1863. The New-York journals of the 2d and 3d had full details, and on the 4th there was a dearth of news. his was Saturday. The night editor went to the office in the evening. A large force of compositors and the pressmen were waiting. The editorial rooms were filled with persons who had come to witness the fireworks; and though everybody was anxious concerning the battle, yet, as the Government had sent no bulletin, it was thought there was no change in the situation. About 8 p. m. a batch of telegraph copy came in. The night editor looked it over, and found it began with the first day's fighting. It was evidently from one of the staff of correspondents who had been unable to reach a telegraph office before, for all that had already been published. Reading still farther, the second day's fighting was described. That, too, had been published. Further on the correspondent entered upon the third day's fighting. This was news, and word was sent at once to the composing-room to prepare to get out an extra. Further on, the night editor read, "The enemy is flying in all directions." (Hancock's dispatch). He did not shout this out to the crowd in the editorial rooms, but, seizing the copy, rushed into the composing room; locked the door; sent word to the pressmen to be ready in fifteen minutes; condensed the correspondent's account; and, an extra was on the streets at 9 p. m., containing the greatest news of the war. The city was set wild with delight. The next day the night editor entered the editorial rooms about 1 p. m., and there found half a dozen editors sitting about with woeful countenances. As he entered they all exclaimed at once, "You've done it! Why did you get out that extra and sell the whole town?" "Is there no truth in it?" quietly inquired the night editor. "Not a word of truth. You've got the paper in a nice position." "How do you know there is no truth in it?" "How? Why no other paper has it. The twelve o'clock editions of the evening papers, even, have nothing." "Have you asked Washington whether it is true or not?" asked the night editor. "No." "Well, I think it is about time that was done," said he, and he sent a dispatch to THE TRIBUNE bureau in Washington, when in less than ten minutes a response was received in these words: "Yes, and our army is in full pursuit." One chorus of screaming went up from the throats of all in the office. No time was then lost in getting into shape the entire dispatch of the correspondent, and it was printed in full in the next edition.

BITS OF CRITICISM.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON HERRICK.—There is not a sunnier book in the world than the Hesperides. To read it is to enter a rich garden on a summer afternoon, and to smell the perfume of a wealth of flowers, and warm herbs and ripening fruits. . . . . He tells us that he is anxious for fame, and again that he is confident of securing it. He gives us a list of his domestic pets, and we see them pass before us—his goose, his lamb, his spaniel, his cat, his learned pig. We sit with him beside the fire so quietly that we see the brisk mouse come out to feed herself with crumbs till "Prettie Baldwin" or "the green-eyed Bring comes." It is this happy realism and personal frankness which, in conjunction, with that Doric fancy of which we have already spoken, combine to give the poetry of Herrick such an intimate charm, at once strange and familiar, like that of the more dramatic passages in Theocritus. There is no strain on the feelings, no rage or fever, all is quiet, picturesque and penetrating; and the poet is so circumstantial in describing his Arcadia that it seems to us while we listen to him that we have lived there all our lives.—[The English Poets.

MR. LANG'S TRANSLATION OF THEOCRITUS.—The English version follows the Greek so closely, and at the same time so gracefully, that neither minute verbal criticism nor the wider considerations of literary taste can find anything to quarrel with. Wherever in the original a word derives special force from its peculiar position in the sentence, the effect has been preserved in the translation without any semblance of awkwardness. Quaint old English phrases and expressions, happily remembered and aptly applied, occur here and there, and seem to add depth of meaning to the Greek when they so exactly render. Even the help of rhyme—we had almost said of more—is not wanting. Many entire passages would, with very slight alteration, run into verse. Sometimes a pure hexameter line helps us to realize the sound as well as the sense of the poet, and often the swing of the original, without being exactly imitated, is gracefully suggested by the easy flow of the prose translation. be naturally are all these effects contrived, without any straining of sense or syntax, that those who have never tried their own hands at such work may well be tempted to suppose that they arise of their own accord from the natural capabilities of the language, and the subject, instead of being brought about by consummate art on the part of the translator. Mr. Lang handles the humors as happily as the beauties of Theocritus.—[The Saturday Review.

THE WORK OF HENRY JAMES AND HIS SON.—The same qualities are present in both series of work—the same subtlety of thought, the same precision of language, the same power of imaginative creation; but their results present themselves in an inverted form; and while the real becomes visionary in the mind of the son, the visionary becomes real in that of the father. The moral neutrality of Mr. James, jr., is a natural transformation of the philosophic judgment to which good and evil are only relative terms; and his skepticism, rather sad than cynical, implies scarcely even a reaction from the faith, no less elastic than it is ardent, which his father reveals in the series of letters entitled "Society the Redeemed Form of Man." The quaintness and vigor, the sarcasm and the invective of the elder James's language, are in curious contrast with the not only religious but spiritual tendency of his work. To the modern English mind they are the very antidote to spiritual exaltation. Yet no form of words has ever accompanied a more lofty enthusiasm for the religious life. The system of ethics is a wholesale denial of the principle of individualism by which, whether in its selfish or unselfish form, is the basis of every working theory of morals which has taken root in a European race.—[The Athenæum.

SHELLEY AS A PAINTER OF NATURE.—We have searched Shelley in vain for one picture which would supply the place of Nature's realities to our imaginations. He gives us plenty of visions which Nature never gives, plenty of images drawn from Nature which are adapted to kindle or damp desire, to light up hope, to weave in the order of expectation, to oppress us with the impotency, to overwhelm us with despair. But even in what Mr. Brooke rightly calls his greatest nature-poetry, even in painting his scenery of the clouds, the growth of the morning, the falling of the night, even in pictures of dawn and sunset, he never gives us anything approaching to a substitute for the reality itself, only a rush of floating images which to him who has seen the reality calls up a throng of associated memories, and excites still more even of that hurry of the spirits, that breathlessness of wonder with which such sights are seen by such as shelter, but never anything like the equivalent in words of what the eye and ear would discern. Shelley's imagination was too swift and eager for close drawing of any kind. If we took our conceptions of Nature from Shelley's poetry alone, we should have no sense of solidity, none of steadfastness, none of the eternal sameness at the roots of life, none of the amazing perseverance, and patience, and constancy in detail, and unsatisfiedness, without which we could hardly take in the meaning of external Nature at all.

ON THE "LIFE" OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Like a great many other people, he had "a special aptitude for grasping the main principles rather than the details," which means that he generalized and jumped at conclusions. The writings which he has left, and the speeches he delivered on political questions are of course only the repetition of a well-taught lesson. The written prayers which he left are of more interest, as showing that his mind had been successfully impressed with the gushing, mystical and emotional piety so popular among Roman Catholics in our times. It would scarcely have facilitated his attaining power in France, but it may have had something to do with forming that amiability of character which he is generally acknowledged to have shown. Of this Miss Barlee gives a touching testimony. The Prince, it seems, said good-bye to the pew-opener at Chislehurst "with his own lovely smile," and the good woman gave his epitaph as follows: "He was a true prince, ma'am, and never did aught that a prince should not do." With this verdict Miss Barlee loyally agrees, and we accept it with the necessary limitation, that is, in his relations to pew-openers, secular or religious, to which sphere a hard fate confined his princely action.—[The Examiner.

AN ENGLISH CRITIC ON AN AMERICAN NOVEL.—The character of Joel Dyer is a psychological study, developed with a touch of mysticism though with little obscurity. His self-complacent, conscienceless life (he is "Tom's Heathen," and Tom is a New-England minister), which knows in any sense of real knowledge neither himself nor God, is roused to consciousness of both by the rude touch of disease which, he is told, must sooner or later end it. The working of his sense of sin, which he will not admit to be sin, and in legal parlance is not really crime, is powerfully conceived and described. The story is short, and therefore, much being compressed into it, it leaves an impression of reserve of force and much concentration. For a woman's book the men are remarkably well done. The doctor who tells the tale, and who has no other name than "Doctor" and "Uncle Doctor," from every one in the book, is a pattern hero whom we wish the women who write novels would study. He knows how to love and hold his tongue and control himself, and when the right time comes he knows how to speak to the purpose. Over the whole story there is more than even the ordinary charm of American freshness and originality, and an occasional quaint turn of local phrase only lends attraction to the frank simplicity with which it is told.—[London News.

WALTER SCOTT'S INFLUENCE ON FRENCH LITERATURE.—Scott's universe was not a very mysterious affair at any time. He seems to have believed that the whole cycle of things from age to age was superintended by a Providence as cheerful as himself, who distributed human lots on a perfectly intelligible law of kindness. Parisian society being still within earshot of the first Revolution, it could not be that Scott's characters, moving as they did in the best of all possible worlds, should answer to the requirements of the period. Social rebels like Cain, contemplative philosophers like Jacques, hysterical young lovers like Werther, full of the bitterness of restraint, made a wide popular appeal. But there was a social reaction which helped to give Scott an innings. The cultivated classes and the classes who supplied them with luxuries were glad to find themselves under a sovereignty which connected their institutions with more settled times. They wanted rest, and an assurance that to-morrow would be like to-day, introducing nothing particularly new or startling into their lives. A great conservative novelist therefore suited their mood, and was widely read.

To Balzac's strictures on Scott to the effect that he failed in drawing women with the necessary amount of human passion, it ought to be enough to reply that Scott dared to write on the assumption that most women have other thoughts and pursuits than mere anxiety to break the Seventh Commandment. To the recent French novelist that seems an inconceivable disposition. On French romance his influence is more distinctly seen than in history. At least four novelists can be named, over whom he exercised very marked power. Balzac, who bewails his female types, need not be taken into account, although he admits the hold he had over his imagination. De Vigny frankly imitated Scott in "Cinq Mars," where he presents the age of Louis XIII. and the chief characters of State who surrounded him. He succeeded so well that pages might be read from "Cinq Mars" as a good translation of Scott. In Victor Hugo and the elder Dumas, though by no means to the same extent as in De Vigny, Scott's method of approaching the past is also visible.—[St. James's Gazette.

DR. TANNER'S FAST ENDED.

TAKING FOOD AFTER FORTY DAYS.

ANXIOUSLY LONGING FOR THE NOON WHISTLE AT CLARENDON HALL—THE DOCTOR'S WOLFISH IMPATIENCE—HOW HE BROKE HIS FAST—NO APPARENT INJURY FROM FRUIT AND BEEFSTEAK.

Dr. Tanner successfully completed his fast of forty days yesterday noon. His weight then was 121½ pounds, a loss of thirty-six pounds since the beginning of the experiment. He began by eating a peach, and followed it up with milk and slices of watermelon. Then he pursued a steady diet of melons, apples, beefsteak, wine and milk throughout the afternoon and evening. Dr. Tanner retained all the food taken, and appeared last night in excellent health and spirits.

HOW THE LAST HOURS WERE SPENT.

WAITING FOR 12 O'CLOCK—EXAMINING THE PASTIER'S BLOOD—HOW THE MOMENTS LAGGED—PREPARING TO ENJOY PEACHES, MILK, WATERMELON, STEAK AND WINE.

"Oh for 12 o'clock."
"How slowly the time goes."
"Will that whistle never blow?"

Such were the muffled whispers heard from Dr. Tanner and his watchers between 11 and 12 yesterday forenoon. The doctor sat by the window in the northeast ante-room in Clarendon Hall, dressed in his customary well-worn black suit, which hung in loose folds about his shrunken form. A recent visit of the barber had left the lines of his worn face plainly visible. His hair brushed neatly back showed a high forehead and hollow temples, over which the skin was tightly drawn. His eyes were hollow and deep sunken, but a new light shone from them, replacing the apathy of former days. The deep rigid lines at the corner of his mouth served to set off his still slightly pendulous cheeks, above which his high cheek bones stood out like grim sentinels. His thin lips were tightly compressed save when they quivered with a slight nervous trembling. His heavy chin looked firm and rigid as ever. Most of the time he sat looking down at the peach in his hand, or apparently noting the baggy folds in which his clothing hung. Occasionally his head drooped forward as if with weariness, and a dim film seemed to come over his eyes. Then he would brighten up, rousing himself with a start, and cast an almost fierce glance around the room. As 12 o'clock drew nearer a slight flush suffused his withered cheeks. His jaws were set more firmly together. Frequently he looked at his watch. His limbs shook slightly as if with eager anticipation. Occasionally he moistened his dry lips.

In one hand he held his heavy black cane, while from the half-closed fingers of the other peeped out the rosy cheek of a luscious peach. The doctor's fingers worked nervously as he clutched the peach, and his eager eyes were fixed hungrily upon it. "See what I've got here," he whispered once, not relaxing his hold, as some one came near him. On Dr. Tanner's right sat Dr. Gunn, and on his left Dr. Reilly, both pale and nervous under the strain to which they were subjected. Professor Wark, unable to sit still, darted around the room from one person to another, his agitated manner and hasty speech showing the excitement that he was endeavoring to suppress.

"Three-quarters of an hour more," said a watcher, looking at his timepiece. The great crowd in the hall had swarmed to the doors of the ante-room. The people forced their way past the policeman who stood on guard, and pressed close to the doctor. "Let everybody leave the room except those having business here," shouted Professor Wark as Dr. Tanner's head drooped feebly forward upon his breast. "He has fainted," ran like wildfire through the crowd; but the doctor was vigorously fanned until he revived. "For Heaven's sake have mercy upon him in his condition," exclaimed Professor Wark again, as burly men and delicate women pushed and shouldered their way toward the doctor. Then policemen and attendants turned the mob back by force, but it was impossible to stem its tide. Men and women climbed on chairs and tables to get a far-off glimpse of the faster, so soon to break his fast. Opposite, the windows of the factory were filled with eager faces, and curious crowds were collected on the roofs. Another rush, and the room was filled. The doctor gasped for breath.

"Gentlemen, for heaven's sake give me air," he groaned. "Everybody must go out of here"; and the black cane came down on the floor with a thump that recalled old-time decision.

AFTER HIS BLOOD.

Suddenly an old man entered the room carrying a huge rosewood box. The curiosity of the crowd rose to fever heat. Was the doctor to be publicly dissected in the interests of science? But the stranger was Professor Van der Weyde, and although he came for Dr. Tanner's blood, it was with the innocent intention of subjecting it to microscopical scrutiny. He shook hands with the faster, then opening his box, produced a large microscope that was set upon the table. Dr. Tanner held out his arm. His wrist was pricked and a tiny drop of blood oozed out. It was carefully collected on a glass slide, and placed underneath the lens of the microscope. Professor Van der Weyde, sitting down, leaned forward and applied one eye to the instrument. His face instantly grew sober. He gazed long and earnestly and then turned away, doubtfully shaking his head.

"What is it?" instantly asked a dozen voices.

"The blood cells have lost their shape," replied the microscopist in a low voice; "and this indicates great danger. The white cells have increased in number comparatively—look squeezed together. The red cells are pentagonal instead of round. His system is very much reduced." And the old man glanced apprehensively at Dr. Tanner as if fearing to see him drop dead from his chair. Others crowded to the instrument. They distorted their features and squinted their eyes in vain attempts to read the story of the little cells aright. One more fruitless effort was made to clear the room. It was all in vain. The crowd was mad with curiosity and excitement.

Dr. Tanner looked at his watch—11:50—only ten mintes more, and the firm lips quivered a little and the nervous fingers grasped the peach more tightly. Then the doctor leaned back comfortably in his chair and a half smile as of happy anticipation flitted over his face. But again the rabble rushed into the room, and again, as Dr. Tanner felt himself growing sick, Professor Wark implored the mob to have mercy on him. "Eight minutes of twelve," and Dr. Gunn for the last time in the fast began to take the old, monotonous observations. "Temperature 99°," rang out Dr. Gunn's voice, and twenty pencils instantly jotted the words down. "Pulse 92 and respiration 17."

PARING HIS PEACH.

"O, I wish that whistle would blow," groaned the doctor as he impatiently glanced at the peach so tantalizingly near him. The time crept steadily though slowly on.

"Five minutes of twelve."

"Have a glass of milk ready," exclaimed the doctor. A new light flashed into his eyes. Eagerly fumbling for his knife he began to peel his peach. As the delicate skin dropped off, and the mellow, juicy fruit lay before him, the doctor's lips twitched convulsively, and his nostrils began to expand. The temptation was almost too great. A paper was procured and laid over the doctor's knee, and the peach was hidden from view.

"Two minutes of 12." Everybody was silent. The great crowd that beat up against the doors of the ante-room was for an instant still. Breathlessly the seconds were counted, and seconds never seemed so long. The doctor gathered himself up as for an effort. His watchers eyed him with looks of undisguised anxiety.

Suddenly the steam whistle rang out loud and clear. A murmur ran through the crowd, relieved from its suspense, and the doctor, half leaping from his chair, raised the peach to his mouth. Almost, but not quite, it touched his lips; a watcher seized his arm.

"For —— sake don't eat that, doctor; you'll kill yourself," he exclaimed. An ugly scowl settled upon the doctor's face. He writhed and struggled and at last snook off the hand from his arm. Instantly the peach was raised to his mouth, his parched lips opened to receive it, and with a long-drawn "Oh" of intense satisfaction, the faster tasted the first food that he had had for forty days.

"Three cheers for Tanner," and the hall fairly trembled from the applause that followed. It was not confined to the hall alone, for it was echoed back from the factory opposite, whose men and women had deserted their work, and filling the windows, had seen Tanner take his first mouthful of the peach. Dr. Tanner rose and bowed. The cheers from the windows and roofs opposite again swelled into an uproar, which was caught up in the street, where an excited throng was eagerly gazing upward to catch a glimpse of the triumphant faster. Dr. Tanner crowded half a peach into his cheek and waved his handkerchief to the crowd below. Again the cheers broke out, and when the doctor turned he found himself surrounded by an excited and enthusiastic crowd of admirers. His hand was shaken; he was embraced; and there are those who declare that he was kissed.

WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR TO APPEAR.

But outside the ante-room, in the main hall, fully 1,200 people were eagerly watching for Dr. Tanner's approach. They had wearied of examining the free advertising display within the arena. Three long tables were ranged in line. At the ends were huge boxes of crackers and prepared food, surmounted by bottles containing various nutritious preparations. A sample of framed worsted work at one end bore at the head the dates of the fast incorrectly given, and below the representation of a medal, apparently presenting the image of an aged crow, with "To Dr. Tanner" upon it. Six huge watermelons filled its length of the table. The largest was sent from Atlanta, Georgia, by the Georgia State Horticultural Society. An electric battery just sent in rested on one of the watermelons, while the next one bore a box of coffin nails. A pair of slippers sent by "a poor old shoemaker," flowers, ornamented loaves of bread, zweibach, bottles and cans of every form of milk, completed the display. This show was interesting at first, but soon grew tiresome, and the faces were turned impatiently toward the ante-room hall.

When the peach had been devoured and the doctor rose to go to the hall, where he knew the six luscious watermelons awaited him, his limbs trembled a little, and the color in his face deepened. But he roused himself. An almost unnatural brilliancy came into his eyes, his head was erect, his lips were firmly closed, and the flush upon his face seemed to wipe out, as with a sponge, the deep lines and signs of suffering. What seemed to be a vigorous, active man strode through the crowd on his way to win the reward of his long, heroic self-denial. "Dr. Tanner is coming," passed from lip to lip.

Then the brave old man appeared at the door of the ante-room. A shout went up, and in the rush that followed Dr. Tanner seemed in danger of being swept from his feet. Guarded by policemen and his watchers the doctor with difficulty forced his way through the heaving throng. Handkerchiefs and hats waved over his head, while shouts of "Bravo," "Well done," "Good for you," rang in his ears. He entered the enclosure for the last time, and the noisy throng pressed after him and with difficulty was kept back. Removing his coat, the doctor was weighed, tipping the scales at 121½ pounds, a loss of half a pound since Friday, and of thirty-six pounds since the beginning of the fast. His easy chair was placed on a table at the head of the long line of watermelons, and the doctor climbed into it. He hungrily eyed Professor Wark, who was uncorking a bottle of fresh rich milk. Filling a beer glass almost to the brim, Professor Wark placed it in the outstretched hand of the hungry man. Dr. Tanner lifted the glass, threw back his head, and two-thirds of the milk disappeared at a gulp, which the people crowding against the railing lustily applauded. The doctor lowered the glass, wiped his mouth, and looked around at the eager faces that surrounded him. "You'd better believe that tastes good," he said, and the crowd cheered him again.

ATTACKING THE WATERMELON.

"Now bring on the Georgia watermelon," he exclaimed. Dr. Gunn, who stood on his left hand, remonstrated, but Tanner's stomach was up and he waved him impatiently away. One of the regular watch brought forward the huge forty-pound melon and laid it on the table at Dr. Tanner's feet. "Ah-h" granted the doctor with a satisfied smile. The melon was sliced; it fell apart into halves, and as the rich juicy interior was disclosed, the hungry man bent forward, and voraciously seizing a handful from the interior of the melon, crammed it into his mouth, and at 12:06 enjoyed the first taste of what he has been longing for during forty days.

"Oh! this is grand," he chuckled. He carefully masticated each mouthful, swallowing the water, but ejecting the fiber in little pellets.

"He eats like a pig," said one of the spectators, and the doctor's sharp ears overheard this remark.

"It's my privilege to eat as I please," he exclaimed, shoving another dripping piece of melon into his mouth. Dr. Gunn expostulated with him on his imprudence.

"I know my business," said Tanner, and he kept on eating.

All this time he was fanned by a medical student, H. B. Plunkett, who stood behind him. The doctor seized another slice of melon, and again Dr. Gunn begged of him to desist.

"Look here; I have been through this mill before. This is what lets up the strain. Just stand aside and let me have my own way."

The doctors around grew pale with apprehension of a sudden and terrible fit of convulsions. Dr. Tanner's brother-in-law, Mr. Gardner, approached him and asked him, for his sake, to stop eating.

"Let me alone," was the response grumbled out between the mouthfuls of melon. By —— I'm running this thing now." Then, turning to Dr. Gunn, he said: "Why, I ate half a melon at the end of my other fast."

At last his appetite seemed a little assuaged, and, perhaps, fearing that he had estranged his physicians, he turned to Dr. Gunn and said: "You can take these things away now; I'm through."

Dr. Gunn instantly requested those in the hall to withdraw. "Three cheers for Dr. Tanner," shouted some enthusiastic person, and they were given with a will. In return Dr. Tanner stood up on the table, the watermelon juice still streaming from his face. He was waving his handkerchief. The people slowly began to go out. Dr. Tanner seized another piece of watermelon and started for the door, still closely watched. It was found almost impossible to force a way to the carriage, and Dr. Tanner's appearance on the sidewalk was the signal for deafening cheers and yells. The party entered the carriage, but the crowd blocked the street and it was impossible to move. Scores crowded up to the carriage windows and held out their hands for Dr. Tanner to grasp. At last the top of the carriage was thrown back, and the cheers broke out afresh. Finally the carriage started, a motley crowd following it, and its course was attended by a continuous ovation. The party drove directly to Dr. Gunn's house.

In the meantime, Bellam had been turned loose in Clarendon Hall. As soon as the doctor had departed the crowd of visitors that remained made a sudden and indiscriminate onslaught upon the melons, grapes, milk, etc., that were placed on the table. Well-dressed women shouldered their way to the table, and emerged from the crowd dishevelled but triumphant, with a bottle of baby food.

AFTER THE FAST.

Dr. Tanner drove proudly up Fourth-ave. with a piece of melon in his hand, and a whole melon on the seat by the driver. Several times the carriage was stopped by the crowd. Arriving at No. 31 East Twenty-fourth-st., he walked lightly up the steps and ascended to a chamber. "By George, this is a pleasant room," he exclaimed as he sank into a chair; "but I want some more melon." He ate another piece and fell asleep, taking a nap of half an hour. Then he awoke. His thoughts were still of melons. Prowling around the room he discovered one in a closet, and soon the days of that watermelon were numbered. He ate two slices. Then lying down he rested until 3 o'clock.

"I want some more melon," he suddenly exclaimed. Dr. Reilly gave him two pieces as large as his fist, and Tanner ate it, fibre and all. At 3:10 he asked for an ounce of red Hungarian wine. Then he read a paper for a little while, but the memory of the melon in the closet was too much for him, and going to the closet he stood up and dexterously helped himself to three pieces. "Does your stomach distress you, doctor?" asked one of his attendants. "By George, I wouldn't have a stomach that distressed me," was the laughing reply.

CALLING FOR A STEAK.

At 4:15 Dr. Tanner called for some steak. After a slight hesitation it was provided, and he began devouring it. "I'm enjoying this afternoon more than any in my life," he said, "and if the people down at the hall knew what a good time I'm having they'd fast for forty days." By 4:59 he had finished half a pound of steak, swallowing all but the tough portions. At 5:10 he asked for more wine. Dr. Reilly gave him an ounce, which had disappeared by 5:20. At 5:27 he asked again for a melon, and greedily ate a piece of the heart of it as large as his fist. At 5:50 he called for an apple, but his request was refused. Shortly after Professor Wark arrived. "Why, that stomach can digest cobblestones," said he on hearing the request, and immediately he procured an apple. It disappeared in the insatiable stomach as did two more shortly after. Then he drank some more wine.

At 7 o'clock Dr. Tanner asked for another half pound of steak, and when it came he ate all but the tendonous portion. Then he sat quietly for some time, and at 8 o'clock drank an ounce of wine.

"Monday I'll be ready for any kind of business," he said. The lines of his features had lost their rigidity, and his face even seemed to look fuller. He was lively, chatty, and went to bed at 11 o'clock.

REVIEW OF THE FAST.

STARVATION AS GENERALLY CONSIDERED—HOW DR. TANNER WAS EXPECTED TO DIE—SINGULAR FEATURES OF THE FAST.

If the average physician had been asked six weeks ago how long a man could live without food, he would have replied, "From seven to twelve days." Physiologists, however, have carefully avoided setting a definite limit to abstinence from food, although this statement of the probabilities as based on most of the cases which have been known give at the utmost twelve or fifteen days. Nearly all the cases recorded have been those in which persons have been prevented from taking food by accident, and no scientific examinations have been made. From the experiments of Chossat and Brown-Sequard upon animals, it was found that animals provided with the most fat lived the longest, not dying until 90 per cent. of the fat, or from one-third to two-fifths of the entire weight of the body, had been lost. The final cause of death from starvation was found to be a decline in the temperature, which suffered a gradual decline at first, and then fell more rapidly until it reached a point 29° or 30° below the normal point, when the animal died.

PECULIARITIES OF THIS FAST.

One of the remarkable features of Dr. Tanner's fast is that there has been practically no fall in the temperature of the body. In animals, Chossat noticed that torpor preceded death; but no indications of approaching torpor or delirium have been noticeable in Dr. Tanner's case. About the twenty-seventh day he exhibited one or two lapses of memory, more through irritability and weakness, apparently, than any disturbance of the brain.

A well-known materialist said yesterday: "This fast has done more to shake my belief in materialism than anything that I have ever known of. We materialists believe mind to be simply a function of the brain, and that at every thought certain brain cells are destroyed. If the brain be affected its function—thought—is impaired. But Dr. Tanner has undergone a terrible nervous strain, as shown by the large waste of the phosphates. Still, despite this drain upon the brain, his mind has remained clear and active. I cannot reconcile this with my belief."

Another feature of the fast has been the effect of water upon Dr. Tanner. It has added force and volume to his flagging pulse, sent color to his cheeks, and revived him as if it were a veritable stimulant. After refraining from water, as he did, his thirsty tissues absorbed it like a sponge, and the result was the surprising gains in weight noticeable from the sixteenth to the nineteenth day.

WHAT WAS EXPECTED.

What most physicians expected would happen to Dr. Tanner is told by Dr. Carpenter, one of the most renowned authorities on physiology.

"The most prominent symptoms of starvation," said Dr. Carpenter, "as they have been noted in the human subject, are as follows: In the first place, severe pain in the region over the stomach, which is relieved on pressure; this subsides after a day or two, but is succeeded by a feeling of weakness and sinking in the same region. An insatiable thirst supervenes, which, if water be withheld, henceforth becomes the most distressing symptom. The countenance becomes pale and cadaverous; the eyes acquire a peculiarly wild and glistening stare. A general emaciation soon manifests itself. The body then exhales a peculiar fetor, and the skin is covered with a brownish and offensive secretion. The bodily strength rapidly declines; the sufferer totters in walking; his voice becomes weak, and he is incapable of the least exertion. The mental powers exhibit a similar prostration. At first there is usually a state of stupidity, which gradually increases to imbecility, so that it is difficult to induce the sufferer to make any effort for his own benefit. And then a state of maniacal delirium frequently supervenes. Life terminates, either calmly, by gradually increasing torpidity, or, as occasionally happens, suddenly, in a convulsive paroxysm."

Dr. Tanner has lived upon nourishment derived from his own tissues. Water has aided him, whether it be regarded as a food or as having a purely mechanical function; but the force that he has daily expended has come from the consumption of his own tissues. One gramme, 15.432 grains, of fat oxidized in the body exerts a force that will lift 27,778 pounds a foot; and one gramme of lean muscular fibre will furnish force sufficient to raise 14,803 pounds a foot. This, it is claimed, is where Dr. Tanner has derived his force for walking and exerting himself as he has. The fat was oxidized rather more rapidly at first, and the more solid muscular tissues later and more slowly.

The loss of water from Dr. Tanner's lungs and skin has proved to be much less than the minimum loss usually given by physiologists. His sufferings when not drinking water have shown that water is necessary for the preservation of life, and his great reduction in weight and general distress indicate the absurdity of stories of painless abstinence from food for a long period. But the most remarkable feature of this fast is the display of will power that has been seen. Sick, exhausted, his attendants fearing his death, and the doctor himself probably secretly acknowledging its possibility, the faster has yet preserved a bold front and manfully persevered in his terrible ordeal.

GETTING READY TO STARVE.

Dr. Tanner breakfasted on a quart of milk on the day of beginning his fast, and drank the same quantity at a quarter of 12. His weight, with clothing, was 157½ pounds, temperature 99°, pulse varying from 84 to 96, average pulse 88, and respiration 18. He was stripped, and was found to be of good muscular development. He was carefully searched.

GIVING UP WATER.

It was on the second day of the fast that Dr. Tanner resolved to abstain from water, because he had heard that Dr. Hammond declared it to be food, and he therefore eschewed it at once. But he soon began to suffer from thirst. He grew feverish and restless, and constantly bathed his head and gargled his throat in order to absorb as much water as possible. He walked or drove out nearly every day. The observations were not taken at the same time each day, and the weighing was carelessly conducted. On the tenth day Dr. Bradley saw "suspicious movements," and the consequent excitement and nervous worry exhausted Dr. Tanner more than a week's fast. He drank four ounces of water immediately after this disturbance. Then he refrained again from water until the sixteenth day. His sufferings from want of water were intense, and he exhibited wonderful self-denial. The normal quantity of water for a healthy adult is sixty or seventy ounces, and fifteen or twenty ounces in the food. Dr. Tanner retained about two drachms, or one-quarter of an ounce, daily, of the water used in gargling his throat, and absorbed probably from five to ten ounces from the sponges and towels. But this meagre allowance was insufficient, as his appearance speedily testified. He lost weight rapidly, grew restless, nervous and irritable, and exhibited signs of an approaching collapse. Forced by his own weakness, he began drinking water again on the sixteenth day, and for the next four days drank a very large quantity, the effect of which was shown in a gain in his weight. The doctor revived after drinking this water, seeming better and stronger. He took his one or two drives a day, promenaded in the hall and conversed with visitors.

Nothing especial occurred until about the twenty-fifth day, when the faster began to be affected with nausea. He thought that the water he had been drinking was harmful to him, and he immediately cut down his allowance and began drinking hot water to relieve his gastric disturbances. This seemed to benefit him somewhat, but a little later the nausea increased and vomiting set in. For about the last two weeks of the fast Dr. Tanner was troubled with this persistent and exhausting vomiting, and in consequence steadily grew weaker. His stomach had become so irritable that water was instantly rejected, and he suffered terribly from thirst without being able to obtain relief. Croton, well, spring, "purified Croton," two or three kinds of mineral waters and carbonic acid water, were all tried, in addition to hot water; he apparently preferred the carbonic acid water. During the last week, the faster grew weaker rapidly, and was kept as quiet as possible, his condition being regarded as very precarious. But his wonderful recuperation yesterday astonished every one and for a time dispelled all fears.

Dr. Tanner has recently been watched by Drs. Osborne, Goodwin, Badham, Pollitzer, Sullivan, Miller, Hoeber, Cooper and Bedell, of the regulars, and Drs. Gunn, Perley, Wark, Kuntze, Griswold, Vaillant, Plunkett, Egan, Danielson, Wilson, Brush, Black, Price and Dewey, of the new school.

SOME STATISTICS.

The following table gives accurately the observations taken during the fast. The highest and lowest pulse are given where there was an extensive variation on the same day, and the highest temperature. As will be seen, on some of the days the observations were not complete. A striking feature of the table is the uniformity of the temperatures, which show few and slight variations below the normal point, 98.5°, when a marked fall would naturally be expected. The high pulses on some days were occasioned by exercise or excitement just before the observations were taken.

Days.	Weight.	Water drank in ounces.	Pulse.	Temperature.	Respiration.	Dynamometer in kilo grammes. Right.	Left.	In pounds. Right.	Left.
1st	157½	56	82-88	99	16	.....	.....	.....	.....
2d	....	20	84	98¾	16	.....	.....	.....	.....
3d	153	none	78	98⅘	16	.....	.....	.....	.....
4th	....	none	84	98⅘	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
5th	147½	none	66-100	98 9/10	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
6th	....	none	89-100	98⅘	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
7th	143½	none	72-90	98⅘	16	.....	.....	.....	.....
8th	....	none	77-84	98⅘	14	.....	.....	.....	.....
9th	141⅝	none	88-116	99 1/10	15	.....	.....	.....	.....
10th	....	4	80-98	99¼	14	.....	.....	.....	.....
11th	139¾	none	80-94	100	15	.....	.....	.....	.....
12th	....	none	83-96	99⅘	14	.....	.....	.....	.....
13th	136¾	none	89-96	97⅘	13	.....	.....	.....	.....
14th	133	none	89-100	100⅘	16	.....	.....	.....	.....
15th	....	none	90-97	98	16	.....	.....	.....	.....
16th	132	29½	95-108	98⅘	14	.....	.....	.....	.....
17th	133½	77¼	80-98	99⅘	16	.....	.....	.....	.....
	135½								
18th	136½	51	76-82	98⅘	16	.....	.....	.....	.....
19th	136	46½	76-84	99	15	.....	.....	.....	.....
20th	135½	39½	82	99	15	.....	.....	.....	.....
	135								
21st	135	51	84	99	15	.....	.....	.....	.....
22d	134	18½	72	99	15	82	82	180	180
23d	133½	23½	88	98⅘	18-15	84	84	185	185
24th	132	30	84-72	99⅘	15	84	84	185	185
25th	131½	16	72	99	16	88	88	185	194
26th	131½	16	72-87	98⅘	16	80	79	176	174
27th	130½	12	76	98⅘	14	80	80	176	176
28th	129¾	20	72	98⅘	16	82	82	180	180
29th	....	16	74	98⅘	16	80	79	176	174
30th	130	8	84	98⅘	14	80	85	176	187
31st	128	11½	74	98⅘	.....	80	85	176	187
32d	127½	12½	72	98⅘	15	81	81	178	178
33d	126½	14	78	99	14	75	80	165	176
						72	79	158	165
34th	126⅝	14	78	99⅘	14	85	80	187	176
35th	....	16	78	98⅘	15	82	81	180	178
36th	....	24½	74	99	15	.....	.....	.....	.....
37th	125½	12½	74	98⅘	.....	82	75	180	165
38th	....	9½	78	99⅘	18	84	80	185	176
39th	125½	20¼	82	98⅘	18	79	78	174	172
40th	122	18	82	99	13	78	72	172	158
40th M	121½		92	99	17	.....	.....	.....	.....

Total loss in weight, 36 pounds. Total amount of water drank, 667½ ounces, or 41.5 pounds. Highest pulse, 116; lowest pulse, 66. Highest temperature, 100⅘°; lowest temperature, 97⅘°.

Respiration varied from 13 to 18. Dynamometer varied from 196 pounds to 158 pounds with the right hand, and from 194 to 158 pounds with the left.

The sphygmographic tracings were nearly all irregular wavy lines, denoting weakness and irregularity in the heart beats.

Whenever the æsthesiometer was applied, Dr. Tanner was