

ishing accuracy any thing that he had once read, no matter with what rapidity. The Abbé Poule carried all his sermons—the compositions of forty years—in his head. The Chancellor D'Aguesseau could repeat correctly what he had only once read. Byron knew by heart nearly all the verses he ever read, together with the criticisms upon them. A little before his death, he feared that his memory was going; and, by way of proof, he proceeded to repeat a number of Latin verses, with the English translations of them, which he had not once called to memory since leaving college; and he succeeded in repeating the whole, with the exception of one word, the last of one of the hexameters.

Cuvier's memory was very extraordinary. He retained the names of all plants, animals, fishes, birds, and reptiles; classified under all the systems of natural science of all ages; but he also remembered in all their details, the things that had been written about them in books, in all times. His memory was a vast mirror of human knowledge, embracing at once the grandest and minutest, the sublimest and pettiest facts connected with all subjects in natural science. These he could recall at any time, without any effort; and however cursorily he had perused any book on the subject, he at once carried away all that had been said, in his memory. His minute knowledge on all other subjects was immense. For instance; once in the course of a conversation, he gave a long genealogy of the minute branches of one of the most obscure princes of Germany, whose name had been mentioned, and given rise to some controversy; and he went on to mention all the arrondissements, cantons, towns, and villages, in France, which bore the same name. In his diary he wrote, when dying—"Three important works to publish; the materials all ready, prepared in my head: it only remains to write them down." Cuvier's was perhaps the most wonderful memory of his age.

As we have before said, the *kinds* of memory are various in different persons. One has a memory for dates, figures, and times; another of proper names; another of words, independent of ideas; while another remembers the ideas, but not the words in which they are clothed. There is also a memory for anecdotes, puns, and *bon mots*; and a memory of conversations, maxims, opinions, and lectures. Very different from these is the *special memory for sounds in music*; for colors in nature and in art; for forms of sculpture or landscape. There is a memory of the heart, of the soul, of the reason, of the sense. Some remember systems; others, voyages and travels; others, calculations and problems; in short, the kinds of memory are almost innumerable—and what is curious is, that excellence in more than one of them is rarely found in the same person. All men, however, have a store of memories of some kind; and it is worthy of remark, that these memories are always in harmony with the feelings and sentiments of the person. Thus, when we speak of the memory

of a man, we say—"He knows it *by heart*." Montaigne has even said, "knowledge is nothing but sentiment."

Honor, then, to this powerful gift of memory, which, if not the greatest of the human faculties, is at least the nurse of all of them. It is given, like other gifts, as a field for man to cultivate and store up with useful ideas, facts, and sentiments, for future uses. For the human mind can create nothing; it only reproduces what experience and meditation have brought to light. Memory is the prime source of thinking. A man writes a book. What does it consist of but his recollections and experiences? If he writes what is called an "original book," you will find that he has drawn it from the storehouse of his own experiences. The writer has but painted his own heart in it. In fact, the best part of genius is constituted of recollections. The ancients called Memory the mother of the Nine Muses; and perhaps this is the finest eulogium that could be pronounced upon the astonishing gift.

#### REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS.

FOR one prediction that comes true, many hundreds fail, of which we never hear. Many a fond mother predicts a professorship, or judgeship, or bishopship, for a favorite son, who, nevertheless, slinks through the world among the crowd of unknown people. For all that, sundry remarkable predictions have, at various times, been uttered, which have come true, and yet nothing miraculous has been attributed to them.

Sylla said of Cæsar, when he pardoned him at the earnest entreaty of his friends: "You wish his pardon—I consent; but know, that this young man, whose life you so eagerly plead for, will prove the most deadly enemy of the party which you and I have defended. There is in Cæsar more than a Marius." The prediction was realized.

Thomas Aquinas was so unusually simple and reserved in conversation, that his fellow-students regarded him as a very mediocre person, and jocularly called him *The dumb ox of Sicily*. His master, Albert, not knowing himself what to think, took occasion one day before a large assemblage to interrogate him on several very profound questions; to which the disciple replied with so penetrating a sagacity, that Albert turned toward the youths who surrounded his chair, and said: "You call brother Thomas a *dumb ox*, but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrines will be heard all over the world."

Erasmus wrote a composition at twelve years old, which was read by a learned friend of Hegius; and he was so struck by its merit, that he called the youth to him, and said, scanning him keenly: "My boy, you will one day be a great man."

Sully's father predicted of him, when only twelve years old, that he would one day be great by reason of his courage and his virtues. Had not the prophesy come true, we had never heard of it. But Sully was early put in the way of

promotion, and once in the road, the rest is comparatively easy.

Cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, early predicted the future greatness of Sir Thomas More. Pointing to the boy one day, he said to those about him: "That youth will one day be the ornament of England."

Cardinal Wolsey, though a butcher's son, had an early presentiment of his future great eminence. He used to say, that if he could but once set foot at court, he would soon introduce himself there. And scarcely had he obtained admission at court, the possessor of a humble benefice, than he did not hesitate to say, that "henceforth there was no favor to which he dared not aspire."

At eighteen, Gondi, afterward Cardinal de Retz, composed certain reminiscences of early studies, on reading which, Richelieu, exclaimed, "Here's a dangerous fellow!"

Marshal Turenne, in his early youth, prophetically foretold the distinction in arms to which he would rise. But, doubtless, there are few youths who enter the army, full of ardor and courage, who do not predict for themselves the career of a hero and a conqueror.

Milton, in his early writings, foreshadowed his great poem, then not matured in his mind. He declared his intention, many years before he commenced his task, of writing some great poem for posterity, "which the world could not willingly let die."

Bossuet, when a youth, was presented to a number of prelates by one of the bishops of his church, who said of him, when he had left: "That young man who has just gone forth will be one of the greatest luminaries of the church."

Mazarin early predicted the brilliant career of Louis XIV. He said of him, "He has in him stuff for four kings:" and at another time, "He may take the road a little later than others, but he will go much further."

One day, a mason, named Barbé, said to Madame de Maintenon, who was at that time the wife of Scarron: "After much trouble, a great king will love you; you will reign; but, although at the summit of favor, it will be of no benefit to you." He added some remarkable details, which appeared to cause her some emotion. Her friends rallied her about the prediction, when the conjuror said to them, with the air of a man confident of the truth of what he said: "You will be glad to kiss the hem of her garment then, instead of amusing yourself at her expense."

On the other hand, Louis XIV. one day observed to the Rochefoucauld and the Duc de Crequi, "Astrology is altogether false. I had my horoscope drawn in Italy; and they told me that after having lived a long time, I would fall in love with an old woman, and love her to the end of my days. Is there the least likelihood of that!" And so saying, he burst into laughing. But this did not, nevertheless, hinder him from marrying Madame de Maintenon, when she was fifty years

old! So that both the predictions of the mason and of the Italian conjuror came true at last.

When Voltaire was engaged in the study of classical learning, the father Lejay was once very much irritated by the insolence of his repartees, and taking him by the collar, shook him roughly, saying—"Wretched youth! you will some day be the standard of deism in France." Father Palu, Voltaire's confessor, did not less correctly divine the future career of his young penitent, when he said of him—"This boy is devoured by a thirst for celebrity."

Sterne has told an anecdote of what happened to him once at Halifax. The schoolmaster had got the ceiling newly whitewashed, and the mischievous boy mounting the steps almost before the job was completed, daubed with a brush on the ceiling, the words, in capital letters, LAU. STERNE. For this, the usher cruelly beat him, at hearing of which the master expressed his displeasure, and said, before Sterne, that he would not have the name effaced, seeing that Sterne was a boy of genius, and certain to make a reputation in the world.

Many predictions were made respecting Napoleon, about whose youth there must have been something remarkable. His aged relative, the archdeacon of Ajaccio, when dying, said to the young Bonapartes kneeling around his bedside to receive his last blessing—"You need not think about the fortune of Napoleon: he will make it himself. Joseph, you are the eldest of the house; but Napoleon is the chief. Have a care over his future." Not only his uncle, but all who knew Napoleon, predicted that he would become an instrument for great purposes. He was scarce fifteen years old, when M. de Kergerion said—"I perceive in this young man a spark which can not be too carefully cultivated." And Paoli said of him—"He is a man of Plutarch mould." The rhetorician Domaïron described him as "granite heated in a volcano." And finally, Leguillie, one of his teachers at the Military School, spoke of him in a note, as—"Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican by birth and character: this gentleman will go far, if circumstances favor him."

Let us conclude by adopting the thought of Goethe—"Our desires are the presentiments of the faculties which lie within us—the precursors of these things which we are capable of performing. That which we would be, and that which we desire, present themselves to our imagination, about us, and in the future: we prove our aspiration after an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus that an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development a portion of our primitive desire accomplishes itself, under favorable circumstances, by direct means; and, in unfavorable circumstances, by some more circuitous route, from which, however, we never fail to reach the straight road again."

## WAS IT ALL LUCK?

BEFORE a single sleeper on the Eastern Counties railroad was laid down; before even that line of road was marked out on a map; at the time when stage-coaching was at the summit of prosperity, and omnibuses had not encroached upon the privileges of those pleasant conveyances which were "licensed to carry sixteen passengers, four inside and twelve out," so few, comparatively, of which remain to the present day—my story takes date.

One Saturday afternoon, Mark Anderson, a youth of about eighteen or nineteen, and a subordinate clerk in some inferior government office, emerging from Threadneedle-street, and hurrying on to the Four Swans inn-yard, mounted the box, and seated himself beside the driver of one of the numerous coaches which, in those days, plied between the Flower Pot in Bishopsgate-street and the suburban villages on the Cambridge and other roads branching outward from Shoreditch. Though the time was summer, the day was drizzly and cheerless; and the young man seemed somewhat impatient of a slight delay to which the coachman was subjecting his passengers.

"I thought your time was half-past four," said Mark, and pointed to the clock on the opposite side of the street; "you are nearly ten minutes behind."

"Just going to start," said the coachman; but still he lingered; and the youth, having vented his reproof, tied a handkerchief round his neck, buttoned his frock-coat to his chin, and drew up the box apron over his knees; each of which precautions was very prudent, for though an honest big drop of real rain was not to be seen, the misty drizzle was very penetrating.

"Going to Waltham?" asked the driver.

"No; to Enfield Wash," replied the young man; "and far enough too, such a day as this. When are you going to move?"

"In a minute," said the man, looking round, and adding, "Oh, here he comes. Now then, sir, if you please." The last words were addressed to a middle-aged stout gentleman, well wrapped up in a great-coat, who, climbing to the top of the coach, observed in an indifferent tone—"I have kept you waiting, Davis; but can't help it: business must be attended to. You must step out a little quicker, that's all."

"All right, sir," said the coachman, as the vehicle rattled off from the gateway of the Four Swans. "Not quite right, I say," muttered Mark to himself, "to keep us sitting in the rain for his convenience." But his grumbling was inaudible, and the cloud on his face soon cleared up.

The elder traveler seemed destined, that afternoon, to disturb Mark's complacency. Before the coach was off "the stones," he had unfurled a large umbrella, and held it over his head, much to his own comfort, no doubt, but to the discomfort of the youth, just behind whom he was seated, and down whose back the droppings from the umbrella began to trickle in a cold stream.

"Could you be so kind, sir," said the youth, looking round at his tormentor, "as to hold your umbrella a little more backward? It gives me more than my share of moisture, I think."

"Can't help it," said the senior traveler, gruffly. "My umbrella isn't in your way, that I can see; and if I hold it at a different angle, I shall get wet; and I don't mean to get wet, if I can help it. Every one for himself, that's my motto, such a day as this."

"Very good, sir," said the young man, good-humoredly; "I only mentioned it, and did not mean to offend you. I am sorry if I have."

"No offense, young man," replied the other; "but you are wrong about the umbrella."

"I dare say you are right, sir," said Mark. "These Scotch mists get into one before you know where you are."

Scotch or English, the mist gradually thickened; and by the time the coach reached Tottenham, it mattered little to Mark Anderson that he had not been spared the umbrella droppings. He was almost wet through on all sides. But he bore the inconvenience with a good-humor that seemed imperturbable. Presently the coach stopped, and Mark got down while the horses were being changed.

"Hallo, Davis! I say, Davis, is that you smoking?" angrily shouted the elder traveler from under cover of his umbrella, some little while after the coach was again in motion.

"No, sir, I am, though," returned the youth. "Trying your plan, sir—taking care of myself."

"And annoying your neighbors," grumbled the gentleman; "that isn't my plan, my young friend."

Mark had it on his lips to say that he somewhat doubted that assertion; but he did not say it. Instead of that, "If my cigar is disagreeable to you, sir," said he, "I'll leave off directly."

"No, no; go on, by all means," said the gentleman, somewhat testily; "every one for himself; but it's a nasty habit, that smoking; and it can not be very agreeable to any body to be stifled with tobacco-reek, I should think. It isn't to me, I know, so I'll just shift my seat, if you'll draw up for a minute, Davis."

"No need for that, sir," replied Mark, quietly. "I've done, sir, and I beg your pardon for having annoyed you. I did not intend to do it;" and, as he spoke, he threw the half-unconsumed cigar on to the road.

Mark's fellow-traveler looked half-vexed and half-pleased. "I did not wish you to do *that*," he said, in a tone very different from that in which he had before spoken. "I am obliged to you, though, for, to tell the truth, I very much dislike the smell of tobacco. But you should have saved your cigar; it seems a pity to cast away what costs good money."

"It's of no consequence, sir," returned Mark; "I dare say you are right about smoking; 'tis only a habit."

"A bad habit," said the gentleman, very decidedly. "I should say a *very* bad habit for a young man like you. But it is nothing to me,"