terrible coils from the heavens, and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men. It devours their substance, builds palaces for God, (who dwells not in temples made with hands,) and allows his children to die in huts and hovels. It fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, and all the future with despair.

Virtue is a subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing. This is the sublime truth that the Infidels in all ages have uttered. They have handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that have fled. Upon the altar of Reason they have kept the sacred fire, and through the long midnight of faith they fed the divine flame.

Infidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery. In every creed man is the slave of God — woman is the slave of man and the sweet children are the slaves of all.

We do not want creeds; we want knowledge — we want happiness.

And yet we are told by the church that we have accomplished nothing; that we are simply destroyers; that we tear down without building again.

Is it nothing to free the mind? Is it nothing to civilize mankind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it nothing to grope your way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dropping dungeons, the dark and silent cells of superstition, where the souls of men are chained to floors of stone; to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream; to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright; to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice?

Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day — to let them see again the happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves? Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks? Is it a small thing to reave the heavens of an insatiate monster and write upon the

eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word — FREEDOM?

Is it a small thing to quench the flames of hell with the holy tears of pity — to unbind the martyr from the stake — break all the chains — put out the fires of civil war — stay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the Church from the white throat of Science?

Is it a small thing to make men truly free — to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power — the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth the fiend of Fear?

It does seem as though the most zealous Christian must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of his religion. For eighteen hundred years the doctrine has been preached. For more than a thousand years the church had, to a great extent, the control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian nations patterns of charity and forbearance? On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other. More than five millions of Christians are trained, educated, and drilled to murder their fellow-Christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians, or defending itself from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian warfare. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed, and dogma and fable, and they have failed; and they have failed in all the nations dead.

The people perish for the lack of knowledge. Nothing but education — scientific education — can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them.

We need free bodies and free minds, — free labour and free thought, — chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions. Paine was splendidly in advance of his time; but he was orthodox compared with the Infidels of to-day.

Science, the great Iconoclast, has been busy since 1809, and by the highway of Progress are the broken images of the Past.

On every hand the people advance. The Vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Caesars, and upon the roofs of the Eternal City falls once more the shadow of the Eagle.

All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with infinite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have used them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of to-day.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts; and now, the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labour, converted it into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arm, the countless wheels of toil.

Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes — one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the Great Republic. As long as free government exists he will be remembered, admired and honoured.

He lived a long, laborious and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself, and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure and what history calls success.

If to love your fellow-men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good.

If to be in advance of your time — to be a pioneer in the direction of right — is greatness, Thomas Paine was great.

If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero.

At the age of seventy-three, death touched his tired heart. He died in the land his genius defended — under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander cannot touch him now — hatred cannot reach him more. He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars.



A few more years — a few more brave men — a few more rays of light, and mankind will venerate the memory of him who said:

“ANY SYSTEM OF RELIGION THAT SHOCKS THE MIND OF A CHILD CANNOT BE A TRUE SYSTEM;”

“THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY, AND TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION.”

\* Ingersoll's dating is faulty here. Thomas Aikenhead (b. 1678) was hanged for “blasphemy” in Edinburgh in January 1697. He is alleged to have said that theology was “a rhapsody of ill-contrived nonsense”.

When reformatting the printed text I have followed the original spelling and, nearly always, the punctuation. Most of the text was set in United States spelling, but with occasional exceptions, such as “blame-worthy”, “defence”, “mitres” (“miter” also occurs), “sceptre”, “sombre” and “some one”, which have been retained here. — N.S.

Robert Green INGERSOLL (1833-99): “Thomas Paine”; from *Ingersoll's Greatest Lectures* [printed from the plates of the original Dresden edition]; New York: Freethought Press Association, 1944. [1972 reprint by Health Research, Mokelumne Hill, California.]

We are most grateful to Nigel S. Sinnott, for providing us with this text which he has scanned and edited.



Ingersoll addressing a crowd. The signs refer to Thomas Paine.

## REGARDING THOMAS PAINE

Claire Rayner

When Thomas Paine died two hundred years ago he was the most noted radical thinker of his age. He wrote a great deal on politics and philosophy, including two of the most important books in English, *Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason*.

He supported the American Revolution and fought against the King of England and contributed to the Declaration of Independence. He took part in the French Revolution, declaring himself Republican, wanting to see the monarchy overthrown and France a republic. All remarkable activities for a boy born in the country town of Thetford in East Anglia to follow his father's trade as a corset maker!

But enough of a great man's history. There have been many great men and women who have left legacies of wise words and inspiring action, but few who have provided modern radicals with so-called revolutionary ideas quite so relevant to our hopes and aspirations. What is as interesting as Thomas Paine's past is what he might choose to fight for in the present.

It isn't guesswork to list the causes he would now support; his books, pamphlets and papers make his thinking abundantly clear.

The monarchy would have been his first target. He did not think it right that one person should inherit a throne in which to sit in pomp above the citizenry. He would think so today. The Windsor family who occupy and own so much of Britain (the eldest son of the current monarch has become obscenely rich because of his inherited lollipop, the Duchy of Cornwall, on which he pays a fraction of the taxes he should, just as his mother does from her massive income) living in great palaces and country houses for which we, the citizens of this country have contributed large chunks of our taxes and some of which we actually own, while people too poor to pay taxes live in squalid housing estates or sleep rough on the streets. The Windsors seem sublimely unaware of such "subjects" existence, let alone showing any concern about their welfare.

Like today's British Republicans Paine would not choose to chop their heads off à la Française but would strip them of most of their assets for public use, leaving them enough to live in moderately sized houses where they would be expected to seek real jobs.

The monarch's 'job' would be filled by an elected Head of State, a well regarded non-politically active person would be intelligent, wise and lacking in any desire for riches or pompous living and unable to influence the Government, although available as a confidant if asked (a sort of relationship guidance counsellor). After all, the job requires only handshaking of visiting Heads of State, factory inspecting, admiring babies and acceptances of bunches of flowers.

Reform of Parliament would be an inevitable outcome of the removal of the monarchy. An unelected second House would be impossible in a country with an elected Head of State. So, Paine would help us do away with the Lords in their permanent seats with their ridiculous titles. Many current members of the second house are so old they only attend for their daily expenses and to sleep on their red benches. Which leaves some of the younger ones to indulge in a little quiet corruption; well, quiet until a newspaper finds out.

Separation of state and religion would be another long desired effect. Throwing the bishops in their pretty sleeves out of the House might make it look less cute but it would be a huge step towards getting rid of religious meddling in lawmaking religion.

Finally, a written constitution like the one that makes US citizens secure in their rights (as long as they've elected a good President; the awfulness of Bush and his trampling of Constitutional Rights at Guantanamo et al shows how vital a non-political powerless Head of State is for us).

If only we had a Thomas Paine and his perfect code back -'My country is the world, my religion is to do good'. But at least the *Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason* remain in print.

This article is reprinted with permission from *Good Company, Ideas on Modern Republicanism* (2009), published by Republic ([www.republic.org.uk](http://www.republic.org.uk) or Republic, PO Box 69, Brighton, BN50 9GS. Claire Rayner is a journalist and author and a Vice President of the British Humanist Association and President of the Patients Association.

# THOMAS PAINE, THE LESSER KNOWN LEGACY

Michael Mansfield

At any one time it is possible to identify throughout the world numerous theatres of war, genocide, oppression, massacre and destruction on a quite horrifying level. The cycle is endless and has long been so. It would be convenient and easy to merely write all this off as the inevitable product of human nature, of greed, of retribution, of bigotry, of power - as if in some way it were an immutable law of nature. Those who perpetrate such horrors would wish it so, as if to justify their actions and provide a veneer of legitimacy, often epitomised by the popular aphorisms like 'might is right' or, coincidentally in the anniversary year of both Charles Darwin as well as Thomas Paine, 'survival of the fittest'.

Such sayings have the superficial attraction of definite and incontrovertible de facto statements. They mask however the deeper question of whether it is how behaviour and events ought to be determined; in other words, does it have to be like that or can we mortals make a difference? I believe we can, as did Thomas Paine. There is a moral and intellectual dimension which appears to be unique to mankind and which itself has been subject to an evolutionary process. It may not be readily appreciated that the struggle to establish fundamental concepts of human rights has been a long and hard road, along which many battles have had to be re-fought and many battlegrounds have had to be revisited.

The particular precepts which have gained a steady albeit slow recognition, which have risen up to counter the forces of primeval thinking, derive considerable impetus from Paine's irrepressible writings. They relate to the fundamental requirement for peaceful coexistence, an unqualified respect for life, liberty and diversity, and the centrality of justice and equality in any society. In the 21<sup>st</sup> century none of these propositions are particularly astounding and most have found their way into innumerable charters and conventions on human rights. But this overlooks the blood, sweat and tears expended over the course of nearly 400 hundred year, certainly within the context of English history.

Setting out the principles is the easy bit; carrying them out is where it gets complicated. Paine's enduring contribution to bills of rights and constitutional settlements in France and America is relatively well known. It is however, his extrapolations for the future of international relations which still carry

considerable resonance and which provide the lesser known legacy.

Martin Luther King, imbued with the same sentiments as Paine, constantly reminded later generations that there can be 'no peace without justice'. The problem is whose peace and what justice. Furthermore who carries it out? The potential corruption of subjectivity has to be drained out of these terms in order to distil firstly, the non-negotiable principles and secondly, the means of implementation. Both aspects have to be acted upon at a supra-national level, however laborious and treacherous the exercise.

Historically this has been manifest in inter-state Treaties, the League of Nations, the International Court of Justice at The Hague (ICJ), the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the United Nations, the Nuremberg-Tokyo and subsequent ad hoc war crimes tribunals, the European Convention on Human Rights, the Geneva conventions and latterly the International Criminal Court at The Hague (ICC). Whatever their shortcomings, the object of all these instruments and mechanisms has been to control and manage inflammatory situations which would otherwise deteriorate into the law of the jungle.

Thomas Paine repeatedly warned against the obvious and detrimental effect of war. In a pamphlet entitled *Prospects on the Rubicon* he wrote: 'the calamities of war and the miseries it inflicts upon the human species, the thousands and tens of thousands of every age and sex who are rendered wretched by the event, surely there is something in the heart of man that calls upon him to think!'

The source of this calamity he considered to be the result of self-interested expansionist governments. In part two of the *Rights of Man* he described the war as: 'the Faro table of governments, the nations the dupes of the games'. (Faro takes its name from a French card game which gambled on the order in which cards appear). Paine suggested this could be avoided by the construction of Republican democracies which would replace the excesses of despotism and oligarchy. In the 18<sup>th</sup> century this argument ran contrary to the thinking of Thomas Hobbes and other who regarded war as an unavoidable repercussion of the human condition - 'nasty brutish and short'.

Paine's vision of democratic republicanism involved a civil society, independent and free thinking, driven by the rewards of self-determination. It was but a small step from this to his belief that the most effective antidote to war was a combination or confederation of independent republican nations and their civil societies. Such a construct of united nations would be capable of regulating the pernicious urge to satisfy ambition by aggression. Although he was credited with coining the phrase the 'United States of America' he characterised his new

global order as 'cordial unison'.

It is all too common for the pessimists, the neo-realists, the cynics to deride such idealism. In its place the alternatives which they represent ultimately end in the bankruptcy of de-regulation, the spiral of deprivation and the excesses of retribution. An analogy in the economic arena is the current worldwide recession. If this were to be replicated on the international political stage there would be no end to the inhumanity exemplified by politicians like Pinochet, Mugabe and Bush. As it is, international judicial scrutiny has begun to take effect in the Balkans, Rwanda, Iraq, Sudan, Sierra Leone, Uganda, the Central African Republic and Cambodia.

Now more than ever, there is an urgency to maintain this pressure for regulation and accountability through the organs of international justice rather than the bombs of a B-52. The choices are stark and the need is overwhelming, just as it was for Thomas Paine. Either we strive collectively and globally to preserve the fragile tapestry of our environment by peaceful resolution or we relegate our responsibility to the ravages of despots, whether thinly disguised as Democrats or prancing Dictators.

I recently visited the Occupied Palestinian Territories and Israel. Amidst the desecration and destruction suffered by the Palestinians it was poignant to read the graffiti near Ayda refugee camp, inscribed upon the Palestinian side of the illegal wall which carves its way right through the heart of the country: 'Victory attained by violence is equal to defeat - for it is temporary.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

**Mary Lago (ed.) Burne-Jones Talking: His Conversations 1895-1898, Preserved by his Studio Assistant Thomas Rooke.** London: Pallas Athene Ltd., 2012.

It was with some ethical trepidation that I approached Edward Coley Burne-Jones's (1833-1898)<sup>1</sup> published conversations entitled, *Burne-Jones Talking: His Conversations 1895-1898*.<sup>1</sup> The reason for my hesitation was that these entirely private conversations, recorded verbatim from memory by Burne-Jones' studio assistant, Thomas Matthews Rooke (1842-1942), were taken down by hand without the permission of the artist. When Burne-Jones died in 1898, Rooke handed over the manuscript to the artists' wife, Georgiana Macdonald (1840-1920) with an "Apology" attached explaining the circumstances and method of the note taking with the comment that they were taken down "unknown to him" (24). Some of the pages were published by Georgiana in her *Memorials* in 1904 and then a portion of the notes appeared in 1982 published by John Murray. Now an edition is published by Pallas Athene and edited by Mary Lago who has added useful endnotes and footnotes to the volume. Here are included a few lines from the conversations in which the artist states in 1894 that he hoped John William Mackail (1859-1945), his son-in-law, would become his biographer (he became Morris's biographer). As Lago suggests, Rooke was to become the "Boswell to Burne-Jones's Johnson." (x-xi).

While the privacy of the conversations may remain a concern, Rooke, the recorder, evidently greatly admired the artist with whom he worked for twenty-seven years and has presented his subject in the most respectful terms. The resulting material is a useful glimpse into the artist's daily thoughts and a valuable contribution to nineteenth century studies. For secularists in particular, this volume provides a useful insight into the circle of rational thinkers who gathered around William Morris (1834-1896) in the mid and late nineteenth century. In these conversations, consisting of 191 pages (the entire recorded conversations comprise 416 pages), the reader meets William Morris, Dante Rossetti, William Rossetti, John Ruskin, Aubrey Beardsley, Oscar Wilde,

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<sup>1</sup> Edward Coley Burne-Jones was awarded a baronetcy by Prime Minister Gladstone in 1894 and hyphenated his last name at that time. *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, 2004 (online version).

Thomas Carlyle, G.F. Watts, Robert Catterson-Smith, James McNeill Whistler, Frederic Leighton, Charles Faulkner, Philip Webb, John Everett Millais, Alfred Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, and Edward Poynter, among other notable figures. Unfortunately, very little is recorded of any conversation concerning the women in the movement including Burne-Jones's socialist wife, Georgiana.

In order to understand the context for the Burne-Jones's conversations, one needs to know that these discussions occurred while the artist was painting or taking breaks from painting with his studio assistant. His principle passion in life at this point was painting, and in this volume we see him from 1894 until his death in 1898 (aged 61 to 65) doing what he loved most. The conversations are light and generally short and relate to art, politics, religion, as well as express a genuine interest in the well being of his friends. He and the other Pre-Raphaelite artists were less popular in this period, a point which Burne-Jones reflects on several times with some sadness. However, Burne-Jones was widely recognized as an artist and had ample commissions to fill his days doing what he loved. He altered the size of some paintings to meet the market for his work without any expressions of regret (178).

The conversations of Burne-Jones are interspersed with concern about the health of his friends (particularly Morris, Watts, Rossetti, and Wilde), and a deep concern for politics and art, interspersed with much religious scepticism for humour. Some of the artist members of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, including Burne-Jones and Morris, had entered Oxford University with the intention of studying theology; however, they all rejected religion when their interests changed to art. Burne-Jones was often heard to exclaim, "Belong to the Church of England? Put your head in a bag!" (27). He rejected his evangelical upbringing and expressed disdain for his wife's Wesleyan Methodist background from their early days of courting (50). He declined a mosaic commission for St. Paul's Cathedral in 1891 (110) and says that when he did accept commissions from churches in the early days of his career, he was first inclined to alter the religious stories to make them more artistically pleasing, before being rebuked by the clergy for not following the biblical stories. He quipped that the Catholic church and their services were "wicked" (50) while presenting himself to the Methodists as Catholic in order to decline a significant commission commenting, "I was very polite, but excused myself- I said that as an Englishman I was proud of the distinction with which they had honoured me – but that as a Romanist I had psychical difficulties which I knew they would appreciate as gentlemen though they might deplore them as divines." (50-51)

For the most part, Burn-Jones spoke of religion as a relic of the past. His solace appears to have been in the friendship of likeminded artists and he

recounts Sunday mornings spent at breakfast in the company of William Morris, rather than attending religious services. It is worth observing that his long-serving studio assistant, Rooke, was also evidently a non-believer. Rooke recorded town's people speaking outside the walls of *The Grange* (Georgiana and Burne-Jones's home in North End Lane, Fulham) on the day the artist's ashes were interred (note he was cremated), remarking that the "Servant hasn't got no mourning on." (189)

Burne-Jones, along with other Pre-Raphaelites, was mostly interested in Chaucerian tales, and Arthurian legends for his paintings depending upon the commission he accepted. On June 20, 1897, the artist engaged in a conversation with Rooke about his painting entitled, *The Merciful Knight* (1863, now in the Birmingham Art Museum and Art Gallery) exhibited at the Goupil Gallery.<sup>2</sup> Mary Lago notes that the exhibition consisted of the James Leathart Collection of Pre-Raphaelite paintings<sup>3</sup> in June 1896. (106-108). When Burne-Jones went to the Gallery with a friend, he observed that his painting had been hung by the Water Colour Society in the "naughty boys corner" (quote by Rooke, 107) which was a place above the regular four rows behind a door. He then says that when he approached people at the exhibition they "let drop remarks about it of a hostile nature for me to overhear, in what I may call, since there are no ladies here, a feminine manner. That indirect way they have when they want to pay you out, of dropping a sort of audible stage aside for you to catch, the sound of which shall be anything but gratifying to your feelings. I suppose some of them always hated me." (107)

The context for these insults is noteworthy. The painting, *The Merciful Knight*, illustrates an eleventh century legend of a knight who decides not to slay his opponent. The knight then goes into a roadside chapel where a statue of Christ becomes animated and bends over from the cross to kiss the knight to commend his merciful act. What is evident from these recorded conversations is that Burne-Jones is expressing opposition to Britain's military adventures overseas around the time of the exhibition. While painting, Burne-Jones converses about British involvement in Burmah [sic] (Myanmar), Afghanistan, Chitral state (Pakistan), Ashantee (Central Ghana), Transvaal (South Africa), Venezuela, (73, 74), Egypt, Arabia, and Persia (Iran)(61). His expressed belief was that England exercised an entirely different standard diplomatically toward

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<sup>2</sup> Goupil & Cie was a leading art dealership in France which set up a branch in London. At this time it was located at 25 Bedford Street in the Strand. The gallery was named after its founder Adolphe Goupil (1806-1893).

<sup>3</sup> James Leathart (1820-1895) was a Newcastle lead manufacturer who collected paintings of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and was also secretary of the Government School of Design.

small countries than towards the larger countries and that the consequence of the military interventions had led to ill feeling towards England and retaliation towards the people(91, 86),

“The Germans hate us, the French hate us the Americans hate us, even the Turks, and we’re astonished. We are always profiting by other people’s ill luck. What did the Turks and Russians get by the terrible war they each suffered so much in – nothing. We got Cyprus. What did the French and Germans get out of their war but frightful calamity and eternal hatred – we made ourselves sure in Egypt...The French made the Suez Canal while we were sneering at them for trying to do it, and when they’d made it we went and bought it. And we think nobody’s got his eye on us or takes any notice. We’ve never done anything to the Americans but pour *contempt* on them. Genuinely surprised, I believe. But that’s part of our stupidity...” (91)

Burne-Jones foresaw the downfall of the British empire and the rise of the United States as a power with the same disastrous results (75). He criticized the English newspapers for their strong statements that antagonized other countries and blamed them for retaliation on the English people. These were his concerns at the time *The Merciful Knight* was being exhibited at the Goupil Gallery.

While Burne-Jones doesn’t appear to have been as politically active as William Morris, his strongly expressed views with Rooke provide ample evidence of his strong interest and involvement in politics. He was part of a circle of artist friends and acquaintances who were involved and influenced by life in their times. While it appears that at this point in his career Burne-Jones preferred to jealously guard his time for painting (14), his life history heavily revolved around socialist circles in the art world. Burne-Jones had befriended Dante and William Rossetti (1829-1919) and William Morris at Oxford University where he became part of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (f. 1848); studied art at the Working Men’s College on Great Ormond Street, London with William Rossetti in the 1850s<sup>4</sup>; shared rooms with William Morris at 17 Red Lion Square between 1856 and 1858; taught art at the Working Men’s College between 1859 and 1861; married Georgiana Macdonald ( a painter, an art trustee, and a socialist)<sup>5</sup> in 1860; and became a founding partner of Morris, Marshall,

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<sup>4</sup> *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, 2004 (on line version).

<sup>5</sup> Georgiana Macdonald was part of Morris’s circle and a member of the Social Democratic Federation and the Socialist League. She was also an art trustee who helped to found the South London Fine Art Gallery in 1891 for the education of the working class.

of the role of art critics, echoing William Morris on the matter (35, 38). He thought poorly of artists who became involved in their own writing on art, whether it was producing their own art criticism or responding to the writings of critics, and believes artists should utilize their energy to paint rather than “perpetually gabbling” (123). In these opinions he is consistent with the art movement he was a part of in the late nineteenth century.

Many of Burne-Jones's comments on this subject may be seen to reflect the concerns of an artist who is already fully recognized within the art establishment and towards the end of his working career. He received a baronetcy from Prime Minister Gladstone in 1894 for his achievements in the art world. While his paintings hadn't sold well for the past three years (1895-1898), and never did sell well in galleries according to these discussions (178), he had ample commissions to keep him very engaged in his craft. He spoke about other artists' careers, including Watts, and remarked that artists would be wise to produce many paintings, three hundred at least, to withstand the ravages of time that had caused many works by artists to become lost or destroyed. Burne-Jones was critical of Watts, however, for being convinced to give his work to the nation (the National Portrait Gallery and the Tate Gallery), because he believed, “the Nation doesn't value them one bit for that.” (99)

In these conversations are brief opinions about the newly opened National Portrait Gallery (1896) where he was impressed by Watts's paintings but not with the collection as a whole or with the architecture of the building. We get a sense from his comments that the gallery's architect<sup>7</sup> and builders<sup>8</sup> faced challenges with the space and light they had to work with,

“A pokey hole it is...-The bottom rooms are gloomy, dark cellars where you can see nothing, and the top ones are raked with blinding light from sky lights that are close to the pictures...An architect ought never to be asked to build a picture Gallery. They should get a painter to advise and a builder to build. An architect wants to make an impression with his flight of stairs and rubbish of that kind. Who wants his architectural features-damn his staircase-we want to see the pictures...”(101)

Burne-Jones expresses many likes and dislikes privately about other artists and their work. Many of his observations are witty or “quaint” as Rooke

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<sup>7</sup> Ewan Christian (1814-1895). Christian designed a prolific number of buildings in England in the Gothic style. He was married to Annie Bentham, a relation of Jeremy Bentham. *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, 2004, (on line version).

<sup>8</sup> Shillitoe and Son

described them (19). Christopher Newall's entry in the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (2004 on line edition) says he was known for his self-effacing sense of humour and his mocking of pretensions in others. In these pages, the reader will find brief comments on William Blake, Gustave Dore, William Hogarth, Edouard Manet, Edward Poynter, Raphael, J.S. Sargent, Titian, John Turner, Jan Van Eyck, Whistler, Zola, Joshua Reynolds and the Pre-Raphaelite artists.

In these brief discussions of art, the reader learns much about the economics of painting in the late nineteenth century. Burne-Jones mentions Whistler's libel suit (1877) against John Ruskin in which Burne-Jones gave evidence for Ruskin to suggest that Whistler's price of 200 guineas for his oil painting *Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rocket* c. 1875 was overstated. He explained that his own work paid £5 to £7 per day (70). Burne-Jones also discussed an American who was photographing and copying all of William Morris's designs and reproducing them as Jenson letters, making a few comments about contemporary copyright laws (87). He noted that someone had published false figures of his own income so that now he was inundated with "begging letters" for money from the clergy "to build their churches and vicarages and make them comfortable. The clergy I said, Little Rooke, yes, the clergy." (136-139) On a happier note he observed that Watts was still painting major portraits and doing well at age seventy-five (139).<sup>9</sup>

Some of the lengthier discussions which Burne-Jones engaged in with Rooke express his concern with the imprisonment of Oscar Wilde in May 1895. Wilde had been a family friend of the Burne-Jones's and Burne-Jones was particularly concerned about the effects of imprisonment on Wilde's health,

Burne-Jones – "With Oscar Wilde, Poor fellow, I wonder what's happening to him."

Rooke- "He'll soon be out of prison."

Burne-Jones – "If he isn't already. I should shake hands or bow to him if I saw him. Very likely he'll keep out of everyone's way- go abroad, perhaps – but there's no telling what state of mind he may be in, or what he has been turned into by this time. He may be mad. It wouldn't be surprising. If those noble warriors that England's so proud of couldn't stand two months' confinement in Holloway Gaol as 1<sup>st</sup> class misdemeanants, what must have happened to a man of his highly cultured mind in such a horrible place as Wormwood Scrubs,

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<sup>9</sup> The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography notes that Burne-Jones's wealth at death was £53,493 in 1898, presumably much of it held in property, and George Watts's wealth was £84,179 in 1904, and so both painters appear to have done quite well in life.

subjected to all the rigour of a criminal sentence. It's terribly severe there. He wasn't told even his mother died; his wife had to come over from Italy, where she is staying, and get permission to tell him." (9 February, 1897, p. 132)

Burne-Jones and Georgiana's concern for Wilde extended to Wilde's wife who borrowed £150 from them to travel from Geneva to Reading Gaol to tell Wilde of his mother's death. She confirmed that Wilde had changed beyond recognition and had been given work in the prison garden and covering books with brown paper, the latter being work he liked best because he got to hold books in his hand (133).

The comments on art in this book won't surprise any scholar of nineteenth century art and won't alter what is already known about the Pre-Raphaelite movement or the *fin-de-siècle* as they are views expressed elsewhere. Perhaps of most interest will be the *pattern* of the conversation for, if anything, the paucity of comments on art, reveals much about the artist's beliefs that his art must be about "beauty" at a time when the political world around him was still captivating his interest. Despite, or perhaps because of this fact, it may appear that the outside world doesn't penetrate very heavily into the Arthurian and Chaucerian and legends of the artists' work. However, as *The Merciful Knight* demonstrates, politics interceded into the work even years after its completion through the critics' eyes and the works end up as analogy, whether or not the artist intended them to be so. This very probably contributed to Burne-Jones's expressed disdain for the art world that was associated with the galleries and societies of art.

This review has highlighted selections from *Burne-Jones Talking* of interest to secularists by focusing on the topics of politics, religion, and art, all of which intersect in the conversations. Looking at the volume as a whole, these topics were evidently also the preoccupation of Burne-Jones along with a great concern for his friends and their health. For ethical reasons it would have been desirable for Rooke to have sought the permission of Burne-Jones to record his private conversations. He may not have done so for precisely the reason that Burne-Jones appears to have been an intensely private person and might not have granted that permission. Burne-Jones was known to rant against the publishing of artists' letters and even with the writing of biographies, proclaiming that "their works are their only proper biographies"(62). Bearing this in mind, this present volume provides fascinating insight into the daily thoughts of a successful English artist. As the conversations reveal, Burne-Jones was evidently much more than an artist. He was part of the growing socialist and secular movement of the nineteenth century and demonstrates the diversity, wealth of thought, rational concern, and humour of that movement. As such, this volume contributes much of value to those interested

in nineteenth century studies and to redressing the role of secular thought in the period.

Mary Lago has edited the volume skilfully to include many of the concerns of value to the secular movement and one hopes that in the future she will present the entire manuscript by Rooke, edited with more footnotes and endnotes, so that scholars may peruse the pages for more useful insights. While the chronological presentation of Rooke's material is eminently readable, the placement of footnotes in the middle of some pages of the present volume should be corrected for future editions. More attention should be paid towards other production details also since several pages at the end of the volume are placed in the wrong order (155, 154) or are repeated (164, 165). These, however, are easily corrected with today's technology.

Ellen Ramsay

Note:

The numbers in brackets relate to page numbers in the book being reviewed.

**Adam Sisman. *The Friendship: Wordsworth and Coleridge*. London, Viking Press, 2006.**

Adam Sisman's book, *The Friendship: Wordsworth and Coleridge*, published in 2006 by Viking Press is of special significance for secularists as it touches on the early movement in both its major moments (in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century) and in its continuing underlying concerns (in the 19<sup>th</sup> century). While it is not clear to this writer whether Sisman is a particular ally of the movement, in this book he has provided plenty of material to bring Wordsworth and Coleridge within the circle.

The major theme of this book, friendship, explores the role of religious belief and non-belief played between the two writers. Starting with the French revolution (Part I Strangers: 1. Revolution 2. Reaction 3. Idealism 4. Sedition) and moving to the meeting of the two minds in 1795 (Part II 5. Contact 6. Retreat 7. Communion 8. Collaboration 9. Separation and 10. Amalgamation) we learn that while the two shared sympathies for the French cause in the early years of the revolution, they parted in their attitude towards religion throughout their lives. This won't come as news to readers, as it is evident in their poetry, however, there is still much here to interest readers about the extent to which belief and non-belief played out its course during their time together.

Adam Sisman writes at length about Coleridge's epic poem "Religious Musings" which he says is filled with millenarian ideas that were inspired by the cataclysmic events of the French revolution. Interestingly, we learn that by this



time the reading public in England were not in the least inspired by religious ideas and not only did Coleridge lose his readership, but he lost vital subscriptions to publications. This was of particular significance to the poet as publishing and editing were staple incomes for individuals in the community alongside tutoring.

John Thelwall (1764-1834), the radical lecturer, writer and editor who had been tried in the treason trials of 1794, found Coleridge's "Religious Musings" "the very acme of abstruse, metaphysical, mystical rant" and described Coleridge's phrase "th'imbrothelled atheist's heart" as "one of those illiberal and unfounded calumnies with which Christian meekness never yet disdained to supply the want of argument." (p. 140) Thelwall went on to suggest Coleridge "shake himself free of 'illiberal dogmatism' and 'intolerant prejudices.'" (p. 141)

Sisman gives us a generous description of Thelwall's persecution in 1796 (p. 143), but towards our main point here, we learn that supporters of both Thelwall and William Godwin (1756-1836) took offence at Coleridge's satire on their cause and retaliated by refusing to buy Coleridge's short-lived publication *The Watchman* (1796) to which he was publisher, editor and chief contributor. The price of *The Watchman* subsequently dropped from 4 pence (p. 170) to one pence (p. 136) making the work unsaleable. Coleridge persevered and sent new poems to Thelwall and in Sisman's account, Thelwall is credited with continuing to influence Coleridge as a critic liberating him from his Miltonic 18<sup>th</sup> century influences. We learn that at this point, Wordsworth still considered Coleridge to be a republican and "at least a *Semi*-atheist" (p. 141) a point that Coleridge used in his own defence against Thelwall's criticism.

Thelwall appears in this volume as the lynchpin between the two poets. "Coleridge's Christianity was central to his thinking; while Wordsworth, if not an out-and-out atheist, was certainly not at this stage an orthodox Christian" writes Sisman. (p. 178) This explains Wordsworth's movement within Thelwall's circle of influence. In 1796 Thelwall was "hunted from society" (p. 188) by hired mobs and forced to leave London (p. 143). Life for writers and publishers had become precarious following the "gagging acts" of 1795. (The Seditious Meetings Act and the Treasonable Practices Act) Now the circle of friends became important and a role for patrons emerged as an alternative means of support to the writers who were under scrutiny.

Thelwall, Coleridge and Wordsworth all sought refuge in the countryside. One imagines Wordsworth beginning "The Recluse" (1798) in this context (published as *The Excursion* in 1814). Rumours about the unconventional views and lifestyles of the men spread from observing servants (Thomas Jones) at Alfoxden House to the third Duke of Portland, William Cavendish

(1738-1809), the Home Secretary. The Duke was informed that Wordsworth was travelling with "a woman who passes for his Sister" (Dorothy Wordsworth) and that they went on excursions by day and night carrying camp stools and entering observations into portfolios and spoke in a strange accent (perhaps French) and washed and mended clothes all day on Sunday." (p. 191) They were accompanied by an "apparently parentless child (Basil Montague) (p. 192). Thereafter, the Home Secretary sent a spy out (James Walsh) to observe the men who identified them as "the Alfoxden "gang" and a Sett of violent Democrats." (p. 191).

It may be recalled that Wordsworth had been left a generous sum of £900 by Raisley Calvert in 1795 (pp. 84-5). Financial support being perilous, Wordsworth lent substantial sums of money to Basil Montague (£300) and to Montagu's friend Charles Douglas (£200) with an attached interest rate of 10% per annum as a means to generate an income. As Montague only paid the interest sporadically, Wordsworth took out an insurance policy on Montagu's life, but took a financial shortfall on these lending enterprises. (p. 154) The result was a rustic life with much gardening of vegetables and a frugal diet. (p. 155)

At this time in 1797, Wordsworth and Coleridge made the friendship of three Wedgwood brothers (John, Josiah and Tom), sons of the Staffordshire potter Josiah Wedgwood, who had inherited a fortune of over half a million pounds. (p. 196) Tom and Josiah Wedgwood sent a draft of £100 to Coleridge in 1797 as a gift "to enable you to defer entering into an engagement, we understand you are about to form, from the most urgent of motives." (p. 209) This "engagement" refers to an offer made for Coleridge to become a dissenting minister in the Unitarian church in Shrewsbury, a prospect that he seriously considered at this point in his life. (p. 208) The post was to come with a salary of 120 pounds per year and a house worth 30 pounds per year. As Coleridge was almost £20 in debt and faced selling the "Ancient Mariner" for a mere £5. (p. 209), he accepted the church post and began preaching in Shrewsbury on peace and war, church and state, "not their alliance, but their separation" (p. 210) for which he became most popular. The Wedgwood's responded with an alternative offer of an annuity of £150 per year for life, free of any conditions. (p. 212). It was an offer Coleridge could not refuse.

There is much more to Sisman's volume than I have recounted here, for in addition to the central theme of the relationship between Wordsworth and Coleridge and the role belief and unbelief played in that relationship, there is an underlying theme of secular dissent throughout the volume. Early sections of the book trace the rise of radical dissent in England including short references to dissenting Unitarians who taught science, enlightenment,

tolerance and the rejection of the Trinity. The influence of Thomas Paine and the *Rights of Man* are mentioned and the possibility that Wordsworth may have met Paine through their shared publisher Joseph Johnson. (24) We learn about Wordsworth and Coleridge's circle reading Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* as well as Mary Wollstonecraft's reply in the *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* and of Wordsworth's visits to the Jacobin Club in Paris. We also learn of the role of the London Corresponding Society (1792-1799), the Society for Constitutional Information (1780-1794) and the London Revolution Society (1788-1792). Radical publishers and booksellers including John Murray (1745-1793), Joseph Johnson (1738-1809) and John Thelwall (1764-1834) are discussed.

Adam Sisman has done an admirable job of piecing together the threads of friendship between Wordsworth and Coleridge, and while the secular movement is not an altogether explicit theme in the volume, it necessarily pierces the pages of the volume as Sisman searches into the historical period of the writers' lives, their shared enthusiasm for the early years of the French revolution and their differences on the matters of belief and non-belief. I thoroughly recommend this book as entertaining and thoughtful reading perfect as a literary companion on a summer vacation.

Ellen Ramsay.

**A CITY OF LIGHT, SOCIALISM, CHARTISM AND CO-OPERATION - NOTTINGHAM 1844.** Christopher Richardson. 243pp. Illustrated. Paperback. ISBN 978 0 9569139 4 4. Nottingham, Loaf On A Stick Press, 2013. £7.99.

This is a absorbing study of people, not the high and mighty but of ordinary workers who challenged the laws that sought to keep them in the gutter, so to speak. Their reward was more condemnation by the very people they sought to help. They faced bans and imprisonment, or worse. They were denounced hysterically in the press while all too often Anglican clergy weighed in with denunciations from their pulpits. Sadly, all too many people today do not appreciate, or even know, how hard were the battles to gain what limited rights we now possess, and which are all too easily lost.

Although the sub-title of *A City of Light* suggests the book's coverage is restricted to 1844, but the fact is that it encompasses much of the nineteenth century, with tantalising hints of earlier times and struggles. It starts with a public hanging outside the court in High Pavement, and the ghastly events following which resulted in the deaths of several people. The chapter then goes on to discuss events around the visit of the Owenite Social Missionary, Emma Wright to Nottingham and the successful attempt to scare the owners of the Assembly Rooms in Low Pavement into banning the use of the hall by the Owenites instigated by the then newly inducted vicar of St. Mary's in High Pavement. Not put out by this, Mrs. Martin transferred the meeting to the Market Square where it attracted an estimated 5000 people, four time as many as could have been got into the Assembly Rooms.

The individual chapter headings illustrate the coverage of the book such as Owenite Socialism, Nottingham Socialists, The Defeat of the Church Rate Party, Freedom of Expression, The War of the Unstamped Press, The Operatives' Libraries, Operatives' Halls, The Chartist Land Society, The Democratic Chapel, The New Poor Law, and so on. There are five appendices, one relating listing women members of the National Land Company, another members identified as Chartists, There is an extensive bibliography and a good index.

Also featuring prominently in the book is Richard Carlile, a now largely neglected figure who was an outstanding campaigner for press freedom. He spoke at several meetings in Nottingham where his opinions gained the support of a local textile worker, Susannah Wright, who following his

arrest and imprisonment for blasphemy - he had published and sold Paine's *Age of Reason* from his shop in London's Fleet Street, was among the many supporters who risked the same fate as his by working in the shop. Predictably in 1821 she was arrested, charged, like Carlile, with blasphemy, though not for publishing or selling Paine's works but two by Carlile.

Richardson research into Susannah's life following her release from prison and return to Nottingham, has uncovered an impressive quantity of new information about her activities locally, particularly the attempt by thugs employed by a clergyman to force the closure of the bookshop she opened in the town where she sold radical pamphlets and journals, literature of the type she would have become familiar with in Carlile's shop. The details given graphically illustrates the problems people like Susannah encountered for daring to challenge authority. One day Nottingham may have a monument to this courageous woman.

*A City of Light* deserves wide circulation and should find a place in school and college libraries, as Stephen Yeo, who contributes a foreword, hopes will be the case. It is, I suggest, essential reading for all interested in radical history. In his conclusion, the author cites William Cooper, one of Rochdale Co-operative pioneers, as having said: "I were a socialist. We socialists wanted to make a city of brotherhood, a city of light on a hill for all to see, free from poverty and crime and meanness. Is there such a city yet?.... "No," he responds, "Then there is still work to be done".

Robert Morrell.



