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RADICALS LOOK ROUND YOU!
The Winchester election is, it must be admitted, a shabby text to preach from: given, a cathedral establishment, a military depot, a middle-class university, a town where the noble lord as owner of a greater part of the town, and the result of an election in such a place would seem to be certain—the return of the Tory candidate—even if he were not a local magazine in person his opponent a mere name: only an electioneering agent on the look-out for a job one would think could venture to oppose nomination to the winning colour under such circumstances. However, the Liberals have chosen to try their chance against this stern fate, this tidewater tide to whom the tide is still continuing to flow back to them, as other bye-elections seemed to show it was doing, and, since it has gone against them, would be a good reason for concluding that the inference, that the tide has turned again, and the Tory ship has weathered the dangerous headland for the present. All this, which is but a sequel of "ins and outs" would be a matter of complete indifferent to it if it were true that there is still a chance of holding on to the official Liberal party, and that the Radicals have been making towards Socialism under the educational influence of the Irish rebellion, and the general force of circumstances which is driving them out of their barren negative position, and forcing them to consider whether there is any forward road for them except Socialism. To the Radicals one may preach a little from even such a contemptuous text as the Winchester election, and ask them once more whether they are going to be dragged about through the mud by their Liberal allies, or are going to give free play to their aspirations towards the popular cause, and assert themselves as men who are sincerely trying to learn what is to be done to carry the country out of this shabby period of the rule of the dregs of the bourgeoisie, helped by the distinguished cowards, knaves, and fools, for whose wrong names can be found at present than that of superior persons or men of culture.

I would ask them to note, then, that it did seem true towards the middle of last year that the Tory or Irish coenerist party seems to be losing ground, and that there did seem a chance of the Gladstonites shortly coming into power again, and victoriously "setting the Irish question; in which case the Radicals would have felt a glow of satisfaction that after all it was a Radical victory which was a Liberal one, and that they had led the whole of that constitutional party to the wished-for goal. This was the outlook then; but it is very different now; whatever the chapter of accidents may do in the future, the Tory Government is steady enough at present to keep the seat which is really felt by everyone, and in the constitutional contest of "ins and outs" the Liberals are not showing any signs of solicitude for their Radicals, but are quite prepared to shake them off and, in short, we would seem to be further than ever from a Radical triumph. How has it all come about?

Let us remember that whatever it may be elsewhere, in this country the Government is always a genuine Government of the middle classes; whatever is done is done for them, even though it may sometimes take the guise of helping the working classes; all that only means helping such and such groups to manage the human machinery necessary to their welfare; most middle-class men, "thoughtful" or unthoughtful, never realize the fact that they have a job to do for the midclass or labourers that they may come across are to see but to aspirants towards the middle-class, if failures from it, mere accidents of society in short. As long as this mood of the middle-class is undisturbed, as long as there is clearly (ipmnent that the competition of the middle classes is quite capable of being divided themselves into two parties, Conservative and Liberal, or whatever else you may call them, being, of course, under stood, the greater part take no interest in any political question; one, in politics. But the events of the last five or six years, the change that has been coming over the commercial outlook, has made some inroads into this ignorance, and the Irish question, founded as it is on the other question "How are the Irish people to be governed?', at last sorely shaken them, though at first it was looked upon as a mere political matter on which there might be difference of opinion and a "reasonable:" person might be English, Scotch, Irish, or Dutch, and working men became educated into friendliness with the Irish peasant, so the middle-class became educated into hatred of him. To him is no longer so a romantic survival of past times of which he was made beautiful, but a sentimentalism of nationality never to be realised save as a flavour to a few old ballads sung to melancholy ancient tunes; he is a working man asking for some of the prosperity of the proprietary classes, and not too nice to the means by which his end was to be obtained as on the one hand, new development of the Irish question made it clear to the middle-classes that it was not a time to work with any long dependence on the other party for the present. Gladstonites an opportunity for backing out with that ease and dignity which the British hypocrite manages to impart to the action of sneaking out through a back door. At this, the upheaval as a reaction as any political revolution ever is. What has happened is this: amongst political middle-class folk, the clearer-sighted once-Liberals, who could see whither things are tending, have, as alseiden, taken the opportunism of Gladstone's views as a permanent behind a group of Gladstonites whom habit and clinging to a vague shadowy habitual idea of principle keep in the ranks at present. That makes breaking up the Liberal party, but that is more a form of that. There is the general middle-ranking of middle-class politicians, who include a great many "superior persons;" these who usually have nothing to do with the political game are, nevertheless, an enormously powerful body; they form, in fact, the "public" for they speak of "the public" and this "public," which is fully equipped with votes, goes solid for the Tory reaction, and is, in fact, the central and most worthy party of that. This public has a band and instinctive, but quite goadly, a hatred of the "other public," the "lower classes," whose misery it has made and lives upon: usually only acts as a dead weight to keep them down, but from time to time takes vigorous action enough. It is the public which applauds Napoleon the Little and the Butcher of the Commune, smiled safe approval on the straying of the Chicago martyrs, egged on the evictions of Irish tenants for the behoof of the tyrants who want to rob poverty, at Trapalgar Square, beasts helpless in their own, makes the disgraceful pêlant Stephen feel safe and comfortable on his seat of iniquity; it is the public which will make civil war inevitable to the wishes of the leaders of the way to most of the wrong-doing that it is, in short, the real danger to what of genuine society yet exists amongst us; the mass of blind wrong-doing led by superior persons who know what is right and ought well, who have something in weight which the "other public" lacks. The Tories could always rely on the support of this criminal class, how it is that it was thought last summer that the present Government was tending towards its defeat on the Irish matter! The answer is, the Tories were then threatening coercion, and soft as the Gladstonites were fighting them seemed strong enough to deal with their political foes, considering the conversion of the thinking-men, which at least on the Irish question, was going on. We did not think that the threat of coercion would be seriously carried out; but it seems that the Tories had estimated the relative voting power of the working-class, and the above-mentioned criminal class, and estimated that they had, and that they started fair on their new career of Resolute Government, which will carry them who can say where, but in the meantime has gained them the whole fantastic support of the religious and political of our Radical friends note that for the present, and until the times get quiet; these ordinarily non-political people are turned into ardent politicians with one aim in view, the keeping down of the popular party, and amongst us, by whatever name it may be called, and that this support will keep the Tories in power for many a day, while all the political opposition they (the Tories) will meet with will come from a small minority. Here is the victory of the"public" as may be as much evaded as other pledges have been, but so far from being pledged to help the whole people out of their misery, that they also, when events press hardly on them, will have to take obvious steps to break the public, and avail themselves of the support of that party of blind wrong-doing.
The Radical party is effected from the Parliamentary record, because its direction towards progress had been advanced, and the Radicals take advantage of that effacement by educating themselves yet further; let them set to work seriously to learn what are these popular claims are which the Liberal leaders steadily refuse to consider, but which the Radicals have always been ready to accept. If they do this they will soon find themselves Socialists and outcasts...
but they will be recompensed for that when the time comes, as it soon will, when all distinctions of party will merge into the two camps, of the people and their haters, for they will then know clearly why they are on the right side, as they will have been joined in this conception by my single appeal.

I believe that many Radicals are now taking this course, and I would encourage them to think that all these apparent Tory victories are only so many signs of the enlightenment of the working classes, and the consequent decline of the middle-class hatred against them.

WILLIAM MORRIS

PRISON LIFE IN ENGLAND.

It is not my intention to put before you a record of the routine of prison life or to dwell upon any details concerning individual prisoners, such as Mr. Mowbray. I wish rather to deal with the principles involved in the method of dealing with criminals to-day. There is not a magistracy or prison board, in all grades, in the land, that does not have its own law dealing with those who violate it in strict justice, and with a keen eye to the well-being and reformation of the prisoner himself.

Firstly, then, is prison discipline reformatory. Nowadays we look with interest upon those establishments where, after a short time, prisoners are marched back to their cells.

This is slightly varied on Sundays by the introduction of a second service in the afternoon, where the weekly luxury of a sermon is indulged in; the said sermon generally being a glorification twenty minutes long. The remainder of the prison system, with occasional的过程ions of flattery towards the Church of England. Once a fortnight I was visited by the chaplain in my cell for the six weeks after, that he never came near until the day before my release. So much for the only properly reformatory element in prison life.

The fact of the matter is, a huge mistaken notion of what justice is has grown up in the minds of those who profess to dispense it. Stern, unbecoming and unmerciful, do they picture divine justice; as if an unmerciful thing was not unjust!

Another lesson that my prison life impressed on me more strongly than any other was that there are no criminals in the sense of the word who have not been made criminals by our infamous system of society. If it should ever be your lot to visit a prison (in any capacity) just observe, as you walk along the gloomy corridor the tickets on each cell door, on which the occupant of the cell has been, and during the current years ten are poachers, vagrants, or thieves. Society makes criminals, and then punishes them for being what it made them.

The next lesson that prison life taught me was, that virtue, that once inside its walls are treated alike; that there is no distinction of persons. But this is not so. The wealthy swells who get into trouble is treated with every consideration possible by the officials.

It is so easy for the doctor to certify that so-and-so is unfit for heavy work, provided so-and-so happens not to be a working man. Here are two cases in point. It is one of the prison regulations that all convicts who have contracted hard labour must work the treadmill for the first month, unless the doctor certifies them to be unfit for it. While I was in prison, a lieutenant in the army was sentenced to a month's hard labour for deserting his wife and family. He was a strong, able-bodied man, and named as one of the worst convicts of the prison, and put him at oakum-picking. Passing down the corridor a few days after, I saw his card marked, "half-task oakum." Here was another curious instance of injustice. Yet the sitting justice who sentenced, two cases on for trial. In one of them a boy of 16 was charged with stealing a few shillings from a shop. Sentence, six months' hard labour. In the other case the City Treasurer of Norwich was sentenced to six months, two days' hard labour. Sentence, six months. The boy was put on hard labour, and kept at it till his time was up. The "gentleman" was put on the lightest work in the prison, in a comfortable office, with a good fire.

He not only was on the best diet in the prison, but had extra hospital diet as well, and was, in consequence, the fattest man I saw while I was inside (except a bully inspector who came round on one occasion.) It was remarkable to note at exercise, how thin the fat prisoner who would watch the well-fed scoundrel round the yard, as if envious of his "prime" condition.

The last prison I was in was one of the most rational treatment for criminals it is not my object to write here. Were I writing a scheme, my first suggestion would be to remedy the unjust system that fills our prisons to-day. The only effect my imprisonment had upon me was to give me a deeper insight into the brutality of our civilization, and to spur me on greater effort in the Socialist work.

FRED HENDERSON.

A FABLE: To the Men in Possession.

It is a pleasant night, so doubt,
To see you pottering about,
With conditions new of life which we contended to ye;
Conditions which your beathed brain;
Conscience-however, and tries to win;
But when you, floundering in the mire,
To sing away (and see no harm)
Knowledge and beauty, charge and charm.

Just for a larger slice of cake,
Advised, you make a slight mistake;
Lost in your purblind bust of self,
You must look as even as your soul,
Rum, done, rub your eyes, round and round,
As where the world is, "as you, not we;
Yet see somewhere beauty slain,
Trampled and fouled by greed of gain.
Man against man in bitter strife
For the barest life;
And in that ruinous empurple
Forgetfulness, and hope and light and joy.

O wisdom of the worldly-wise!
Is this what you so dearly prize?
But we are bound to better ends.
We seek a world of happy friends,
Gentle, the light of earth, wherein we stood
Beauty shall blossom forth and blow,
Is ascending for and making doo.
The best you guises can procure;
There: Wisdom, born of work and rest,
Here, our soul shall give a strong
Such as afore she never gave
A common head or broken slave;
Whereof fellowship with man, with man,
And the paths of light by state's unhappy law,
Nor by that face's cunning foiled

Which sets the spoiled against the
Spoiled,
Shall flood earth with a large a joy
No power to affection, or mercy.

THE FABLE.

A swarm of flies, one summer day,
Were feasting in a lovely way;
It struck the bee out of all care.
But they, intent upon the "spread.
Whose oeder but too well betrayed"
(The spot where the reper was laid),
Stroo, every, of these to get his fill,
And got on familiar, until
A needful traveller sets his heel
A thought behind then, as well as now.
How briefly then each little beast
Spreads, for the world, vanity,
"Base plunderer, hence! Low tramp, away,
We then saw quite well what you would say;
Make the slave equal; yes, indeed,
We know your wild Uttarian creed.
You are an office, sir, how dear thus
Lay hands on what belongs to us!
Wax not so hot, O little flies;
The smiling traveller replies."I
Grieve my presence should afford
Namable, or cause a trifle,
Still more that my upright tread
Brings, in a sort of a buzz, to my head.
Wherefore, be reassured, I pray;
Grumblens, I swear, is your dismay;
Our tired and monotonous days.
We hasten for very different
eons of the real, to appear;
I do but seek for orchard rare;
Wag not so virtuellt a us.
Yet I con not hear your voice.

C. W. B.R.ECTT.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

BERLIN.

The miners of Sara-Lonchamps and Beury, at Louvicourt, have struck, owing to the enforcement of the following regulations: 1. If a worker fails to go to work without giving notice he shall pay a fine of two francs; if he does not work on two consecutive days he shall pay to the pit and five days' salary shall be withheld. 2. All offences, insubordination, or refusal to work shall be punished by a fine of ten francs. 2. Who commits any damage whatever during his worktime or causes an accident to shall pay a fine equivalent to the damage done. I mentioned a fortnight ago that a labour of our Ghost comrades, " Vooruit, " had been speedily exhausted. After the first ten thousand had been sold out a second edition of the same number was printed, and now register one hundred thousand copies and counting.

In Freiburg (Brigue) comrdes Haugh and Fuchs have been sentenced to eight and five months imprisonment respectively for distribution of proliitic literature and for being members of a secret society—this meaning the Social Democratic party. Comrades Bischole and Stuck were sentenced to four months each, and Yorger to four and three months for the same "crimes."

At Dresden the Socialist Municipal Councillors Steiner, Horn, and Muller have been found guilty and sentenced respectively for "Richelies Wochenblatt" five weeks imprisonment for libeling policeman Rossbaum. We have always been of opinion that it is impossible to caluminate a German. It is suggested among the German Socialists that if the Anti-Socialists laws are introduced, the addition of a paragraph whereby a "real subject of Germany," as the new law, will have exactly the contrary effect to that which its "makers" intend to it, then assuredly, if real politics are to be given to the whole movement, and that is what we want everywhere.

SPAIN.

Our Spanish friends continue to issue a considerable number of pamphlets and periodicals, among the most important of which are the "La Gazeta Socialista," "La Voz de los Anarquistas," published in the third volume of the Anarchist-Communist Library of Barcelona: I am glad to announce that a new relation of the "Socialists" has been issued, entitled "Revista dei Anarquistas en Chicago." It contains a very able and concisely written resume of the facts, extracts of the speeches of our dead comrades, some of their letters, and a general consideration on the whole justice-war, by our friend Ernesto Alvarez. I am also informed that comrade Alvarez soon will start a new revolutionary organ, to be entitled La Banderita Roja (The Red Flag). We wish in advance good to our new colleague.