

fidently anticipated by the hotel-keepers and lodging-house proprietors of Paris.

Perhaps it is because we are, as Napoleon called us, a nation of shop-keepers, and therefore understand in practical matters that time is money, that we are so creditably forward in preparing for our contribution to the giant fair which the month of May is to see set forth in the French capital. Our hosts, it is rumoured, are not in their private capacity so prompt or so punctual. The French Government and the municipal authorities of Paris have shown forethought and energy, but individual exhibitors have been perhaps over-confident that plenty of leisure lay before them.

The British section has certainly been extremely fortunate in one respect. It has been placed under the superintendence of a president who gives it more than the prestige of his royal rank. The Prince of Wales does real work, and encourages others to do real work, in organising and pressing forward our own share in this latest of Exhibitions; and the Indian department in particular has been cared for in a manner which will insure its being regarded as one of the principal attractions of the Trocadero. Even the Oriental attendants, robed and turbaned, who will keep watch over the stalls of Delhi scarves and Benares goldsmiths' work, would suffice to win the suffrages of the novelty-loving Parisian public.

At the farther end of the British section stands the fine Colonial Hall, and this we may expect to be better filled, and stocked with a more varied store of the earth's productions—mineral, vegetable, and

animal—than any other part of the building can supply. In mechanism, and in the manufacturing arts, our colonies will of course be easily outstripped by the elder and more densely peopled countries of the world; but no empire or republic can possibly get together so vast and diversified a collection of the natural products and agricultural wealth of all soils and climates.

Even when Exhibitions were regarded as a novel and perilous experiment, and the great glass palace of 1851 arose in Hyde Park, less ostensible interest was taken in the new project than is displayed towards the Trocadero undertaking by the Executive and Legislature of the country to which it belongs. The session of the French Parliament is to be avowedly curtailed for the reason that any stormy dispute, or hard-fought division, within the walls of the Chamber, might do harm to the Exhibition. A compromise has been effected between opposing parties, for the benefit of the Trocadero, and fickle Paris appears to have dressed herself in the smiles of her blithest good-humour to do honour to her guests.

The truth is that the very existence of the Exhibition, the fact that it will open at the time announced, and such measure of success as it is likely to attain, are all taken as subtle and welcome compliments to France, to the stability of her institutions, and to her assured future. She has made great progress since the war and the Commune, and now she asks the world at large to visit and admire the enormous Temple of Industry which she has set up.

JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD.

ON KEEPING LATE HOURS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE old-fashioned advice, "Go to bed with the sun and rise with the lark," if not meant to be understood in a literal sense, nevertheless plainly inculcates the necessity, if we wish to retain good health, of wisely dividing the day into a period of rest and a period of activity. Indeed, nature demands such a division, and we should bear in mind that it is impossible to infringe any one of her laws without paying the penalty. Yet I know that the very words, "law" and "penalty," are distasteful to the ears of many of my readers. These are they who wish to live free-and-easily, who do not, or say they do not, mind about after-penalties so long as they can enjoy present pleasures, who hurry through existence fast and heedlessly, to whom life is but a short and fitful fever, but who probably never did, and never will, know what true enjoyment means.

"I don't want to live to be old and decrepit"—have we not all heard such expressions?—and "a short life and a merry for me." But who does live to be old and decrepit? Mostly those who have been blessed with strong constitutions to begin with, and have lived hard and free, and thus opened the door for rheu-

ms and pains and chronic ailments to come in, and be the torturers of their later years. For, mark what I say, decrepitude and old age by no means always, nor should they often, go hand in hand. It would be easy, for example, to imagine the quiet and happy existence of one who, descended from healthy parents, and reared on sound principles, well trained in body, well schooled in mind, embarked at length in life with a full determination (and the very possession of a *mens sana in corpore sano* would render this easy of accomplishment) to be always moderate and temperate in all things, to be a philosopher in fact, neither hurried in business nor mad as to pleasure, using but never abusing the good things around him, and habitually conforming to the few and ordinary rules of health. For such a one, accident apart, we might confidently predict a green old age—nay, more, for he would never feel, nor seem in manners to others, old. He would retain his faculties until the last, and not only these, but the power to enjoy life and see others about him enjoying it too. Nor would he have aught of that vain clinging to youth, which is so common to most of the middle-aged, nor any of that gloomy apprehension of coming demise which is born of nervousness,

the result of long years badly spent. The sunset of a life such as we depict would be fully as rosy as the dawn; the old man would but feel weary; like the child at the close of a summer's day, who, tired of its gambols, longs for rest in the maternal arms, so would he long for rest on the lap of earth. And that wish would be granted him; he would sleep and the veil that had hidden him from the Great Unseen would be lifted.

But in reality how few such lives and deaths as these have we ever known or heard of? and for this simple reason: continued disobedience of the laws of nature is followed by the early-death-penalty, just as surely as the gloom of winter succeeds the autumn's sunshine. Yet you may object to this statement of mine, you may tell me that you know of many men, who have died at fourscore years and over, who have been almost till the last hale, hearty, and upright, but who have confessed to having lived the freest and fastest of lives. I grant what you say, but still I maintain that such men were giants in the might of their health and the vigour of their constitutions, and that in all probability, had their mode of life been different, not eighty only but a hundred would have been the age they might easily have attained.

The method in which we in the present day conduct our business, and the way in which we take our enjoyments, have, I am convinced, a tendency to shorten our existences. Life with most of us is a fitful fever, a race that is run thoughtlessly and heedlessly; our nervous systems are kept constantly on the stretch, and are thus too soon worn out beyond the power of repair; we become in reality old before our time. The keeping of late hours, with its numerous attendant evils, is one thing that tends greatly to abbreviate life. It is no excuse to say that late hours are fashionable; unhappily this is so, and sadly indeed does society need reformation in this respect, for late hours, late suppers, late parties, and late play-goings yearly claim their victims by the thousand. Were this climate of ours ever so favourable to longevity, it would be no reason why we should turn night into day, no reason why we should be abroad when deadly dews are falling, or abed in stuffy rooms when the glorious sun is shining, and when there is life and health in every breeze that blows.

There are two classes of people who, it seems to me, are the chief sufferers from the habit of keeping late hours—first the votaries of fashion or pleasure, and secondly those who devote their lives to literature and the study of the sciences. I would have a word to say to both. The first I would remind that refreshing sleep and rest are just as necessary for the keeping of our bodies in health as are food and exercise. "Apollo does not always bend his bow," and a due proportion of sleep is required by all, that the system may recover, and the nerves be freshened and recruited after the bustle or toils of the day. I have, in a previous paper, tried to explain that during sound sleep the capillaries of the brain are in a great measure bloodless, that if these minute arteries are weakened by long excitement of any kind, they are unable properly to contract, their

elasticity is in a great measure gone, and only a semi or partially bloodless condition of the brain is possible, and consequently deep sleep cannot be procured, but only in its stead a semi-unconsciousness, during which past events and past thoughts are mingled and blended together in what are termed dreams, which, whether pleasant or the reverse, indicate the absence of that balmy sleep which alone is nature's sweet restorer. Now a certain time of quiet repose of mind before retiring to bed is necessary to those who have spent the night in joyful excitement, to allow the blood to return from the brain, if anything like refreshing sleep is to be expected, for only the weary labourer can throw himself on his couch and go to sleep at once. But do the keepers of late hours ever get, or ever seek to get, this period of repose, this prelude to a quiet night? I fear but seldom. And if their bodies are deprived of sufficient rest and sleep, surely it is as absurd to think they can last as long as they otherwise would, as to expect a piece of simple machinery, a clock for example, to go on for ever without winding and repairs.

But independent of the evils that arise from insufficient or unhealthy sleep, there are others—and numerous enough they are, in all conscience—connected with the habit of keeping late hours, to one or two only of which I would call attention. Over-excitement of the brain, at a time when it should be in a state of repose, is one; intemperance in eating and drinking is another. Indigestion and its thousand and one attendant ills are almost certain to follow the latter, and as to the former it is in itself the cause of much after-misery; much of the nervousness, the peevishness of temper, the loss of memory, and general weariness of life, which it is even fashionable to complain of, are due to it, and I might go even farther and say with truth that that most awful of all chronic ailments, insanity itself, might be traced to this same cause. And cannot, think you, we medical men attribute many cases of illness to evenings spent in hot, stifling, crowded assemblies; to say nothing of the accidental ailments acquired through catching cold from exchanging such places suddenly for the bleak damp air of night, through which the journey home may be taken? This latter danger may be guarded against certainly, but how often is it so? But I am sorry to say that the larger proportion of our places of entertainment are woefully deficient in ventilation, and that many are the sufferers in consequence.

On the other hand, the habit of writing or studying by night, so common among many *littérateurs*, is very far indeed from being conducive to longevity. There is only one plea, and that but a poor one, which can be advanced in favour of the custom—namely, that in the stillness of night there is little to disturb the flow of ideas, no rude sounds to break in upon a train of thought; perhaps not, but I myself have seldom met with one of those consumers of midnight oil whom I considered in the possession of sound and vigorous health. There was always a screw loose somewhere, and generally in the *heart* or nervous system. Do such men as these flatter themselves that by lying

longer in bed next morning, they can make it up to nature for a night spent in the dissipation of thought, and somewhat dreamful slumber, or that the hours filched from the night may be repaid by borrowing from the day? If they do they really deceive themselves. There is no time, in my humble opinion, like the morning or forenoon for fresh and vigorous literary labour, especially if the night has been well spent, if good rest and sleep has been had, for then the mind will be strong simply because the body is refreshed; and it is a well-known fact that many of our best and most prolific writers are, and have been, men guiltless of lubrication.

On the benefits and pleasures of early rising, it would not become plain me to wax poetic and sing, even if there were song in me, but I may tell of its utility. While many do not take or cannot get enough sleep, plenty there are who have too much or, at least, who lie too long in bed, and who thus not only positively weaken their bodies and dull their intellects, but lose, oh! such precious time. It would be impossible to lay down general rules as to the amount of sleep one should have. About eight hours in winter and seven in summer is a fair average, but the young need more, and so do those who are weakly and

debilitated. I should advise every one to trust to nature herself, not, mark me, as to getting up in the morning, but as to going to bed at night. If you make it a rule to be called at a certain hour every morning, say six, or seven at the most, you may go to bed either at ten or eleven—when, in fact, you feel you could sleep.

In conclusion, let me entreat my readers as they value their health, as they value precious life itself, to endeavour as far as possible to acquire the habit of retiring early and quietly to rest, and rising early in the morning. The latter is not so difficult as some imagine. Some mechanical aid may, however, be needed at first, and it is better, I believe, to trust to an alarm clock than the generality of servants. Get out of bed at once—I don't mean quite suddenly; this might be hurtful. I say at once because I fear if I said five minutes you would drop off again. You may think me cruel when I tell you that this must be done whether you have passed a restless night or the reverse. Well, perhaps I am, but get up all the same; and, take my word for it, if you spend as much of the day as you can in the open air, and take plenty of exercise, you will sleep all the sounder for it when night comes.

A RIVER STORY.



I WAS fain to supplement my income, pending the time when my learning, eloquence, and acute instinctive grasp of difficult cases in all their bearings, should have brought the British solicitor to my feet—with such literary work as I could obtain.

Having an uncle an editor, and two college friends successful journalists, my efforts were not doomed to that disappointment which awaits the vast majority of young men and women, who are tempted by some early magazine acceptance to engage in that great, never-ending competitive examination, comprised in the endeavour to earn a living out of periodical literature, and I got as much occupation for my pen as I could perform without neglecting my legal studies and prospects. Amongst

other pickings I received a guinea a week for an article in the *Blank Review*. Ostensibly it was the review of a book, but in reality the said book was the excuse or text for an essay which was intended to be witty, but was too often, I fear, merely flippant.

"I do not care for a dull account of the book you review; all I want is a paper," said the editor. And I did my best.

One of my most facetious papers, I remember, was written apropos of a little volume of poems issued in the orthodox green cover, and entitled "*Echoes of the Heart*," by "Dora." I did not take the trouble to read them, but just dipped in here and there without even cutting the leaves, to get points for funny "copy." I found one couplet, for example, in which *girl* was made to rhyme with *curl*, whereupon I spelt *girl*, *gurl*, throughout the article. I called "Dora" a *gurl*, drew an imaginary picture of her as a gushing young thing of fifty, with spectacles, and an ink-stained thumb, and suggested that her proper occupation was the artistic cooking of a sheep's heart, rather than writing nonsense about the echoes of her own. I inquired how a heart can have an echo, and insinuated that the *Gurl* of the *Echoing Heart* must be a ventriloquist; with a great deal more flippant stuff of the same kind, winding up with an affectedly serious diatribe against poetasters of both sexes, and the publishers who print their effusions: a disgraceful article which was exactly to the taste of the *nil admirari* class, from which the readers of the *Blank Review* were principally recruited.

It was during this early period of my career, and at