

all! Take off your hand, I say! I know I might have been a better man, but I've tried to be clean and honest. I don't say I'm fit for heaven, but I don't deserve this. You torture me. Remove your hand! Am I in—

"You are in your own room, sir," said Mrs. Isiah Butterwell, distinctly.

"Ah!—so I see."

Yorke tried to lift his head; it fell back heavily, and he felt blood start.

"Madam, you are very good. I must have been troublesome. I thought I was—dead."

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Yorke, but I must say that I don't approve of your theology," said his hostess grimly.

"I dare say. I would not have offended you if—Ah, how weak I am!"

"Yes, sir."

"Am I much hurt?"

"Some, Mr. Yorke."

"How much? Answer me. I will have the truth. The blood flows—see! when I even think that you may be deceiving me. Am I terribly hurt?"

"I am afraid so, sir."

A heavy silence falls.

"Shall we telegraph for your mother, sir?"

"My mother is crippled. No."

"For any sister, or anybody?"

"I have no sister."

"Mr. Butterwell will write."

"Where is the doctor? I should like to see him first. You have called a doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"The doctor left about five minutes ago."

"What does he say?"

"Very little."

"I wish to see the doctor before my mother is written to. Call him back!—if you please. Call him back, I say! Why do you hesitate? I may be a dead man in a few hours. Do as I bid you!"

"The doctor said, Mr. Yorke—"

"Said what?"

"Said that—sh, Isiah!—he was to be the judge when it was best for you to see your physician. If you asked, I was to say that you will have every possible attention, and I was to say that all depends on your obedience."

"That sounds like a man who understands his business."

"Oh, indeed, sir, that is true! Our doctor—"

"Oh, well; very well. Let it go. I must obey, I suppose. Never mind. Thank you. Move me a little to the left. I cannot stir. I am unaccountably sleepy. Has the fellow drugged me? I think perhaps I may—rest—"

He did, indeed, fall into a sleep, or a stupor that simulated sleep; he woke from it at intervals, thinking confusedly, but without keen alarm, of his condition. The thing which worried him most was the probable character of this down-East doctor, upon whose intelligence he had fallen. "The fellow absolutely holds my life in his hands," he said aloud. It was hard to think what advance of science the practitioner undoubtedly represented. Dreamily, between his lapses into unconsciousness, the injured man recalled a fossil whom he had seen, on his journey from Bangor, lumbering about in a sulky at one of the minor side stations; a boy, too, just graduated, practicing on the helpless citizens, at Cherrytown,—was it? No, but some of those little places. Then he thought of some representatives of the profession whom he had met in the mountains, and at other removes from the centres of society. He understood perfectly that he was a subject for a surgeon. He understood that he was horribly hurt. He thought of his mother. He thought of his mother's doctor, whom he had so often teased her about. In one of his wakeful intervals, another source of trouble occurred to him for the first time. He called to his hostess, and restlessly asked,—

"I suppose there isn't a homoeopathist short of Bangor?"

"Our doctor is homoeopathy," said Mrs. Butterwell, instantly on the defensive; "but you need not be uneasy, sir, for a better, kinder—"

"My mother will be so glad!" interrupted the young man, feebly. He gave a sigh of relief.

"She would never have been able to bear it, if I had died under the other treatment. Women feel so strongly about these things. I am glad to know that—for her sake,—poor mother!" He turned again, and slept.

It was late evening when he roused and spoke again. He found himself in great suffering. He called petulantly, and demanded to be told where that doctor was. Some one answered that the doctor had been in while he slept. The room was darkened. He dimly perceived figures,—Mr. Butterwell in the doorway, and women: two of them. He beckoned to his hostess, and tried to tell her that he was glad she had obtained assistance, and to beg her to hire all necessary nursing freely; but he was unable to express himself, and sank away again.

The next time he became conscious, a clock somewhere was striking midnight. He felt the night air, and gratefully turned his mutilated, feverish face over towards it. A sick-lamp was burning low in the entry, casting a little circle of light upon the old-fashioned, large-patterned oil-cloth. Only one person was in the room, a woman. He asked her for water. She brought it. She had a soft step. When he had satisfied his thirst, which he was allowed to do without protest, the woman gave him medicine. He recognized the familiar tumbler and teaspoon of his homoeopathically educated infancy. He obeyed passively. The woman fed him with the medicine; she did not spill it, or choke him; when she returned the teaspoon to the glass,

he dimly saw the shape of her hand. He said,—

"You are not Mrs. Butterwell."

"No."

"You are my nurse?"

"I take care of you to-night, sir."

"I—thank you," said Yorke, with a faint touch of his Beacon-Street courtliness; and so fell away again.

He moved once more at dawn. He was alarmingly feverish. He heard the birds singing, and saw gray light through the slats of the closed green blinds. His agony had increased. He still moaned for water, and his mind reverted obstinately to its chief anxiety. He said,—

"Where is that doctor? I am too sick a man to be neglected. I must see the doctor."

"The doctor has been here," said the woman who was serving as nurse, "nearly all night."

"Ah! I have been unconscious, I know."

"Yes. But you have been cared for. I hope that you will be able to compose yourself. I trust that you will feel no undue anxiety about your medical attendance. Everything shall be done, Mr. Yorke."

"I like your voice," said the patient, with delirious frankness. "I haven't heard one like it since I left home. I wish I were at home! It is natural that I should feel some anxiety about this country physician. I want to know the worst. I shall feel better after I have seen him."

"Perhaps you may," replied the nurse, after a slight hesitation. "I will go and see about it. Sleep if you can. I shall be back directly."

This quieted him, and he slept once more. When he waked it was broadening, brightening, beautiful day. The nurse was standing behind him at the head of the bed, which was pushed out from the wall into the free air. She said,—

"The doctor is here, Mr. Yorke, and will speak with you in a moment. The bandage on your head is to be changed first."

"Oh, very well. That is right. I am glad you have come, sir." The patient sighed contentedly. He submitted to the painful operation, without further comment or complaint. He felt how much he was hurt, and how utterly he was at the mercy of this unseen, unknown being, who stood in the mysterious dawn there fighting for his fainting life.

.... He handled one gently enough; firmly, too,—not a tremor: it did seem a practiced touch.

The color slowly struck and traversed the young man's ghastly face.

"Is this the doctor?"

"Be calm, sir,—yes."

"Is that the doctor's hand I feel upon my head at this moment?"

"Be quiet, Mr. Yorke,—it is."

"But this is a woman's hand."

"I cannot help it, sir. I would if I could, just this minute, rather than to disappoint you so."

The startled color ebbed from the patient's face, dashing it white, leaving it gray. He looked very ill. He repeated faintly,—

"A woman's hand?"

"It is a good-sized hand, sir."

"I—Excuse me, madam."

"It is a strong hand, Mr. Yorke. It does not tremble. Do you see?"

"I see."

"It is not a rough hand, I hope. It will not inflict more pain than it must."

"I know."

"It will inflict all that it ought. It is not afraid. It has handled serious injuries before. Yours is not the first."

"What shall I do?" cried the sick man with piteous bluntness.

"I wish we could have avoided this shock and worry," replied the physician. She still stood, unseen and unsummoned, at the head of his bed.

"I beg that you will not disturb yourself. There is another doctor in the village. I can put you in his hands at once, if you desire. Your uneasiness is very natural. I will fasten this bandage first, if you please."

She finished her work in silence with deft and gentle fingers.

"Come round here," said the patient feebly. "I want to look at you."

(To be continued.)

## CARLYLE AND TWO OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

He could not fall in with the current of his time, as Emerson and Victor Hugo did: his philosophy was reactionary, and his influence short-lived. He united with German mysticism and romanticism an English worship of force and a caustic Scotch humor that were quite foreign to it, and the compound of foreign philosophy and native practice was not a stable one. Mr. Emerson had the mysticism without the pugnacity, and he elevated our souls. Victor Hugo had the vehemence for action without the passive philosophy, and he swept the French people on in a flood-tide of passion. Carlyle united both, and did not reach either mind or heart so perfectly. While Emerson was teaching individualism and avoiding self-assertion, Carlyle preached hero worship with unbounded egotism, and urged action while he flouted reform. An idealist, he grew to scorn ideas. He threw himself into the past to create a world that no present could ever give.

These three men, Emerson, Hugo, and Carlyle, belonged to the same general awakening, and need to be studied together: the first repre-

senting the ideal, the second the real, and the third the reactionary elements. They were all three men of strong imagination, though of very different kinds. They were almost poets. Neither Carlyle nor Victor Hugo had the lofty and refined spiritual insight of Emerson, but they had far more pictorial imagination. Both of them, and especially the Frenchman, could conjure up before our eyes the scenes of their fancy with a life-like reality and vividness that no other author of our time, except Hawthorne, has approached. But both, in their weaker moments, load their pages with an intolerable mass of detail, from which Emerson's are free.

The intellectual methods of the three men had much similarity. They each broke away from the old creeds without losing their reverence for the Divine. Neither of them was a vigorous reasoner or a sound critic. They swayed us by their eloquence, not their logic. But their individualism led them into an extravagance and an egotistic brusqueness of style that at times became harshly abrupt.

The dreams of Carlyle and Emerson and Victor Hugo were an epoch in the intellectual growth of the century, but the world moves on by more substantial means than dreams. It has left them behind, and we do not believe that it will ever return to them. We turn back often to the sound thought, the careful reasoning, of the past, but not to its conjectures, however splendid. For permanent progress is made by accurate reasoning, in which each successive step is firmly fixed, and not by soaring intuition, however lofty its flight.

In Carlyle, as in Emerson and in Victor Hugo, there was the same unconquerable rebellion against the narrow and tyrannous spirit of the time, and a return to humanity, a devotion to it, an adoring love of it, as the motive of life. But the manly enthusiasm for reality of the followers of the Scotchman has faded before a new gospel of clothes; and in America transcendentalism melts away before the positive spirit of the new culture. In France, in a general way, Victor Hugo has triumphed, for he threw himself into the democratic current of the time, and now the stage is free from the classic fetters that he struggled with in youth; and the democracy that he gave his maturer life to has gained at last not only the sceptre, but the power to use it as well. The new literary elements, however, that he contributed, the romance, the melodrama, the horrible violence, have not been lasting either in plays or novels. All his wondrous powers of enthusiasm and imagination have not founded a school, or reconciled gay Paris to the terrible conceptions of Le Roi s'Amuse.

These men were the prophets of a new era, which they felt rather than saw; and the world hailed them with delight. But it soon craved something solidier than prophecy; something which neither Carlyle, nor Emerson, nor Victor Hugo could give,—science.—*July Atlantic.*

## AN IMPROVISATION BY LISZT.

Friday evening the Bösendorfer Saal in Vienna was lighted up for the long-expected concert of the Wagner-Verein. Toni Raab was to play, and Liszt to be there, an invited guest.

Long before seven o'clock that charming little hall was filled to suffocation. Not only the hall itself, but the vestibule, cloak-room, and even the piano salons beyond the vestibule, were filled with Wagnerians and their opponents. I have lost the programme of that evening; indeed, what need was there for one? Every friend of music knew young Mottl and his wondrous rendition of the "Siegfried Idyl"—that charming riddle song which this young artist has made a *chef-d'œuvre* in the concert-rooms of the imperial city; and Toni Raab, with her grand technique and earnest adherence to *les bonnes traditions du piano*. She played better than ever before; she took the house by storm, and that is saying much for an artistes' concert in the Bösendorfer Saal. Better than all, she inspired Liszt. Round after round of applause greeted the difficult rhapsody she had played, but she would not acknowledge it alone. She sought out the Master where he sat among the peeresses of Austria in the circle before the platform, and seizing him by the hand, fairly dragged him to the stage.

Once there, he could not break away. Cheer after cheer, the Magyar "Eljen!" the Bohemian "Salva!" the German "Hoch!" with the "Bravo, Bravissimo!" of all lands, greeted him. The audience arose; ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and gentlemen clapped their hands. The air was full of perfume and rose leaves as bouquets went flying over the audience to the stage, where they fell at the Master's feet, who stood bowing, smiling, and shaking his head, while honestly trying to resist Toni, who fairly dragged him to the piano. Refusal and resistance were both in vain. The perfume of flowers, the flashing of gems upon the jeweled decks and fans of the ladies waving toward him, but more than all, the splendid magnetism of sympathetic genius, for Vienna's grandest and best musicians were gathered around him, and worked upon the artist imagination and delicate nervous system of the great Master. He stood still for an instant, then, with a bow of acquiescence, he placed himself at the piano.

One wild shout of triumph rang through the room, and then a silence like the silence of death hushed the vast assembly.

Was the Master thinking of Chopin as he raised his superb hands, and let them fall, with a touch as delicately soft as rose leaves, and weave, as if in dreaming, the memories of mountain lakes and pine forests into an improvisation full of

starry minors from echoing Alpen-horns! Of whom, of what, was he thinking? It was indeed Liszt who played his own wild Wanderlieder, the "Wallner-See," and other pictures of travel seen in his youth, but the improvisation moved on in Chopin-like phrases of thought, until the landscape faded from the memory, and the lights of the concert-room, the crimson hue of rose gowns lying scattered around, forced themselves upon the Master's mind; then one of Chopin's weirdly wild and passionately gay waltzes whirled faster and faster into a dance almost bacchanalian. It was the hour of the "Danse Macabre;" but the twelve tones of midnight were crushed out in chords of revelry and mirth very different from the solemn annunciation which ushers in the revel of the dead.

He ceased. The thunders of applause which shook not only the Bösendorfer Saal, but the entire Lichtenstein Palace, were enough to raise the dwellers in Central Friedhof with the idea that they had heard the trumpets of the judgment-day.

What a night that was, or rather, what a morning! Liszt did not leave the hall until three o'clock, and our *partie carrée* was not called together until after four; nor did we adjourn then, but went to our music room, had coffee, and talked and rehearsed the concert programme we had heard till noon next day. Saturday night *Götterdämmerung* was to be given at the Opera, and Sunday the glorious Coronation Mass, better known as the "Graner," was to be conducted by Liszt; so, soon after lunch, we parted to "sleep the intervening hours away."—OCTAVIA HENSEL, in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

## THE HORSE IN MOTION.

George E. Waring, Jr., contributes to the *July Century* an illustrated review of Dr. Stillman's remarkable book on the photographic studies of animals in motion, which were made under the patronage of Governor Leland Stanford, of California. Colonel Waring does not look for radical changes in art methods as a result of these discoveries, for he says of the horse in motion, "We must see him on the canvas as we see him in life, not as he is shown when his movements are divided by the five-thousandth part of a second." Of the illustrative picture he says:

The method by which these photographs have been taken—the result of years of experiment—is substantially as follows: At one side of the track is a long building arranged for photographic work, containing a battery of twenty-four cameras, all alike and standing one foot apart. On the other side of the track is a screen of white muslin and a foot-board. The screen is marked with vertical and horizontal lines, and the foot-board bears numbers indicating separate intervals of one foot each. The instantaneous shutters of the cameras are operated by electricity, and their movement is governed by such powerful springs that the exposure is estimated to be about one five thousandth of a second. The contact by which the shutters are sprung is made by the breaking of a thread drawn across the track at about the height of the horse's breast, there being one thread for each camera. In his flight through the air, therefore, he brings each of the twenty-four cameras to bear upon him at the moment when he passes in front of it, and that camera represents his position at that instant. The series of representations indicates the consecutive positions at each of the twenty-four feet covered by the instruments. In a series showing a horse trotting at speed the spokes of the sulky are shown as distinct lines quite to the fellow of the wheel, indicating an extremely short exposure. In a fast run, the tufts of the horse's tail, as it waves with his stride, are clearly marked.

## VARIETIES.

"You see, man, we eat all the rind here," said a boarding-housekeeper to a boarder who was taking off the outer portion of a piece of cheese. "All right," replied the boarder, "I am cutting this off for you."

AN APT QUERY.—Briggs hired a livery horse to take a little exercise. He got more exercise than he wanted, and, as he limped to the side of the road to rest himself, a kind friend asked him: "What did you come down so quick for?" "What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything in the air for me to hold on to?" he said.

"JOLLY PARTICULAR."—A sailor complained of the power of the captains, and spoke bitterly of the characters of the skippers of the day. "Why," said he, "not long ago, on the coast of Afriker, a cap'n was going to throw one of the crew, that was dying, overboard, before he was dead. So the man says: 'You ain't a going to bury me alive, are you?' 'Oh,' says the cap'n, 'you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes.'"

THE celebrated Abernethy having asked a candidate at his examination what means he would use to promote perspiration in a particular disease, the student exhausted all the resources of his memory and imagination, and still the pertinacious old man continued to bore him with, "Well, sir, and if that failed, then what would you do?" The lad, driven to his wits' end, at length exclaimed, "Then, sir, I would send him to you to be examined, and if that did not make him sweat, it is my opinion his case would be hopeless."