

FLASH.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on No. 3: Not much stable manners—an average horse to see: Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates: Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates:

Dull an' moody an' sleepy on "off" an' quiet days: Full of turbulent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways: Scowled and bit at his partner, an' banged the stable floor—

With other tricks intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring, He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring: An' watch with nervous shivers the clasp of buckle an' band, Until it was plainly evident he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear, As if a thousand witches was rumplin' up his hair: An' wake his mate up crazy with its magnetic charm: For every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' admire Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with a fire: Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin', an' so slack As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

Now, when the different horses get tender-footed an' old, They ain't no use in our business: so Flash was finally sold To quite a respectable milkman: who found it not so fine A-bossing of God's creatures outside o' their reg'lar line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now, A-feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow: But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din, An' jump an' rear for a minute before they could hold him in:

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps, To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps: Whereat the milkman kicked him: wherefor, us boys to please, He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash, Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash, Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an' heart, We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upwards into a new, If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him dew, 'Twas that old horse, a rompin' an' rushin' down the track, An' that respectable milkman, a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3, Trained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free: Dinkin' the wheels an' horses, an' still on the keenest silk, An' furnishin' all that district with good respectable milk.

Crowd a-yellin' an' runnin', and vainly hollerin' "Whoa!" Milkman bracin' and sawin', with never a bit of show: Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', and hollerin', "Good! good!" Hoss a-gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally come where the fire was, halted with a "thud," Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud: Watched till he see the engine properly workin' there, After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled—faded away once more: Took up his old occupation of votin' life a bore: Laid down in his harness, and—sorry I am to say—The milkman he had drawn there drew his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story: I've seen, more'n once or twice, That poor dumb animals' actions are full of human advice: An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply answer you, then, That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's*.

HOW THE RAJAH OF LOMBOCK TOOK THE CENSUS.

The Rajah having found that, year by year, the rice tribute grew less, and having also noticed when he had been out hunting, that the people of the villages looked well-fed and happy, and that the krisses of his chiefs and officers were getting handsomer, and the handles that were of yellow wood were changed for ivory, and those of ivory were changed for gold, he began to find out which way the tribute went. But how could this be proved? Until he could do that he would remain silent and number his people, and no more be cheated of his just tribute of rice.

When the Rajah had decided upon having a census taken, he was much exercised in his mind as to how it might be done. He could not go himself into every village and every house, and count the people; and if he ordered it to be done by the regular officers, they would at once understand what it was for, and the census would be sure to agree with the quantity of rice he got last year. The question now was how to take the census, and yet keep any one from knowing that it had been taken.

This was a very hard problem; and the Rajah thought and thought as hard as a Malay Rajah

can be expected to think, but could not solve it; and so he was very unhappy, and did nothing but smoke and chew betel with his favorite wife, and ate scarcely anything; and even when he went to the cock-fight did not seem to care whether his best birds won or not. For several days he remained in this sad state, and all the Court were afraid some evil eye had bewitched him.

After a week's continuance of this strange melancholy, a welcome change took place, for the Rajah sent to call together all the chiefs and priests and princes who were then in Mataram, his capital city; and when they were all assembled in anxious expectation, he thus addressed them:—

"For many days my heart has been sick and I know not why, but now the trouble is cleared away, for I have had a dream; last night the spirit of 'Gunong Agong'—the great fire mountain—appeared to me, and told me that I must go up to the top of the mountain. All of you may come with me near to the top, but then I must go up alone, and the great spirit will again appear to me and will tell me what is of great importance to me and to you and to all the people of the island, and let every village furnish men to make clear a road for us to go through the forest and up the great mountain."

So the news quickly spread, and men from every village cleared a path up the mountain for the Rajah; and by the banks of clear streams and beneath shady trees they built sheds and huts of bamboo thatched with the leaves of palm trees, in which the Rajah and his attendants might eat and sleep at the close of each day.

When all was ready a day was fixed, but on the day before that appointed for starting, all the chiefs came to Mataram, and encamped under the tall waringin trees that border all the roads about Mataram, and with blazing fires frightened away all the ghouls and evil spirits that nightly haunt the gloomy avenues.

The next morning the journey was commenced, and on the second day they left the last village behind them and entered the wild country that surrounds the great mountain.

When they were near the summit the Rajah ordered them all to halt, while he alone went to meet the great spirit on the very peak of the mountain. So he went on with two boys only who carried his sirih and betel, and soon reached the top of the mountain among great rocks on the edge of the gulf, whence issue forth continually smoke and vapor. The Rajah told the boys to sit down under a rock and look down the mountain, and not to move until he returned to them. Feeling tired, and the sun being warm, they fell asleep. The Rajah went on under another rock; and he too, being tired, and the sun warm and pleasant, also fell asleep.

They who were waiting thought the time long, until at length they saw him coming down with the two boys. When he met them he looked grave, but said nothing, and the procession returned as it had come.

After three days, the priests and chief men and the princes were summoned by the Rajah to hear what the great spirit had told him on the mountain. He told them that when at the top of the mountain he had fallen into a trance, and the great spirit had appeared to him with a face like burnished gold, and had said: "O Rajah! much plague and sickness and fevers are coming upon all the earth, upon men and upon horses, and upon cattle; but as you and your people have obeyed me, and have come up to my great mountain, I will teach you how you and all the people of Lombok may escape this plague."

And all these great men waited to hear how this calamity might be averted. After a short time the Rajah told them that the great spirit had commanded that they should make twelve sacred krisses, and that to make them every district and every village must send a bundle of needles—a needle for every head in the village. And should any disease appear in any village, one of the sacred krisses must be sent there, and the disease would cease at once if the proper number of needles from every house in that village had been contributed; but the kriss would not have any virtue if a wrong number of needles had been sent.

The princes and chiefs made known the wonderful news all over the island, and quickly collected the exact number of needles, afraid that if any were short the whole of the people of their village might suffer. So the chief men of the villages brought to the Rajah their bundles of needles. The Rajah received them and put them away, carefully marking each bundle with the name of the village and the district from whence it came.

When every village had sent its bundle, the needles were made into twelve krisses under the watchful eye of the Rajah, and when finished, put carefully away until they should be wanted.

The journey to the mountain had been made in the dry season, when no rain falls in Lombok; but soon after the krisses were made it was the time of the rice harvest, and the chief men of the villages and districts came with their taxes to the Rajah, according to the number in each village.

In consequence of the Rajah knowing through the needles the exact number in each village, the tax greatly increased, and none of the Rajahs or Sultans among the Malays were so great or so powerful as the Rajah of Lombok.

The twelve krisses too, had much virtue, for if any sickness came amongst the villages, one of the krisses was sent for, when the sickness would sometimes disappear, and the sacred kriss was then taken back with great honor. But sometimes the sickness would not go away, and

then every one was sure that there had been a mistake in the number of needles sent from that village, and so the sacred kriss had no effect, and was taken back by the head man with a heavy heart, but yet with all honor—for was not the fault their own?

WAGNER'S MUSIC.

The Wagner afternoon at the May Festival, we said, was both a revelation and a conversion. There were many persons who had been in "the misty mid-region" of doubt about his music. But after that wonderful performance they felt that they had seen a great light, and that there could be reasonable doubt no longer of the power and beauty of the music. In this last spring, also, the Wagner opera has captivated London, and it is plain from the newspapers of both countries that the younger critics will no more permit the old times and the old masters to monopolize all the fame of great music than Charles Wesley would permit the devil to have all the good music. Indeed, when a composer draws princes and potentates with their glittering trains, and the pilgrims of every lesser degree, from all parts of Christendom to a dull little town in Germany, and when the great newspapers all over the world give greater space to the description of the performance of his music than to political events and battles which menace the existing limits of states and nations, and when all this betokens a universal curiosity and interest in intelligent and art-loving circles everywhere, it can hardly be allowed that the significance of the composer in the world of art should be contemptuously challenged.

The nature and value of the power which produces this result it may not be easy at once precisely to determine. But to stigmatize it as merely eccentric charlatanism is laughable. There was quite as much skeptical and scoffing head-shaking over Beethoven as there has been over Wagner. That does not prove Wagner to be a new Beethoven. But it certainly does not help the theory that he is a pretentious quack and a mere grotesque sensationalist.

The performance of *Parsifal* was apparently successful. Indeed, where there has been so much preparation and anticipation, not to fail is to succeed. There was the inevitable comparison with other works of the same composer, but there was the undoubted touch of the same hand, and an actual addition to the mythological opera. Wagner's theories of opera need not disturb the hearer. So long as he produces such music as was heard on the Wagner afternoon in May, he may write it according to what dogmas he will, since no one susceptible to exquisite musical effects can deny its charm and power. He can not, indeed, destroy the universal delight in melody, in tune, and, despite the enthusiasts, it is still possible to enjoy other music of other schools. Nothing could well be more strikingly contrasted than the singing of Materna and the singing of Gerster. But it is a poverty-stricken taste that cannot enjoy both, each in its own kind.

"True love in this differs from gold and clay, That to divide is not to take away."

There still remains, indeed, the question, "whether is greater," the gulf or the Ghibelline? But that is a question which vexes only the contentious, not the contented, mind. The man who can see only one color, who can enjoy only one scent, who can hear but one strain, is bereaved of more than half the charms of the world.—*Harper's*.

PENAL SERVITUDE IN ENGLAND.

By an insensate system of incessant imprisonment the State is constantly driving people into jail, and is training up its children to become inmates of convict prisons. A hardened criminal has been known to say that he had at first, as a child, stolen to save a mother from starvation. The law knew no distinction. Although the savagery of English law has greatly abated, the national blunder of excessive imprisonment is still perpetrated on the largest scale, a relic of the barbarism of the past. It may be laid down as a principle that no child under twelve years of age ought to be sent to jail. It is not long since Sir Richard Cross liberated a poor child only six or seven years old. In the upper and middle classes, when a child for some petty theft would have his ears boxed or be sent to bed, a little urchin on the streets will be committed to prison and turned into a jail-bird.

While imprisonment for debt is practically abolished in the case of the rich, multitudes of poor people are sent to prison every year by the County Court Judges. Again, it often happens that for sinning against some by-law, where no moral offence has been committed, a poor man, through inability to pay a fine, is committed to prison. This might be avoided by the simple expedient of permitting him to pay the fine by instalments within a fixed time. When once a child or grown up person has been committed to prison the rubicon is passed, and penal servitude perhaps becomes the living death of the criminal through the blunder of society. It almost seems to be the great object of the State to put the greater number of people into prison, regardless of the expense incurred by the tax-paying community.

Penal servitude is a living death. It is a state of slavery, as Lord Chief Justice Coleridge habitually calls it in passing sentence. It is a system which has hardly been challenged, or its merits and demerits fairly discussed. Sir Ed-

ward du Cane, the chief director, writes his pamphlet and makes his speech at the Social Science Congress; the necessary estimates are moved in Parliament; the Blue Books are regularly, or rather irregularly, published, the different reports of officials having been carefully manipulated to suit the ideas of the administration; the prisoners are inspected, and found "models of cleanliness and order." But liberated convicts have found opportunities to tell their stories in books and papers, when the voice, stifled and unheeded, during years of confinement, has found utterance at last. Some of their statements are truly lamentable, and require, and will doubtless receive, serious attention from the commissioners. I specially wish that two men, one of whom wrote some time ago a book "Six Years in the Prisons of England," and the other a few months back, "Five Years' Penal Servitude," could be examined before them. They each declare that their lives were imperilled by the brutalities of warders or of surgeons' assistants. The words of a convict, however truthful, are never received against those of a warder, however tyrannical and depraved. The food is the same for all prisoners, without regard to age or appetite, so that, while some are over-fed, others are in a state of hunger and devour candle-ends and garbage.

If penal servitude be, then, this living death, it becomes essential that it should not be lightly inflicted nor its term prolonged beyond the time when the great ends of secondary punishment may be supposed to be satisfied. It is strongly urged that the first punishment of imprisonment might be made sharper and at the same time much shorter. The great object of legislation should be by all educating and ameliorating influences to prevent young people from getting into jail, and to release them as soon as consistent is with the well-being of society.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MR. DE B. CRAWSHAY writing from Rosefield, Sevenoaks, says that the cheque for £1,130,000, in connection with Mr. Fitch Kemp's entertainment of the Tonbridge Conservative Association, fabulous cheque as it was, was outdone by one for three millions, which passed through the London and Westminster Bank within the last two years.

A NEW and remarkable development of the Salvation Army is seriously contemplated by General Booth. It is now proposed that a "Salvation Navy" should be organized. The plan is to hold services in the river boats and barges to be requisitioned for the purpose, the revivalists to be dressed in blue jerseys. The suggestion has commended itself to the leaders of this extraordinary movement, who are going into it with great energy.

LONDONERS will soon be able to see what Indian musicians and dancers are like. Of these musicians Mr. Kitta speaks with admiration because of their vigor, and of the dancers with reserve because of their morals. Both dancers and musicians are coming here, and an entertainment is promised us truly Hindoo. It is to be hoped that the display will be better than the recent exhibition of Hindoo jugglery. That was as little worth seeing as is the modern magic of Cairo.

THE prospectus has been issued of the London Tramways Omnibus Co., Limited, with a capital of £100,000 in £10 shares, half of which is now offered for subscription. The object of the Company is primarily to connect the two most extensive Metropolitan Tramways north and south of the Thames by a line of omnibuses built on the most approved modern pattern with all the latest improvements as regards ventilation, lighting, &c.

It is said that the increase of Freemasons during the time the Prince of Wales has been Most Worshipful Grand Master is so great that it warrants the erection of a Temple of vast dimensions for the accommodation of the brethren. A suggestion has been made that the site of the proposed National Opera House should be obtained, and a suitable building erected on it. Plans have actually been prepared for this purpose by Messrs. M. Wyatt and T. S. Archer, and they are being submitted to eminent members of the craft. The site is undoubtedly one of the most convenient that could be selected.

ABOUT six weeks ago a distinguished Chinaman was travelling in this country, but, like most Celestials, he had but a very faint idea of men and manners in England. He had no chaperone, as some of these gentlemen have, but in course of time he found his way to the House of Commons, and he sent in his card to Mr. Bright. The ex-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster at once responded to the call, and in the course of the conversation, which was conducted in English, for the Celestial was a good English scholar, Mr. Bright asked of him, "How did you know me?" The Celestial confessed that his knowledge of the "Tribune of the people" was derived from his eulogy in Madame Tussaud's. And such is, fame! The story must be true, for Mr. Bright tells it himself.