

“I support this plan, because I am sure that it is our best security against a revolution. ... That we may exclude those whom it is necessary to exclude, we must admit those whom it may be safe to admit. ... It is no reflection on the poorer class of Englishmen, who are not, and who cannot in the nature of things be, highly educated, to say that distress produces on them its natural effects,... that it makes them prone to believe those who flatter them, and to distrust those who would serve them.”

Thomas Babington Macaulay, speech on parliamentary reform (1832).

“All hitherto existing society is the history of class conflicts... Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, this distinct feature: it has simplified class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other — Bourgeoisie and Proletariat.”

Marx and Engels, *The Communist Manifesto* (1848).



Jacques Louis David, *Napoleon Crossing the Alps* (1800).
oil painting (approx 10.5 x 7 feet)

A cottage with a steeple nigh,
A little brook that bubbles by,
A garden full of fruit and flowers;
An orchard richly stored with fruit,
That any lady's tastes might suit;
Daisies o'erspread the enamel'd ground,
Diffusing Fragrance all around.

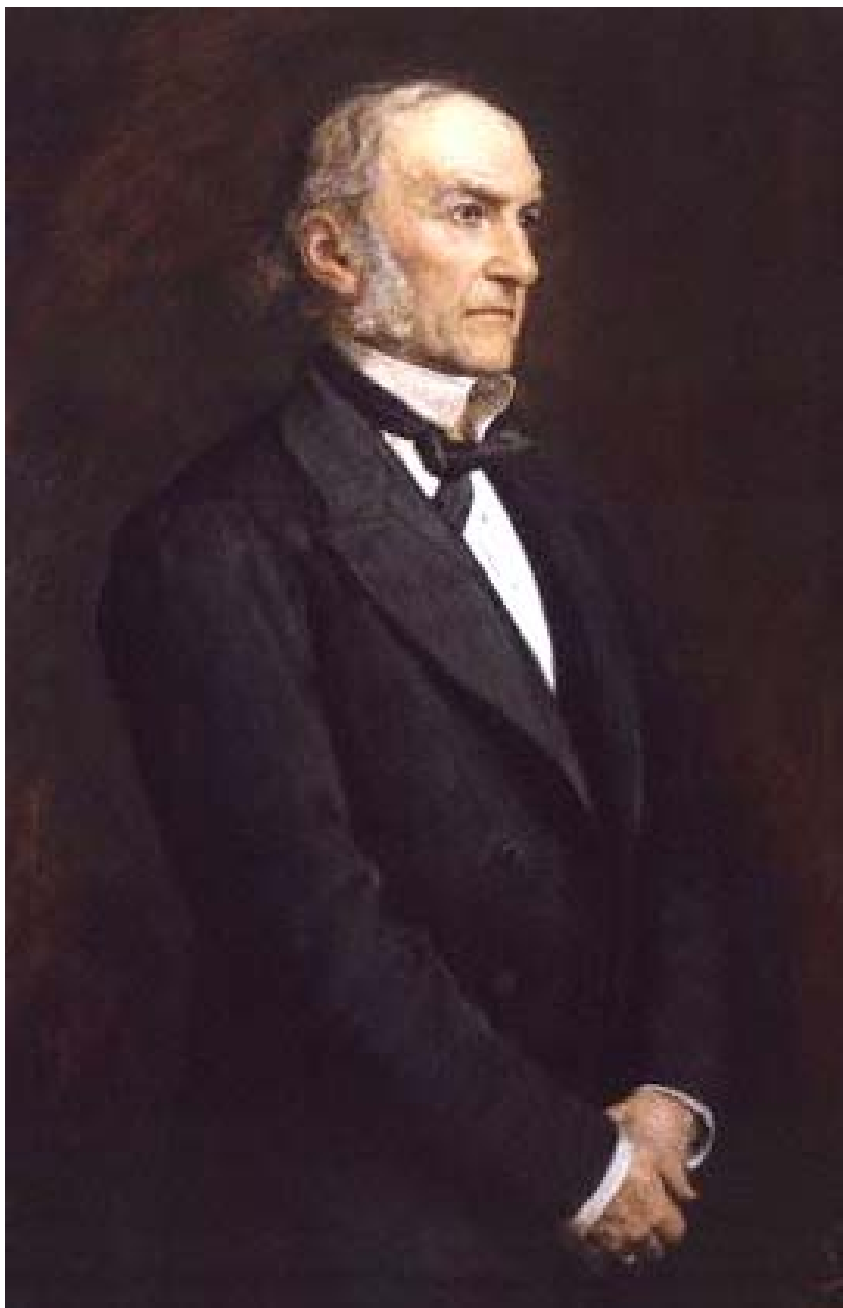
“The Contented Pair” by
John Cadbury (Birmingham industrialist, 1801-1889)



souvenir postcard from Lourdes

No; the agitation in Europe is not the work of a few individuals, of a few refugees, be they who they may; and there is something in this opinion sad and ridiculous at the same time: I say sad, because it evidently shows the inability of the "masters of the world" to comprehend the crisis. Individuals are only powerful at the present day, so far as they are the exponents of the condition and collective aspirations of large bodies of men.

Mazzini, "Europe, its condition and prospects" *Westminster Review* (1852).



Millais, *W.E. Gladstone* [Prime Minister] (1870)

“What do you strike the boy for, you brute?’ exclaims a slipshod woman, with two flat irons in a little basket. ‘Do you think he’s your wife, you willin?’ ‘Go and hang yourself!’ replies the gentleman addressed, with a drunken look of savage stupidity, aiming at the same time a blow at the woman which fortunately misses its object. ‘Go and hang yourself; and wait till I come and cut you down.’ - ‘Cut you down,’ rejoins the woman, ‘I wish I had the cutting of you up, you wagabond! (loud.) Oh! you precious wagabond! (rather louder.) Where’s your wife, you willin? (louder still; women of this class are always sympathetic, and work themselves into a tremendous passion on the shortest notice.) Your poor dear wife as you uses worser nor a dog - strike a woman - you a man!

Charles Dickens, “The Pawnbroker’s Shop” (1836).



Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen (France, 1789)