

SECOND EDITION.

“Gwd Smeeton.”

THE
Sheffield Outrages.

ONE PENNY.

SHEFFIELD:

Printed and Published by David Nicoll, 82, Randall Street.
1896.

Anarchist Pamphlets.

By Peter Kropotkin.

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. Translated from the French. Price 1d.

The most eloquent and noble appeal to the generous emotions ever penned by a scientific man.

WAR. Reprinted by the "Anarchist."

A very reasonable and instructive little work. Written for La Revolt many years ago, it still holds a light on the insatiable war-hunger of the exploiting Classes.

EXPROPRIATION. An Anarchist Essay.

"Blind faith takes flight! Make way for science; Gracious pleasure and charity disappear; Make room for Justice."

THE PLACE OF ANARCHISM IN SOCIALISTIC EVOLUTION. Price 1d.

LAW AND AUTHORITY. 24 pp. Price 1d.

The main supports of crime are idleness, law, and authority; laws about property, laws about government, laws about penalties and misdemeanours; and authority, which takes upon itself to manufacture these laws and apply them.

REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT. Price 1d.

ANARCHIST MORALITY. 36 pp. Price 1d.

"Struggle! So that all may live this rich overflowing life; and be sure that in this struggle you will find a joy greater than anything else can give."

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM. Its Basis and Principle. 36 pp. Price 1d.

ANARCHISM IN SOCIAL EVOLUTION. Price 1d.

By William Morris.

MONOPOLY, or HOW LABOUR IS ROBBED. Price 1d.

TRUE and FALSE SOCIETY. 1d.

THE REWARD OF LABOUR. A Dialogue. 1d.

NEWS from NOWHERE. A Utopian Romance. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

SIGNS OF CHANGE. Containing "How we Live and How we might Live," "Whigs, Democrats, and Socialists," "Fendal England," "The Hopes of Civilisation," "The Aims of Art," "Useful Work versus Useless Toil," "Dawn of a New Epoch." 202 pp., with preface, 4s. 6d.

ART and SOCIALISM. 3d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By E. Balfour Bax. Price 2s. 6d.

GODWIN'S POLITICAL JUSTICE: On Property. Edited by H. S. Salt. Price 2s. 6d.

OUTLOOKS FROM THE NEW STANDPOINT. By E. Balfour Bax. Price 2s. 6d.

ANARCHY. By Enrico Malatesta. Price 1d.

A TALK ABOUT ANARCHIST COMMUNISM between Two Workers. By Enrico Malatesta. Price 1d.

A LABOUR DAY MANIFESTO: The Scourge of Capitalism and the breakdown of Democracy in the United States. Price 1d.

EVOLUTION and REVOLUTION. By Elisee Beclun. 1d.

REVOLUTIONARY STUDIES. 32 pp. Price 2d.

REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT. Price 1d.

THE CRIMES OF GOVERNMENT. By J. Sketchley. Price 2d.

Any of these will be sent on receipt of stamps, by DAVID NICOLL, 82, Randall Street, Sheffield.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

THE SHEFFIELD OUTRAGES.

The use of dynamite by Continental Anarchists has provoked much indignation in the capitalist press. What has led to the outrages, the tyranny of Continental governments and their police is quite forgotten, and the Anarchists are pictured as incarnate fiends delighting in slaughter and massacre for its own sake. There is no word expresses so strongly the opinions of the Podsnaps of the capitalist press as the word "Un-English." "These outrages could only be committed by benighted foreigners or 'Irishmen,'" say these gentlemen. "Englishmen are incapable of these diabolical deeds. They are abhorrent to the frank, honest 'English nature. English workmen can settle all their differences with their employers by peaceful combination, a more excellent way than by explosions of dynamite, or by the knife and bullet of the assassin." But peaceful combination is not always possible, when strikes are crushed by charges of cavalry, as in Spain, or when strike funds are seized and strikes committees arrested, as they are in France. There was a time when "peaceful combination" was illegal in England, when men were sentenced to long terms of transportation for being Trade Unionists. When Trade Unions could only exist as secret societies. Were these combinations so "peaceful" then? Let Sheffield, most English of English cities, answer you. We will not say, as many writers suppose, that Sheffield, then the capital of English Trade Unionism, was the only town where the decrees of the Union were enforced by the blowing-up of factories or shooting capitalists. Nor were these outrages as the editor of the *Sheffield D. T.* would have us believe, the peculiar invention of William Broadhead. Like machine smashing, or rick burning, they were an inheritance of the evil days of oppression and coercion.

When strikes are criminal offences, and Unions are "smashed" with all the might of law, what method is there left but outrage!

It is usual to speak of the time between the revolutionary years of '48 and '67 as a period of apathy. It was certainly a time of political stagnation. Chartism had vanished, and no other advanced political movement had yet taken its place, but things were

not so quiet in Sheffield. In that city reigned William Broadhead, Secretary of the Saw Grinders Trade Union. "A resolute man, of strong physical constitution, yet intelligent in appearance," he kept a publichouse, the Royal George, in Carver Street, where the Saw Grinders Union had its Committee Rooms.

Broadhead was no revolutionist, but a strict Trade Unionist of the good old school. He could remember the days when Trade Unions were "criminal conspiracies," and he hated sweaters, blacklegs, and new machines with a deadly hatred. He had no ideas beyond the raising of wages or shortening of hours, but woe to the master or man who set the Saw Grinders' Union at defiance. Their life was not a happy one. And thus it came that Broadhead was known locally by the irreverent as "Owd Smeeton," which in the English of the South is "Old Smitem." For he smote the enemies of the Union without ruth or mercy.

For the way of the transgressor was hard in the days of Broadhead. If a workman got into arrears with his Union, he would come to work one fine morning and find that a window of the workshop had been forced during the night, and all the tools were gone, or more frequently, that the leather band that connected the grinding wheel with the power had vanished. "Mary Ann" had been at work, he was "rattened." On paying, or getting his master to pay, his "natty money"—Union dues—and the expenses of the rattening, which sometimes amounted to 13s., he would find in the workshop a note from "Mary Ann," informing him where he could find his tools in loft, drain, or stable, or sometimes in the immediate neighbourhood of the Union offices. In the case of confirmed blacklegs or sweaters the bands and the tools were sometimes completely destroyed.

But if a blackleg was not frightened by "rattening," there were sterner measures. In those days many of the wheels in the workshops of the saw grinders were worked by water power, and were situated on the banks of the picturesque streams in the beautiful country around Sheffield. Among those who lived in the country was Elisha Parker, who, besides working as a saw grinder was Postmaster at Dore.

Dore is one of the most beautiful villages near Sheffield, on the verge of the hill country of Derbyshire; wild moorland, bleak and barren, is mingled with lovely glades and wooded hills. In the light of the sun of a summer's day, a paradise of beauty. Not far is the ruins of Beauchief Abbey, wrecked and ruined by the minions of a reforming king, who shattered its ancient walls with gunpowder. A beautiful place to live in, but rather lonesome and gloomy on a dark night, for a man who had incurred the displeasure of Saw Grinders' Union. This, Parker had done, he had insisted on

working with blacklegs, though Broadhead had asked him to withdraw. Nay, he had also left the Union and defied its officers.

What follows reads more like the picturesque history of a Corsican vendetta, or the troubled existence of an Irish landgrabber, than the history of an English workman some forty years ago. The vengeance of the Union fell upon Parker. A few weeks after his refusal to obey its decree, a valuable horse belonging to him was hamstrung in a field near his house. Then gunpowder was exploded on his door step, and his door was blown in. At last the panic of the family was so great, that they scarcely dared to go to bed, but one remained watching, while the others slept. At midnight, on Whit-Sunday, June 5th, 1854, Parker was sitting alone in his cottage, when he heard the rattling of stones on the roof. He took his gun, loosed his dog, and left the house. While he was peering into the darkness, to see if he could catch a glimpse of these midnight disturbers, there came a flash of fire from a plantation on the opposite side of the road; two shots followed in rapid succession. He was struck in the left arm with a volley of small shot. Parker advanced across the road, when a man's head appeared, with a levelled gun, above the stone wall which bordered the plantation. Parker raised his gun to his shoulder to fire, when the man's gun went off and Parker's right arm fell shattered by his side. He dropped, completely disabled, upon the road, where he was found, and carried back by his neighbours into the house. After being in the hospital for several weeks, Parker, on his recovery, decided to rejoin the Union.

About the same time, in a neighbouring village, the cottage of a non-unionist, named Baxter, was completely shattered by a can of gunpowder, which was let down the chimney by a rope. A few hours afterwards, an explosion occurred at the works of Messrs. Frith and Sons, who had employed blacklegs. The windows of this firm, guarded by iron bars, looked upon the Midland Railway. But the wooden framework of the window was sawn asunder, and the bars wrenched from their places. A tin bottle, charged with gunpowder and combustibles, and with a lighted fuse attached, was planted under Frith's boilers, and exploded without doing much damage. Frith and Co. offered a reward of £50, but there was no one caught. It was not pleasant to receive anonymous letters like following, especially when rendered emphatic by explosions all over the city:—

"To Messrs. Frith and Co., Saw Grinders, Sheffield.

"Gentlemen.—The game works merrily, and we brush away all "obstacles before us. If we appear to be long about it, we are "none the less sure. It is your turn next, and the man that

"hangs back is the first to get it. If I but move my finger you are sent to eternity."

With every explosion, which were very frequent in 1859, large rewards were offered, but it was in vain, the power that struck the lords of capital remained secret and undiscovered..

Sam Crookes, the destroying angel of the Saw Grinders' Union, was not a monster of ferocity, as he has been depicted. He was tall and slim, quiet in his manner, with a pleasant face, and generally liked by those who worked with him. He was a good workman, and always ready to help his shop mates in their work. Fond of sport, like all Sheffield men, an excellent shot, a passionate lover of fishing. Yet it was this man who spread terror around him. The explosion at Frith's was his work. He had committed more outrages than any man in Sheffield. When asked how he came to do these terrible deeds. He would answer, "What could I do? reduction after reduction, till where I could once earn £1. I could only earn 12s. It was time to do something. If it had not been for the outrages the masters would have reduced the men to starvation wages." Crookes, silent and swift as the wind, laugh at every effort of the police to catch him. "Police!" he exclaimed contemptuously, "Why I could do thirty a night, and not be found out by them."

But Crookes was not the only man employed by Broadhead, and we will now give our readers a peep behind the scenes.

A man named Shaw made some statements before the Commission of Inquiry, which let in a flood of light upon the way these outrages were organised. Shaw had been apprenticed to James Linley, a small master, who employed seven or eight apprentices in defiance of the Union, and ruined the trade, by flooding it with boy labour. Shaw joined the Union in '59, a lively year, when there were more explosions than even the redoubtable Sam Crookes could manage, and he was soon employed on active service. One day, when he had been in the Union a fortnight, a man named Dennis Clark came and offered him £5 to blow up a non-unionist named Helliwell. Helliwell was a labouring man who had crept into the trade without a regular apprenticeship, and was frequently employed by masters who were at war with the Union. The proposal was made in Broadhead's public house, the Royal George. Shaw at once accepted, and Clark went up stairs to see "owd Smeetom," and brought down three cans of gunpowder. But Shaw was a thirsty soul, and sold some of the powder for beer, but the rest was put in the emery in Helliwell's trough, where a spark from the operation of glazing, would get to the powder and cause an explosion. The powder went off, and Helliwell was laid

up for three weeks. Sometime after, when he was employed at Frith's, Crookes and another man stood on the Midland line, armed with an air gun, to shoot him as he stood at his work in the lighted factory. Crookes, in his zeal, nearly shot a man who somewhat resembled Helliwell.

But Helliwell escaped the avengers this time. There was more important work on hand. Wheatman and Smith, a well known firm in the town, were setting down a new machine, and this must be stopped at all hazards. Crookes and his friend Hallam received their instructions, and acted upon them. James Hallam bought powder at various shops in the town, and a tin bottle at Milner's. "It was a two gallon bottle," he said in his confession, "for which I gave 4s. 6d. We put the powder in a quarry hole at Bole Hill, as we bought it. We bought a lash-line, such as they hang clothes on, and we wrapped the bottle in it to make it stronger. We took the loaded bottle on Saturday night to Wheatman's, but they were working late, and we hid it in a store place close by. The two men, Hallam and Crookes, entered the factory while the men were still at work. We intended to put the bottle in the chimney, but the chimney bottom was too hot. We heard at the time the men walking about finishing the machine." What a dramatic picture, the dimly lighted factory, the busy workmen at their work, hurrying to and fro, and there, back in darkness, two black figures on their mission of destruction. The men remained at work too late that night, and on Sunday and Monday Crookes was ill, so on Monday night, January 17th. 1860, Hallam went alone.

It was bitterly cold, and he wandered, shivering outside the works, listening to the clang of the workmen's hammers. Inside "I found I could not get inside the works, and was about to give the job up, when I found there was a large drain that ran into the river. There was a timber yard near, and I went and took a long pole to see how far the sough extended. At that time the drain was dry. I put the bottle in it with the pole as far as it would go. The fuse I attached was five or six yards long. I made up the end of the drain as well as I could with stones, and waited some time to see if the men would go. That was about eleven o'clock, and I found there was no likelihood of the men going, I resolved to fire the fuse and take the consequences. It was a cold, bitter night, and I had to keep running up and down to keep my feet warm. At length I fired the fuse and re-crossed the river; and I stood upon Rutland bridge a minute or two to see it go off."

You can almost see the scene. The flat banks of the river, whose still waters reflected the grim, black chimnies of the factories

standing, like mysterious obelisks, against the midnight sky. The silent figure standing on the bridge, and then a blaze of flame, the crash and the roar of the explosion.

"I then went to Crookes and told Sam I had done it. When, next day, I saw placards on the walls describing the damage, and saw how little was done, I was dissatisfied with myself." Broadhead was more easily pleased, for he told Hallam that though it had not done as much damage as was expected, yet it would have the effect desired, and he was very well satisfied. Hallam was paid £15 in gold. The amount of damage done would certainly have satisfied a less fastidious critic, for the floor of the shop was blown in, and Messrs. Wheatman and Smith offered £100 reward for the apprehension of the offender.

Besides various little jobs of blowing up, which made '59 a famous year in Sheffield, Sam Crookes devoted a lot of attention to James Linley, the master saw grinder, who kept too many apprentices.

On a foggy day in November, in 1857, Linley was seated in the widow of a house in Nursery Street talking to a friend, when the glass of the window was shattered, and he was struck in the breast by a bullet. A thick great coat saved him, and the shot fell harmless. On the 11th January, '59, there was an explosion at the house where he was living in the Wicker. And in the summer months of that year, Crookes and Hallam dogged him from place to place with loaded revolvers. For six weeks this went on, and then they came to the conclusion that revolvers were no use, so they bought an air gun. They had told Broadhead, they would make Linley so he would not work any more. It was dusk, about nine o'clock, when Linley entered Scotland Street, a narrow lane in the oldest part of Sheffield. Scotland St. was full of people, it was a sultry night in August, and they needed a breath of fresh air in the polluted atmosphere of the city. Linley went into an old-fashioned public house, the Crown, his two shadows followed, and crept into the backyard through a narrow archway. And then, through a window that threw a glare of light into the gathering gloom in the yard, a small place like a well, in the midst of tall and crowded buildings, they saw Linley seated in the parlour of the public house, talking to some friends.

Hallam exclaimed "Now is the time, shoot him!" But Crookes, who held the air gun, objected. "There is no way out. We cannot escape by Scotland Street." And indeed anyone entering the yard for the first time would think so. Hallam went to look for an exit, and finding one, returned and told Crookes, "If you don't do it, I will do you."

Then Crookes fired, and Linley fell, bleeding, struck in the head with a bullet. As they fled through the narrow entry into Pea Croft, they stumbled against a man and woman who were standing there. Linley died some months afterwards.

Men who are still living can remember, as lads, standing among a curious crowd to see the bullet hole in the window.

All the efforts of the authorities, to capture the perpetrators of these deeds were fruitless, though they were not too scrupulous as to the means employed. Mr. Tyzack, a master who employed blacklegs and boys, had his works blown up in '56. A man, named Needham, received four years penal servitude for this offence. And Tyzack, who wanted some information, was admitted into Derby jail, dressed as a convict and placed in the same cell as Needham to get it. He was quite unknown to Needham, who confided in him, how he had been offered £10 by Thompson, the Secretary of the Seythe Grinders' Union to blow Tyzack up. We have always been told that these tricks were not played in English jails, and that is contrary to English law, that men should thus be entrapped into confessions implicating themselves and others, but there can be no doubt that this was done. We have not only the evidence of Tyzack, but the statements of the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Overend.

After Needham was released, Tyzack was very anxious to get hold of him as evidence against Thompson and he made numerous inquiries. But one night he had a strange adventure, as he was driving home. His house was over three miles from Sheffield, and he had nearly reached Broadfield Bar, when he heard a report, and there came a flash of fire from a small plantation. He turned his head round, another report and flash, and there was a bullet whizzed through his hat, touching his hair. He fell into the bottom of the trap, and was unconscious for a few moments. His horse stopped, but springing to his feet he drove on, and was followed by several shots. This was a romantic story, but some people said Tyzack, who always carried a revolver, fired the shots through his own hat. The Commissioners admitted that this "outrage" could not be traced to any of the Unions.

But the most terrible explosion that attracted general attention to these outrages, occurred in Acorn Street, in November '61. In that year there was a strike at Hooles', in Green Lane, among the Fender Grinders. A man named Wastnidge, with a number of others, took the place of the strikers, with the result, that the blacklegs were attacked by the unionists, and one of them severely beaten. Broadhead and Mr. Bagshaw, the Secretary of the Fork Grinders, Union saw Wastnidge and other blacklegs, and offered them £7 a piece to clear out. Wastnidge refused to go out under £20.

It was a lovely moonlight night, on November 23rd, and the city was sleeping peacefully when a dark figure stole stealthily to the house of Wastnidge, in Acorn Street. Like most of the houses of Sheffield workmen, it contained three rooms, garret, chamber and kitchen, as a rule the chamber, the middle room, is occupied by the man and his family, but in this case it was, let to a lodger, a poor old Irish woman, Mrs O'Rourke. Suddenly there is a terrible crash and something falls with a noise like thunder in the chamber. Mrs. Wastnidge rushes down stairs, and finds her lodger, with a tin bottle in her hands. She snatches it from her, and it goes off with a frightful explosion. The women and the room are enveloped in flames, and the terrified Mrs. Wastnidge tears her blazing night dress from her back and leaps naked from the window. Mrs. O'Rourke rushes, shrieking, down in the cellar. The house is in flames, and the terrified neighbours throng the street. A ladder is brought, and Wastnidge descends with his children. The fire is extinguished by fire engine, which quickly arrives, and Mrs. O'Rourke is brought out of the cellar terribly burnt. She dies of her injuries a few days afterwards.

A man named Thompson, was accused of the crime by Mrs. Wastnidge, who declared she saw him running away from the house by the bright light of the moon. She also stated that Thompson had told her husband that "he ought to be burnt."

To show the fairness of the judicial authorities, at the inquest on Mrs. O'Rourke, the coroner informed Mr. Bagshaw, whose only crime was, that in company with Broadhead, he had interfered with the "freedom of labour," by offering the blacklegs money to come out, that "it would take very little more to put him in the dock beside Thompson."

Thompson was tried for his life, but was acquitted. Which the *Sheffield Telegraph* greatly regretted. Needless to say the man was quite innocent, and so were Broadhead and Bagshaw. It was Kenworthy, the Secretary of the Fender Grinders Union, who paid for the outrage.

While merciless blows were struck at blacklegs, the capitalists who employed them were not spared. On 4th of November 1859, a tremendous explosion took place in Headford street at the house of J. Wilson, saw manufacturer. His slumbers were disturbed at the early hour of six by a thunderous roar, and shock of an earthquake.

He rushed downstairs, scantily attired, and found the place full of sulphurous smoke. At his feet, was a huge gap in the floor, torn up by the explosion; the front wall of the house was blown into the street, and a great crack severed it to the roof; the floor of the

room was strewn with fragments of glass and the ruins of plaster walls.

Wilson had set the Union at defiance, he had employed blacklegs for years. Six weeks before the explosion his men had left him and had joined the Union. Helliwell had been employed in their place, when he was blown up by Shaw. When Helliwell recovered Wilson put him on again, and this explosion followed.

The Union had other causes for feud against Wilson, for he was accused in a threatening letter of "running about to decoy boys to grind for him," and he was warned that if he persisted in his evil ways he was "a doomed man."

A few weeks after the Acorn street Outrage, the factory of Henry Holdsworth, in New George Street, was blown up. A neighbour who was in the street at six o'clock on Sunday morning, Dec. 1st, heard a loud report, and found the street near Holdsworth's factory "full of steam." A common milk can full of gun powder had been let down the cellar grating, there was a hole on the top of the can lid, where the fuse had been attached. Considerable damage was done to the floor and the hearthstone. Besides doing work for a firm of saw grinders with whom there was a dispute, Holdsworth employed non unionists and boys. There were five apprentices to three journeymen in his workshop. It is quite clear that these lads were only employed, by this immaculate master, because their labour was cheap, for he was summoned several times by their parents, and convicted for not teaching them their trade.

But though the blowing up of these notorious sweaters did not excite much public indignation, there can be no doubt the loss of an innocent life in Acorn Street roused a general feeling of horror, and there was an enterprising journalist, then recently settled in the town, who knew how to take advantage of this opportunity for sensational copy. The new editor of *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph*—backed up by many wealthy capitalists—who had determined to smash the Unions, which interfered by these rough methods with the unlimited exploitation of labour—seized the opportunity for savage denunciation of Trade Unions, which were pictured in its pages as "diabolical organizations." And Mr. Leng and his capitalist friends were not long in bringing matters to a crisis.

There was living in Sheffield at this time a saw grinder, named Fearnough, and this man was in continual hot water with the Saw Grinders' Union. He was a masters' man, he liked working under price, so long as he could get plenty to do, and he would persist in working with his own tools, which was against the rules of the Union. According to these regulations, the masters

should provide the tools, a great convenience in case of rattening, as the masters were glad to pay the men's "natty money," to get the tools back again. Fearnough left the Union in 1862, and was working for William Reaney, but there was an explosion at the wheel on Jan. 7th, '63, and Fearnough rejoined the Union. He soon lapsed again, and in May, '65, he was working a black-leg, for Hague, Clegg, and Burton, when his hands were taken. At the same time a man named Shaw, who was working in the same shop, and whose confession we have already quoted, declared that "There was a man who wanted to blow the place up, only Broadhead would not give the word." This so scared Fearnough that he left the place and worked at odd jobs for various firms, till some benevolent capitalists, Slack, Sellars & Co., gave him work. They put him in the Tower Wheel, a lofty building which stands by the river Don, the only approach to which was through a covered gateway, and rattening was impossible. In their goodness of heart, they spent several guineas on a night watchman to look after Fearnough's tools. As might be expected, the rest of the workmen struck against the introduction of Fearnough. Their places were taken by non-unionists. On July 14th, '66, the men offered to return, if the black-legs were discharged, but the firm refused and would only take their old hands back as they wanted them.

Then, on Oct. 8th, there was a terrible explosion at Fearnough's house in New Hereford Street. The cellar grate had been left unfastened, and a can of powder had been let down into the cellar. The explosion was frightful; the windows were blown out and the doors; a staircase was rent from top to bottom; the flags were torn up from the floor; the wall of the front room blown out to the ceiling, while the party wall where Fearnough's bed stood, hung trembling above the ruins. The capitalists of Sheffield had got what they wanted, a serious outrage, and their pet journalist immediately raised an out cry for a Royal Commission.

Now, there had not been a serious outrage since the Acorn Street explosion, and it is probable enough that the system would have died a natural death, if the enemies of the Trade Unions had not done their best to provoke one.

The Manufacturers' Association at once offered a reward of £1,000 for the arrest of the perpetrators of the outrage, and the Sheffield Trades Unions, alarmed by the storm that was raised by the capitalist press, offered £100. While Broadhead, who was now openly attacked by the Editor of the *D. T.* declared he would give £50. But no one was arrested. A deputation from the Corporation of Sheffield composed of the principal capitalists of the town,

and introduced by Messrs. Robuck and Hadfield, the borough members, waited upon the Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole. A Tory Government then ruled England, and after a secret interview with the Home Secretary, to which no reporters were admitted, a Royal Commission was granted with extraordinary powers. They could give a free pardon to any one who made a full confession, and send any man to prison who refused to answer questions or committed perjury. It was not a Royal Commission, but a Royal Inquisition that came to Sheffield in June, 1867. The Chief Inquisitor Mr. Overend, was up to his duties. Unwilling witnesses were bullied and threatened without mercy into confessions. Shaw, for example, who had been in communication with Broadhead, before giving evidence happened to deny this fact in court, and as the Commissioner had proof—for both had been dogged by spies—that Shaw was not telling the truth, he informed him that he had committed perjury and he should send him to jail, if he did not confess all he knew.

Hallam, who had been frightened into a confession, by the editor of the *D. T.* and the police, previous to the inquiry, retracted it before the court.

He was at once sent to jail for three months with a threat of prosecution for the offences he had confessed. After a few days detention, he was brought back and confessed all, implicating both Crookes and Broadhead. The wretched man's agony of mind was so great that he fainted away in open court, and on recovery, in his desperation tried to strangle himself. Broadhead then told Crookes to tell all, and gave evidence disclosing all the truth.

But strong even in the hour of his fall, he refused to implicate anyone, till the Commissioner promised they should not suffer in their share of these deeds. So all the truth came out, and all those concerned in the outrages received a full indemnity.

But the capitalists gained their point. Sheffield Trade Unionism received a terrible blow; sweaters and blacklegs reigned supreme, and machinery swept the saw grinders out of existence. But the grinders in Sheffield, still remember the prosperous days of Broadhead's reign, when men could earn £3 and £4 a week; but those days have fled never to return.

But now a word as to the cause of the outrages. If the Saw Grinders Union had small respect for the lives and property of their masters, who had taught them a better lesson?

Not the law surely, by which Trade Unions, which acted "in restraint of trade" were "criminal" and societies having rules enabling them so to act, could hold no property, not even for

benevolent and charitable purposes. This was the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench in 1867, the year of the Royal Commission. Trade Unions that called men out on strike were therefore "illegal" for they clearly acted "in restraint of trade."

Even as late 1871, London gas-stokers received a heavy sentence for striking, and picketing was put down with all the might of the law. It was this tyranny that produced men like Broadhead.

Nor were the conditions under which the Sheffield grinders worked likely to inspire them with love for their masters.

J. C. Hall, M.D., tells us that the average age among the fork grinders was some 30 years, and that the men perished like rotten sheep of asthma and consumption, produced by inhaling the particles of steel and stone dust from their wheels.^{*} A fork grinder said to Dr. Hall: "I shall be 36 years old next month, and that you know measter is getting to be a very old man in our 'trade.'" "A very old man" at 36. What more damning indictment of the capitalist system that produced the outrages could we get than this?

The violent hatred shown against those that employed boys may be understood when we read the testimony of the worthy doctor. "In my recent visit to the 'wheels,' I met with one boy eleven years old. He had been in the hull since the age of eight, he had a painful cough, and on examination the upper portions of both lungs were extensively diseased. To send a boy to work at eight or ten in this trade is an act of refined cruelty." And it was men like Linley who perpetrated these cruelties.

Old grinders have told me, and even now their anger seemed terrible, how Linley used to stand outside the Tower Wheel jingling gold in his pockets, while his boy slaves toiled within, and these men "clemmed" outside for lack of work. One can understand the deadly shot from the air gun.

"Dr. Hall tells us that the average age among the Saw Grinders was 38 years." Why did they live longer than the fork grinders who died at 30? Because their wheels were worked by water from the streams, that rushed down the wild hills of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and when the streams were low they rested from their labour. With cricket, football, shooting, and fishing, the time flew merrily. It was the fear of falling into the hell of the workshops, where the machinery was worked by steam and labour was continuous, that led to their objection to new machinery, being forcibly expressed by cans of powder.

Dr. Hall says—"A drunken grinder lives the longest, because 'he does not work at his trade so long as a steady man.'"

^{*} Prevention and Treatment of the Sheffield Grinders' Disease, Sheffield, 1857.

What respect for human life could men learn in trades, where death was the reward for a life of steady industry?

"What" as Crookes asked "is the difference between a 'master who clemms men and their families to death and the man 'who commits an outrage?'" We answer "The master is the greater criminal who drives men to outrage." A fact which the editor of the Sheffield *D. T.* and his capitalist friends might note.

A few words in conclusion as to the principal actors in the outrages. Hallam went to America in fear of the vengeance, that sometimes falls on the head of the informer. Broadhead lost his license as a publican, and though he had received "a full indemnity," he found it impossible to get a living in his native town, of that the editor of the *D. T.* took care.

Pressure from the same quarter was brought to bear on Crookes' master, and Sam was forced to leave the workshop where he had worked for years. A young Unitarian minister came to the rescue. He persuaded Crookes' master to take him back again, and was savagely attacked by Leng for his pains. This moral gentleman would probably fall foul of Jesus Christ for his sympathy with "criminals."

But the editor's "christianity" did not please the people of Sheffield, and their indignation was so strong, that Leng left Crookes alone in future. So the redoubtable Sam worked peacefully in his old workshop till the day of his death.

Broadhead went to America, and only returned home to die, a worn out old man. Death came with a stroke of paralysis, at Upperthorpe, on March 18th, 1879.

It is easy to heap epithets upon Broadhead. But was this man so much worse than other Trade Union Secretaries? At the time of the Sheffield Commission an enquiry was held, at Manchester, into the outrages committed by the Brickmakers' Union, which were far more savage in their ferocity, than anything done in Sheffield. Bottles filled with naphtha, gunpowder, and slugs, were hurled into bedroom windows; stables full of horses were set on fire; capitalists were fired at; and policemen shot dead; while the Warrpers' Union dashed vitrol in the face of a man who had taught his wife and sisters to warp.

Save in the Acorn Street Outrage, for which Broadhead was not responsible, there was no senseless ferocity in Sheffield. Broadhead, and his ministers of vengeance, did not strike at the lives of the innocent.

To spread terror among the enemies of the Union by the cool and scientific use of violence was the aim of this Parcell of Trade Unionism. Years of persecution and oppression had bred men who met terror with terror. Blame Broadhead as you will, you

cannot question his devotion. How many Trade Union leaders, now a days, would risk penal servitude or death for the cause of labour? And surely the capitalists who commit wholesale murder by their devilish greed in factory and mine, and butcher the innocent women and children by thousands by a hail of shells into Alexandria, have no right to cast stones at the Secretary of the Saw Grinders Union.

Let us be just. Oppression reaps a deadly harvest. The can of powder of English Trade Unionist denied the right of combination by cruel laws has now evolved into the dynamite bomb of the Continental Anarchist who groans beneath a more terrible oppression.

But when I hear abuse heaped upon Broadhead, I think of the bitter cry of the Sheffield Grinders. Listen to the mournful wail for mercy to the rich which they sent up in those days. "Nor is it to be wondered at, considering the poisonous atmosphere they have to breathe, which renders them for most part mere shadows of men, and produces a complication of diseases, of which the most formidable is the asthma and the dry cough, known by the 'grinders' complaint, attended as it is by consumption, which no medical man can cure. In such cases life is a burden to the poor sufferers; and their frames are gradually emaciated and 'wasted by a repetition of slow tortures' These pale ghosts, these 'mere shadows of men,' cry in vain for mercy to the rich, but see they have evoked a spirit of another sort. Amid the smoke clouds that hover over Sheffield, blurring with their greyish blackness the fair green landscape, we can see dimly a crouching form. Thin and worn with toil and hunger, his face black with the smoke of furnace fires, he has a devilish smile on his thin lips, in one hand he holds a can of powder, and a match is put to the fuse. Who is this fiend? The spirit of the place, raised by tyranny and oppression. Tremble ye robbers of the poor, the vengeful ghosts of murdered men have not cried in vain, you have raised the devil at last. You have shown no mercy and he is pitiless. He stands before you vengeful and terrible, the ghost of your past crimes. Do you know the name of this spectre? It is 'Owd Smeeton.'"

SHEFFIELD ANARCHIST GROUP.

The winning numbers in the draw are:—991, 591, 996, 401, 203, 942, 310, 247, 564, 321, 621, 250.

In the FEBRUARY number of "The ANARCHIST" will appear

STARTLING STORY OF THE UPRISING OF THE ENGLISH WORKERS AGAINST
INTOLERABLE MISERY AND OPPRESSION,

Entitled:—**"THE REVOLT OF THE LUDDITES."**

All men should read this true story of how their fathers fought for freedom.