

WHEN WE ALL LIVED TOGETHER.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

How often memory dwells upon
The days that are departed.
When we in love together met,
So free and simple-hearted:
O, happy, happy summer-time!
O, blissful golden weather!
How bright and beautiful was earth
When we all lived together!

I see the very corner where
Dear grandmother is sitting
In kerchief, cap, and spectacles,
So busy with her knitting;
I even seem to hear her voice
Our merry tumult chiding,
As from behind her chair we caught
The urchin who was hiding.

And when, at meal-time, eagerly
We hurried to the table,
'Twas hard the laughter to suppress,
Or hush the merry babel:
And if one pulled a sober face,
A better impulse showing,
Why, even that was quite enough
To keep the others going.

And mother, dear, though dignified,
Was never melancholy:
And father was so much a boy
Himself so kind and jolly,
That 'twas no wonder we broke loose
From every gloomy tether,
And had a right good jovial time
When we were all together.

The wintry days were full of sport,
The evenings bright and cheerful:
The books we read, the games we played,
Had in them nothing harmful:
A healthy spirit filled the house,
And peace, with folded pinion,
Made her abode within the walls
Where Love had true dominion.

But o'er the threshold strangers trod,
Despite our protestations;
And then, ah me! what changes came!
What fatal separations!
New ties were formed, new homes were made,
By those to whom was given
A taste of blissful joy on earth,
Or perfect bliss in heaven.

This is the self-same sky that stretched
Above those haunts elysian,
The dear old home, that now is but
A memory and a vision:
Yet as our hearts recall the past,
We sigh, and wonder whether
The world is quite so fair as 'twas
When we all lived together.

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF EARLY TRADITION.

BY BROOKE HERFORD.

Is memory capable of possessing through successive generations the facts of history, or whatever else peoples are continuously interested in knowing? At first one is apt to say "No," remembering how seldom two people can agree in their recollection of even the briefest saying or commonest occurrence. But look into the matter. Note how the power of memory differs in different people and how it may be cultivated, and especially how it strengthens when systematically depended on, while when little is left to it, it weakens. It is a small fact, but not without significance, that among the first things which children are set to fix in their memories, apart from any idea of sacredness, are long series of historical names, dates, and events,—English kings, American colonists and presidents—far exceeding in difficulty those Israelitish histories which Kuenen thinks cannot be trusted because only preserved by memory. This shows that it is less a question of the power of memory than of how far memory is looked on as sacred, and guarded so as to hand on its contents unimpaired. As for evidence of the power of memory what better can we desire than the well-known fact, of the transmission of the Iliad, with its 15,687 lines, for generations, perhaps for centuries, before it was even written? Yet even that is a mere trifle compared with the transmission of the Vedas. The Rig-Veda, with its 1017 hymns, is about four times the length of the Iliad. That is only a part of the ancient Vedic literature, and the whole was composed, and fixed, and handed down by memory,—only, as Max Müller says, by "memory kept under the strictest discipline." There is still a class of priests in India who have to know by heart the whole of the Rig-Veda. And there is this curious corroboration of the fidelity with which this memorizing has been carried on and handed down: that they have kept on transmitting in the ancient literal form prohibiting practices that have nevertheless become established. Suttee is now found to be condemned by the Vedas themselves. This was first pointed out by their European students, but has since been admitted by the native Sanskrit scholars. Nothing could show more clearly the faithfulness of the traditional memory and transmission. It has, too, this further bearing on the date of the so-called Mosiac legislation: it shows that the fact of customs existing in a country for ages unchallenged does not prove that laws condemning such customs must necessarily be of later origin. But there is more that is instructive in the transmission of this Vedic literature. There has been writing in India for twenty-five hundred years now, yet the custodians of the Vedic traditions have never trusted to it. They trust, for the perfect perpetuation and transmission of the sacred books, to disciplined memory. They have

manuscripts, they have even a printed text, but says Max Müller, "they do not learn their sacred lore from them. They learn it, as their ancestors learnt it thousands of years ago, from the lips of a teacher, so that the Vedic succession should never be broken." For eight years in their youth they are entirely occupied in learning this. "They learn a few lines every day, repeat them for hours, so that the whole house resounds with the noise; and they thus strengthen their memory to that degree, that when their apprenticeship is finished, you can open them like a book, and find any passage you like, any word, any accent." And Max Müller shows, from rules given in the Vedas themselves, that this oral teaching of them was carried on, exactly as now, at least as early as 500 B. C.

Very much the same was it with those Rabbinical school amid which the Talmud gradually grew up. All of that vast literature, exceeding many times in bulk Homer and the Vedas and the Bible all together, was, at any rate until its later periods, the growth of oral tradition, too, which is the hardest to remember, and yet it was carried down century after century in the memory; and long after it had been all committed to writing, the old memorizing continued in the schools. Indeed, it has not entirely ceased even now, for my friend Dr. Gottheil, of New York, tells me that he has had in his study a man who thus knows the entire Talmud by heart, and can take it up at any word that is given him, and go on repeating it syllable by syllable, with absolute correctness.

NUTRIMENT IN GRAIN AND HAY.

Corn is a fat-producing food. Its fat-giving elements predominate so largely that it is not fitted for constant feeding, except to lay on fat at the cost of suffering loss to the general animal system. It is hardly worth while to take it into consideration as a nutritious food, and is wholly unfit to feed exclusively or in any great quantity to colts. It is in no sense what the developing system of a young animal needs. The value of a food for this class of animals and for animals that are heavily worked is in the protein they contain, and common corn contains only from 8 to 14 per cent. of that. In a thousand pounds, therefore, corn may be fairly considered as possessing a hundred pounds of nutriment. Of course we cannot wholly throw away the other elements as being useless, but they are so subordinate to the one named in point of nutrition that, in noticing a subject like the one under consideration, it is not worth while to attempt to determine their value. Oats will average larger in protein than corn will, and are a pre-eminently nutritious food, as every one of experience knows. They vary very much in the proportions of their elements, but an average lot of oats is worth double for feed for horses and colts than corn is, and that is stating it quite mildly. Timothy averages about 6 per cent. of protein, but is valuable also as furnishing bulk, the value of which cannot be accurately estimated.

ONCE MORE THE BOY IS AHEAD.

Among the guests of a New York hotel was a maiden lady from the rural districts. The landlord noticed that about 9 o'clock every night she would come down stairs, get a pitcher of ice water and return to her room.

"One night," he said, "I made bold to speak to her, and asked why she did not ring the bell for a hall-boy to bring the ice water to her."

"But there is no bell in my room."

"No bell in your room, madam! Pray, let me show you," and with that I took the pitcher of ice water in my hand and escorted her to her apartment. Then I pointed out to her the knob of the electric bell. She gazed at it with a sort of horror, and then exclaimed:

"Dear me! Is that a bell? Why, the hall boy told me that was the fire-alarm signal, and that I must never touch it, except in case of fire!"

"And that is how the hall boy saved himself the trouble of going for ice water."

COMING LEAP YEAR.

A correspondent writes to inquire if 1900 is a leap-year. In Catholic and Protestant countries the year 1900 will not be a leap-year, they all having adopted the Gregorian calendar. In countries where the Greek Church is established (Russia and Greece), the old Julian calendar still holds, and those countries will count it a leap-year. After February, 1900, therefore, the difference between the two calendars, which is now twelve days, will become thirteen days, and will remain so until 2100, the year 2000 being a leap-year in both the Julian and Gregorian calendars. The rule for leap-year may be thus stated, according to the Gregorian calendar, which differs from the Julian only in a special treatment of the century years: All years whose index number (1883 is the index number of the present year) is divisible by four are leap-years; unless (1) their index number is divisible by 100 (century years). In that case they are not leap-years, unless (2) their index number is divisible by 400; in which case they are leap-years. Thus, 1700, 1800, 1900 and 2100 are not leap-years, while 1600, 2000 and 2400 are.—*The Critic*.

THOMAS COUTURE.

BY ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW.

As we wandered about among the trees and shrubberies, I found little need of talking; my companion, it seemed, like nothing better than to hold forth. With his arm drawn through mine, a favorite habit of his when walking with any one, he stumped along in his wooden shoes, and was the picture of good nature and bonhomie. A short and thick man, as I have said, with a great shock of iron-gray hair protruding from under his old straw hat; small but very bright eyes, set in a rather heavy and puffy face, of a pale and fallow hue; nose large, with open and very sensitive nostrils; clean-shaven, save for a heavy, drooping gray moustache, which conceals a large, sensuous mouth; finally, a receding thin, almost lost in a thick neck, suggestive of apoplexy,—not a handsome man, certainly. At the same time, despite his small stature, he gave you a sense of power that was unmistakable; there was a flash in his eyes that revealed the sacred fire, and you felt that he was no common man, as his outward aspect might lead you at first to imagine. He was ungraceful, but with a certain old-fashioned courtesy, especially with ladies, that made up for the want of polish that could hardly be expected from his origin.

He often made fun of his awkwardness, and told amusing stories of going to receptions at the Tuileries in the days when he was in high favor with Napoleon; of putting his feet through great ladies' trains, and committing other *gaucheries*, to the disgust of the more accomplished courtiers.

I found him anything but the bear he had been depicted, and, with the exception of extreme sensitiveness to any imagined slight, the most good-natured of men; very fond of telling stories, and quite willing to laugh at himself, but unwilling to be laughed at; very sure that he was the greatest painter living, and that all others were mere dabblers, and very sore at the ill-treatment he fancied he had received at the hands of the French Government and artists; in a word, a childlike nature within a rough exterior, but very lovable. Driven into voluntary exile by the jealousies of other artists and intrigues in high places, for ten years he did not touch a brush. Living on the reputation made in his younger days, he could not consent to enter the arena a second time, and notwithstanding his love of money he was content to remain idle, unless spurred to do something by the importunity of buyers seeking him out. I never succeeded in getting at the right of the case in his quarrel with the world.

The ill-treatment, the slights cast upon him by other artists, and his breaking with the government when in the midst of large commissions, because, as he alleged, he would not give a present to the Minister of Fine Arts for procuring him these orders, may have been in great due to his over-sensitive imagination. To crown all, he rashly wrote a book. "On, that mine enemy had written a book!" All the art-world of Paris set up a howl, and its echoes still linger in the ateliers on either bank of the Seine. He retired to nurse his wrongs at Villiers le Bel, and so entirely did he become a thing of the past that most lovers of art, if they thought about him at all, thought of him as dead, and wondered why his great painting of *Les Romains de la Décadence* was not removed to the Louvre, as is the custom with works owned by the state after the artist has been dead ten years. What had the poor man done? He had written a slight sketch of his life, given an account of his method of painting, and dared to criticize, but perhaps without sufficient prudence, the works of other painters. If he had had more worldly wisdom he would have held his tongue.

The "methode Couture" has been a by-word in the ateliers of Paris ever since. Not that it was not a good enough system in its way and as employed by him; and yet it was a difficult method to copy, especially when learned only from his book, and, like a written constitution, the too exact formulation of ideas gave a chance for cavaliers to find fault. To many, to paint by rule, and not by inspiration, seemed absurd. His system was either misunderstood or misapplied, and certainly has never been successfully held to by any of his pupils. Pupils of other men have been allowed to follow in the footsteps of their masters without discredit, but those of Couture have been pursued relentlessly as long as any trace of the master's method has remained.

Why this should be I cannot say. Why bitumen used by Couture is any more sinful than when used by others I do not know, but so it is. His great aim was freshness and purity of color, which he sought to get by mixing or stirring the colors together as little as possible, and by placing on the canvas the exact tint as nearly as he could hit it, and not disturbing it afterwards. Rather than disturb it, he preferred either to remove an unlucky touch with the palette knife and bread, or leave it till dry, and then repaint it.

The German band is now playing at the Fisheries, and has been very well received, and deserves to be, for they play well. There is no collection—no knocking at the door—a thunderer—no attempt to wrench out the "visitors' bell. It is heard free, gratis and for nothing. The German band has been engaged for balls, and perhaps will "run" and rival the red and blue Hungarians. We compliment the leader on the excellent light and shade which he has developed out of his soldier material.

MISCELLANY

TRICYCLES are becoming very popular in France, and the ladies are going in for the *pistino* vigorously. They have not yet heard of the English *litt-d-litt* tricycle—which allows two loving hearts to beat side by side and four legs to move in unison of mind and body.

FOLLOWING the example of Germany, a committee has been formed from among all the Protestant sects in England to arrange for the proper celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth by a universal series of sermons, lectures and music from the 10th to the 18th of November.

THE Supreme Court of Indiana, has decided in reviewing the proceedings in a murder case, that the mere fact of a man having read newspaper accounts of a crime, and having an opinion therefrom, but one which could be removed by the evidence, does not necessarily render him incompetent to serve on juries.

A NEW method of rendering the skin insensible in those operations which do not admit of chloroform by inhalation has been described to the French Academy of Sciences by Jules Guerin, who cited a case in which he had employed it to advantage. A lady, aged sixty, consulted him for a tumor of eight years' standing, which, on examination, proved to be a scirrhus. The general health was bad, bronchial and cardiac troubles were very manifest, and the kidneys were not in a very satisfactory condition. However, the operation was urgent. Chloroform having been considered dangerous, M. Guerin applied around the tumor a circular layer of Vienna paste, limited by a double band of diachylon. At the end of twenty minutes the caustic was removed, leaving in its trace a black ribbonlike line. The knife was then applied, and the tumor removed without the slightest pain to the patient, who did not seem to be aware of the operation. The results were all that could be desired.

MONSIEUR CAPEL preached recently in the Church of St. François Xavier. A large audience was present to hear this distinguished Roman Catholic prelate. His style of oratory is thus described by a writer in the *Times*: "With no display whatever he held the close attention of his listeners chiefly by the force of his strong personality. His voice, which is rich and strong, and apparently under thorough control, was aided by a direct and forcible utterance, and a manner as graceful and expressive as it was earnest. He was not prolific in gesticulation, and such gestures as he did make use of were wholly with the right hand and arm, and were more or less energetic as the required emphasis demanded. He is a rapid and fluent speaker, and makes use of plain language. His ideas are expressed tersely and generally in words that at once make a positive impression upon the mind, leaving no doubts as to their meaning. His features are very expressive when he becomes thoroughly aroused. His bright, clean-shaven face is a comprehensive index of his thoughts. He spoke for nearly three quarters of an hour, and the large congregation would undoubtedly have been pleased had his sermon been twice as long."

A YOUNG man in Washington, who writes exquisite verses but is almost starving for lack of remunerative employment, and who for a long time has been trying in vain to get a place in a Government bureau, the other day got a friend to write to "Gul Hamilton," invoking her supposed influence in his behalf. Some of the young man's verses were inclosed in the letter, as a sample of his literary ability. Miss Dodge, disclaiming the possession of any "influence," replied in a serio-comic vein, in part as follows: "I have ordered two departments to send me a first-class office in fifteen minutes. If both come I shall be embarrassed. If your young gentleman could only take care of a horse and a garden as well as he writes verses, I could employ him myself for the summer, and pay him better than poetry, alas! But no! I shall have to eat hard corn and wilted lettuce all summer for want of a gardener, while your young man will have nothing to eat for want of work."

AMONG the notable costumes worn at the Savage Club fête in London should be mentioned that of the Princess of Wales, which was black lace over gold satin, with high collar of lace, the bodice ornamented with sprays of diamonds and crimson roses; a splendid tiara and necklace of pearls and diamonds. The wife of the editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, a lady of great beauty and literary and musical talent, appeared in a most striking costume. It is the dress she wore last year at a ball in Australia, and is intended to personify "The Press." The dress is made up of three copies of the *Herald*, printed in colored inks on white satin. The popular actor, Mr. Edward Leathes, displayed originality in his costume. He appeared as the "Gold King," in an entire suit of cloth of gold; the shirt was also of gold tissue; shoes, hose and opera hat to match; his face was also tinted with a preparation of gold dust, and his hair participated in the general auriferous hue.

MONROE, MICH., Sept. 25, 1875.

SIR—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARTER.