EDITORIAL

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

By DANIEL DE LEON

A week from to-day, the Tenth National Convention of the Socialist Labor Party will have convened in this city.

The gavel that will have called the convention to order will be a hammer, kept by the Party as a trophy of the midnight battle of last July 10. As the weapon, borne by any one man in a mob, is borne by all, is borne collectively by the mob, so was that hammer collectively borne by, and wrenched from, the mob, representative of REACTION, that on that memorable night sought by physical force to crush the vanguard of the Social Revolution—the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY—and was itself beaten back ignominiously and disarmed by the collective intrepidity of the S.L.P.

REACTION, before being knocked down and out by PROGRESS, has ever itself rung its own death-knell. So did REACTION in this instance also. It rang “time” for the rolling of the old into the abyss of the Past and the calling forth into the light of day the brightness of the Future. It “called to order” the hosts of the Socialist Labor Party. Its rap told the doubters that the time for “tolerance” was gone; it strengthened the arm of those who knew, long before, that the Class Struggle is relentless and must be practised, besides being preached; it solidified the ranks of the militants; it sent from ocean to ocean the thrill that makes kin one, and that caused the Party, conscious of ascendency and glad for the fray, to don its armor for good and all, and march with all the greater deliberateness, earnestness and resolution to the attack. Before that hammer had rapped[,] the Party’s flanks were beset by TREASON. Since it rapped, and being wrenched from the impotent hands that wielded it, TREASON has been routed, beaten back, and rolled in the dust to the rhythm of the blows dealt to it by the potent hand of the S.L.P.

Fit, indeed, is that hammer as the gavel that shall have called the enthusiastic National Convention of the Socialist Labor Party, of 1900, to order, so as to
deliberate upon the weighty matters that it gathers upon.