

THE RADICAL.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VOICES FROM THE WORKERS.

Workers in our favored country
Are ye happy in your lot?
Voices eager, hushed, delect,
Mingling, murmur, "We are not;
We are crushed, our spirits broken
'Neath the galling yoke of wealth;
Landlords, swindlers, bankers, brokers,
Steal our money and our health.

Oh, this sordid strife for lucre,
Kills our noblest hopes and aims,
Snatches all our best endeavours,
All our energy it claims,
Day by day, till eyes are heavy,
And our wearied eyelids drop;
Till our shoulders, bent and aching,
Old with toil, have learned to stoop."

Oh the sickening work that starveth
Those fond aspirations sweet;
Love belonging; love beguiling;
Making life with joy replete;
Filling heart and soul with rapture;
Making earth a paradise;
All are banished, where the seller
Must work on to gain "a price."

There is no such word as "idleness,"
For the man who toils along,
Striving hard both late and early,
With no waste in life's song,
All his energies are needed,
For the wolf is at the door!
Through no fault of his; but truly,
Their's who steal his rightful store!

To these men he cries, unheeded,
"Give us, out of what we earn,
Just enough to feed and clothe us."
But his prayer the tyrants spurn;
Call him "lazy, thriftless, wasteful,"
If he cannot pay his way;
While they waste a twelvemonth's earnings
On the folly of a day!

Are ye waiting oh ye workers,
For the yoke to gall still more?
Will ye wait until they crush you
To the earth? then roused and sore
Will ye raise your hands against them,
Fighting for the right and true?
Now; if ye are of boldy cheer,
Supplian'g, ye shall be true.

Cease your prayers,
Cease your tears,
Up, and claim them,
Be no slaves,
Why should ye
-Whitewash
Cullin' them
As they later

Claim the "land,"
Claim the "capital,"
For you cannot work,
And your money
While they hold life's
You can never be
Up, and claim them! or for ever
Be the tools of rogues and knaves.

TRABEL.

W. MORRIS, asks the following questions:—In our society, does every capable person do his fair share of labor? Is his share of wealth proportional to his labor? Is the value of labor eroded in our society?