EDITORIAL

AT THE BIER OF STOLYPIN AND BOGROFF.

By DANIEL DE LEON

PETER A. STOLYPIN, Premier of Russia, lies dead from the effects of a bullet fired by Dmitry Bogroff. Bogroff, the “revolutionary agent and police spy,” is as good as dead from the effects of the hangman’s office.

The two corpses, laid by the heels, are washed upon the Shores of Time, object lessons of the Logic of History:—

Terrorism breeds Terrorism.

The rulerdom that has no argument other than the Cossack’s knout, the bayonet, the drum-head court-martial’s bullet, the policeman’s sabre, or the hangman’s halter, itself formulates the pistol or bomb argument in the hands of the ruled.

The Rule that, under fear, concedes a parliament, named “Duma” in Russia, and then, behind the mask of Patriotism and Religion, and by ways that are subterranean, dark and devious withdraws one by one the privileges granted till there is nothing left but a semblance of what was granted, and even then snuffs off the semblance, as was done by Stolypin in the matter of the Zemstvos, or local governments, with the fiction of “reserved powers”—that Rule itself trains and drills an “opposition” in the strategy of pistol-laden swallow-tail coats, worn by “revolutionary police spies” to gain admission to gala gatherings of the ruled.

The Rule that, unheedful of the pronouncement of History, seeks the restoration of Universal Empire, and stretches its hand across mountains and oceans demanding the delivery, for sacrifice on its scaffolds, of whomsoever escaped its bayonet-bullet-and-sabre argument at home,—that Rule conjures up and draws upon its own head the Vengeance of Despair, resolved, with its heel, to crush the serpent’s head, though stung to death in the attempt.

The echo of the silence of muzzled press and speech is the explosion of the concealed weapon.
A Social Revolution may be scotched, never killed. No more than a volcano a-seething can be corked up, does the volcano of the human Heart and Mind, once quickened into activity, submit to a damper.

Every people has the sort of Government that it deserves. The unintermittent “retort” of the Russian people to the “arguments” of the Tsar’s Rule places beyond cavil the Russian people’s fitness for a Government non-barbaric.

The embrace of Terrorism is death.

The Terrorism of Rule rings in the Rule’s death-knell. The Terrorism a people is driven to must speedily pass beyond the stage of individual to the stage of mass, of collective action.

Slain Stolypin symbolizes Tsardom—de facto defunct, awaiting de jure burial; slain Bogroff symbolizes de facto popular freedom, awaiting de jure enforcement.