

4270
S

THE SHEFFIELD ANARCHIST

£1

PUBLISHED JULY, 1991

£1

CENTENARY COMMEMORATIVE PUBLICATION

Vol.1. Nos. 3,7 and 8.
June 1891 - Oct. 1891

*"Hurrah for the kettle the club and the poker
Good medicine always for landlord and broker
Surely 'tis better to fond yourself clobber
before paying rent to some rascally robber"*

poem made popular during the Sheffield Anarchists
No-Rent Campaign, 1891

ONE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE FIRST SHEFFIELD ANARCHIST PRODUCED.

So here it is, 100 years! One century ago, the first anarchist paper was produced in Sheffield. The first provincial anarchist paper to be produced in this country.

Unfortunately only odd issues remain, numbers 3, 7 and 8. There are still myths about others surviving or once existing, two sets being bombed during World War II, somewhere on the continent, John Creaghe's family having a full set, but being Tories won't release them, a set being sold to a private collector in London some time ago but can't be traced. So after a lot of dead ends, here it is; three issues in a commemorative publication.

The first issue was published in June 1891, the last of them October 1891. There were only eight issues that Century, published within the space of four months, but what a four months!

The **Sheffield Anarchist Group** had its origins in the Sheffield Socialist Society which was formed in 1886. For years the Sheffield Socialist Society did a lot of good propaganda work. It was not affiliated to any of the nationwide socialist organisations, although odd members were also members of national Marxist, Socialist or Anarchist movements. They most aligned themselves with "The Commonweal", the paper of the Socialist League, founded by William Morris, Eleanor Marx etc. after they had split from the Social Democratic Federation (S.D.F.), The Marxist organisation in Britain.

Towards the end of 1890, the anarchists had begun to dominate the Socialist Society, George Hukin felt very alienated from the Society and wrote that "the whole thing will collapse pretty soon and a fresh start made on the old lines".

John Creaghe (originally from Ireland, spent some time in Argentina, a qualified doctor who was known to be a 'sixpenny doctor' but usually not even charging that, telling patients to use it to buy food. He had surgeries in Attercliffe and at the bottom of Gower Street, Pitsmoor), one of the anarchists, had a slight run in with the bailiffs. After he had "applied a few whacks to him with the poker" the police arrived and after a bit of grappling was taken down to the station. The court case was in Leeds and was highly amusing due to Creaghe's antics. His finishing statement was: "I was in the hands of three men and under the circumstances the poker was a free agent". He was fined.

The anarchists disrupted the public meeting held

by Stanley (of "Dr. Livingstone, I presume" fame), selling a pamphlet about his true exploits in Africa and heckling from the floor.

The anarchists decided to form the Sheffield Anarchist Group, separating from the Socialist Society, and on the 1st May 1891 they unfurled their banner with the motto "**No God, No Master**" at the Monolith at the top of Fargate, their regular speaking pitch.

In early June the group acquired its own premises, 47, West Bar Green, their club, which they called the 'den' or the 'lair'. From there they set about publishing "**The Sheffield Anarchist**". With the publication of 'Vol.1. No.1.' they were in court! An article calling a solicitor a "practised and practising thief of an attorney ... petty-fogging thief... vendor of chicane, fraud and lies" was seen as libellous. The court case was made into a circus. The judge read from issue No.2 to demonstrate the most "unseemly language" used in the paper. Creaghe's declaration, that he would eat his head if he could not prove that the business of a lawyer was to lie and steal, brought much laughter to the court. He was fined again.

The Anarchists started an 'anti-Property Association' as opposed to the bosses 'Property Owners Association'. They did 'No Rent' propaganda, spoke throughout the week at various sites and ran a bookshop. There was the club, where frequent anarchist meetings and public meetings were held. The speaking pitches were attacked by the S.D.F., the hirelings of middle class businessmen and God Squad alike. There were more court cases, both Creaghe and Bingham went before Justice Grantham at Leeds Assizes.

The paper collapsed, Creaghe left Sheffield and went back to Argentina, where he founded the first anarchist daily paper "La Protesta" in Buenos Aires and the anarchist movement, in Sheffield, went into a decline. It didn't die, it became less flamboyant for a time, but people carried on with the propaganda and speaking. A couple of other anarchist papers were produced in Sheffield in the 1890's by David Nicoll.

"**The Sheffield Anarchist**" was restarted in 1975, surprisingly numbered 'Vol.1. No.11.'. It critically reprinted the article 'A Parable of Misfits' from No.7., September 20th 1891. It was published sporadically for a time until 1983 when it appeared quarterly until 1987 and has not appeared since.

Nevertheless, Anarchism is alive and Kicking in Sheffield!

THE SHEFFIELD ANARCHIST

[Vol. 1. No. 3.]

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1891.

PAY WHAT YOU LIKE.]

NOTICE.

We invite Working Men to inform us of all cases of Sweaters' oppression and Landlord robbery which come under their notice, so that we may place such acts before our readers, and put the authors of them in the Pillory of our columns.

SHEFFIELD ANARCHIST GROUP,
47, WESTBAR GREEN.

WOMAN AND THE FAMILY.

All being egoism, interest calculation in Society, how is it possible that the family could be an exception to the rule?

This question is of the greatest importance; as the constitution of the family, at the same time that it is drawn after the model of Society, exercises, in its turn a great influence on the social organization.

According as the Society is, so is the grouping in the family, and the organisation of Society cannot be changed without bringing about serious modifications in that of the family.

The same causes that poison the relations between classes, and generate privileges and oppression in Society, act also in the family circle, causing discord, vice, anxiety, where there should be equality and love.

The family is a rampart of egoism, a fortress of private property; it is often a school of corruption,—and always a barrier between men, a barrier which divides them and enables tyrants to rule over them.

The family is like patriotism and religion; those who preach it to others have it not themselves. Or rather it is with it, as with laws, which may be compared to spiders webs, where the little flies are caught, while the big ones break through. The rich and powerful easily shake off the bonds, whenever it is their interest or their ambition to do so. It is only for the poor—the poor in worldly goods and the poor in spirit, that the morality of Society is made.

Then away with this morality, these laws, these beliefs and these prejudices! Let us learn to understand them and judge them; let us root them out from our hearts, if we wish to make progress.

At the same time let us admit that the family is, at times, a green spot in the desert of our present Society. It is a little Community where each one works according to his strength and consumes according to his needs. The strong works for the weak, the adult takes care of the infant, the healthy devote themselves to the sick and no one asks for reward; they all love each other, aid each other, and find in the accomplishment of the duty of solidarity their purest reward.

What long nights the mother passes by the cradle of her children. How often she or the eldest girl passes the whole night making dresses for the dear little ones!

If we should try to measure the value of the work done for the family by the mother, after the rules of political economy, the price could not be estimated; but then also the work would lose its charm—not a woman would wish to do the twentieth part, if she were paid with anything but love. Not a father of a family would resign himself to the slavery of the workshop, to the vexations caused him by the overlooker, and all the other annoyances of his condition, if he were not recompensed by the love of his dear ones, for that which he lost by the avarice of a master.

But are love, devotion, solidarity, only to be found in the lawful family? Quite the contrary. An illegitimate wife, a girl-mother, a friend, are capable of as much and even more than the married people. The greater the need, and the greater distress, the more the love and devotion are refined and approach nearly to heroism. Let us not be forgotten, that the lawful family supposes a certain amount of comfort; the very miserable do not marry; marriage, however little is the cost, is a luxury they cannot pay for. And it is among the wretched that we find the most touching instances of fraternal devotion, of reciprocal services, of heroic self-sacrifice!

A poor girl, abandoned by her seducer, with nothing but the fruit of her love, giving her life, and selling her body to feed it, is a figure far more noble than the most devoted mother of a family.

What an immense distance there is in fact between the mean little middle class virtues of the well-to-do at the bottom of which avarice and egoism are found;—and the sublime immorality of this poor girl.

But with some acts of devotion which are seen in the bosom of the family, even be it lawful, what disagreements, and what wrongs! What falsehoods and lies in marriages. What treason afterwards! What quarrels, violence, crimes even, the echo of which never penetrates beyond the domestic hearth!

The higher you go in the scale of social classes, the more you pass from the poor to the rich and opulent, and the more the family is founded on wealth, the more the virtues become rare and the vices numerous; love gives place to hypocrisy, devotion to egoism!

The family was from its origin a means of perpetuating property in the posterity of the usurpers of it. The family has been made for inheritance.

What a source of evil sentiments and crimes it is!

However to-day inheritance is no longer as certain as it was formerly. Fortunes last like the roses, only the space of a day. Merchants, bankers, and even land-proprietors are not sure of being able to finish the education of their children. Bankruptcy awaits them. A foolish speculation can dissipate all their property and endanger their very existence.

Often after some such misfortune, the family becomes dissolved! the wife goes with some other man; the children are taken in by relatives or shut up in almshouses, or even dispersed to the four corners of the globe.

So we see that the family perishes from the same cause that presided at its formation. Selfish interest has created it, and selfish interest destroys it.

With the working man it is different. Capitalist exploitation has destroyed the working man's family. The husband is at the workshop, the wife at the factory; the daily life of one and the other is bought by the capitalist. There is no home for them. The husband has to content himself with a morsel eaten in haste at the door of the workshop; the wife is worn out with work unfitted for her constitution; the children are condemned to live like arabs wandering about the streets.

The family has no joys for the workman, the hearth is cold, the table empty, the children have no amusement, often never receive the father's kiss. The family has for the workman only pain and suffering. What a punishment is his when he is out of work, to see his dear ones wasting away and succumbing to their privations without being able to help them!

Add to these the cases in which the husband to forget his misery, takes to drink, or in which the children or the wife are sick, or in which the husband is taken away from his family owing to sickness or accident—and you will have a picture sufficiently complete of what the family is to-day.

* * *

The sexual needs vary very much in man and woman, and between one individual and another.

The cases in which two individuals of different sex love each other exclusively, are very rare.

More rare still are those cases in which they love each other all their life. Generally love has, like all human things, only a certain duration, at least we do not always love in the same way; our sentiments change or grow more perfect; that which moves us and pleases us in our youth, becomes altogether indifferent to us in mature age. On the other hand we feel more in mature age the charm of certain qualities which we cannot appreciate in our youth.

Thus it is not astonishing, when everything evolves in man, that love itself evolves also; that the love we have felt for a certain person becomes changed at some moment into friendship or esteem, and another love supplant it in our hearts. There is nothing more absurd than the indissolubility of marriage, nothing more false, nothing more contrary to human nature.

The truth is that in general it is not love that joins two individuals of different sex in the existing family, but it is as we have said interest.

A woman cannot always procure the means of living; she shelters herself behind the man, depends upon him, is obliged to sell herself

to him, remaining under his charge like the iron weight chained to the convict.

The man is the beast of burden of the family, he must bind himself to his work to get a morsel of bread for his children. If work fails him, if a strike or a commercial crisis throws him on the streets, he feels himself culpable for the distress caused his dear ones, and often escapes from his misfortunes by suicide.

Man is to-day as much dependent on the woman as the woman is on the man, and even more so, the family deprives him of all liberty, so much so, that if he wishes to devote himself to a noble cause, he has to pass over the dead bodies of his dearest.

The woman on her side loses in marriage & in the family her individuality, she exists only for the husband, and he having bought in the market his merchandise, and defraying the expense of the home, believes he has the right to expect from the woman passive and blind obedience; he carries his authority as far as tyranny, Law aids him authorising crime even under certain circumstances; and public opinion, more barbarous than the law, confers on the husband rights of property and a privileged position in the family and in society.

But every privilege is followed by resistance and by vengeance, and the woman revenges herself for the tyranny of the husband by a thousand little acts, vexatious and spiteful, and carries her revolt up to madness. There is no hate that can equal that which some women have for their husbands.

And sensitive men above all others suffer most from this state of things. A kind-hearted man will not leave his wife even if he has the best reason for it, because he knows that his desertion of her would perhaps bring on her want, prostitution, and even death. And the kind-hearted woman will be in her turn the prey of the first libertine who comes, as treacherous, as cruel. What will not a father or a mother loving their children do, before deciding to separate from the partner whose company is the very cause of his or her misfortune.

Thus it is always the more loving, the gentler of the two, who is the victim of the other, and if the parents are hotheaded, capricious, or bad tempered, 'tis the children who suffer for their faults and their vices. No, the family as it is constituted can only exist in the midst of a society equally vicious, corrupt and barbarous. Sprung from private property, it will fall with it.

Free and independent women! you are more respectable in our eyes than they are who submit themselves to the odious cohabitations imposed by the law, and prostitute themselves to a being whom they do not love.

Young people, love and respect each other, but never submit yourselves to the hypocrisy of marriage.

And all you girl-mothers and sisters, aid us in our revolt against this bourgeois society. In revolting against marriage, against Property, against the State, against all the iniquities of this vile society, you will do more for the emancipation of your sex than all the learned women, the women doctors, the women lawyers, the women councillors, and the women deputies.

(L'honime libre.)

ANTI-PROPERTY ASSOCIATION.

BRAVE FIGHT OF POACHERS WITH GAMEKEEPERS AT THE
DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S PRESERVES AT CUATSWORTH.

The Anti-property Association, formed to defend the rights of Man, against the foul, unjust, though legal rights of property, wishes to call the attention of all lovers of freedom to this case, and calls upon all with hearts in their bosoms to aid in making the martyrdom of these men as light as possible.

Some of them we know have families, perhaps all of them have, and we are determined to do all in our power to comfort them in their trouble, while the husbands and fathers are absent in a cruel jail. We desire also to encourage them to do the same again, and to encourage others to do as they have already done.

What outrageous pretensions are these of the people who call themselves the owners of the Earth! Not content with living in luxury in immense Mansions and Castles, with numbers of wage-slaves to wait at their beck and call, they must also have it in their power to mutilate and wound and shut up in their prisons, the brave men who in defiance of their power dare to trap and kill a few wild animals.

THEY may mutilate working men, but men shall not dare to kill rabbits for food; Whole tracts of land must be kept waste for rabbits, hares, and other wild animals, to give tyrants the amusement of shooting them when they are tired of Baccarat, or other amusements, some of them the most scandalous and infamous; but men—human beings must not dare to trespass on the ground sacred to rabbits or hares, or if they do must be bludgeoned by brutal keepers.

We Anarchists are determined that such injustice shall not continue—Man the most noble of animals shall not be made to give way to game; and we applaud with all our hearts, these men who have bravely resisted, and punished, though less than they deserved, the wretched miscreants who, themselves of the working class, support the tyranny of their masters.

Come forward then all who have a penny or a shilling or a pound to spare, and join in our Collection which is not to be spent in fees to any thieving lawyers, but the real object of which is to encourage all men in doing as the gallant Michael Reilly, John Barrat, James White, James Woodward, Mark Machin, Thos. Orwin, and Herbert Hardy have done, by supporting their families in comfort.

All subscriptions received at 47, West Bar Green, will be acknowledged weekly in the Anarchist.

"PUBLIC" SYMPATHY.

To believe some middle class scribes one would think that their chief concern in life was the welfare of the worker. In their drawing rooms and their parlours, they will solemnly, over their "walnuts and their wine," shake their heads about the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of the British workingman, and in their lofty patronising way declare that "something" should be done for him. Their one anxiety is for the worker to refrain from doing any real thing for himself, and their one great wish is for the worker to keep on waiting till they, his "betters" have made up their minds as to what is good for him. Any other doctrine is damnable and "dangerous," for the worker must never learn to rely upon his own right arm. If he strikes and "behaves" himself—that is to starve silently without any nasty fuss over it, and respect their laws, and "behaves" like the whipped cur they wish him to be, then he will have their "sympathy"—the sympathy that their smaller hirelings in the Press declare to be "Public Sympathy." But if he asserts his manhood, and the right to live comfortably upon the earth, by taking the "law" into his own hands, the hysterical shriek goes up that he will "spoil everything" and lose "Public Sympathy"—and of course nearly every intelligent worker now knows that this means middle class sympathy only, and that he is better without it! One has only to read their newspapers and "high class" Magazines, to see how heartily they hate the workers. During a strike their money, and all their energies, are devoted to misrepresenting the men. The most brazen faced lies are circulated with an audacity that would shame their legendary Devil. When their horrible calumnies have not the desired effect in setting the men at each others throats—they howl for their bludgeoners and red-coated cut-throats, to beat down unmercifully the starving human Boos, who have at last learnt that all the wealth in the world is theirs—be ours the duty to teach them how to TAKE it.

Then Pulpits are used only for the oppression of the workers—but of course the precious "sympathy" of this black-coated gentry is always to be had, if the worker only will submit to their chloroforming operations.

So the worker must learn that no class but his own will help him—let him but understand the causes of his wretchedness, and the hypocritical sympathy of his exploiters will vanish like mist before the rising sun. He must break the laws—which are chains, strangling the very life and soul out of him. He must seize the wealth he has created by his own hands, and turn a deaf ear to those well fed people that tell him to be patient in his misery, till the House of Commons and the House of Lords with the assistance of Baccarat Ted and close-listed Mrs. Victoria put everything right for him. When workingmen learn that strikes are a real declaration of war against their common enemy, he will cease to respect all “constitutional methods”, and adopt the only course that will ensure success, viz., to break the laws that stand between him and the right to a wholesome and a Free life. By doing so he will have gained the first important step towards Freedom.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

FELLOW-WORKERS—For fellow-workers you were before you sold yourselves, and fellow-workers you may be after your term of servitude as soldiers has expired. We, the Anarchist-Communists of England, being the English section of the Anarchist-Communist groups of the world, appeal to your manhood to listen to us through this address, and to be careful before you cast aside what is on the one hand an appeal and on the other a word of warning.

The world-wide struggle on the part of the wage-workers against the tyranny of Capitalism is becoming so severe that recently, in various parts of the world, the military have been used by our masters in order to crush the rising aspirations of the people. In America, men, women, and children have been shot down by the soldiery for daring to protest against the starvation wages paid to them. In France, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Belgium the same thing has occurred. You may say, what has all this to do with me? well, stop and listen. Recently in Scotland, at Motherwell, at Liverpool, Southampton, Leeds and Bradford, the services of the soldiery—in whose hands this may fall—were utilized to put down the meetings of working men and women, who were attempting to protest against the miserable wages paid, and the horrible conditions under which many of them lived. The capitalists, in their attempt by “blackleg” labour to crush the workers are, and ever have been, ready to use the soldiery in order to achieve their damnable ends; only recently the soldiery in Maryborough, Australia, were made howling drunk and then let out in the town, committing many brutal assaults, yet the workers were quiet even under these circumstances, and and this in one of our own colonies. Other governments in various parts of the world have used soldiers as “blacklegs” to defeat the workers in their attempt to better their position. The governing powers of England, made up of our masters as they are, and must necessarily be whilst they hold the means of life in their hands, are not one bit behind their “co-thieves” the capitalists of other lands. Recently, during the threatened Gas Strike, it is well known that accommodation was made for the soldiers, not only to occupy the Gas Works, but also to “blackleg” against those on strike. Is this to continue? The answer lays with you, largely. You who are the sons of workers, you who have known the hard conditions of factory life, you who when your services were no longer required by a boss were cast aside and forced (in most cases) to enlist or starve, are you to be the men to crush others whom you left behind in factory, mine, field, or workshop, when they try to resist being slowly starved to death? Nay, surely you will never butcher your own class like wolves eager after blood. Our fathers, mothers, and kindred have, like many of yours, ended their days in the workhouse, whilst we, and many of you, have had to eke out a miserable existence as best we could. And why? In order that an idle class of Landlords and Capitalists may give in luxury and debauchery, whilst we work hard and starve. They are able to maintain their power over us simply because they can hire you to shoot us down if we should rebel to alter our conditions, paying you out of what has been wrung from the blood and sweat of your brethren. Need this be? No, a thousand times no. There is land enough for all to live upon; nature has endowed us with skill to be able, not only to exist, but to live the lives of happy men, women, and children.

We are striving to bring about a condition of society in which there shall be neither slave nor master, neither poor nor rich, where all shall be able to satisfy their human desires, in a word we are striving for FREEDOM. Shall it be said that you—part of our class as you are—will aid in suppressing our noble efforts? Remember you also will have the battle of life to fight, that you will on the day of your discharge have to begin the struggle for existence; what sympathy can you expect if to-day you use your weapons against those who are fighting not only their battle but yours. Pause, comrades, and on the words, “Make ready, Fire!” shoot the scoundrels who bid you murder the people. You do your duty and we will do ours. We have put our hand to the plough and do not mean to turn back whether we achieve victory or meet death. We have nothing to lose but our chains, and we have a world to gain. We, therefore are working for the destruction of private property, believing that the holding of land and capital by the community will be the best and safest way to obtain the greatest amount of happiness for you and all the human race. When the people attempt to take back the wealth they have created, your services will be called in; think carefully, and decide on which side you will fight. Science has placed in our hands a weapon also, and we shall not hesitate to answer back when once you have begun the bloody work of our task-masters. We appeal to you in no idle manner, we are in earnest; we ask you to choose whom you will fight for and with. Shall it be for our masters or with us? The history of the world testifies to cases where the soldiery have joined the people against their rulers; let us hope that history will record that the soldiers of England stood beside the people and against the thieves who robbed them. We appeal to you to choose, and we warn you on the other hand that, come what will, we will not turn back. Every means we know of shall be used by us in our struggle, and if you are against us, we can only look upon you as traitors to your class and enemies of mankind. We ask you again to show your sympathy by joining the revolt of the people, which may not be long coming. Whilst determined to resist force by force, we would rather greet you as comrades than enemies. Our watchword is “REVOLT! REVOLT!” What shall yours be? Several of our comrades are in your midst, will you answer their signal, or obey the commands of your officers? Let us hope when our comrades cry “REVOLT!” that your answer will thunder forth “Revolt! Revolt! against tyranny and robbery; hurrah for Anarchy and the Social Revolution.”

THE COMMONWEAL.

WHY STANDEST THOU HERE?

“I am unemployed.” Such an answer could be given by thousands of men in England to-day, and no man who is employed by another can tell how long it will be before he is doomed to a living death of idleness, which proceeds in some few cases to its logical conclusion—absolute and final death by starvation. A worker to-day is in just the same position as a blind kitten; if there are enough cats to catch mice the kitten is exterminated and a superfluous workman is exterminated too, gradually it is true; but if an insufficiently nourished body falls a victim to disease what else can you call it? It is the wonderfulest thing in our wonderful world to-day that willing hands are debarred from working—from doing something that will yield them bread; something that will justify their existence. But it is so, and many are the infallible remedies. A man's leader, his master, may cast him adrift any day in the week, saying “Begone! Stand thou idle if none other will employ thee. I, myself if thou couldst day by day produce enough for thyself for a thousand years, and could produce me nothing, would not let thee work; if I cannot rob thee a little, then I cannot allow thee to exist!” And the man thus addressed is then like an empty bottle adrift on the tide; he drifts hither and thither and has no place in the economy of nature, is of no use to any man and a nuisance to himself. If the drifting worker is a young man, sooner or later he is rescued; but if an old man, he may drift for ever. And do not let us forget that sooner or later we are all cast adrift if our days chance to be long in the land which the Lord our God gave us, and the lord our landlord took away; and the floundering and struggling of poor old wage-slaves just thrown over is pitiful in the sight of all men except that class who have to slowly murder thousands of their fellow-creatures in the way of business. The veteran—the warrior, who day by day, through the spring-time and summer of his life, fought countless battles to subdue obstinate matter till it became plastic and pliant to our needs—meets he with honours, and rest in the days when his triumphs are over? Or does he meet with

scorn and scanty wages and taunts of being past labour and a poor useless old man? Well, after all, there is no heroism in labour, anybody can work hard; you see you can't "succeed" at that game—don't "make" money at it. Genuine heroism dies worth £100,000 and builds a church. Heroism of this kind the parson quotes and preach about, but the poor old labourer whom they may get in their clutches and who perhaps helped to create the £100,000 didn't steal it mind you, well he isn't a shining example—he's only worth a tract and a ticket for soup.

And why is this so? Have we no leaders who can lead us away from this precipice which we all stand on? Are we always to stand on the slippery edge of the abyss of enforced idleness? Unfortunately we have no such leaders! A penny more an hour will not save us. An eight hour day will not save us, although it may make our foothold a little more secure. Nothing will save us except granting to every man who is anxious to work the right to work.

Have we no leaders then? Yes, friends, there are many who profess to be such, and there are many who really are such, although the fact is not generally admitted. Our leaders to-day are the commercial class—let any man deny it who can. They are the men we, or the majority of Englishmen rather, follow in search of provender; they say do this, do that, and it will yield you bread, and we do it if we think the loaf is big enough that falls to our share. With this I find no fault; my ground for complaint is that these men who are in the position of leaders sometimes say, "Do nothing, and receive no ration!" And why are you compelled to do nothing? Because you have produced too much. But my master was always driving me faster, and telling me I didn't produce enough. Yes, that was so that he could get more and more from you; for although we have leaders, there is not the slightest attempt at leadership—only a wild scramble for the spoil. You are instructed to do as much work as possible, and your share shall be four shillings per day while the job lasts; the surplus belongs to your master.

It rather puzzles me how we work at all under such an agreement, leave alone work hard. Neither can I understand why, in these days of progress and get-the-best-of-the-next-man, some enterprising individual has not proposed a Lazy League, which shall have for its object the making of all work everlasting, or as near that as possible, and shall call a strike every time the employers seek to bring any job to completion. It is to the worker's interest to do this; for the more diligent he is the more he is out of pocket in 90 cases out of 100. And when the day comes for such a scheme to be proposed—when a man is found with the courage to propose it—the workers of England will rally round him and call him a gooseberry fool.

WORKMAN'S TIMES.

NOTES.

Justice Swallow Hunter sat on the Bench a little while ago, and punished with fine a man who proved his innocence by three witnesses, one of which was the very person he was accused of assaulting.

After this exploit Mr. Swallow refreshed himself with a few lively remarks, telling the accused-proved-innocent-and-condemned man that he (Swallow) knew what didn't happen would happen; and that if he ever had occasion to go again to the place where what didn't happen happened, he had better not go to the place he was going to, but go to some other place he did not want to go to!

And of such is the Kingdom of Justice!

On the same occasion Shallow Hunter remarked that the monolith in Fargate ought to be put inside an enclosure, an enclosure put outside the monolith, we're not sure which; but anyway the object in view of his profundity was that by preventing access to the monolith we would have no more Anarchists! "Curious effect of Jubilee monoliths" will be the subject of a paper we are led to believe, written by the talented (?) (he has talents of silver and gold) Shallow Hunter in the next number of the Sweaters Magazine, of which he and Delaney are distinguished ornaments

What would the world be but for its great men?

The above refers to the case of our comrade Fishbourne who was arrested while picking up his hat, which was knocked off during a scuffle at the monolith last Sunday week at one of Mr. McCutchen's meetings. He was

charged with assaulting a man who stated before the Injustices that he had never seen Fishbourne. He brought two other witnesses to prove he assaulted nobody, but all the same he was found good enough to be fined because he was a working man, and 8/6 were taken from him and his family. Had he been a member of the class that robs him every day of his life of which Justice Shallow is one, the evidence in his favour would have been quite clear, but working men must not be such fools as to expect justice from their enemies who care not as long as they can keep them in subjection.—

We will here mention that Mr. McCutchen does not pretend to be either Socialist or Anarchist, and has nothing to do with us.

UP WITH THE POKER!

The poker continues to be the favorite, as a weapon of defence against assaults of bailiffs, several of which we have lately seen, and especially one reported in the papers of Thursday last. The bailiff whose name is Wm. Smith, attempted to rob the house of a man named Padley, by taking from him by force a wringing machine which no one had so good a right to as the man who used it. The robbery was effected with the aid of the hired bravos kept for purpose by the gang whose only business in life is to rob the workers; but William Smith was severely punished in the assault of Padley's house.

Working-men, the sooner it becomes a rough and tumble fight between you and your robbers as to whether your production belongs to you or to them, the sooner you will put an end to it, and it can only end in victory for yourselves.

"RAMBLER", in the S. Telegraph of Thursday last tells us that the Duchess of Portland will be certain of a warm welcome when she comes to Sheffield. Will she indeed? What for we would like to know? Simply because she is a woman who sleeps every night with a rich duke! If she were a woman who did all her life something useful to society, and wanted a welcome to a place where she could get food after having always worked, she might lie down and die in Sheffield's streets; but being one who never did anything and has now less necessity than ever to do anything but let the slave-class feed clothe and provide luxuries for her, the robber class welcome her with joy, and envy her because she can dispose of the labor of more slaves than the others can.

WANTED 100, 1000, or 100,000 men? to go and help themselves whenever they want anything. They will find it to their advantage to do so directly, instead of paying middle men, sweaters who will cheat out of two-thirds of what they pay for. Plenty of houses to be had in the West End.—Apply to Professor William Sykes for instructions.

FIFTY POUNDS REWARD will be given to anyone, who will introduce advertiser to a lawyer that is not a liar and a cheat. Strictly confidential, for it is well-known, it would ruin the business of any lawyer to have such a character.—Apply to Diogenes, office of this paper.

ADVERTISER wishes to find a few comrades to join him in shooting or trapping game wherever convenient by night or day. Each man must come provided with a good bludgeon, and be prepared to use it unmercifully if any hirelings of the dangerous class, or rich, attempt to interfere. A medical man will accompany the expedition.—Apply "Poacher" office of this paper.

THE SHEFFIELD ANARCHIST

[VOL. I. No. 7.]

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1891.

[FORTNIGHTLY.]

A PARABLE OF MISFITS.

A certain Barbarian came up once to the country which is called "The Land of Civilization," to see its sights and be instructed by its superiorities. His shoes were worn out on the journey, and being foot-sore, he resolved first of all to obtain more. Presently he perceived a large sign:

THE WORLD OF SHOES. "It is not good for a man to be barefoot,"

and, being greatly pleased, he entered the door above which it swung. He found himself in a splendid pavilion full of all delights, perfume, music, and beautiful and bewildering sights, paintings, mirrors, statues, and flowers. There were great multitudes of customers, who seemed to be in a great excitement of conflicting emotions, and the Barbarian, who at least understood well the language of the human face, perceived feverish expectation, dread, hope, joy, sorrow, and the most furious hate and poignant anguish. It all seemed very strange to him, for so far he had had a very pleasant experience with shoes. The storekeeper too astonished his simple mind, for he appeared to be a man of great authority and importance, and marched around in ceremonial robes, and sometimes he called the crowds to order and gave them dogmatic discourses. The poor Barbarian, who had almost forgotten his errand, finally looked about for shoes. He saw none, but instead the shelves were lined with glass boxes, semi-transparent, and richly and tastefully ornamented. When the storekeeper at last approached, the Barbarian stated his needs. "You are free to choose," was the reply, with a pompous condescension, and a wave of the arm toward the well-filled shelves.

"But where are the shoes?"

"There, in those boxes."

So the Barbarian reached down a box, and was about to open it, when, with a horrified and indignant mien, the Storekeeper interposed.

"What are you about to do?"

"Why, to open the box and look at the shoes."

"To open the box and look at the shoes! Why, you shameless creature, this is vile, immodest, indecent!"

"Pardon me!" said the puzzled Barbarian, "I mean no harm—I did not know—but I want to try on the shoes to see if they fit."

"To try on the shoes!—Why, that's fornication!"

"Do you not then try on your shoes in this country?"

"Yes, of course, but not till after marriage. To try them on before is fornication, and a sin."

"I do not know what fornication is," faltered the Barbarian, "but I cannot see the shoes through this box, and unless I see them, and try them on, how can I know whether or not they will fit?"

"The fitting is not your affair," was the rebuking answer, "God will attend to that; shoefits are made in heaven."

"God!—who is God?"

"Why, you heathen, you ignorant savage, God is the King of this country; he has all the factories, and he made all these shoes, and he made you, too, and all of us."

The poor Barbarian was dreadfully bewildered now, but he stuck to the business in hand.

"And if I choose as carefully as possible among these boxes, will God see to it that the shoes I select are a good fit?"

"Certainly!"

Then the Barbarian deemed his troubles over, and rejoiced and chose a box that was very beautiful and had appeared to reveal through its semi-transparency a dainty pair of shoes, adorned with silver buckles, and studded with precious stones. They charmed his child-like fancy, and he trembled with delight.

"And now what must I do before I am permitted to wear these lovely, these charming shoes?" he asked the Storekeeper.

"You must be married."

"What is that?"

"It is the ceremony by which God, through me, fits you to the shoes you have chosen."

"Marry me then, O good Storekeeper, as soon as possible."

So the Storekeeper made him stand up and hold the box in his hand and promise to wear, to polish, and to cherish the shoes he had chosen until they should be worn out, which the Barbarian, being now very much addled in his wits, and beside himself with the imagined delights of his beautiful shoes, readily did. Then the Storekeeper stretched out his hands and said with a loud voice:

"I now pronounce you Man and Boots! What God has joined let no man put asunder! Amen!"

Then in an undertone he admonished the Barbarian to go off privately and open his box; it would not be "decent," he said, to do it in public. So the happy Barbarian went to a private room, and trembling with eagerness opened the box. And lo! the box had deceived him. The shoes were indeed well enough made and of good material, but they were clumsily shaped, hard and coarse, without silver or jewels, and when he tried them on, they were too short and too narrow, and tortured him cruelly. And no God appeared to fit them.

He went back to the Storekeeper and complained bitterly, but got no consolation.

"It is your cross," said the Storekeeper; "you must bear it. It is the will of God, and we must not murmur. You chose these shoes and you must abide by your choice. You promised to be satisfied with them, and you must abide by your promise. It is wicked to quarrel with your shoes, or to complain against the foot-wear which God in His mercy has bestowed upon you."

"But you said God would fit them to me."

"And so he has, by the sacred mystery of marriage."

"He made a wretched bad job of it then. Your marriage business is a failure. I could fit myself better without it."

"Wretch! Be careful what you say! The law will take notice of you if you talk against marriage. You will not be permitted to corrupt the public morals with impunity. And God will boil you in brimstone if you blaspheme Him or His Holy Storekeepers."

And he went away frowning.

And the poor Barbarian, terrified and troubled, sat down and looked at his shoes.

He understood now why the World of Shoes was so full of emotion.

He was afraid to say so, but it did seem to him that, if there were no Storekeepers, there would be little or no trouble. God, he concluded, was a bugaboo the Storekeepers used to frighten folks with. He regretted keenly the fat fee the Storekeeper had made him pay for

the job of marrying him.

Presently another man, who thought himself unobserved, slipped stealthily up and took the shoes, and went to the private room with them. He watched, and saw the man reappear with a radiant face. The shoes fitted him excellently. The Barbarian went up to him. "See here, my friend, I saw you take those shoes. You need not have stolen them. I cannot wear them. You are welcome."

The man, who had turned pale when he commenced to speak, quickly changed to an expression of insolent contempt, and when the Barbarian had finished, instead of thanking him, he sneered openly and swaggered on. And when the Barbarian returned, all who had witnessed what had passed looked upon him with astonishment and loathing, and he heard them whispering, "cuckold," "coward," "mean-spirited villain," "he must have been bought over," etc.

But this man's success gave the Barbarian a thought. Next him sat a man with his faced buried in his hands, and inflamed and blistered feet. He was cursing his shoes with every expression of hatred. They were beautiful, soft, shapely shoes, and the Barbarian thought they were just his size; so he tried them on, for no one was looking. They were the most delightful shoes he had ever known, and he was elated. But suddenly the owner sprang upon him like a tiger.

"I am outraged!—dishonored!" he shouted. "My shoes are false to me!—you are a seducer, an adulterer!"—and he stabbed the Barbarian with a knife, and slit the shoes to pieces, and left him weltering in his blood.

And the crowd followed the assassin and arrested him, but apologetically; and, as it were, with respect; and, when the trial came up, he was quickly acquitted, for it was universally admitted that he has been "dishonored," add that "a man has a right to avenge his honor." It was indeed shown that his shoes tortured him, that he hated them, and that they were a perfect fit for his victim, but that made no difference. What had that to do with a question of honor?

But his victim did not die; he finally recovered, and wandered around disconsolate and barefoot. He longed for shoes very much, but was afraid even to look at them. One night a man met him on the street.

"I know what is the matter with you," he said; "I'm in the same fix. I have a pair of shoes, indeed, but I get no comfort with them. I've left them behind to-night. Come with me. There's a place, down the street here, where there's lots of shoes; some of them are pretty, and they're most all easy fits, and, if you choose to pay a little, you can take your pick, wear 'em as long as your money holds out and your liking lasts, throw 'em away, or change them when you get tired, and no fault found or questions asked. Most of us come in the night here and wear 'em, for we're ashamed to wear 'em home."

So the Barbarian went with him, but doubtfully. He did not appreciate the foot-habits of the "Land of Civilization" very highly. And when they arrived at the place he was not re-assured. He did not like its atmosphere, which seemed redolent of unclean feet. There were shoes in abundance, indeed; most of them were very fine. But they had been much and carelessly worn, by feet of all sizes and shapes and odours, feet unclean, and feet diseased. He was disgusted, and would have none of them. "I cannot endure it," he said; "I will return to my own country, where all feet are happy and well-shod."

"But how do you do in your own country?" asked his friend, who was really his friend, and who really knew in all Civilization no better relief for mis-shod feet than this House of the Easy Old Shoes as he called it.

"Why, in my country," said the Barbarian, happy to talk about home, "there are no Storekeepers to interfere between shoes and feet. You open as many boxes as you like, and try on as many pairs as you please till you get a fit. There is no talk about God or marriage, or fornication, or adultery, or dishonor. You wear shoes as long as you please, and stop when you get ready. You have one pair, or a dozen, or change off with your neighbours, or go barefoot, just as you like. It's nobody's business and nobody cares. And everybody is happy and

well-shod.

"But that sort of thing," said the other, "seems to me shocking. Why, it is impure, immoral!"

"I do not know," said the Barbarian, "I never heard those words before. I fear you Civilized Men are great slaves to Storekeepers and Words. Barbarians think only about utility and comfort and peace and health and happiness. And we are all happy and well-shod.

J. Wm. LLOYD, IN "LIBERTY."

GOD.

Does he exist?

What is understood by God? Is it an animated being, or what is it?

Is it a man, or does he resemble a man? Certainly not.

Rather he is quite the contrary of a man. Man is a real being, that can be seen and touched, a body in fact; God is a spirit, an abstract imaginary being.

Man is finite; God is infinite. Man is feeble, wicked, imperfect; God is all-powerful, is good, is justice and wisdom, even perfection.

Very well: God is not man; God has not the vices, the defects, which are the limitations of man. What then is he?

He is not a real visible tangible being; he is only an idea or rather only a word; a sound made by the tongue. Where is he? In the air, or in the bowels of the earth? In another planet, or in the midst of space? No one knows, and no one can know, and yet people persist in speaking of God as of a person we are acquainted with.

Some of these people have received from God certain communications in confidence which they kindly impart to us; others of them bless and curse people in his name; others order us about, rob us, tyrannize over us, and kill us in his name; and there are others who think that he has not treated them well and they blaspheme him.

When we think of all the evil that priests have done in the name of this fictitious and imaginary being, of the word to which we find it impossible to attach any meaning; when we think of the thousands and thousands of men that they have persecuted, burnt, and massacred without pity, of the immense riches they have accumulated, and the bad use they have made of them; when we think of the immensity of evils that has accompanied religious wars, in other words the disputes between different sects of priests, each one maintaining that its way of understanding and honoring God was the right one; when we think of the lies that all these Religions have uttered in the name of their Divinity, and the superstitions which they have inculcated in the people; when we think in fine of the powerful aid that the priests have always lent to wealth and power, to en-chain, terrorize and victimize the poor—when we think on all that, and on all the crimes and infamies of the civil and military nominees of the good God, or rather of all the Gods of the earth, we feel ourselves compelled to hate the name of God as a sinister invention of human wickedness, as the symbol of all injustices, of all iniquities, of all tyrannies.

And in fact there was a time when the Church was a civil and temporal power; when it possessed a large part of the territory of each State; when it commanded armies of vassals and slaves devoted to the most distressing labour, while the lord-bishops and canons had equipages, kept mistresses, and accumulated fortunes for their illegitimate children: when bishops were fendal lords and went armed at all points to war. When the pope was the king of kings, and when a word from him was enough to depose the most powerful emperor.

This time lasted for centuries. During this time the peasants were serfs of the Glebe; they were subjected to the most cruel vexations, to the most unheard of extorsions. They had to pay rents, tithes, rates, charges. they were despoiled and plundered even to the grave; they were at a nod from their masters, flung into dungeons and subjected to the most frightful tortures: they were clubbed, lashed, and killed like dogs; they could not even marry without the consent of their master, who had power over his vassals to that extent that he could claim the abominable right of passing the first night with the young married woman.

The church was witness of all these iniquities; and, not alone did it tolerate them, but it practiced them in its own interest. It tried to extirpate heresy from the world with fire and sword; but it never did and never tried to do anything to repress the crimes of the powerful, or mitigate the suffering of the toilers.

It was only when the clergy were dispoiled of their possessions by the greedy bourgeoisie, and the church was also dispoiled of part of its civil and temporal power by governments jealous of their authority, that the priests of Christ remembered that there were millions of poor in the world, and that they could pose before the political world as the representatives of these poor, natural enemies of the bourgeoisie and of all governments,

It was only when men who did not believe in God, had begun to preach

to the people the new gospel of emancipation; when at the cry of these men, the people revolted many times over, and learned to make their oppressors fear them; it was only when the social question was recognized by all governments, as the enigma it was necessary to resolve or perish, when kings, emperors, statesmen, learned men, romance writers, journalists, were seized with the grand preoccupation of the century; it was only then that the pope perceived that a social question existed and published his famous encyclical, which has been like a ass's kick given to the worker, for in it the pope sets himself against socialism, against strikes, and even against the hope of the workers, to emancipate themselves and their children from their exploiters!

We have spoken principally of the Catholic Church; but all churches are enemies of the working class. Let us not forget that Luther called upon the lords of his time to extirpate the rebellious peasants "like mad dogs."

All churches are privileged corporations of the state. In some countries the chief of the state is also the chief of the church; and the priests great and small are functionaries of the state—the police of souls. Even in countries where the church is separated from the state, it only keeps its possessions during the pleasure of the government. A law is enough to dispoil it, to prevent it amassing money from the faithful, in fact to dry up the source of its wealth.

In these very countries the chiefs of the ecclesiastical hierarchy—the archbishops, the incumbents of numerous benefices &c. are elected by the government. These chiefs exercise an absolute authority over the priests, and of course use it to direct the opinions and teachings of their dependents in the way which the government wishes.

How is it possible that the church should be capable of taking on itself to champion the claims of the workers when its chiefs come from the middle class and the aristocracy, and live a life of luxury in the middle of the "seduction of the world," while the workers are plunged in misery?

"The nobles fight, the priests pray, the workers toil and pay taxes." These words of the bishop of Sens are still in great part true. The priests pray, yes; but it is much easier to pray than to work, and above all it is much pleasanter to want for nothing than to have to struggle day by day to get a morsel of bread. The church has still to-day too many good things, for it to sympathize with those who possess nothing. Some religious corporations, as the Jesuits, are arch-millionaires. Convents have been made use of to exploit the feeblest, (the manufacture of lace in the Belgian convents for instance,) and every one knows that missionaries exploit the negroes in the most shameful manner.

The capitalist system is then practised by the church itself; and yet people expect the church to range itself on the side of the workers against the capitalist system! The thing is absurd!

Of all governments that of the catholic church is the most despotic. It has not under its command soldiers and police, it is true, but has at its disposal the most enviable and most desirable places, immense wealth, a host of small officials, and as it is not even under the control of public opinion, it can from one moment to another deprive of their livelihood those who do not submit to its absolute will and can plunge them into misery.

Moreover the ecclesiastical government like all civil governments has its functionaries, and it indges, punishes, excommunicates, without having to be responsible to any one. It can no longer light up the fires of the stake, but its convents are prisons where the refractory are punished.

To conclude, there is no justification for the belief in God, because when we say God we do not conceive absolutely of anything, and we know not what we wish to say. God means nothing.

Religions so different among themselves, and each pretending to be the true one, ought first to agree among themselves; we might then perhaps agree to listen to them.

Meanwhile they try to refute each other, and it is certain that if we follow one of them we must violate the true.

The priests of all religions have made a mistake in choosing to be a class apart. They would have done better to work like others, to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows; then perhaps they would be heard by the workers.

But things are widely different for this. The priests are the sons of the governing class, and live like it as aristocrats, have property, receive rents and salaries, are close friends of capitalists and governments.

The christian religion has not thought of coming to the aid of the people in their misery during twenty centuries; it has never had, and has not to-day the least influence on the conduct of those who profess it. We see tyrant masters, merchants clever at frauds, thieving bankers, corrupt politicians, venal journalists, and rich men leading lives of debauchery, as well among christians as among Jews or those of any other religion.

The ecclesiastical hierarchy itself in the catholic church and in the greater part of protestant churches is the highest tyranny imaginable.

The church which pretends to reform the world has the greatest need to reform itself,

(L'HOMME LIBRE.)

OUR SUNDAY MEETINGS.

Our meetings on the 6th and 13th of this month, passed off quietly in spite of the vituperation and shouts

of "crucify them," which was indulged in by pious christians such as Liddell and Osborne. These people, who would be frantically indignant if free-speech were denied themselves, are actually quite furious because the authorities deprive the Anarchists of it; and to supply the omission of such action they are making desperate efforts to stir up a mob against us. Unfortunately for them, the people have more sense of justice than they have, and though ignorant enough as yet of the truth we preach, they refuse to lend themselves as cats paws to these scribes and pharisees.

One cannot but call to mind the ravings of the respectable classes in Judea, when the Roman Governor, who could not be persuaded of the danger of the doctrines taught by the free-thinking Jesus, refused to stain his hands with his blood. But the respectable Pharisees were right. The new ideas were certain to be fatal to the respectable class of the time, though no one could foresee how these very ideas were taken hold of, and used as the basis of another tyranny more terrible than before.

This is what always has happened and which we are in danger of seeing happen again. A new reactionary party is in existence, a party which by trying to deceive the workers would establish a new domination over them. But we Anarchists are determined that the attempt shall not be successful. We will have liberty complete and unrestrained if we have to die for it. We will never consent to the least domination of man by man.

But your gentle christians who howl for a mob to do for them what government does not yet care to do, need not be in any hurry. It only remains for the governing classes to become sufficiently frightened of us and our teachings to see the government stirred up to action.

Do we fear it? Do we deprecate it? No! On the contrary we earnestly desire it; for we know that nothing will do so much for our propaganda as the brutal violence of our enemies. Nothing else can have the same effect in shewing the workers who are their friends and who their enemies—nothing else can do so much to point out that we live even now in a state of war, in which the most logical thing to be employed on both sides is force for the destruction of the enemies of each.

War to the knife against the enemies of humanity! This is our watchword, and from our enemies we expect nothing else, and desire nothing else, but the methods of actual warfare.—Force in every shape and by every means calculated to destroy the enemy in front of them. From us they shall get the same as soon as they begin, and the sooner the better.

A NOVEL CHRISTMAS SERMON.

We find in "the Workers Cry" of September 12th, under the above heading a wonderful Sermon, which we can scarcely believe was delivered as stated, by Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, in Westminster Abbey, on last Christmas Day.

Our space does not permit of reproducing it, but we hope some of the ignorant bigots who rave against us may come across it, and it will gratify even an Anarchist as a sign of the times. This Bishop it seems has at last discovered the truth, that the rich are what Christ and his Apostles call them "devourers of the poor," and that is owing to their plunder of the workers that poverty vice and crime exist.

We are told that Dr. Temple concluded by saying that he there and then renounced wealth and position—gave up his £10,000 a year and laid down his robes. "At last" he says, "I take my place as a man amongst men."

If it be true that he has done and said as is reported, first in the San Francisco "Argus" and now in the "Workers Cry," we are only surprised to find that, a christian could be so honest a man.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear comrades,

On Saturday, August 29th, there was a Land Nationalization Demonstration held here, and as we understand that Mr. Leatham, of the Aberdeen Socialist Society, has been masquerading as a Revolutionist before some of the Southern Anarchists and Revolutionary Socialists, and has misrepresented us and several Revolutionists who have visited Aberdeen, and in order to add one more to the many cases of toadyism and servility that Parliamentary methods require, we request you to publish the following.

At the invitation of the Aberdeen Socialist Society, we (the Aberdeen Rev. Soc. Fedn.) agreed to join the demonstration, provided we were allowed a platform of our own. A cart hired by us was on the ground prepared for the procession, and on the cart a gibbet was displayed, from which a figure labelled "Capitalism" dangled by the neck. On the back of the figure we had a placard bearing "his soul to hell may fly" paraphrased from one of the verses of the carnagole. On the gibbet there was another "Dynamite the Social Cure," beside a number of other mottoes, such as "Damn the British Empire." "We'll turn things upside down" &c., &c., all tacked around the cart.

From the first it was very apparent that Mr. Leatham was afraid for the respectability of the procession, and consequently for the seat he hopes to get in the Town Council. A few milk and water Trade Union Leaders, whose high christian principle, and respectability would not allow them to be in a procession in which there was an open expression of Anarchist methods, complained to Leatham of our mottoes, and he like the time-serving humbug he now is, came and demanded with the air of an embryo Town Councillor, that we should take down the placards "Dynamite the Social Cure," and "His Soul to Hell may Fly," which comrades McAdie and Shepherd refused to do. This refusal made the Socialists and Trade Unionists raise a howl worthy of a herd of jackasses, and our gentleman with more gas than game, threatened to tear down our placards; but the sight of McAdie's clenched fist made him reconsider the matter. After a little discussion we decided to take down the Dynamite Motto, which Shepherd was doing when Mr. Leatham, accompanied by two Bobbies, appeared to emphasize his demand that both placards be pulled down. Shepherd and others attempted to explain that it was the soul of capitalism we meant to send to hell, but they were not heard. Leatham demanded that we leave the procession or take down the mottoes. Our comrades in the cart then chose to leave, and drove to the gate shouting, "Long live Anarchy!" But some other comrades thought it would be better to remove the motto, and expose the whole affair. This was agreed to and we joined the procession.

What makes the action of Mr. Leatham all the more despicable is, that at the last Commune Celebration he sang the line "His soul to Hell may fly," and the others of that verse of the Carnagole with a zest that few of us could equal, but then he had not a seat in the Town Council in his mind's eye. Mr. Cooper Woodside, was also very emphatic with his "Take that down." This gentleman, last winter, was famed for his denunciation of "Damned respectability," but as he was a candidate for Municipal honors, it requires little study to find an explanation of his altered views.

Social Democracy has fallen as low in Aberdeen as in other places now that the presence of a few Trade-Unionist leaders is preferred to that of honest Anarchists and Revolutionary Socialists. (They are our worst enemies, comrade, these Social Democrats. Ed. S.A.)

Who would have thought Leatham capable of such meanness? But alas, Leatham is respectable now. Leatham the damned agitator is dead, and Leatham the Police supporter, would be Town Councillor, lives in his stead.

Yours fraternally,

EGLAN SHEPHERD.

ABERDEEN, AUG. 31ST., 1891.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED to know how many Christians and Teetotallers draw their 10 per cent dividend from shares in the Sheffield Cafe Company.

MR. JOHN DELANEY, in view of the approaching depression of Trade, calls the attention of Sweaters once more to his Auction and Slave Mart. When the pinch of Hunger comes, strong young Black-Legs can be had for about 2/- per day; old men, women, lads, and girls, at Starvation Prices! Delaney and Freedom for ever.

WANTED Newsagents to sell the "Anarchist." Returns taken. Wholesale price 6d. per dozen. Retail by agents 1d. each. Apply at the office, 47, West Bar Green.

WEALTH Restitution, and Bank Exploration Trust Co. This Company has been formed with the object of restoring to the poor by civilized methods the wealth they are daily robbed of by the rich plunderers and pirates. All good cracksmen should join. N.B.—Civilized methods and means include force in every shape, and all kinds of weapons and explosives.—Apply to the Secretary.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUJIRER.—Of course it would be better to stop robbing the workers, than fooling them by preaching Teetotalism or Christianity to them. You are right—a ten per cent from a Cafe Company is as much a robbery of labour as any other kind of sweating. We are not aware if Mr. Tom Liddell has shares in the Cafe Company. But any teetotaller who has, will find profit combined with vanity in preaching teetotalism.

BIGOT.—Your friend Osborne is a fine specimen of the products of religious bigotry. "Where a priest treads no grass grows," means, that where stupid religious teaching enthral the mind, that mind becomes barren of all healthy active or noble sentiments or ideas. Even a working man when brutalized in this way glories in the slavery of his class, and cats dirt before those he calls his employers.

ANTIQUARIAN.—In ancient times Knights gained their spurs by noble and gallant conduct—now it is different—instead of redressing grievances, succouring the weak, and fighting giants of oppression, those who aspire to knight-hood must do the very reverse. They must take the side of the strong against the weak, and use all their powers, not of fighting but of lying, to uphold every hoary abuse, every scandalous oppression of the poor and feeble. The biggest liar is the most honoured knight, and, instead of spurs buckled on his heels, a pen is thrust into his hand, he is mounted on an office stool, and made Editor of a news-paper.

BREWER.—Yes, beer and wine are good things, and all sensible men admit it, as Jesus did, whose first "Miracle" is supposed to be turning water into wine. He would make a bad teetotaller who did not hesitate to change the T's drink into what they hate. He also left it as his last instructions to the faithful to take a drop of wine when thinking of him. In fact every man in the Bible loved wine, and the only one recorded there who called for water was Dives (the rich man,) and he was in Hell!

"WOULD GET ON."—You may "get on" in the way you say, that is to say you may gain an unfair advantage over your fellows; but you will lose much more than gain in the effort. A man's real duty is to be true to himself, by striving to do everything which his own nobler nature approves of; not by crushing that nature; in the vile sordid struggle to gain such a place apart from his fellows, as will enable him to live on their labours, and rob them of more or less of the joy of life. If every man denied himself all the pleasures and gratifications of life, and contented himself to live like a badly fed animal, then the advantage, which some secure now by so degrading themselves, would disappear. If the poor man who denies himself the comfort of beer or recreation gains an advantage, it is because others do not so deny themselves; and they really do much better than he does—better for themselves, and better for their fellows. If all workmen gave up Beer, the wages of all would soon go down in proportion.

Printed and Published by J. CREAQUE, for the "Sheffield Anarchist" Group, 47, Westbar Green, Sheffield.

THE SHEFFIELD ANARCHIST

[VOL. I. No. 8.]

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1891.

[FORTNIGHTLY.]

RELIGION.

As we have lately been treated by a comrade to a lecture on Theosophy, and as it has appeared to most of us that this new Religion is but a re-hash of the old one, with its foundation in dogma, and its erroneous views about Sin and atonement, and punishments and rewards—all of which Anarchy firmly based upon Science entirely rejects, I will try to point out the fundamental errors of this new superstition.

We have been coolly told that what we suffer in this life is the just punishment for what we have done in a previous one, the lecturer thus ignoring all that Science has proved about the development of man, as well as all ideas of Justice; for when we look back at the thousands of years that man has suffered martyrdom on the earth, and then remember how the imperfections of his nature and development have led him into error, for which he has suffered, we are confounded at the prospect, and are forced to consider what are the foundations of Justice and Injustice, right and wrong, and what is Sin.

What is Sin?

Sin, the lecturer explained as the commission of an Anti-Social act. Now we know that the only Criterion by which an act can be measured is whether it be Social or Anti-Social, but the commission of an Anti-Social act is not necessary wrong-doing, for it is in himself and himself alone, that an individual finds the sanction for any act whatever it may be. A man may then commit an Anti-Social act, an act which offends and injures the society in which he lives, and not be guilty of any wrong, even though every other member of that society should condemn him, because he found his justification in himself. More than that all society might be wrong in condemning him, and he alone right, and the day might come when he would be justified by a truer society.

If Anti-Social acts amounted to sin or wrong-doing, we Anarchists are the greatest of sinners; for we, a very small minority of men, try to do and advocate the doing of such acts as would destroy completely our present day society. And the vast majority of men are against us. Who then is to decide whether we sin or not, whether we do right or wrong. We know we are right and can prove it to our own satisfaction, and that is enough for us. And here we have the fullest condemnation of such a thing as the rule of the majority which so many Socialists would impose upon us if they could. We cannot admit that any men or any number of men or all society shall dictate to any man what he shall do; for to admit it would be to stifle individuality, to prevent the free development of every man's mind in his own way, and become the basis of the worst kind of tyranny.

But if all this be true, what reason is there for punishments or rewards of any kind, let alone the awful punishment which, if Theosophists and Christians were right, we must endure for our imaginary sins? None at all. A man may possibly do a wrong or Anti-Social act feeling it to be wrong, but if he does feel that it is wrong the punishment is in himself, in the painful suffering of remorse, and that is all. If he knows he does wrong the punishment follows, and if he does not know it you cannot really punish him, for whatever you may do to him is not for him punishment, and you violate justice by doing anything to him, or by preventing him from following the line of conduct he feels to be right. In the same way as regards rewards. A man must receive the reward of any good action he performs in himself, in the satisfaction he feels at having done it, and not at all in any thing done for him as a recompense. It is clear enough that if a man did an act which he himself condemned, anything done for him as a reward by others who thought he did right, would

only aggravate the punishment which he would receive in the shape of remorse.

But we know that men to-day are often forced by circumstances to do certain acts against society which they believe to be wrong. A false morality the outcome of a false society tells the poor man "you must not take anything from others which society recognizes as theirs. Thou shalt not steal, eved from the rich man." But though the poor man with a family to support has always accepted the current morality, he cannot but feel that justice is not done to him in some way he cannot explain, and he does what he cannot justify in the sight of others, nor clearly to himself. He does wrong in a way, and suffers for having done it, though not so much as he would have done, had not cruel and unjust conditions obliged him to do what he thought to be wrong. Shall he be punished in some future state for having done so, after having suffered so much before took part of the over abundance of others to save himself and family from starvation, and after having suffered the shame of doing an act which he could not clearly justify to himself? No, a thousand times no. He has already been punished far more than enough for having done what we now know he ought to do.

Where then is this thing called sin, and what justification is there for punishment outside of a man himself. None can tell. And yet Theosophy and Christianity assume that sin exists outside of men, and that it deserves punishments outside of them, and they try to prove that the misery men suffer is due to their own acts instead of being entirely due as it is to bad and unjust social conditions. All Religions have had the reason for their existence in misery and unhappiness which men saw no escape from while they lived. Christianity for instance came to a world of slaves, telling them that in another life they would be free, but not hinting in the least as Socialism and Anarchy does that they can be free here on earth. No one then thought for a moment, not even the greatest thinkers of the time, that Society was possible without slavery, and so men joyfully hailed the glad tidings that there was another life in which they could and would be free,

But man can and must be free here on earth, and then what use any longer for Religion whether you call it Theosophy or Christianity? Man can be free, and being free not alone from the tyranny of other men but free, as we could be now, from the tyranny of nature—free from all tyranny of social conditions, and free from all tyranny of natural conditions—then men would be as happy as their faculties permitted them, and no more happiness than that is possible or even imaginable. Man a product of the earth, belongs to earth, and on earth alone can he find the satisfaction of the desires of his nature. Man can be happy here by the full and free satisfaction of his desires and the full freedom of his development, and if in future ages he will arrive at a much higher life and a much higher enjoyment, it will be that he has developed into a much higher man. You cannot make men happier by offering them enjoyments which they are not able to appreciate,

It comes to this then that the Heaven or the Nirvana of Humanity must be here on earth, and can be nowhere else, and we want to indulge in no speculations about a spirit life which is absolutely impossible, and which only ignorance indulges in. The individual disappears as an individual, but Humanity remains immortal, and though the individuals of the future will surely develop into beings much higher than we are, it is no concern of ours. We could be perfectly happy to-day if we were perfectly free. Each individual takes another form after death it is true, and we live again as religions say—we live again in our posterity as Theosophy says—but it is in the same

way as all matter. There is really no such thing as death; nothing but a change from one form into another. Nothing is lost or destroyed. Our bodies decompose and the atoms return to earth, and to other men, and our descendents as part of the earth. Other men inhale our atoms in the atmosphere, drink them in the streams, and eat them with their food, and they are nourished by them and we live again in them.

And our very acts remain and produce their good or evil effects for all eternity; for any act that a man performs, however trivial it may be, must have its effects upon all around him, as a stone thrown into a pool of water produces a disturbance which is transmitted wave by wave to the whole body of water, while the whole life of that pool—the plants and animals that dwell in it as well as the mineral substances in solution in it—have all had some change impressed upon them by this simple act. Our very thoughts remain in the same way, for every thought of a man's mind will surely influence his acts in some way or another, and thus have its effects upon all the future.

"Thus" says Dr. Buchner, "is the life of the individual confounded with that of all humanity and inversely." And he adds "whoever cannot or will not content himself with this great truth, whoever does not find in it a motive more powerful than all others for attaching himself to virtue and well-doing, no force, no influence could maintain such a one in the right way. There is not any philosophical or theological belief capable of furnishing any kind of equivalent, or capable of replacing by motives either egoistic or imaginative the moral curb, firm as a rock, that will be conferred on the individual by the knowledge of the immortality of his being, and of his indissoluble union with all humanity."

NOTES.

A Coroner's inquest was held last Monday week on the body of a poor Saw-handle maker, named Ingall, who drowned himself on the previous Saturday to escape from the miseries of life—to escape in fact from being murdered by slow starvation, and from witnessing the murder of his children in the same way.

This poor fellow, who had four children to support, was only *earning* 5/- a week, owing to the fact that he and his fellows had made so many Saw-handles that their masters had to begin to stop making them, or they soon could get no profit by selling them.

Let any working man who has time to think, ask himself this question—why should a man be starved because he has done his duty to the community? Why should a man want food because of abundance, because he has helped to produce an abundance of some article which the community requires?

Fools that you are working men do you not see that it is because your labour does not belong to you, or in other words you do not belong to yourselves—you are only slaves, machines and nothing more, which your masters use to make things for them. When will you strike against this vile cruel system, and make things for yourselves?

The Coroner we are told remarked that it seemed to him a shame that a man having worked a week should not get a full week's wages. But Oh, Mr. Coroner, if you don't try and help us to abolish wage-slavery you had better hold your tongue. If it is right that everything should be made solely for the profit of useless employers, and for the purpose of supplying idlers with the means of living in luxury and vice, then it is right that the slaves shall be murdered by slow starvation when the idlers have enough, and don't want their slaves any longer.

To crown the atrocity of this atrocious case, we are informed that the owner of the house where poor Ingall lived in Fawcett Street, as soon as he had heard of the poor man's suicide, sent in the Bum-Bailiffs and left the children in nakedness on the floor! If this be true the man that did it deserves—we leave it to each man with a heart in his breast to say what he deserves. We have not thought it worth while to investigate the matter; for it is enough for us to know that if the landlord did not in this inhuman cruel manner outrage human nature, he has the right to do so, and we know that worse outrages have been perpetrated by Property against Humanity.

We are glad to find that resistance to landlord robbery is spreading. We heard of a case a week ago, among others, in Carlisle

Street. As happened before to Creaghe the Bum-hounds were in and marked the Furniture, but a friend came the next day with a dray and holding a paper in his hand, tried to look as much like a Bum-bailiff as it is possible for an honest man to look, (a very difficult task indeed) he however took away all the furniture.

It was great fun when the Bums came for the landlord's plunder, and were told by the neighbours that the furniture had been taken long ago, and that they thought the men who took it were the legal robbers. The curs had to return to their lairs quite crestfallen and with their tails between their legs. N.B.—If Bum-bailiffs have not yet got tails, we are sure that a few generations of that mode of life would brutalize a race of men so that ultimately what they lost in intelligence or brain power, would find an outlet at the other end in a fine bushy appendage. We hope to hear of a good many more cases like that in Carlisle Street. No working man should pay rent without the most energetic protest possible, so as gradually to get up such a spirit as will resist it altogether and all other robbery of Labour.

One way of protesting is not to pay until the landlord sends the Bums. Then if the tenant does not wish to be disturbed he can pay them, and neither they nor the landlord can legally exact a penny for expenses. If the law were worth appealing to, they ought to be prosecuted for the many times they have obtained money under false pretences, having charged expenses of Bailiff to the tenant, when they know well that the law does not permit them to do so—the landlord must pay them.

Another case of cruel robbery of a working man in the proper legal way! A man named Ward, living in Queen's Road, Heeley, took Furniture on the Hire-System from the Furnishing Company, Sheffield Moor, bottom of Princess Street. After paying week after week from his poor wages until the amount reached £15, he fell sick of Influenza and was unable to pay for some weeks; and then this savage Company sent and removed all the furniture, leaving the sick man lying on the floor, and the poor wife and two little children in wretchedness and discomfort.

Why don't working men give up trying to live what is called "respectably" and while this savage system continues, live in such a way as to be ready at all times to fight the enemy. We know ourselves that a bed on the floor is not much less comfortable than one on a bedstead, and it would be much better to try and put up with such conveniences as a man could knock together with some empty boxes than to allow himself to be robbed.

Here is a poor man who after painfully saving from his wages the large sum for him of £15 finds himself robbed of it as soon as he falls sick. Can anything be more atrociously cruel? Working men are fools to save money. They never get more wages than can enable them to live decently, and all attempts at saving only makes their slavery more intense and more brutalizing, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it must happen as it did to this poor man, to be robbed of what he has made his life less human in order to be possessed of. Working men must be poor for otherwise the rich could not be rich; if they were not poor they would not allow themselves to be robbed, and if a few selfish unscrupulous lick-spittles with exceptional advantages manage to save enough to get out of their class, no man that is worthy of the name can do so. Their class must be wretchedly poor while classes exist, and while every thing is done for the benefit of the workers deadly enemies—the Capitalists.

AT THE MONOLITH.

We had the usual Christian Rowdism at the Monolith on Sunday last. The pious God-fearing Osbourne was there as usual with his band of hopeful Christian Association Brats. He attempted to mount the steps when Creaghe was about to speak, but he was not allowed to do so. However his gang, obeying their pious leaders orders, (Oh fie! Ye little Christians!) Raised such a howl that none of us could be heard. We then tried to get a hearing on the other side of the Monolith, but in order to shew plainly that their object was not to hear Osbourne's twaddle but to annoy us, they all followed, and finally Osbourne having no audience, also followed, but to his great astonishment he found there were men in the crowd with a love of fair

play, and he himself was hustled off the steps and dragged round to his former place.

"This Rowdism is doing much good," by bringing to our little many sympathizers, and showing how much love of fair play exists among the men of Sheffield; for we have had the great gratification of finding many men who are not yet with us, who yet believe in liberty of speech and fair play, and who have boldly protested against the doings of poor fool Osbourne and his gang.

We had the pleasure of seeing our comrade Carpenter among us at the Monolith on Sunday. He fortunately got a hearing before the Christian Service of howling begun. He told us how he had just come from Leeds where he assisted at the funeral of a brave comrade Fred Corkwell, who has just been done to death by grasping Capitalists. He worked, as so many do, in a vile factory where even a horse could not live long even if he had not to work, owing to the dreadful insanitary condition of the place and the pernicious atmosphere of gas and vitiated air. The poor fellow's only regret in dying was that he was taken all too soon, not from the hateful life he led, but from his place in the noble work of the restoration of life to mankind, by destroying the class of vampires that preys on it.

We see that sturdy action has been taken to maintain a right of way over what is called Wadsley Common. In the name of common sense, why is the land called common, if there is after all no claim left to it but the dimensions of a narrow foot path. No doubt it is part of the land which was stolen illegally from the people to add to that which was stolen legally or by force. It is all the same thing. What difference would it make to the people there if a special law were made by the House of Chatterers to make the closure of the foot-path in question legal; and what more right had the first Conquerors or Schemers than this Surgeon who shuts the people out of Wadsley Common in order to save what he calls his Rabbits?

When men ask themselves such questions as these, and are determined not to rest without getting an answer, they soon become Anarchists.

By the way we see by last Tuesday's Papers, that a Farmer was shot in Dorsetshire by a man who was exercising his natural right to kill wild Animals, and whom the Farmer tried to coerce by denying him that right—Serve him right we say, but what a fool the poor hunter was to commit suicide afterwards.

Hurrah for "Free" Education! Working men will be delighted no doubt to have a shilling a week knocked off of school fees and—added to the rent of the slums they live in.

You are fools working men if you ever expect to get any thing more from your masters than a mere subsistence; you ought to be able to see that what is knocked off with one hand is put on with the other. You must not imagine that Education or anything else can be free for you; for you pay for everything. When you are no longer called on to hand over the shilling a week school fees, your labour will still be the only thing that supports masters as well as idle PROPERTY-OWNERS and the latter, who are called upon to pay a shilling more than before out of what they plunder you of, will calmly charge it on you in rent, or by lowering your wages.

If the workers in Sheffield allow themselves to be starved when the next depression of trade comes, that is to say when the abundance is greatest, they are greater fools than we take them for.—To the shops and help yourselves, and by breaking with a stupid tradition return to the right.—It is a wrong traditional morality which teaches you not to take from the rich man. You cannot maintain such a tradition and live; and as soon as you break thoroughly with it, things will rearrange themselves on a true social and just basis, namely the supply of the wants of all from the products of the labour of all.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Comrades and Friends.

Having left 18 months imprisonment behind, or with the

Channel between it and me. I write to ask you to insert the following in your valliant and loyal paper which surely does not mince matters, nor beat about the bush, as certain rose-water Socialists do, with whom I have nothing in common. I think they are only mountebanks who try to stupify the people, so as to make use of them.

I assisted at an open air meeting in Walsall, on Sunday, the 10th of September, where comrade J. Deaking made the apology of the so-called Socialists Congress of Brussels which had the audacity to expel the Anarchists and Revolutionists of all kinds. After the meeting I thought about the matter, and as I was not able to speak there, not knowing English well enough, I have determined to write to you.

Comrades—As society is based upon property it is beneficial for all those who possess it, but secures no right and guarantees no benefit to those who possess nothing; and in the state most advanced of civilization nineteen twentieths have nothing.

What then can the poorest and most numerous class obtain by equality before the Law, when they possess neither bodily liberty nor any other; when they are weighed down by the weight of their needs and a daily labour which brutalizes the mind and exhausts the strength? What is then to them this pretended liberty written in legal codes?

What use to a man is the christian principle of charity, when he and his children are naked and want bread, and have before their eyes the magnificent equipages and the delicate food of the governing classes? What good are to them the marvels of Art, Science, and Industry, when their bodies and minds suffer a thousand privations, while around them they see everything to satisfy luxury and all the treasure of intelligence. The sight can only madden and irritate them, and urge them forward to try and reconquer their rights.

Is not such a man a thousand times more unfortunate than a savage, who can take whatever he desires; who enjoys the right of fishing or hunting of pasturage, of peace or war; who takes a woman as companion without having to think about the future, nor trouble himself as to the children, for education in the woods is not expensive, and existence is secured by the free exercise of natural rights.

Society has deprived man of everything in countries called civilized; the products of the earth, the water, the air even; it has deprived man of his natural rights—the rights of the savage—without offering him any compensation except the guarantee of laws which are only illusory for him who has nothing,

Would it not be rigorously just that society should give men compensation for the loss of their rights? Is it not rather a sacred duty, for it secure to each member the right of work and of well-being? But there is no such thing at present. The most numerous class enslaved by its needs to all the vilest and most distressing work, is not even sure of bread for to morrow; it has no means of education for its children, not even for their physical needs. When a poor mother has not suck for her child who will give it? Who will care for it when she must go to the fields, or to the work-shop, to procure her subsistence? Who will take care of the poor little ones dying by thousands for want of attention in their early infancy, and as they grow up who will give them moral notions, the means of developing their faculties and learning some art?

All abandoned to chance! Men, women, children, the aged, the sick, the weak, to do the best they can, while the Law guarantees imaginary rights, but does not guarantee daily bread, nor education, nor aid and comfort in infancy, misery, sickness, or old age.

To sum up, the two thirds of the population live in a state of misery and suffering, while society does not trouble itself or inform itself about it; or if it does, become stirred by it, it is only to take measures to repress, punish, and chastise, unfortunates who having received nothing from society, neither supply of their physical needs, nor moral notions, nor means of subsistence, owe nothing to that society and ought not to submit to its laws

VICTOR CAILS.

(Condemned July 2nd, 1891, to 18 months imprisonment by the Court of Assizes of Nantes.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

On Tuesday October 6th, 1891, a Lecture will be given at the Anarchist Club, 47 Westbar Green, by comrade Jas. Brown, at 8-30 p.m.
Subject:—"Jean Jacques Rousseau."

Reading, Lectures, and Discussions on Social questions every Thursday Evening at 47, Westbar Green. All men and women invited. Our sisters driven to live by means for which they are despised by society, though the fault is not theirs but that of society itself, are particularly invited, 8 p.m.

Wanted a Parson powerfully persuasive to train Paupers to live on Hymns. He must be able to convince them of the error of their ways in eating so much, and he must be fully competent to mesmerise with prayer, so that "skilly" shall appear to be turtle. Salary a thousand a year to a competent man. Apply at the Workhouse.

Wanted Christians pious and pugnacious to interrupt Anarchist meetings on the Sabbath, after nap in Church. No scruples allowed. End sanctifies means "Arise, Oh Lord and let Thine enemies be scattered." Apply to Osbourne, Liddell & Co.

Wanted a young girl to work to death at domestic service in at rich christian home. Wages—more insults than half-pence. Must work day and night except at prayer times. Apply, Salem House Puritan Street.

Wanted Anarchists to face christians on the war path: also a number of sympathizers with freedom of speech. Clubs Supplied. Apply at this office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Joseph.—We have known priests do worse than the Rev. St. John Dearsly, Vicar of Wilmington in Sussex, who after all only obeyed the promptings of nature, which religion tries to stifle but cannot. He has agreed to pay the mother of his child £100 down, and we have faith that he will not let her go on the streets when the money is spent; for the reason that he is probably more human than some, who with a pious snuffle would say "not for Jo." under certain circumstances.

Indian Jim.—We don't want scalps of Bum-Bailiffs in our Museum. Better put them out of sight altogether.

We have a few copies left of our No. 7 with the "Parable of Misfits," and as great interest has been aroused in it, we recommend anybody wanting one to apply at once at our office.

We wrote a short time ago to the Committee of the Free Libraries offering to place the Anarchist on the tables of the Reading Rooms; but last week we received a reply declining our offer with thanks. Of course, we expected nothing better, but we would like to ask working men why should they be debarred from reading our paper by this Committee of exploiters? Because these people look upon Free Libraries as a gift from the rich to the workers, when the fact is that the workers pay for everything, and it is they who ought to control their Libraries and not any rate-paying robbers. Who supplies them with the means to support the Officials and buy the Books of the Libraries? No one but the workers who make all wealth, and who should control the expenditure of it. If it were some stupid religious sheet written to teach workman to submit to the murderous system that they live under, "the Committee would be so delighted to have on its tables a publication which diffused such sound principles etc., etc. etc."

Yes, sound principles for slave-owners, are just the most unsound possible for slaves, and so slaves must not have them, for fear they should find out what they were, and that they had only to make the effort to do it, and could throw off their slavery. No, no, Communist Anarchy in the Sheffield "Free" Libraries would endanger the "Freedom" of our respectable robber class. Freedom to rob for them, and Freedom to starve for the workers!

In a corner of the Sheffield Telegraph of last Tuesday, we find the Annual Report of the Scripture Readers Society. Yes, in a corner, for we suppose even the Telegraph is ashamed to give prominence to such idiocy. A live Bishop presided, one of the hypocrites who carry their cross so meekly on ten or fifteen thousands pounds a year, paid quarterly, and there was the usual twaddle about the good work etc., and the usual whine for more funds.

There was one remark made by this follower of the "meek and lowly" who lives in a Palace and calls himself "Lord," which is worth noting. He said he had discovered in the Report that money in large sums was subscribed by very many "employers of Labour." What a sharp old bloke he must be! But of course we know, the grace of God, Faith, Prayer, and SICK are bound to have their effects.

Dearly beloved Bishop the spirit moves us to tell you that you must be a fool not to see that your mesmerism of religion is the mainstay of "employers of Labour"; but they see it if you don't. It looks very much like as if the day were fast coming when labourers would undertake to do their work for their own benefit, and they are beginning to find out that "employer" is only another name for robber; and so these robbers don't mind spending a good share of the plunder to maintain a staff of mesmerizers who will persuade the workers to be content with misery and wretchedness as their share of this life, in the belief that in another they may have a chance of playing on golden harps. Nice music they would make in a place where there was no time!

But to return to the Scripture Readers. How much let us ask would "employers" subscribe for them if they were sent to intrude into their own houses with their contemptible lot? Do they ever go to the houses of rich men who they know live lives of debauchery, to read their texts—never—they would be soon kicked out, and this is what working men ought to do with them. If men are fools enough to want bibletrash they can read for themselves, or get a friend to read it for them (it is much better to read "the Anarchist") but no man ought to submit to the impertinent intrusion of these teachers of Immorality. Their teaching is most immoral; for it is in the highest degree immoral for men to submit to wrong and injustice, instead of doing their duty as men by resisting it, and striving to set things right. And the whole hurthen of the song these snivellers sing to the workers is submission cowardly submission to what is falsely called the will of god, when it only means the selfish brutal interest of certain men. If there were a God capable of willing such a state of things as exists, we would only have to defy him, and if possible help Satan to have another go at him!

"A rich man had a piece of land, on which a mule was pastured. 'I shall yoke you to the plough,' said the man to the mule, 'as I am going to make a melon-patch of this bit of ground; I am very fond of melons, and the stalks will suit you capitally for fodder.' Whereupon the mule answered, 'If I agree to work upon these conditions, you get all the melons and I the dry stalks: I should then be worse off than now, when I have the fresh grass. No, that I shall not do.' 'How stupid you are' replied the man, 'your father had never anything but thistles to eat, and yet he worked 16 hours a day, and often more, without grumbling.' 'True enough,' retorted the mule, 'but you also know that my father was an ass.'"

Also published by Pirate Press:

God and the State

Michael Bakunin

A Critique of State Socialism

Michael Bakunin and Richard Warren

The Paris Commune and the Idea of the State

Michael Bakunin

Peter Kropotkin - His Federalist Ideas

Camillo Berneri

Whiteway - A Colony in the Cotswolds

Nellie Shaw

The Wage System

Peter Kropotkin

The Kronstadt Revolt

Anton Ciliga

**One Step Beyond - or - Smash the
Revolutionary Communist Party**

Nottingham Anarchist News

The Last War

George Barrett

The Abolition of Work

Bob Black

The Heretic's Guide to the Bible

edited by Chaz Bufe

Comments on the Society of the Spectacle

Guy Debord

Towards Anarchism

Errico Malatesta

Soon to be published:

'The Red Flag of Anarchy', the history of the
Sheffield Socialists and Anarchists, 1870-1900

Most of these titles are
available from Pirate Press
Black Star
P.O. Box 446
SHEFFIELD
S1 1NY

some of them are out of
print, or soon will be.
for a comprehensive list of
anarchist and general
radical literature, contact
AK Distribution
3 Balmoral Place
STIRLING
FK8

For more information
about the anarchist
movement, contact the
Class Struggle Anarchist
Network at the same
address as Pirate Press.