

What cause was there from whence this deed did flow,
 As bolt from o'ercharged cloud to strike below?

Who kindled those dark hearts to murderous rage?
 Who sharpened up their knives and charged their guns?
 Who set their brains on fire with deadly hate
 Of "foreign devils" changing creed and state?

Who threatened to divide the "Flowery land?"
 Who planned to parcel out its broad domain
 As though the soil were vacant virgin sod,
 Untenanted by any child of God?

"Partition"—aye, the nations coolly schemed,
 As though those millions there were horde of flies,
 And none felt love for home and native land,
 But those who dwelt on favored Christian strand.

What! talk of "cutting up," and think them deaf?
 "Dismemberment," without a by your leave?
 And not expect a wince or dying thrust
 From victims of this great Imperial Trust?

Would we, think you, sit still and let them plan
 To sever state from state, and pick and choose
 Fair harbors on our coast, and marts for trade,
 As eagles pick a carcass ere death laid?

"Partition"—light we've used the fateful word;
 What wonder that the savage heathen rage!
 What wonder that the people rise at last,
 To guard their future and avenge the past!

"Barbarians?"—aye, so-called, but truth is truth.
 Are we so perfect yet that we can pose
 As models for their race? so free from greed—
 We worshippers of trusts that grind and bleed?

Have we no sand-lot memories to recall?
 No "persecutions," "riots," "howling mobs?"

Is our door "open" and our welcome warm,
 When they would find a shelter from life's storm?

Their "open door" we've sought; be frank,
 for what?
 To save their souls? Not so. A traitor's kiss
 We proffered them for trade and gold;
 The Christ again by wily Judas sold.

Away with cant and hypocritic gulle;
 Let's face the issue squarely, race by race;
 'Tis conquest all desire, though in His name,
 And gladly hail excuse for war's grim game.

"Barbarians?" may be, but not fools. Ah, no!
 In their own way they've done what we would do;
 (They know, alas, too well the white man's thirst)
 And bland and childlike, they have done it first!

TOWNSEND ALLEN.

CHINESE GORDON ON "THE YEL-LOW PERIL."

Sir William Howard Russell reports in the Army and Navy Gazette a conversation he had many years ago with Chinese Gordon just as he was starting from London for India. Gordon said, speaking of the Chinese: "They do not fear death, and I have seen Chinamen stand up bravely sometimes and fly like sheep afterward. But what Europeans have to consider is the awful consequences of a general movement, when we least expect it, in the vast inert mass of hundreds of millions of men to overwhelm the 'foreign devils,' whom they hate like poison; and the danger of such an outburst becomes greater every year, for the Chinese are continually harassed by the European states with demands for compensation, in some cases very just, in others quite frivolous; and, as they see that their only means of meeting the aggressions is to organize an army with improved weapons, you may depend upon it that they will buy guns and rifles and ships, and with the aid of Europeans, who will always be found ready to drill and organize them, that some fine day you will have to face a formidable army. Of one thing be quite sure. The days when you could march up to Chinese troops in position, or in defense of a position, and sweep them away like flies, will soon be over. No more military promenades by a few hundred British and French troops through the country, driving thousands of Chinese before them. Never trust a mandarin, great or small. I was only too glad when I left their service. With all their hideous superstitions, their vices and their ignorance, the Chinese are far too good for their nobles; or whatever you like to call the rulers of the people. The government of France, Russia and England have treated them most scandalously for the last 40 years."—Army and Navy Journal.

IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

Guide (to a noble stranger)—Pray take a seat.
 Stranger—Where are we?
 Guide—In one of the boxes of the chamber of deputies, in that one which is especially reserved for noble strangers who come to visit the marvels of the Universal exhibition.
 Stranger—Does the chamber of deputies then form part of the exhibition?
 Guide—it is outside the bounds, but forms part of it all the same. It is,

I venture to say, one of the principal curiosities in it. Attention. They are beginning.

(The president declares the sitting open. At the end of a few minutes a frightful row is heard below. Cries, shrieks and divers imprecations.)

Stranger—Oh, How very curious, to be sure!

Guide—Didn't I tell you?
 Stranger—I do not regret having come here. It is as amusing as the Rue de Paris. (Pointing to some one) Who is that gentleman who yells so loud?

Guide—He is a member of the opposition. He is about to attack the government.

Stranger—He yells magnificently. There are few men in my country who have so fine a voice. Ah! and who is that who yells just as loudly? Is he also attacking the government?

Guide—No; he is defending it.
 Stranger—Capital!

(All of a sudden an even more fearful tumult arises. Cries of "Thief!" "Assassin!" "Traitor!" "Scoundrel!" dominate the row.)

Guide—There, are you satisfied with it?

Stranger—Have they then allowed an assassin and a bandit to enter the hall?

Guide—Oh, dear, no! It is merely the prime minister who is ascending the tribune.

Stranger—He does not appear to mind it at all.

Guide—It is all the same to him. These are politics. Now look at the president of the chamber who is putting on his hat. No one in France puts on his hat so well as M. Deschanel. Everybody who wants to know how to put on a hat comes here to take lessons. There are even some deputies whose sole reason for forcing him to cover himself is this. Ah! it is not all over yet. You are now going to hear a concert.

(They sing the "Marseillaise" and the "Carmagnole.")

Stranger—These gentlemen sing marvelously. But do you not find, you other Frenchmen, that these are somewhat strange political customs?

Guide (seized with patriotic shame and risking a pious fib)—But I beg pardon, all that is not serious. The deputies do that to amuse strangers, to offer them an extra attraction, and they will give two performances a week to the end of the exhibition in order to make their stay longer. But you must not think that such a state of things seriously happens. Ah, sir!