

The Beacon.

DEVOTED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

VOL. II.

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NO. 1

THE BEACON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
AT 319 FIFTH STREET.

SIGISMUND DANIELEWICZ,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

THE RUSSIAN MASSACRE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

(Continued from No. 18.)

"Besides wounding several prisoners, the officer in charge and the Vice-Governor, they killed Policeman Klebnikoff."

[Another malignant perversion of the truth.]

On the 18th of June we were brought into Court to have sentence passed upon us. This was it:

"The Court finds that Bernstein, Zotoff and Haussmann have been the leaders of the mutiny; the others named in the judgment are to be considered parties of the mutiny."

Although the law places the same punishment upon all the participants in such a case, nevertheless the Court, somewhat overcome by humane feeling, passed the following sentences:

Leo Bernstein, Albert Hausmann and Nicolai Zotoff (three of them) to be hanged; Joseph Minor, Michael Gotz, Alexander Purevitsch, Michael Orloff, Mark Braginsky, Mathew Fundaiensky, Moses Bramson, Michael Ufflack, Samuel Rotin, Joseph Sotrovitch, Sarah Kohan Bernstein, Vera Hassoch, Amisia Bolstina, Paulina Perly, (fourteen of them) hard labor in the mines for their lifetime; Rosa Frank, Anastasy Schechter, in consideration of their willingness to go to the police station, and for having tried to persuade the others to follow them peacefully, hard labor in the mines for twenty years;

(Cheap, indeed, for showing good-will.) Sergius Kapherr, Anna Zorastrowa and Boris Heymann, in consideration of the fact that they had come to town on private business, had not participated in the petitioning and only by accident came to Notkin's residence, fifteen years hard labor. [This sentence in spite of not having been in the least implicated in the case.] Konstantin Tereschkowsch, Michael Estrovitch, Leonidas Berman, Eugenia Qurevitch, being minors, to ten years in the mines; Isaak Mahat and Joseph Resnik, though having participated in the petitioning, but having been absent from Notkin's residence, to be sent to the remotest and least settled parts of the Province of Yakutzk, and Nadejeff acquitted." [Likewise are acquitted the dead!]

From the time sentence was passed upon us until the day of execution, the same judges who had sat in our case, took the watch, other officers—it seems, not having been considered reliable enough.

One member of the Court directed the preparations for the hanging, another acted the part of Sheriff, instructing the hangman. So they appeared in the combined roles of judges, deathwatch and executioners.

This is Nicolai Zotoff's letter to his father:

IN THE PRISON, August 6th,
3 o'clock, After Midnight.

MY DEAR, DEAR FATHER: In the backyard, in the dim light of the lanterns they are erecting our gallows. What a touching simplicity of customs—everything in sight of us! At 8 o'clock in the evening the priest made his appearance. I sent him away very politely, not being in need of his services, telling him I had no faith in a hereafter, being satisfied with having done all I could for my unhappy country. My bride Jenny just saw me for the last time. She had a chance from the window of her cell to

see the last act and will write the particulars to you.

I feel perfectly well, being in the best of spirits, but tired and completely worn out.

Now, my dear ones, I press you to my heart for the last time. I shall die easy, very easy, with the consciousness of fulfilled duty. The only thing that makes my heartache, is the terrible fate of my comrades, I mean those sentenced to hard labor—buried alive.

The watchman just came in, bringing with him my garments to be hanged in, a white shirt and trousers, very wet from the rain. I am dressed already and feel awfully cold. Good bye, good bye. Yours,
NICOLAI.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LET US REMEMBER THEM.

"At all times keep a free, faithful, and lofty heart for the cause of liberty." These words were among the last given by Louis Linng to his betrothed wife, Lieschen. No nobler, dying trust was ever given by man to woman. To know no love dearer than that of liberty; to be faithful in the face of death to the cause, for which brave men are happy to die; to have a loftiness of purpose that lifts the life far above light coquetries and vanity, and fills it with sacrifice, faith, and aspiration;—what more could the truest knight, that ever drew sword, say to the lady of his love, to the woman worthy to mate with a man sworn to the service of freedom. These words every man who fights under the red flag, should never tire of repeating to wife, daughter, sister, or sweetheart, and we women, who have the joy of numbering among those dear to us, men who count life a little thing to give to Liberty, let us accept and treasure Linng's words as if spoken to ourselves—make them the inspiration of our lives and be true to their teaching.

DR. MARY HERMA ATKIN.

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San Francisco, January 31, 1891.

THE POPE'S ANATHEMA.

I am sorry to have insulted the intelligence of my readers by classifying the BEACON among the new Anarchistic journals that have lately enriched the radical movement. Its initial numbers were more or less intelligent, and I hoped for improvement. Its last issues, however, reveal such a degree of ignorance and brutality that any further indulgence toward it would be a crime against liberty and reason. Having all the vices of the old *Alarm* and none of its merits, being destitute of knowledge, common sense, and style, it would simply be a deplorable misfortune to the Anarchistic movement, if it were not so insignificant and wild. I had thought such a phenomenon impossible at this late day, and I find myself disappointed. But, since, according to the Latin proverb, the exception proves the rule, it is a comfort to think that the exception is very exceptional indeed and so strikingly proves that, as a rule, an Anarchistic journal is an organ of the most philosophical and progressive thought of the age. The editor of the BEACON considers himself a friend of labor; but labor has no worse enemy than the species to which he belongs. He can help progress best by resigning the office for which he is not fitted and by devoting a few years to the study of the writings of E. C. Walker, whom he presumes to correct. If any of *Liberty's* readers have not yet seen a copy of the BEACON they should procure one, in order to appreciate the above utterances as well as to form a precise idea of what Anarchism is not.—Boston *Liberty*, June 21.

As *Liberty* has only comparatively few readers—although for the many good things it generally contains besides the occasional absurdities it deserves to be more largely circulated—I desire to state that TUCKER, the editor of that journal is the father and head of the sect of "Philosophic Anarchists," the latter term being his own invention, meaning, as I observed in a former issue of THE BEACON, "Philosophic Philosopher." It will be perceived at a glance that there is a great deal of "Philosophy" about that sect. Yet it is so deep that not all of its utterances and actions are comprehensible to my dull mind. For instance TUCKER says that I am or which means the same thing, that THE BEACON

is "ignorant." Well, I humbly plead guilty to that charge. I have voluntarily acknowledged that much in my first issue from San Diego and subsequently reiterated the same in private letters to comrades. I related to them the circumstances which forced upon me the editorial management of THE BEACON, and I expressed fears that I may not be "fitted for the office," as TUCKER expresses it. I now hereby again publicly acknowledge with humiliation that I am, alas! woefully ignorant. This consciousness weighs so heavy upon my mind that I am willing to transfer THE BEACON at once to anyone who would guarantee to conduct it upon the same principles and for the same remuneration. Let the abler man or woman step forward; he or she will be received with joy as my successor. But until that person appears, this paper *must go on*, if it were only by spells. For, ignorant though I be, and though I may not understand the fine distinctions between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, I have somehow conceived the notion that I am being robbed by land-lords and money-lords backed by a lot of rotten politicians called government, and I will, in the words of Helen Wilmans, "cry out like a beast" against it. There are a few more ignorant people like myself, I suspect, who can not, any more than I, soar to the intellect of a TUCKER; they are to be found in the factories, workshops and mines etc. They, like myself, do not understand to butcher, the Russian, French, or any other foreign language into English. To them, like to my poor ignorant self, a great many things that appear in *Liberty* are English in characters, but Chinese in meaning. It is these poor fellow-unfortunates of mine I aim to address myself to through THE BEACON. TUCKER himself, on various occasions, stated that his journal is intended for the select, for the flower intellect only; why then should he object to a publication of the ignorant by the ignorant and for the ignorant. Should we poor ignorami be left entirely in the cold? TUCKER may be pope and authority of all the "Philosophic Philosophers," but we are not "Philosophic Philosophers," we are only pure and simple Anarchists, and in accordance with the fundamental principle of our theory we reject all kinds of ppepy.

TUCKER says: "The editor of THE

BEACON considers himself a friend of labor, but labor has no worse enemy than the species to which he belongs." Here the "Philosophic Philosopher" draws upon his imagination. I do not remember ever having claimed to be a "friend of labor." That phrase smacks too much after the rotten politician to be my selection. Nor do I particularly care for my fellow ignorant laborers except from decidedly selfish motives. 1. I am robbed, but am too weak to stop the robber, hence I wish to combine with my fellow victims to gain strength, 2, it makes me feel miserable and unhappy, to see millions of human beings wronged who do all the labor of the world, and are in poverty and dependence in spite of it, while a comparatively few idlers enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of civilization at the expense of the former; therefore, in the words of Hugh O. Pentecost, "I believe, I am making myself happier by seeking to promote the happiness of others" that is all. On the other hand, however, not having that clear conception of the "Philosophic Philosopher," I do not exactly understand how he makes out my "species" the "worst enemy of labor," without implicating himself. For I belong to the "specie" of man, and while I recognize the correctness of the poet's saying that "man's i humanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," yet the blame would in that case rest equally upon TUCKER, or I always used to consider him of my "specie," I always used to think he was a man.

"Having all the vices of the old *Alarm*," says TUCKER, "and none of its merits," etc. etc. As the "Philosophic Philosopher" did not specify, I am, of course, left in the dark as to what he considers the *Alarm's* "vices" and what its "merits." Yet, I am happy to confess that it alwas has been my ambition, to revive the spirit of the *Alarm* in the Beacon. It is still my ambition, and to prove it, I have adopted the old motto of the *Alarm*, as seen at the top of the first page. To still further comfort our "Philosophic Philosopher," I might here add that I have been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Lucy E. Parsons, Mary Herma Aikin, and others able, well known, and tried comrades of the old *Alarm* staff, and that I am determined, if it be in my power, to en-

graft in The Beacon all of the "vices" and merits of the old *Alarm* and a little of perhaps one slight deviation in the basic principle, make it as much like the old *Alarm* as one egg resembles another.

I am "charged" also with being "destitute of style." This is truly crushing. The idea of an anarchist being "destitute of style" in the treatment of the great social problem is distressing! Then, too, the absurdity of a man who is obliged to attend to his private business—which yields him the ammunitions of war—and run a dynamite paper besides, for which he is to do the writing, composition, printing, mailing, soliciting, etc. etc., and all of that work on smaller returns in three months, than the cultured Bostonian "Philosophic Philosopher" realizes in a week—the criminality of such a man's failure to devote his time to "style" instead of wasting it all upon SUBSTANCE! Outrageous! Preposterous! Of course, such a man ought to "help progress by resigning his office, for which he is not fitted, and by devoting a few years to the study of the writings of E. C. Walker, whom he presumes to correct." Of course, I ought to. But, by the way, who is Walker? Another "Philosophic Philosopher," of course. Let see. He is the ex-publisher of an esthetic paper called *Fair Play*, that died a few weeks ago, possibly from an over-dose of esthetics. Some time ago this same Walker censured our staunch comrades Harman and Heywood for making use of their right to free speech and free press, as expressed in the constitution of this country, implied in its Declaration of Independence, and involved in the very constitution of the human being. The robber-tool—government—in whose eyes honest and truly progressive people's doings are always thorns, were intent upon crushing those two iconoclasts, and began to persecute them under the contemptible pretext of violation of postal laws. In his censure of the action of our comrades, this selfsame Walker compared the position of anarchists to and recommended their imitation of a general during a war. TUCKER subsequently approvingly quoted this piece of "wisdom" in his *Liberty*. Now, what is a general? A general is one of the most accomplished conductors of wars. What are wars? Wars are

processes of mutual destruction of large bodies of people—visible matters. They are relics of barbarism. They are acts of brutality, from which any refined, sensitive nature shrinks with horror and disgust. They are based upon the principle of the reign of brute force over reason, and are the very opposite of anarchy, which means the reign of reason, the rule of the law of attraction—PEACE.

Behold, then, the spectacle! A man who claims to be an anarchist, an apostle of reason, justice, peace, love, harmony; whose actions are supposed to be prompted by the motives of purity and justice, holds up to his comrades as an example the unclean agent of barbarism, a creature whose services are bought for filthy lucre, and whose motives are based upon ignorance and superstition at best! And to make matters worse, this man even preaches "passive resistance," in other words, he professes to be so esthetic that he will not even tolerate the idea of the poor, starving victim of the rich robber's greed to raise a weapon in defense of his own life and the lives of his starving family!

That is the man Walker, for whose superb, consistent teachings Pope Tucker wants me to abandon THE BEACON! Verily, the ways of the "Philosophic Philosophers" are mysterious.

TUCKER advises his readers, to "procure a copy of the Beacon, in order to appreciate the above utterances, as well as to form a precise idea of what Anarchism is not." I have neither the inclination, nor the space, to publish all the complimentary letters, as well as notices of the radical press, I received since my publication of THE BEACON, or the letters of regret and sympathy, I received since TUCKER's onslaught; the fact is that his attack is an exception, and, "since, according to the Latin proverb, the exception proves the rule, it is a comfort to think that the exception is very exceptional, indeed, and so strikingly proves that as a rule" THE BEACON is considered by its readers an anarchistic journal which, according to the correct definition of TUCKER, is "an organ of the most philosophical and progressive thought of the age." I am therefore quite satisfied to let *Liberty's* readers judge its vague assertions by the contents of THE BEACON. I am equally well satisfied that those who consider sectarianism, bigotry, intolerance, conceit, self-adulation, arrogance, insolence, and malice necessary adjuncts of Anarchism, will certainly by reading THE BEACON "form a precise idea of what Anarchism is not."

I should like to say many more things in reply to TUCKER's onslaught, but my space is really too valuable, and I fear

that I have already devoted too much of it to his "insignificant and wild" assertions. For insignificant and wild they are in that they are not proven. If I am really the monster, TUCKER represents me to be, is it just, is it right, is it generous in this intellectual giant, to thus leave me and his readers in the dark, without offering to shed some of his brilliant light upon us regarding particulars? I am sorry that he should have lost his temper to the extent of making all those sweeping assertions without adducing the slightest proof. I am sorry for him, because such action is liable, in the eyes of rational people, to create an unfavorable impression about his sect—the "Philosophic Philosophers"—and to send home upon his own head, in boomerang fashion, his charge of brutality.

STUDY SCIENTIFIC WARFARE.

The 11th of November was commemorated by our comrades even at the remotest places of "civilization." But, strange to say, nowhere, in the most despotic countries of the world where our comrades gathered to do homage to their noble dead, was there any disturbance. It was in this "glorious" country where the average citizen has his mouthful of liberty, that a breach of the peace occurred. And by whom? The same rum-soaked murderers in uniform called police, the same infamous organization that fattens upon the bribes of gambling dens and houses of ill-fame, the same villainous outfit that caused the trouble at the Haymarket by murderously attacking a peaceable gathering of working people, this same band of guerillas prevented our Eastern comrades in several places from holding their anniversaries in halls which they had hired and paid for. Worse than that, they provoked a physical contest and clubbed and injured a number of our comrades and arrested a lot of others, among whom was Mrs. Parsons. This is all educational. It will show thinking people everywhere that the much boasted liberties of the American people are all on paper. It will teach them that, if they mean to enjoy these liberties, they must fight for them. They will gradually awaken to a realization of the fact that a murderer in uniform is just as dangerous and should be treated just in the same way as the murderer that attacks us upon the highway. They will learn that they must be prepared to meet such murderers and that a dynamite bomb is the most inexpensive and the most effective weapon for such occasions.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS,

By LUCY E. PARSONS.

POOR BEACON! It has brought the wrath of the gods down upon its unregenerate head! Not the god who "rides upon the stormy sea," etc., but the "well-ordered plan-of-campaign" gods. A sample of the "well ordered" etc. is the following from *Fair Play* of May 24:

"Aside from the sentiment of being brave, there could be no expediency in a physical force contest, for when there is a majority it can successfully hold its rights by force of that circumstance, and until then a contest would be sheer nonsense on the part of the minority." Ha! So the "well ordered" campaign gods do believe in "majority rights!" So, when the "gods" have made "philosophical" anarchists of a "majority" of the wages slaves of to-day, they can hold their rights by "force of circumstances!" Profundity, thou art a jewel!

But suppose—(I know it is unphilosophical to suppose anything)—that the minority, not all being "philosophical," should make a discovery, namely, that the "rights of the majority" had left them out in the cold by depriving them of their legal right to longer exploit. Might not they, finding themselves in possession of all the gatling-guns, rifles, bombs, etc., conclude to "force the circumstances" the other way?

The "majority" having provided themselves only with "philosophical" anarchy might be left in that unavoidable predicament of the mariner who went to sea without a rudder thinking that god would send no storm, but the storm did come and he went down in it!

By the way, how do the "well ordered" campaign gods know that *their* methods are so "well ordered?" Are they gods indeed, hence alwise?

For the "unphilosophical" readers of THE BEACON I string together a few of the gods' neat little epithets, culled from a single article in *Fair Play*. Here they are: "Hot-heads—chaotic nature—totally incapable for practical affairs—blowhards, who bluster about—talk of revolution by physical force sheer nonsense—if they possessed a modicum of useable sense—their harvest will probably be the gallows. [This last observation is made with all the relish of a keeper of the inquisition in its bloodiest days]—foolish

mouthings—the subject is nauseating, [meaning the right to resist tyranny—disgusting, I do not care to dwell upon it any longer."

I am exceedingly sorry that the limited space of THE BEACON will not permit me to continue this very "philosophical" line of reasoning any further, for there is enough of the same kind in the article quoted from to keep the benighted readers of THE BEACON in intellectual fudder for a month.

I cannot close without saying that I admire the bold spirit of your paper, and hope it has come to stay. Our movement needs just such papers at this juncture when the little revolutionary spirit the people have left is in danger of being deluged by a very poor article of philosophy.

GENUINE HUMANENESS.

Those who have followed the labor movement for a number of years must have observed how differently it is conducted now than formerly. Before the movement was burdened down with "philosophers," there was a certain zeal manifested by those who took hold to arouse the apathetic masses. This was considered of vastly more importance than the hairsplitting now engaged in by most contributors whose names appear in reform papers. These latter-day-saints can see, it would seem, but one use for a paper, namely, to show how little their opponents know by showing how much they know. Mr. Gatling, inventor of the celebrated man-destroyer, on being asked some time since by an interviewer how he came to conceive the idea of inventing the "Gatling-gun," said: "Well, when I read the reports from the battlefields of our late war of how men were mangled, maimed for life, and how battles dragged on for days at a stretch, I thought, if a weapon could only be invented which would be so destructive in its nature that a decisive victory must soon be declared, what an immense amount of suffering would be obviated! Who will doubt that this man is a genuine humanitarian? Wars will be abolished in one of two ways: either, when the masses have arisen in their wrath and put an end to legalized privilege, thus turning natural resources loose, or science will make the methods

of destruction so complete that contending armies facing each other will know it means annihilation to both. That the world is fast drifting in this latter direction needs but a very superficial knowledge of history to see. Who will say, the world has not taken an immense step in advance since science has made the methods of destruction so deadly, that thirty, twenty or even five years wars are impossible? Then, I say, hail to explosives! The more destructive the better; and the sooner people learn their use, better still. Hail to dynamite or any other "mite" which will destroy the rights (?) of one class to live upon the miseries of another.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

THE PEOPLE'S LYCEUM.

There is not a place in San Francisco where reformers and abolitionists can express their views upon any subject more freely and unreservedly, than at the People's Lyceum. It is the gathering place of those who think and study over the problems of the day. It is the place, above all others, those should frequent, who wish to learn or teach about the great questions that affect the well-being of the human race.

The meetings of the Lyceum are held every Sunday afternoon, 2.30 o'clock, at St. George's Hall, 909½ Market St. There is never any admission fee charged. Ladies are as welcome as gentlemen, and enjoy the same rights. Everybody gets an opportunity to express his or her opinion.

Subject for next Sunday's discussion: State control of industries.

CO-OPERATION WANTED BY GABRIEL Z. WACHT.

I want a true and intelligent woman to assist me in establishing a Free Intelligence Office and an Equitable Produce and Labor Exchange and in managing business in the same institutions in accordance with methods enunciated in my "Catechism on the Science of a Universal Religion." Please, apply in this Office or send application in care of the Editor of this paper.

Don't fail to go to the Lyceum next Sunday afternoon.