CHRISTOPHE.

"King Henri is King Stephen's peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown!"
So from the old world came the jeer
Of them who hunted Toussaint down:
But what was he,—this slave that swept
The shambles, then to greatness leapt?
Their counterfeit in bronze, a thing
To mock,—or every inch a king?

On San-Souci's defiant wall
His people saw, against the sky,
Christophe,—a shape the height of Saul,—
A chief who brooked no rivals nigh.
Right well he sped the antique state,
His birth was mean, his heart was great;
No azure filled his veins,—instead
The Afric torrent, hot and red.

He built far up the mountain-side
A royal keep, and walled it round
With towers the palm-tops could not hide;
The ramparts toward ocean frowned;
Beneath, within the rock-hewn hold,
He heaped a monarch's store of gold.
He made his nobles in a breath;
He held the power of life and death;

And here through torrid years he ruled
The Haytian horde, a despot king,—
Mocked Europe's pomp,—her minions schooled
In trade and war and parleying,—
Yet reared his dusky heirs in vain:
To end the drama, Fate grew fain,—
Uprose a rebel tide, and flowed
Close to the threshold where he strode.

"And now the Black must exit make,
A craven at the last," they say;
Not so,—Christophe his leave will take
The long unwonted Roman way.
"Ho! Ho!" cried he, "the day is done.
And I go down with the tropic sun!"
A pistol-shot,—no sign of fear,—
So died Christophe without a peer.

—Edmund Clarence Stedman, *in the Century.*

A STABLE POEM.

A decided change has taken place in Slim Jim. Slim Jim is the help at Marshall's livery stables. He is a young man twenty-six years old. He has been in the stables for four years, and is admirably qualified to perform the multifarious duties belonging to the situation. From association and sympathy he has mastered all the details of the business, and is really invaluable to Mr. Marshall. He knows every horse in Danbury, knows its weaknesses, can tell a defect as soon as he sees the possessor of it, and has a very good idea of horse medicines. Slim Jim wears loud colours, his hair cut short, no beard, no suspenders, the finest of fine boots with high heels, and the pantaloon legs rolled tastefully at the bottoms. Slim Jim is rather proud of his boots, and rests in comfort as to the rest of his form. He is a fair hand at cards, proficient in profanity, rather graceful in lounging, and when not on duty is adorning some neighbouring bar. Wherever Jim is, he talks horse. Horse is his hobby. He is the most masculine of men. He quite frequently drives out ladies, but it is evident to the most casual observer that the horses, not the load, engross his whole attention. He apparently has none of the finer qualities of mind and heart. He never notices flowers, nor birds, nor cloud formations; neither does he speak of running brooks, or mossy dells, or science, or poetry. Even his cards and drinking and lounging and figure are all subordinate to this one subject, the horse. He has no sympathies beyond this. He has had no life separate from it. Although young in years, he is old in feelings, old in expression of those feelings. Whatever he does to display himself is done to gain the admiration of his own sex. He drinks, he drives, and talks, and dresses, and postures for the sake of exciting their envy. The last woman might be in the crater of Vesuvius, painting birds on dust-pan handles, so far as he is concerned.

But a change has come over Slim Jim. He is not so much in bar-rooms as in front of them now. There is a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes. He puts on his coat when leaving the stables, and unless talking strictly horse, is subject to spells of absent-mindedness. He is less coarse, less blustering, and more subdued in his profanity. He drinks less, and differently; not throwing it down with the careless indifference of a veteran, but rather sipping it thoughtfully, like as one who may be pre-occupied by far weightier matters. He is gentler, too, in his work, and closely attentive to the ladies who come in his care, and more observant of lawns, and stores, and the style as affected by the better classes. A new world has opened up to Slim Jim,—a world that, until recently, has been veiled in a great darkness before his eyes. The cause of this marvellous change in Slim Jim works in one of our hat factories. She is seventeen years old, apparently, and a spry-looking, bright-eyed girl. We saw her go by the office the other day, and we saw Jim with her, and then we understood at a glance the secret of the great change which had fallen upon our horse friend. There was something very interesting in this spectacle, and something beautiful in the conduct of Slim Jim, it was so tender and respectful. There were about four feet of space between them, but if it had been miles instead, there was a light in his eye which showed that his heart spanned the distance. She walked with her head slightly bent, but not so much so as to hide the pleased expression of her face. His face was radiant. It was not much he was saying, as his lips moved but little, but it was evident that he was seriously impairing the strength of his eyes, in trying to take in all the glory of her fresh young face, with those organs looking straight ahead. If anything, there was more colour in his face than in hers, but he undoubtedly believed the public was unaware of it. When he got opposite the stables, he left her to cross the street, and almost pushed her over in his trepidation. Slim Jim is submerged in a sweet dream, and amid its golden glories he is losing his identity. He almost went to church with her last Sunday night. That is, he casually overtook her on her return, a short distance from the door of the temple, and accompanied her home. In a very short time he will be standing in the porch waiting for the close of the service, and later still will be found holding a hymn-book with her in a back pew.

TRAITS OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

Many Americans who have recently returned from Europe and who, during their visit have gone into the best circles of English society, will have been struck with the marked difference which exist there between the great middle class and the upper ten thousand. A cultured American family will feel themselves more at home, more at their ease at a garden party at Holland House or Strawberry Hill under its late mistress than at any of the palatial residences built by wealthy merchants which surround London. There is a tendency on the part of writers of a lower stamp in this country to deride the sympathy which undoubtedly exists between a well-bred American and the English aristocracy. It is said that the American is out of place in the "gilded saloons of territorial splendor," that these things are unsuited to the natural simplicity of republican manners, and that for an American citizen to associate with an English peer is to violate all the principles under which the nation has grown to its present position and to throw dust and ashes on the stepping stones which have made America what it is. We have neither time nor inclination to enter into a contest of words with the O'Gradys and O'Briens, who write this rhodomoutade, but the question why the well-bred American feels himself more at home in Mayfair than at Kensington or Wimbledon is one of interest and deserves to be answered. And here let us say that we do not wish to depreciate the trading community of London when we remark that there is no comparison between the culture of the two classes in the two countries. The trading class in England are as a rule heavy, unimaginative, without conversation and with very little taste, anxious to spend money but with no idea how to do so to advantage. The display of wealth, unrestrained by culture or taste, is glaring, offensive and repellant. The vulgarity of such people is but the more repugnant for being heavy gilded. At their assemblies there is a dull tone of oppression. No one is at his ease. No one is at home. Nobody knows what to say or how to say it. The tact of manner is utterly wanting and with the desire to make every one comfortable it only ends in making every one supremely uncomfortable. For let it be said in a whisper, the Englishman of this class has a suspicion of his own imperfections and fears you will find it out. He is aware that his manners are *gauche*, that his grammer is faulty, that his wife drops her aspirates and that his son and daughter, who have been to good schools, know it and make fun of their parents. Society is terrible to these people, but they must go through with it.

Now contrast one of these dull, heavy assemblies with a reception by the Countess of L—— in Mayfair. Here everything is bright, cheerful, and one's eyes is fascinated not so much by the costliness of the surroundings as by the beauty; as Ruskin would say, we recognize the lamp of sacrifice and the lamp of beauty. And look at the guests. Are they not another order of beings? Everybody at ease, meeting with as much *nonchalance* as if no one else were present, the infinity of tact of the hostess who receives, says a word, and passes every one on to feel perfectly at home, cheerful, exhilarated if you will, and yet not a tone, not a gesture that is not graceful and gentle. What is it that underlies and produces all this? It is that culture which years and generations have produced in the best London society.

That which Americans have by instinct, the British aristocracy have by nature. The courtesy, the ease without assumption, the absence of *mauvaise honte*, the disposition and the capacity to say the right thing to every one and to refrain from saying the wrong thing, are qualifications without which good society cannot exist. And they require no ordinary talent. To remember where you met people last, to select topics of conversation which put them at their ease and make them feel no inferiority, to inquire about absent friends, to discuss subjects of mutual interest, to be particularly careful to take such notice of strangers and new comers that they are made quite at home, this is the result of culture, and culture trained through many generations, and to find it in its highest order we must look for it in the drawing-rooms of the English aristocracy. In the same degree we shall find it nowhere else. With all this the cultured American has an instinctive sympathy. The gentleness of manner, softness of voice, absence of all vulgarity or swagger, all these things come home to him and make him feel at home. Probably the most remarkable instance of this tact in society is the present Prince of Wales. His royal highness possesses, in a degree which has never been surpassed, the faculty of recollecting every one he has ever met, of the associations of the meeting, and of every topic of interest peculiar to the situation. When he goes down to the Guildhall he recollects Mr. Alderman Gobble and Sir Benjamin Bumble as well as if he were a common councilman of London. At Landingham he knows every tenant and their families. He never forgets and never mistakes. No doubt this is an inherited talent. The late Prince Albert was remarkable for the same faculty. We simply cite his royal highness as a pattern instance of this peculiar talent, and which, when combined with grace of manner and a rare intellectual power of conversation, go to form what may be termed the talent of society. The influence of this atmosphere of culture is sensibly felt. The combative dispositions of the character seem to die away. No one contradicts, no one argues. If your views are not the same as another's you try to see where they agree instead of where they differ, and if you must differ you turn it off with a joke. Those who have never seen the very *crème de la crème* of society are apt to think that it consists in the grand houses, the titles, the magnificent surroundings, the costly furniture, the paintings, the works of art, and the embellishments of an all but royal home. But it is nothing of the kind. It is the culture, the delicacy of feeling, the instinct that never wounds or offends or asserts itself. Attitudes which are never ungraceful but always unstudied, a carriage of mingled dignity and courtesy. With all this the well-bred American is thoroughly in sympathy, and if he prefers the society of the upper ten to that of the great middle class in England, it is not because he runs after titles or toadies great names, but because he finds there an atmosphere of thought, feeling and culture entirely in sympathy with his own.—*Home Journal.*

INDIAN NAMES.

Nomenclature amongst the Indians is apt to be exceedingly bewildering, both to themselves and everybody else, from the fact that one name, whether of a person or thing, never has the slightest distinct relation to any other. The uncivilized have evidently never met with the necessity of permanently identifying members of the same family; and in permitting the young man, just warrior-grown, to choose a name for himself, or compelling him by persistency either to keep the one he received before he knew it, or to accept the cognomen chosen for him by his associates, they are certainly carrying their ideas of native freedom to the utmost limit. To one unacquainted with the customs which dictate these names, the ridiculous and often apparently meaningless titles seem absurd freaks of fancy. This they often are, to be sure, but as frequently they have a significance which honors the man, if it does not designate his family. Ordinarily, however, the appellation he receives is obtained at random, and is likely to be changed any time, either by the wearer or his friends. In fact, it is quite the thing for a warrior to change his name after each exploit, always adopting some descriptive and complimentary title; or perhaps, —unfortunately for him,—in case of failure in an expedition, cowardice, or some evidence of weakness, he has it changed for him by his friends. All Indians, even great chiefs, seem to possess a very remarkable fondness for nick-naming; and while the leading man in the tribe may insist on being called by his own choice title, nothing prevents his being known and designated by a very different and perhaps uncomplimentary name. As deformities, peculiarities of character, or accidents to limb or feature often suggest fit names, it is sometimes impossible to know by the appellation whether the warrior is in contempt or honor amongst his associates. Strangely enough, too, however far from flattering the title of a warrior, he is sure to accept it sooner or later. There is a single approach to general custom in the naming of sons by their fathers, and daughters by the mothers. Daughters' names are never altered, and as married women do not take their husbands' names there is nothing in the appellation to indicate whether an Indian woman is married or single.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

No crime in Lapland, saving only that of murder, is punished more severely or summarily than is the marrying of a young woman against the express wishes of her parents. Those worse crimes are wholly unknown in that chilly, sombre clime. The blood of the people never boils, save with that anger or in ignation which is inseparable from sense; and warmth of spirit is a thing called into being by the will rather than an involuntary passion, making the whole body captive.

A Lapland courtship is rather a pleasant conception, and one under which the rights of all are preserved. A young lady is not forced to look a suitor in the eye, and tell him she does not love him; nor shall she be forced to give her reasons for refusing. Nothing of the kind. The parents of the damsel, when her hand has been asked in marriage by one whom they are willing to accept, say to one another, "Now, see! If our daughter will have this man, we will accept him for a son. Let the case be decided, even as it was decided when Lulea of the Glen turned in her flight, and bowed the head to Lapp-Alten. It shall be done."

Accordingly, information is given to the damsel that a suitor has applied for her hand. Perhaps she knows the young man; while it may be that she has never seen him. However, on a day appointed, the damsel and her parents, with their chief friends, together with the suitor and his friends, come together, and sit at meat; the suitor and the object of his desires being placed opposite to one another, so that they can converse freely, and each view the other's face.

When the feast is concluded the company repair to an open space, where the "race for a wife" is to be run. The distance marked off is generally about two English furlongs—or a quarter of a mile—and the girl is let out in advance of the starting point about the third of the whole distance, so that if she be at all fleet of foot, and so desires, she can easily avoid the suitor; for, if he does not overtake her before she reaches the end of the race she is free, and he may never trouble her again.

In this way, it may be seen, a modest maiden is spared all perplexity, or possible shame of refusal. If she does not wish the young man for a husband, she has but to keep her back to him, and make for the goal, where she is sure to reach if she wishes; while, on the other hand, if the suitor has pleased her, and she will have him, she has only to lag in her flight, and allow him to overtake her; and, if she is particularly struck—if she would signify to the lover that his love is returned—she can run a short distance, then stop and turn, and invite him with open arms.

The Lapps are not a moral people, nor excessively honest, but their marriage relations are, as a rule, happy and peaceful.

VARIETIES.

Dr. J. G. Holland, whose editorship of Scribner's Monthly and numerous poetical and prose works have given him a wide celebrity, died suddenly last Wednesday of heart disease, in his sixty-third year. Dr. Holland began his literary career as an editor on the staff of the *Springfield Republican.* He first became known to the general public in 1858, by his "Letters to the Young by Timothy Titcomb," which was followed a few months later by his poem "Bitter-Sweet." In 1859 appeared "Gold Foil;" and in 1860 a novel entitled "Miss Gilbert's Career;" in 1860 "Lessons in Life;" in 1863 "Letters to the Joneses;" in 1865 "Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects;" in 1866 "The Life of Lincoln;" in 1867 "Kathrina," a poem. in 1872 "The Marble Prophecy;" in 1873 "Arthur Bonnicastle" and "Garnered Sheaves," a collection of Poems printed, and in 1874 "The Mistress of the Manse." His latest works were "Sevenoaks" and "Nicholas Minturn." Of the "Titcomb Letters," sixty-one thousand copies have been sold; of "Bitter-Sweet," ninety thousand. Few authors have been more widely read in their life-time. His editorship of *Scribner's Monthly* showed the same literary facility and tact, the same knowledge of the average taste of the reading public, and the same devotion to popular culture which characterized his earlier essays. Dr. Holland married Miss Elizabeth Chapin, of Springfield, when he was twenty-two years of age. He leaves two unmarried daughters and a son, Theodore Holland who is a member of the senior class of Yale College.

A writer in the *Evénement* makes some queer remarks about the change of fashion in the matter of feminine physique. Not long ago thin women were all the rage. The more slender and diaphanous a woman was, the greater was her empire. Now, opulence and rotundity of body and limb has become the fashion, anemic or consumptive women have no chance. It is a curious fact that the theatres that succeed are those where the actresses are plump. Let us enter into details. At the Opéra the public favourites are Mmes. Krauss, Dufrane, Richard, Montalba, all fat women. In the ballet Singalli, Mauri, Righetti, Piron, Monchanin Ottolini, and Still all fill up their dresses. At the Comédie-Française Mlle. Croizette is superbly stout, so, too, is Madeleine Brohan. Then follow Mmes. Riquier, Provost-Ponsin, and Mlle. Lloyd, who was made a *sociétaire* as soon as she began to fill out. At the Opéra-Comique Mlle. Isaac is queen. At the Odéon all the women are thin, and the theatre is one of the most unfortunate in Paris, with the exception of the Gymnase, where all the women are also thin. At the Vaudeville, Mlle. Pierson is plump enough to secure success. At the Ambigu Mlles. Massin and Brévallet need reinforcements. At the Porte Saint-Martin there are some enormous women, and the success of the theatre corresponds. At the Renaissance the fat women are in the minority, and the success of the theatre is not nearly so brilliant as it was. At the Bouffes the delicious Montbazon, at the Palais-Royal Charvet, Darvricourt, Miette, and Mathilde; at the Nouveautés Raymonde and Bode, at the Comédie-Parisienne Marie Colombier, are sure pledges of success. At the Variétés, the most successful theatre in Paris, who are the women? Judic, Théo, Baumaine, Châlons, Holdun—all fat!

The last literary work done by the late Dr. Holland was a short poem for the "Youth's Companion," which was not published until after his death, and now carries a peculiar interest with it. The lines are as follows:

If life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there for evermore.

Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea;
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh! what will it matter to me?