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EDITORIAL

BY THE ROAR OF PORT ARTHUR.

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AS the history of the eighteenth century centers in the great French Revolution, so will the history of our own, the twentieth century, center in the great upheaval of the Socialist Revolution. But the parallel ends there, as far as the historian's work is concerned. In writing the history of the eighteenth century the historian's work is arduous. The events, whose several streams converged towards the great central climax—the overthrow of the feudal lord and the enthronement of capitalism—are numerous, but each is also proportionally small, and they lie scattered, often even hidden from sight. It is otherwise with the events whose several streams are converging towards that greater central climax—the overthrow of the Capitalist Class and the rise of the Socialist Republic. They are fewer in number, they are proportionally of vaster dimensions, above all, in no instance are they hidden from sight or hearing. On the contrary: they fall upon the eye and they smite the ear with a light so fierce and a sound so deafening that none but the blind and the deaf can fail to see and to hear. One of these events is the astounding Japanese campaign in Manchuria, that has so far culminated in the amazing spectacle of Port Arthur.

The instruments used by the Providence that presides over the history of the human race are its own, nor does it seem to stick at the seemingly most contradictory ones. By a logic that looks like the logic of the spheres, elements seemingly the most mutually repellent supplement each other harmoniously in the accomplishment of the final end. The emancipation of the Working Class, implied in the Socialist Revolution, can only be the work fashioned by the hands of the Working Class itself. At all points antipodal to the proletariat is the Japanese class that rules and guides Japan, and that, welding its people like a thunderbolt, has crashed in upon the stage of modern history. And yet, for all its antipodal qualities,

the ruling class of Japan is approving itself an instrument that supplements the proletarian.

Infinitely more than the fortifications of Port Arthur has Nogi's cannon riven. However, unwittingly it has shaken beyond repair a whole chain of fortifications, behind which the modern international Usurper, the Capitalist Class, has for generations been entrenching itself,—Race Prejudice, Creed Prejudice, Nationality Prejudice. The despised “Yellow Race” has trampled his White would-be master under foot; every word of praise bestowed upon Stoessel implies two upon his victor; the Yellow Man has dared to “call” the Russian bluff before which the White Man had stood awed; he has turned Moscovite pretensions into a laughing stock; he has approved himself the peer of the White; and he has achieved all that while proving himself at the pinnacle of modern science and endowed with all the virtues that produce the abiding hero—patience, fortitude, valor, vigor, knowledge, magnanimity.

The world never again will be the same after the fall of Port Arthur. It is an epoch-marking event in the career of mankind. The human bond so needed for human progress and freedom, but kept sundered by capitalism as a condition precedent for its rule of human spoliation—has drawn close. It is no slight symptom, the universal joy among the masses at the victories of Japan: it is an instinctive acclaim of welcome by the human conscience, awaked from the stupor in which capitalist morality seeks to keep it: it is the sense of relief felt by the human race at the setting of a bone long and deliberately kept by its oppressors dislocated in the race's frame.

The event that has set this pulse beating out-strips the Lawson Revelations; it takes front rank with those that are loudly and glaringly heralding and clearing the way for the grand climax that our century is to witness.

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