

### CHRISTOPHE.

EDWARD CLARENCE FREDMAN.  
King Henry is King Stephen's poor.  
His breeches cost him but a crown!  
So to the castle he rode, and the King  
Of them who hunted Toussaint down.  
But what was this—this slave that swept  
The earth, that then was left alone?  
That country's lost in bronze, a thing  
To mock—or even lads a king?

On San-Souci's defant wall  
His people saw, against the sky,  
Christophe, the King of the night!—  
A chief who brooked no sleep at night.  
A night well he spied the antique state,  
But who could tell the secret of gold?  
No ames filled his veins—instead  
The African torrent, hot and red.

He built far up the mountain-sides  
A royal town, and the spires  
With the sun's rays could not hide;  
The ramparts toward ocean frowned;  
Beneath, where the hills down-  
He reigned in the sun's light of gold.  
He made his nobles in a breath;  
He led the power of the earth.

And the more torrid he ruled  
The Hottest suns he brooked king—  
Melted Europe's pomp; his might school'd  
In trade and war and parleying—  
Yet still he was a man of iron,  
To end the drama, fate grew faint—  
Uproar a rebel, and it flowed—  
Close to the earth, the earth strode.

And now the black mist wait make,  
A craven at the last, they say;  
Not so—Christophe's lie we have told,  
The King of the world's own way.  
He did it, and he did it well,  
To end the drama, fate grew faint—  
A great man, and he died—  
So died Christophe without a peep.

—Century Magazine.

### THE MUFTI.

#### An Episode of the Indian Mutiny.

During the cold weather in 1856 we had been unusually gay at our pleasant little station of Ramjannjollibod in the heart of Oude. In November no less than three bridges had arrived from home and been feted in turn; while in early December the Thirteen Light Cavalry, the 10th Oude Hussars and Twenty Native Infantry had been received by Hamper's Horse and the Ninety-third Light Infantry, both "crack" regiments, with good bands and capital messes; and just before Christmas the Commander-in-Chief had passed through on a tour of inspection, and remained for four days. Balls, big dinners and picnics had been the order of the day, and we were even invited in going up some very fine roads. It was about this time that my wife's cousin, Capt. Geoffrey St. Hill, of the Twenty-fifth Lancasters, came to spend his three months' leave with us, and before he had been a fortnight in the station managed to get himself and us into hot water. St. Hill was a strikingly handsome man with very dark hair and eyes, and was moreover endowed with a bold and gay manner which made him popular; he would be an "Admirable Crichton," and persisted in laying down the law to every one on every possible subject, without the slightest respect for age, rank or reputation. Free-thinking was one of his hobbies.

"Sans Foi" being his nickname in the regiment, and he was particularly fond of the "orthodox" members of the church, for whom he had the most profound contempt. At the first big dinner to which we were invited he placidly set the Commissioner to rights on the subject of "Salookdarre rights" and permanent settlement, and gave the Brigadier a lecture on active drill and discipline.

One of the charges against him was that he read Italian with Miss Bell; this was of course soon removed, the reading having been discontinued, and the young lady appearing rather inclined to avert him than otherwise; but it was observed that she never allowed his character or opinions to be attacked behind his back without defending him most gallantly. As she was the prettiest and cleverest "spin" in the station, and a general favorite to boot, few could understand him; but whether his alliance did St. Hill much good is open to doubt; one man indeed brought to his aid—young Stubbs, the "boots" of the Ninety-third regiment, a no-account lad who had been desperately in love with Miss Bell from the first day he saw her, and who now chivalrously ranged himself on the side of his master, whom he was constantly enlisted for his pains.

Under these circumstances it was evidently high time for St. Hill to beat a retreat, but as ill-luck would have it, this was out of the question, a bad fall having put him on the sick list, and rendered it quite impossible for him to rejoin at the expiration of his leave, while much more serious matter than his doings and misdeeds soon occupied all our thoughts.

As the hot weather drew near, an uneasy feeling showed itself in the native army, and before long the mutiny at Barrackpore opened our eyes to the danger. The guilty regiment met with instant punishment; the disaffected appeared to be cowed, and we fondly hoped that the crisis was over. This interval of quiet was, only, the calm before the terrific storm that was to soon burst in all its fury on our devoted ranks. All through the month of April this dead calm lasted; most of us forgot our fears, and prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the hot weather. Suddenly the bazars were full of a great munity and massacre of Meen mutins, who had received no authentic news of any disturbance there, and we read the report as mere "grub," and the two or three old officers who looked grave and shook their heads over it were laughed at as alarmists. Only a day or two later our laughter came to a sudden end. A large party of us were having "chota hazi," and smoking in the "coffee shop" after parade, when a telegram was brought to our Colonel, with a hurried note requesting his immediate return. The ill-omened ship of paper passed quickly around: "Cavalry mutinied at Meen on Monday. Several officers killed." The Colonel, with his Adjutant, rode off at once, and the next morning, having sent a messenger to the General, threw me another telegram and rode off without drawing rein. This second message ran as follows: "Cavalry from Meen reached Delhi Tuesday—the whole force there joined them; general massacre of English, magazine blown up."

We were still discussing the news and trying to persuade ourselves and each other that it was not really bad, as it seemed at first sight, when the Commissioner, galloping along, sent for the Colonel, and I, with a heavy heart, went to the General, threw me another telegram and rode off without drawing rein.

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For the next few days we were all in a state of alarm, and indeed I did not know what to do, and after that came a reaction. We heard that a large European force, under the Commander-in-Chief, was marching on Delhi, and that several regiments had been telegraphed from the Persian gulf and Madras. At several places mutiny had broken out, but in many others the spirit of the native troops appeared to be excellent, notably at Alhabad, where the Sixth Regiment Native Infantry had volunteered to march against "those wicked men who had been false to the great company whose salt they had eaten," and other regiments had followed their example. Mutinies of our own men were loud in their profession of loyalty, and many of us believed they were really faithful, but we were quickly overpowered, most of

our party were killed on the spot, while about a dozen, including my wife, St. Hill, the two clergymen and newspapermen ceased to arrive, and we found that we were cut off from all communication with the outer world. The last paper which reached us gave a ghastly account of the tragedy at Alhabad, where the Sixth regiment, after having paraded in the afternoon to receive the thanks of the Governor General for their loyalty, cut the throats of all their officers in the evening.

To add to our troubles, there were great differences of opinion among our leaders. The Brigadier, a worn-out old man who should have been dozing away the evening of his life at Bath or Cheltenham, was quite unequal to the emergency and changed his plans from day to day. An embroilment with the European barracks had begun, and the week the work was stopped, owing to the remonstrances of the native officers, who declared that their feelings were hurt by such a want of confidence in them and their men. Shortly afterward, to our great relief, the Brigadier broke down altogether, took to his bed, and handed over the command to our Colonel, who the army, who was very near, and each of us, in his own way, prepared to meet it. I tried to pray, but tried in vain. As in a dream I saw the fierce faces of the Sowars by the light of the torches which blazed and flared over the camp, and the roar of the thousand growing away in the distance, the roar of the swollen river rushing by; the stern words of the Mufti kept repeating themselves over and over again in my head; but all seemed strange and far away like idle sights and sounds which, for me, had no meaning.

Suddenly the Mufti shook his torch, sending the sparks flying fast, and the torches around, and I noticed it was nearly burnt out. Then I seemed to awake with a sudden sharp pain; the bitterness of death was upon me, as I felt my wife cling to my arm, saw her loving, despairing eyes looking into mine, and felt that I could do nothing to save her.

"My own, my own!" I cried; "only one short hour together, and now to be parted forever! Why did I ever bring you to this cursed country? Why were you given to me if we were to be parted so soon?"

"There can be no more separation for those whose love is true," said the chaplain. "What happier lot could God have given you? Love and joy on earth, and not an eternity of happiness together. The world is ours."

The Advent Preacher and the Balloon.

There occasionally occurs an incident in this world that will make a person laugh though the laughing may border on the sacrificial. For instance, there is not a Christian but will smile at the ignorance of the Advent preacher up in Jackson County who, when he saw the balloon of King, the balloonist, going through the air, thought it was the second coming of Christ, and burst it with the air, the wretched man out of breath.

"All very well for you who are sure of heaven," interrupted St. Hill; "but how about me? Why should I not save my life? And if you Bible be true there is an eternity of misery in store for me; if it be false, why should I die for a lie? Christian or Mussulman, what does it matter?"

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"I am ashamed of you, Johnny," that the proud mother chided the mother.

"That isn't quite right. Speak it right this time. The ladies and gentlemen never heard it. Now go on."

One more the common and inextinguishable fraud went at it:

"Mary had a little lamb, Little lamb, little lamb."

"And everywhere the lamb would go."

"Mary was sure to bite."

"What a naughty boy!" exclaimed the proud mother, who had been admiring the out-of-door performances of the native officers.

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