*A visit to prison* by Henry Mayhew (19th Century)

**Henry Mayhew (1812-1887) was a leading social reformer who investigated prisons and the lives of the poor in the nineteenth century.**

The next moment a stream of some dozen or two prisoners poured from the cells, carrying their coats on their arms, and drew themselves up in two files across the centre corridor. Then we heard the warder cry, "Cleaners, face! - Cooks, face! - Bakers, face!" whereupon the men wheeled round with almost military precision, and retired, some to wash the entrance passages and offices, others to help in the kitchen, and others in the bake-house.

By this time (ten minutes past six), the prison was all alive, and humming like a hive with the activity of its inmates. Some of the convicts, clad in their suits of mud-brown cloth, were out in the long corridors sweeping the black asphalt pavement till it glistened again as if polished with black-lead. Others, in the narrow galleries above, were on their knees washing the flags of slate that now grew blue-black around them with the water; others, again, in the centre corridor, were hearth-stoning the steps, and making them as white as slabs of biscuit-china; and others, too, in their cells, cleaning the floors and furniture there. A warder stood watching the work on each of the little mid-air bridges that connect the opposite storeys of every corridor, whilst other officers were distributed throughout the building, so as to command the best points for observing the movements of the prisoners.

Our attendant led us to an elevated part of the building, so that we might have a bird's-eye view of the scene; and assuredly it was a strange sight to look down upon the long arcade-like corridors, that were now half-fogged with the cloud of dust rising from the sweepers' brooms, and witness the bustle and life of that place, which on our entrance seemed as still as so many cloisters; while the commingling of the many different sounds-the rattling of pails, the banging of doors, the scouring of the stones, the rumbling of trucks, the tramping of feet up the metal stairs, all echoing through the long tunnels-added greatly to the peculiarity of the scene.

The officer now drew our attention to the fact that the hands of the clock were pointing to the time he had mentioned, and that the men who had been at work along one side of the galleries had all finished, and withdrawn. Then began the same succession of noises - like the clicking, as we have said, of so many musket-triggers - indicating the unlocking of the opposite cells; and we could see, whence we stood, the officers hastening along the corridors, unfastening each door, as they went, with greater rapidity than even lamplighters travel from lamp to lamp along a street; and immediately afterwards we beheld a fresh batch of cleaners come out into each gallery, and the sweepers below cross over and begin working under them, whilst the same noises resounded through the building as before.

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with **Source B.**

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to life in prison.

In your response, you could:

• compare the different attitudes

• compare the methods used to compare their attitudes

• support your ideas with quotations from both texts. **[20 marks]**

*A prison visit* by Alex Cavendish (2016)

**The following extract is taken from an article written by AlexCavendish, who goes back to prison to visit a friend.**

I was back behind prison walls again yesterday. Hearing those barred metal gates clang shut and keys being turned in locks by men and women dressed in black and white uniforms brought back some mixed memories, as did being given a pretty thorough body search – while still clothed for once – and waiting for doors to be opened.

As I walked along a concrete path within a very high fence topped with razor wire, that was itself inside the massive grey and intimidating walls of an inner city Cat-B\*, I had a curious feeling of being back ‘home’ again. That’s institutionalisation in action. The only glimpse of the outside world from inside was the blue sky above and it reminded me of the hundreds of days I’d spent within such confines looking up above the high walls of other prisons that were very similar in layout and design.

At each phase of the journey deeper and deeper into the prison, gates and doors have to be opened by a member of staff. The spaces and rooms steadily get smaller and more enclosed as you enter each new section.

Inside, it was all fluorescent lighting and all-too familiar polished lino tile floors. You can smell the same brand of disinfectant masking the stench of unwashed men on every prison wing. On the notice boards, there were the same old posters about reporting bullying and warnings against smuggling contraband. Everywhere CCTV cameras follow your every move, controlled from the security office. Home, sweet home!

Fortunately, I was just making another social visit to a good friend who is back inside on recall. I knew that at the end of the afternoon I’d be going back out into the real world, while he wouldn’t. If any reader feels the urge to experience a tiny little bit of what it’s like to be locked up in a UK prison – without actually committing a crime or being the victim of a miscarriage of justice – then I’d recommend going on a prison visit if you ever get the chance. Believe me, when the first barred metal gate clangs shut and you realise that you are on the wrong side of it without any keys, you do start to get the sense of being caged and confined that prison is all about.