

GENERAL GORDON

FELL AT KHARTOUM JAN. 26, MDCCCLXXXV.

THE winter wind inhospitably drear,
In measure wild and moan impetuous,
Re-echoes dolefully the dirge, low sung
By Afric's winds, careering 'mid the sands
Where Gordon lies, low laid,—we know not where.
A shadow dark has fallen on our land,
Around there reigns an atmosphere of gloom,
And wintry silence well befits the time.
Our lips are dumb, though pulsing high with hope,
We thought with bay or laurel bright to wreath
His brow, when once again on English shores
He stepped, his mission high achieved—and now
A cypress wreath, we fain would reverent lay,
Entwined with laurel, on a martyr's grave.
But will the desert yield to us our dead,
Or will the walls of Khartoum jealous guard
The sacred dust? He sleeps, perchance, as sweet
'Neath desert sands as 'neath an English yew,
Amid whose branches sings a sweet-voiced thrush.
We fain had laid him 'mong his peers to rest,
In transept aisle or gray cathedral nave,
Where tributary tear and polished ode
Alike bear homage to the glorious dead.

Again has England given of her best
And brightest for the cause of truth and right—
A priceless gift, how dear she knew not, till
Her strong heart quivered in a sob of pain
When he, whom all alike loved and revered,
Whose life was sacred from assassin's hand,
Or black-dyed treachery, we fondly thought,
Fell with the city he essayed to save.
How manfully and with how stout a heart
'Gainst odds o'erwhelming strove he, and endured,
The storied chronicles of Time will tell.

As when God's messenger, the prophet laid
To rest on Pisgah's Mount, ere yet his feet
Had trod that Israelitish Promised Land
His soul oft yearned for, then his eyes beheld
With sight apocalyptic the desire
Of patient years in view before him spread—
Our martyred Gordon needs no Nemesis,
For, with a broader and a keener gaze,
O'erbridging swift the yawning stream of Time,
He saw the thick'ning war-cloud disappear
In the forgotten past, and joyed to see
The shackles fall from an enslaved race,
Who, basking in the light of Freedom, learn
The arts of peace, and reverently speak
His name, who died to save them, who now lives
The glorious life of immortality.

M. E. H.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

DEAR 'VARSITY,—*Terre et Liberté* is dead, died last week. Its editorial soul fled to Switzerland or Purgatory, about the same time. *Terre et Liberté* died young, hadn't finished its first year, only four months old; poor thing! young, very young. And yet you'll be astonished withal at its vigor when you come to look at it.

This plucky, belligerent infant supported the Communist-Anarchist party, and round its head it carried five appropriate devices: "Our enemy is our master"—La Fontaine; "Anarchy is the future of humanity"—Blanqui; "Neither God nor master"—Blanqui; "Property is robbery"—Proudhon; "Insurrection is the most sacred of duties." Rather audacious you think? I suspect we'll soon be thinking them insidiously moderate in tone.

Let us examine the few papers we find about the remains.

First one we open—let me read it through—contains a dying request to give our favours to a little fellow "Audace," who expects to be born somewhere about the 7th of March. A foolish kind of document. Evidently the last one written. The farewell words are "Salut à tous. Vive l'Anarchie et la Révolution sociale!"

The next piece of writing, which I have just read through, is a rather puzzling one. Headed "Merci! au revoir!" Hopes to see us again, not in the happy land, but here on terra firma. That looks illogical. Was written during fever probably, or does it indicate belief in resurrection? Doubtful point. Give it up.

"Appel suprême" is marked on the next piece. Seems to be the largest of all. We are told that for some time past a "manifesto to the army" has been circulating in the garrisons of the larger cities of France, and that at the risk of persecution by a "venal magistracy and a san-

guinary police," *Terre et Liberté* dares to publish it. What can an Anarchist manifesto be like, anyhow? Let us read a bit here and there:—

"TO THE ARMY.

"SOLDIERS,—The incessant plots which are being laid against the public liberty, by the parties of authority of every stamp, even in the government itself, oblige us to appeal again to your reason and to your courage.

"We must repeat to you that your real interests are in complete opposition to those of the chiefs who think to use you in oppressing the mass of the workers, in which are your families and your old comrades in work.

"Do not lose sight of what we have already told you, that sooner or later you must return to the workshop. Would you dare to return with your hands stained with the blood of the people?

"Understand that you are preparing, yourselves, your enslavement in the future, if you consent to aid the bourgeoisie in its work of oppression and exploitation of the proletariat.

"It is always horrible to exercise the trade of *killer of men*, but especially with regard to the deluded and oppressed; he who accepts so cruel and repugnant a business is no soldier—he is an executioner.

"Are you not tired of being treated like pariahs, condemned to live outside of society?

"They isolate you from the mass of the people so as to prepare you more easily for the massacres which the government have need for their authority by terror; the State acts with respect to you as the Catholic Church acts with respect to her priests, whom she wishes without family, in order that they may be the better disposed to sacrifice everything for her.

"You, they would have you vile in obedience, ferocious in fight, but, above all, against the toilers who are hostile to power.

"That is why they submit you to a special code, the rigors of which are worse than the penal laws applied to the proletariat.

"And, strange to say, you are ultimately the real supports of their iniquitous régime; it is behind your breasts that are sheltered your oppressors, who are also ours.

"What, indeed, would become of them if you should refuse them the succour of your arms?

"Reduced to impotence, they would flee before the just wrath of their victims.

"Therefore, turn against these cowardly oppressors the arms which they gave you to butcher your brothers."

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"Being the most enslaved, you should be the first to revolt. Imitate in that the soldiers of Spain, you who, more than they, have the advantage of being able to count upon the aid of the popular masses.

"Yes, since you have in hand the arms and ammunition, which are lacking to us, take the initiative of the Revolution.

"Have your chiefs the audacity to offer to pretenders the sword entrusted to them?

"Why, then, should you not dare to offer your arms to the people?

"But if you do not dare to take this generous initiative, at least repulse the idea of fighting against those who will take it. Remember they rise as much in your interest as in their own.

"Your brothers of the workshop count upon you; they hope that you do no longer wish to serve as adjuncts to the police and gendarmerie.

"No, you do not wish to draw upon your heads the maledictions which weigh upon the soldiers who took part in the butcheries of June, 1848; December, 1851, and May, 1871.

"When you hear resound about your barracks the cry of *liberty*, you will set fire to these dens of tyranny and you will join yourselves to the people to put an end to all governmental domination."

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"Soldiers,—Whether you take the initiative of the revolution, or whether you simply join a popular insurrection,—here are efficacious means for finishing promptly with our common enemies:

"(1) Set fire to your barracks.

"In order to start the fire open the gas pipes in the corridors and in the rooms. You can also use a mixture in equal parts of petroleum and alcohol, the action of which is quicker than that of petroleum alone.

"(2) In the midst of the confusion produced, kill pitilessly all those among your chiefs who are known as enemies of the people.

"(3) On leaving your barracks, bring with you your arms and ammunition to aid the people in crushing the forces of the police.

"(4) United with the crowd, turn the murderous training which has been given you to the service of the insurrection. Set fire to the Prefecture and to all the posts of police, as well as to all edifices liable to serve as rallying points to the government agents and to the forces of which they might dispose.

"(5) Thick bottles and tin or zinc boxes, surrounded with cloth bands, coated with pitch, to give them greater resistance and to prevent them from breaking if they fall, form excellent bombs for street fights; for projectiles it is better to use grape-shot, which, by scattering, can put whole squads *hors de combat*. Grape-shot employed with ordinary guns has good results at short range; in aiming at the level of the eyes, with one discharge you can cripple several adversaries.

"Inflammatory liquids, as essences of petroleum and of turpentine, can be projected by means of thin bottles surrounded with powder-matches, which inflame the essences as soon as the bottle breaks. The mixture of white phosphorus and sulphide of carbon is good for use against cavalry; the burns caused to the horses exasperate them and put them in disorder. But this mixture is not strong enough to set on fire.