

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## "ONLY A SUIT OF ARMOUR."

Only a suit of armour,  
So rusted and so old,  
The one that used to wear it,  
Has long since turned to mould.

Only a dented helmet,  
Left from the long ago;  
The head that used to wear it,  
Has long since been laid low.

Only a broken sword-hilt,  
Lying on the floor;  
Where is the hand to wield it?  
As in the days of yore.

And many a weary mile  
Those mailed feet have trod,  
Ere that stalwart frame  
Was laid beneath the sod.

And ever and forever,  
It thus has been the way,  
All things since the world began,  
Have fallen to decay.

COLLEEN BAWN.

## MARVELS OF MEMORY.

If "all great people have great memories," as Sir Arthur Helps declares in his delightful book entitled "Social Pressure," it by no means follows that all those who are possessed of great memories are "great people." Many an instance might be cited to show that men of very moderate intellectual capacity may be endowed with a power of memory which is truly prodigious. In addition to this there are plenty of well authenticated examples of the extraordinary power of memory displayed even by idiots. In the memoirs of Mrs. Somerville there is a curious account of a most extraordinary verbal memory. "There was an idiot in Edinburgh," she tells us, "of a respectable family, who had a remarkable memory. He never failed to go to the kirk Sunday, and on returning home would repeat the sermon, saying: 'Here the minister coughed; here he stopped to blow his nose.' During the tour we made in the Highlands," she adds, "we met with another idiot who knew the Bible so well that if you asked him where such a verse was to be found he could tell without hesitation and repeat the chapter." These examples are sufficiently remarkable; but what shall be said of the case cited by Archdeacon Fearon in his valuable pamphlet on "Mental Vigor?" "There was in my father's parish," says the Archdeacon, "a man who could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years, and could repeat with unvarying accuracy the name and age of the deceased, with the mourners at the funeral. But he was a complete fool. Out of the line of burials he had but one idea, and could not give an intelligible reply to a single question, nor be trusted to feed himself."

These phenomenal instances may be matched by the Sussex farm laborer, George Watson, as we find recorded in Hone's "Table Book." Watson could not read nor write, yet he was wont to perform wondrous feats of mental calculations, and his memory for events seemed to be almost faultless. "But the most extraordinary circumstance," says Hone, "is the power he possessed of recollecting the events of every day from an early period of his life. Upon being asked what day of the week a given day of the month occurred, he immediately names it, and also mentions where he was and what was the state of the weather. A gentleman who had kept a diary, put many questions to him, and his answers were invariably correct."

Of a similar kind is the memory for which Daniel McCartney has become famous in the United States. The strange story of this man's achievements is told by Mr. Henkie in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. McCartney, in 1869, declared that he could remember the day of the week for any date from January, 1827—that is, from the time he was nine years and four months old—forty-two and a-half years. He has often been tested, and so far as Mr. Henkie's account goes, had not failed to tell his questioner what day it was, and it gave some information about the weather, and about his own whereabouts and doings on any of the 15,000 or more dates that might be named. When Mr. Henkie first met this man of marvellous memory he was employed in the office of the Hon. T. K. Rudenbrod, editor of the *Salem Republican*, where nothing better could be found for McCartney to do than "turn the wheel of the printing press two days of each week." On the first formal examination this man underwent, his answers were tested by reference to the file of a newspaper, which gave the day of the week along with the date. In one case his answer was disputed, for the day he named was not the same as that given by the paper; but on further inquiry it was found that the newspaper was wrong, for the printer had made a mistake. Shorthand notes of the conversation were taken at subsequent interviews. The report of these is very curious reading. Take the following as a sample: Question—October 8, 1828? Answer (in two seconds)—Wednesday. It was cloudy, and drizzled rain; I carried dinner to my father, where he was getting out coal. Question—February 21, 1829? Answer (in two seconds)—Saturday. It was cloudy in the morning and clear in the afternoon; there was a little snow on the ground. An uncle who lived near sold a horse beast that day for \$35. And so the conversation ran on for hours, ranging over forty years of McCartney's personal history. Mr. Henkie tells us that if he went over some of the dates again, after a few days' interval, the answers, although given in different terms, were essentially the same, "showing distinctly that he remembered the facts and not words previously used." McCartney's memory is not confined to dates and events; he is a rare calculator, can give the cube root of such numbers as 59, 319; or 571,787, etc.; can repeat some 250 hymns, and start about

200 tunes; has a singularly extensive and accurate knowledge of geography, and never forgets the name of a person he has once seen or read of. With all this singular power of memory, however, he is not a man whose general grasp of mind is at all noteworthy.—*Chambers' Journal*.

## HOW PERFORMING ANIMALS ARE TRAINED.

People who go to the circus and see horses, elephants, monkeys, and the like perform wonderful tricks must often ask themselves how the animals are taught to do them. A writer in the *Matin*, having interviewed several circus celebrities, undertakes to satisfy their curiosity. M. Loyal, who has been ring-master of the leading Paris circus for thirty-two years, supplies interesting information concerning horses. "The horse," he says, contrary to general belief, "is the most stupid animal on earth. He has only one faculty—memory. You must teach him his exercises with the cavesson and the long whip. Having forced them into his head, you must use the short whip when he resists and give him a carrot when he obeys. Whips and carrots form the secret of the trainer. The horse must be from five to seven years old; before that age he is too spirited, after it his muscles are not elastic enough. The first thing to do is to accustom your horse to the ring, to make him run round regularly, and then to stop at a given signal. To accomplish this, the animal is brought into the ring. The trainer holds in his left hand a tether, which is passed into the cavesson, a kind of iron crescent armed with sharp points fixed on the nose of the horse; in his right hand he holds the long whip. Behind the animal an assistant, with a stout short whip, is posted. The trainer calls on the horse to start, and, pulling his tether and smacking his long whip, forces him to gallop round. If he refuses, the assistant uses his whip also; if he is obedient, he is rewarded with a carrot. To make him stop short, the trainer cracks his long whip again, while the assistant with his short whip throws himself suddenly in front of the animal, and the result is obtained." M. Loyal tells us that "the horse has a great objection to kneeling or lying down at any moment. This feat is taught by means of iron bracelets placed on his ankles and attached to a tether held by the trainer, who, by sudden jerks or pulls as he is moving makes him fall or kneel. The animal remembers the lessons, and, by dint of whip and carrot, ultimately performs them at the mere command of the trainer. The horse is taught to dance to music in the same way with the foot bracelets." As regards the learned horse, who opens boxes and takes articles out of them, here is how the animal is trained to do it. "I first get a carrot," says M. Loyal. "I place it in a box. I then lead the horse to the box. He smells the carrot, lifts up the lid of the box with his nose and takes out the vegetable, which he is allowed to eat. The next day, before letting the horse free, I show him a handkerchief full of bran. He takes it and tries to eat it. I then let him loose. He runs to the box, but—bitter deception—it is empty. The day after I resume the exercise, but this time the horse finds the handkerchief with the bran in the box. He takes it out, and I reward him with a carrot. I decrease the amount of bran in the handkerchief every day, until in the end I put merely the handkerchief in the box. The horse brings it to me, and gets his carrot. I then reduce the size of the carrot every day, until at last I give him nothing. The horse continues to perform with the handkerchief, in the hope of getting the carrot." With respect to dogs, M. Chaugoux, who is now exhibiting a troupe of them at the Nouveau Cirque, says their education is a work of time and patience. Sometimes it takes two years. "I use neither sugar nor whip," he informs us. "I take my dog in my hands, talk to him, and try to make him understand what he is to do. I perform the tricks myself, and the dogs follow and imitate me." At present he is showing a carriage dog which performs on the single wire. "I will tell you how I taught him to become an equilibrist. I made him first of all walk on a plank which was balanced to and fro. The plank was gradually reduced in width every day, and the movement accelerated. At length the plank dwindled down to a narrow slip; this was replaced by a long round stick, and ultimately the dog found himself on the single wire." Strange to say, this dog is blind. M. Chaugoux says scent is the great quality which enables dogs to perform some tricks. For example, the poodles who play our dominoes are taught by their scent. The trainer touches the dominoes which the dog has to play, and the animal, smelling them, picks them out from the rest and plays them. The pig is said to be the most difficult animal to train. Tony Grace, the clown, does not believe in learned pigs. They are to be taught only by their weak point—their gluttony. "When I have got my young pig," he says, "I begin on the principle that I shall obtain nothing from him without satisfying his appetite. I feed him myself, and during a few days I vary his food in order to find out what he likes best. As soon as I have discovered his favored dish, I deprive him of it completely. This dish is my great talisman. The chief pig I am now performing with prefers beef fat. I put a piece in my pocket. I jump over hurdles, and the pig follows me, doing likewise. In this way he learns his exercises, and gets his fat. I decrease the piece of fat every day, and at last I give him nothing. Should he refuse to work I thrash him till he does, and having completed his performances, I recompense him with his favorite meal." The elephant, on the contrary, is very intelligent, and his education would be easy but for his cumbersome weight, which forces the trainer to have recourse to cruel means. For instance, to make him raise and hold out his foot, an iron ring with sharp points is placed on it, and being drawn by a rope the points enter the flesh. The elephant, feeling the pain, lifts up his foot and keeps it in the air till the pain ceases. After a few repetitions, he remembers the pain, and at the sight of the iron he raises his foot. His instruction, thanks to his intelligence, is soon completed. Some elephants are taught in less than a fortnight to play on a drum, work a tricycle, and beg on their hind legs.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.