

YOUTH WILL NOT LAST FOR AYE.

(Translated from Henri Murger's *Vie de Bohème*.)

The sunshine of our twenty years
Foretells a brighter day;
Love, dance and sing—away with tears—
Youth will not last for aye.

With patience for our coat of mail,
Misadventure we will not dread;
With hope, and pluck that seems to fail,
We knead our daily bread.
Our nature, giddy as a boy's,
With songs and choruses gay,
Transforms our sorrows into joys—
Youth will not last for aye.

And if some charmer, fair but free,
Whose heart we won by chance,
Lights up the flame of poetry
Beneath her burning glance,
We'll bless the flirt for being fair,
And, driving doubt away,
Will love her, faithless though she were—
Youth will not last for aye.

And since such joys as earth bestows—
Love, Beauty—soon are past,
Like the pale lily and the rose,
That one short summer last;
When the green banner of the Spring
Is raised by blooming May,
We still will love, and dance, and sing—
Youth cannot last for aye!

(ALEX. MURRAY.)

OUT OF BED-TIME ABED.

It must have tickled the fancy of Shakespeare the notion of a stalwart and impetuous warrior like Achilles, in the best of health but the worst of tempers, taking to his bed and wilfully keeping there while the Trojan war was at the hottest, and all around him was storm and stress. That a man so impulsive and excitable, with such an exhaustless fund of energy in him, with such a power of fighting in him, should betake himself in broad daylight to bed in his tent, with Patroclus for companion if not bedfellow, was a thing to make Greeks swear and Trojans stare. The great Achilles, as Ulysses designates him, "whom opinion crowns the sinew and the forehead of our host," being crossed and mortified by Agamemnon, renounces his vocation, withdraws from the fellowship of his Royal confederates,

And in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests.

Plenty of smaller people have, since his time, kept out of bed-time abed and without sulking, and some of them making anything but a lazy bed of it—on the contrary, reading and writing there with all their might. When Brindley was puzzled by the difficulties of canal-making, he used to retire to bed for days together until he had thought out a solution. When the Duke of Medina Celi was made Prime Minister of Spain, under Charles II., his first step was to go straight to bed and stay there. He thought that if he got up he would have to distribute patronage and do something; so he took to his sheets, and they protected him against the cares of office. The fourth of Spain's royal Charleses described his own life as being divided between hunting and his bed. The celebrated Dutch painter Lucas van Leyden passed nearly the whole of his last years in bed. But broken health as well as spirits had to do with this; and we are reminded of Mr. John Morley's apologetic surmise in the case of Voltaire, who during the last twenty years of his life passed months at a time in bed, that this may have been the best possible preservative of existence for one of his temperament. So again Dr. Wolcott—Peter Pindar—lay in bed the greater part of his time when old, because, on his own showing, when up and in motion he had to carry a load of eleven stone, while in bed he had only a few ounces of blankets to support. Among the curious facts whereby that last of a great name, the eldest son of Wilhelm von Humboldt, laid claim to distinction among his contemporaries is reckoned his spending in bed the last twenty of his seventy-five years, although endowed with the most vigorous health, and not even able to impair it by this long-drawn-out freak. Of Mary Stuart, in her bloom of life—A.D. 1563—we are told that, active and energetic as she was when occasion required, she abandoned herself to what Mr. Froude calls "intervals of graceful indulgence." Without illness or imagination of it, she would lounge for days in bed, rising only at night for dancing or music. In bed, with some delicate French robe carefully draped about her, and surrounded by her ladies, her council, and her courtiers, she would receive ambassadors and transact business. Philip V., of Spain in like manner would sometimes, for six months together, confine himself to bed, and there sign ordinances and get through his regal work. Of George IV., a passage in Mr. Greville's journal, dated March 19th, 1829, bears this record—"He leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. He breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed too; he reads every newspaper quite through, does three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven." Under him England might by some be thought to have a chance of reverting to the state of things under Charles II., when Pepys reports to the Court that "they now began to lie long in bed—not knowing how to employ themselves, though there be work enough for their thoughts and counsels and pains." Espartero used at times, and these times of war, to pass whole days in bed, drinking chocolate. C. H. Heyne, whose *nom de guerre* was Anton Wall, without pretending to be ill, took to his bed, and there

in a garret, lived for long years, with his books at hand, writing occasionally, but mostly dreaming away his time. Walter Savage Landor, disappointed in his expectation of finding his book published by the house of Longmans, took to his bed and tried to sleep away the rest of his time. This his friendly and trusty biographer, Mr. Forster, calls a "perverted ingenuity of torment" which even Rousseau might have envied. Leigh Hunt, on the other hand, in his seventy-third year, writes to a bed-gone friend that, "for my part, I am so accustomed to be in bad health out of bed that the idea of being forced to continue in it a day would make me worse"—though he was fain to recognize its attractions in cases of "a comfortable, cosy kind of luxurious momentary incompetence." Plato, in the *Protagoras*, lets us hear the deep voice of that other professor, Prodicus, from an adjoining room, where he is lying warmly wrapped up in bed and discoursing professionally to his admirers, as Joubert used to do in his genial way—but in the latter case with the plea of very fragile health.

Abed some best, they say, can eat and drink,
Abed get on the best with pen and ink;
Abed by preference they get through their feeding,
Abed they do their reckoning, writing, reading.

We do not refer to lazy loungers like the *Spectator's* correspondent, whose diary teems with frivolous entries such as "Read two acts in *Aurencé* abed"—"Abed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters," &c.; or like the Lady of Quality in the *Jugoslavjansky Legends*—

Whose maid, it was said, declared that she read
(A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed.

Men of mark are those we have in view. Friedrich Schlegel, for instance, was emphatically not one of the staid folks of Mr. Barham's parenthesis. Nor was his brother Augustus. We find Macaulay counting on keeping up his German by twenty pages a day of Schiller in bed. We find Northcote ordering a long candle on the day of publication of an art-treatise of Haydon's and going to bed to read it in ecstasy. Entries in Macready's Diary follow one the other such as these—"Read in bed several scenes of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—"In bed read the fable of *Acis in Orvid's Metamorphoses*—"Went over Shelley in bed, searching for lines for *Acis and Galatea*." We find Moore reading in bed the formidable Article in the *Edinburgh* which led to his abortive duel with Jeffrey. Reading in bed was the life-long habit of Washington Irving—a habit which increased the difficulty of relieving that sleepless nervousness by which his closing days were distressed. Charles Nodder, when a party of whist could not be made up for his evening's entertainment, betook himself to bibliography in bed. Johnson wrote and dictated abed, as well as devoured quartos and octavos there. One of his earliest books was a translation which he dictated as he lay in bed with the original quarto before him. That was a period of his life when he associated with poor fellows like Bayse, who used to scrawl Latin verses sitting up in bed shirtless, with his arms through two holes in his blanket. It is an accepted fact that there is something in the resolute attitude which in many cases is favourable to the exercise of thought; be it the result of extra detritation of blood to the head, or of some occult and subtle galvanic action connected with the altered position of the spinal column, common experience has taught many people that the imagination is frequently more active and the inventive faculty in particular more fertile and creative at the time when the body is prone. Without bringing in the fact of the proverbial quickness and inventiveness of the mind in dreams, investigators of the subject recognize a something in the simple lying at length and the mere relaxation from muscular exertion which tends at times to quicken the secretions of the intellect. "How many of our Laureates have resorted for their inspiration to the sofa! When Strapsides is at his wits' end for some device to get him out of his entanglements, Aristophanes sees nothing for it but to send the Attic Miceaver to bed in the hope of some bright idea turning up between the sheets." Alexandre Dumas the elder, by his own account, wrote most of his dramas in bed, which he takes to explain a good deal of the "vigorous and even brutal force" with which his subjects are handled. He would have sided with fair Yolande against her chiding mother in one stanza of the old French *chanson*, thus Englished by Mr. Walter Besant:

"But why then, mother?" she smiling, said,
"Is it for work, or is it for play?
Is it for weaving the golden thread,
Or is it for lying in bed all day?
Wherefore chidest thou fair Yolande?"

Rousseau relates with effusion how he composed the best part of the first act of his opera *Les Muses galantes* in bed after drawing the curtain close to exclude the light of day—of common day; there, for seven or eight hours he gave himself up to what he calls "*Pastorale poétique et musicale*," and by his own estimate, a most delicious night he had of it, such were the transports of composition abed. Jean Jacques elsewhere states that it was in bed he worked out the plan and details of his favorite treatise on the influence of the sciences and arts on morals, and also of most of his other writings. Lord Jeffrey had a fancy that, though he went to bed with his head stuffed and confused with the names and dates and other details of various causes, they were all in order in the morning; which he accounted for by saying during sleep they "all crystallised round their proper centres."

But he was not one of those who take to their bed by day for wide-awake work. We find John Foster journalizing this particular in respect of sermon preparation: "I sat up in bed a while and caught some very considerable ideas." Mrs. Somerville was in her eighty-ninth year when she wrote—"I have still [in 1869] the habit of studying in bed from eight in the morning till twelve or one o'clock." She complained however that she was left solitary, having lost the little bird—a mountain sparrow—that for eight years had been her constant companion, and that used to sleep on her arm while she was writing. Of Joubert, the French *Pensée*-writer, it has been observed that a stranger life in this our feverish nineteenth century can scarcely be imagined than that he led in the Rue St. Honoré; in bed till three o'clock amid piles of books—when he could not read polishing their bindings—even in his bed surrounded by friends of both sexes, many of them daily visitors. One of the late Mr. Justice Maule's rivals for the senior wrangler'ship of 1810, who knew his powers when he exerted himself, argued hopefully on his own account from the fact that Maule was never out of bed till a late hour in the morning, this defeated competitor was not aware that Maule's favourite method of pursuing his studies was in bed; he used to read for hours after he went to bed at night, and in this way reconciled his love of ease with his appetite for books.

Bielfeld's description of His Britannic Majesty George III., "faithfully abridged" by Mr. Carlyle, comprises this item—"Majesty reads the English news papers every morning in bed, which we are often biting." While we are touching on Royalty, let us recall that passage in the *Memoires* of Sully which relates how James I., after an interview with him (De Rosny) as French envoy, in presence of all the Ministers "went off to bed, where it was his custom to pass his afternoons." That hoary, but not too venerable, intriguer in politics and mischief-maker in statecraft, Lord Lovat, is said to have lain in bed for the most part of the two years preceding the Rebellion of 1745, till, hearing of Prince Charles' arrival at Arisaig, he roused himself with sudden vehemence, crying to an attendant, "Lassie, bring me my brogues—I'll rise now!" The story is told in Robert Chambers' delightful volume of *Traditions of Edinburgh*, which also chronicles, in another section, the course adapted by that romantic personage Lady Betty Charteris, of the Wemyss family, when thwarted in an affair of the heart. So to hear: she took it that she took to bed, and in bed she lay for six and twenty years, till dismissed to a world where such troubles are unknown. When honest Dard, the French gardener in one of Mr. Reade's books, is counselled, under a similar disappointment, to go to bed, "Bed be hanged!" he cries. "What good is bed? That's a silly old custom wants doing away with." By his reckoning it weakens a fellow, it turns him into train oil, it is the doctor's friend and sick man's bane. Many a one, he contends, is safe to die through taking to bed, who could have kept his life if he had kept his feet like a man. "If I had cut myself in two, I would not go to bed till I go to the bed with a spade in it. No! Sit up like Julius Caesar, and die as you lived, in your clothes; don't strip yourself; let the old woman strip you" when your time comes, and theirs. There remains to us but space to refer, by way of conclusion, to a vigorous protest against the obnoxious practice by so gentle a writer and man as the late Reverend William Harness, who insisted that even in a case of influenza bed is always the worst place anybody can be in, except for purposes of bodily rest; that it weakens a man, body, mind, and nerves; and that those are healthiest, wisest and most energetic who contrive to keep out of it most.

THE GREAT APPLE CROP.

It might be said in the experience of the large exporters of grain and fruit of this year's crop that good fortune does not come singly. As in wheat, so in apples, both are the largest crops ever produced in this country. There is evidence of the bounty of Providence all around us; the streets in some quarters are literally blocked with fruit stands; at the markets other articles grow diminutive by contrast. At the railway depots enormous tiers of barrels are piled high with fruit. On the wharves of ocean vessels thousands upon thousands of barrels disappear, as if by magic, into the holds of steamers.

Nearly every vessel leaving the port of New York carries a consignment of apples. And neither is the export trade confined to that city. Montreal, also, has had a larger export trade in apples at this season than in any other year. With regard to the size of the crop the same may be said of New England, generally. For the five weeks ending October 2nd, there were shipped from New York, Boston and Montreal 192,625 barrels, almost double that of the corresponding period in any previous year.

The larger portion of the apples sent abroad is for the Liverpool market; Glasgow ranks next; while London takes third place in amount of consumption. France and Germany import but few. These brands which find the readiest sale abroad are the Newtown Pippins, the Spitzbergs, and the Baldwins. Greenings in small quantities are also exported. The latter realize from \$1 to \$1.25, and from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per barrel for red apples. These fetch in Liverpool 17s., but owing to the glut in the market prices have fallen as low as 11s. per

barrel, and fears are entertained that profits will soon be considerably reduced.

Concerning the enormous amount of waste which will result in many instances, it seems that no effective means have yet been devised for preserving apples on a large scale. If some such process by which they could be held, say for twelve months, were introduced, it would not only pay, but check in no small degree the dear prices which obtain in poor seasons. The subject commends itself to the inventive faculty of the American as one worthy of his attention.

THE POLO.

A NEW QUADRILLE.

I found the quadrille quite popular in France, but the music seemed to me not so well adapted to the figures as might be. I have therefore composed a new score for them. It may be said that the dance reflects the characteristics of our time, its vivacity, its passion for action, its impatience of delay and elaborate ceremonial. Hence, perhaps, the reason of its popularity with our young people, who rarely have patience to be at rest while others are in motion. The figures will be found to be very simple, but entertaining, and they require no more previous training than the skill to march. I have prepared the following description of the figures, which I here present with the permission of Messrs. Pond & Co., by whom the piece is copyrighted and published.

DIRECTIONS FOR DANCING THE POLO.

FOUR COUPLES, FORMED AS FOR THE QUADRILLE OR LANCERS.

Each number twice. Eight bars before commencement of each figure.

No. 1.

BARS.

All promenade half round 4
Head couples forward and back 4
(When head couples are going back, the sides forward, and go back as the others forward again for next movement.)
Head couples half right and left to place 4
Sides same 4
Double ladies' chain (ladies crossing hands in centre) 8
Same for gentlemen. 8

No. 2.

Hands all round to left 8
Four ladies in centre, back to back, and gentlemen promenade all round outside to left, turning partners with both hands when in places. 8
Gentlemen inside, back to back, and ladies promenade all round outside, turning partners to places. 8
(Second time finish with hands all round.)

No. 3.

Four ladies cross over to each other's places, first two passing first, all turning to face inside. 4
For gentlemen same. 4
(The gentlemen do not turn round, but each gives his left hand to partner and right to next lady on his right, forming a circle, with ladies facing inward and gentlemen outward.)
All toward the centre and back (holding hands). 4
All round to places (still holding hands): gentlemen to left, ladies to right. 4
All the gentlemen pass in front of partners and turn, with both hands, the lady on the right. 4
And in succession each lady; lastly, their partners. 12

No. 4.

Head couples forward and back 4
(While going back, sides forward, and go back when the heads forward for the next movement.)
The two gentlemen of the head couples leave their ladies with right hand side couples. 4
Six forward and back at the sides. 4
(While the six go backward, the two gentlemen forward and go backward, when the six forward for the next movement.)
The six forward again, and hand the ladies to the other gentlemen; the right hand lady to the right, the left to the left. 4
Six forward and back at the heads. 4
Forward again, and leave ladies with partners. 4
Hands round, half way to left and back to right. 8

No. 5.

Hands all round to left. 8
Form "basket," and again round to left. 8
(Basket is formed by all the ladies taking hands together in front of gentlemen, and gentlemen taking hands in front of ladies, the arms of the gentlemen above those of the ladies.)
Ladies round inside to left, while gentlemen round outside to left (opposite directions). 8
(To bring the ladies inside, the gentlemen raise their arms, still holding, and allow the ladies to pass under.)
All promenade round in star. 8
(To form star, the gentlemen, when coming round to places in previous movement, give right hands to partners and change places, bringing the gentlemen inside, when all four gentlemen take left hands forming the star, and, at same time, take partner about waist with the right arm, and in this way promenade round.)
After second time, finish with hands all round to left. 8

ALLEN DODWORTH.

On his arrival in England, Sir Frederick Roberts will be summoned to Balmoral, as Her Majesty desires personally to invest the gallant soldier with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

NEW NOTICE.

PIMPLY ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE can be driven out of the system by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic or any poisonous drug; nor do they debilitate, but strengthen and tone up, aid digestion, and purify the blood. Box with full particulars mailed to any part of Canada or United States for \$1. Sample packets 25 cents (stamps). Address, W. HEARN, Druggist, Ottawa, Canada.