

of their temperament, though in most excessive cases, sleep is perhaps nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A man with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noonday, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as those of a statue, even though he has no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do without its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit. Shakspeare describes Richmond on the eve of the battle of Bosworth as having, "The sweetest sleep, and fairest boding dreams that ever entered into a drowsy head." It is recorded that the servant of William Lord Russell, when he came in the morning to call his master, found him in a sound sleep, and that while the servant was preparing to dress him with the clothes he was to be executed in, he fell asleep again.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day is in summer time, out in a field. There is, perhaps, no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or new-mown hay, shaded from the sun by a tree—the birds singing in the branches—with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the clear blue sky like a mighty dome overhead. Earth and heaven seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, perhaps, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed is the one which a man takes when he is thoroughly tired, before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting room seated by a cheerful fire—for a fire-side is a great opiate. The consciousness of being very sleepy, and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair, but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head, to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more comfortable posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, his legs thrown upon another chair, and half reclining. It is curious to find how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose.

In allusion to the painful position into which a sleepy lounge will get himself, it is amusing to think of the fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may stand proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority, his hair may flow in majestic curls; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But sleep plays the petrifying magician. Sleep arrests the proudest lord, the veriest fop as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures; so that if you could draw a viceroy from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting harlequin should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despotic monarch lifted up to the gaze of his valets with his eyes shut his mouth wide open, his left hand under his right ear, his other dangling helplessly before him, one leg with the knee lifted up forming a right angle to the thigh, the other leg as straight as a wooden one, or both knees huddled up together; what a curious figure to lodge power absolute in!

But sleep is kindly, even in his tricks, and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists, he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief was Morpheus, or the Stager; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobos, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others with greater compliment, in heaven; and others with another kind of propriety, by the sea shore. Spenser has built a nice bower for him. Archimago, in the first book of the Faery Queen (Canto I. St. 39) sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a dream.

Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same God with great simplicity; it seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into the body" of the drowned king to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition. We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations from the poets upon sleep, they are so numerous as well as beautiful. Shakspeare's

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Admirable as it is, yet there is perhaps as an exquisite bit in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of Valentinian, the hero of which is a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair slumbering, and these beautiful lines are gently sung with music:

Care-charming Sleep, thou easter of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud,  
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud  
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,  
And as a purring stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain  
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain,  
Into his prince gently, oh gently, slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant, soundest in one who has an easy conscience and has been tired by out-door exercise; compest to a seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at in the parent that has wept; lightest in the playful child; proudest in the bride abroad.

Some grave-diggers at Palermo have been discovered in pursuit of a very horrid but no doubt very lucrative practice. These utilitarians were in the habit of disintering their plump, fleshy subjects, cutting them up, and boiling them for the sake of the grease which they converted into lard and pomades. Resurrectionists are nowhere after this.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

#### SONNET.

I think I could have borne all forms of ill  
In thought, or word, or act that e'er were born  
And gained maturity through wicked will—  
But oh! that thou shouldst vex me with thy scorn!  
The earth awakes; the birds salute the morn;  
The flowers open their eyes, and every tree  
Drinks the fresh matin air; the yellow corn  
Bends, listening to the music of the sea.  
And all is as it erst was wont to be.  
Save that my heart is wretched and forlorn.  
But thou shalt never look on my despair,  
Nor see me, in my anguish, pine away;  
As I have borne all else, this, too, I bear—  
At least I shall find respite in the grave.

JOHN READE.

## University Intelligence.

(We shall be happy to receive communications from the various Universities respecting the conferring of degrees, etc.)

#### UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

At the Annual Convocation held on Tuesday the 10th inst., the following degrees were conferred:

LL.D.—J. A. McLennan, M.A., LL.B.; R. Snelling, LL.B.  
M.D.—H. H. Fell, M.B.; A. Groves, M.B.  
M.A.—C. R. W. Biggar, B.A.; Rev. G. Burnfield, B.A.; W. Dale, B.A.; H. M. Hicks, B.A.; W. H. Kingston, B.A.; J. G. Robinson, B.A.; J. White, B.A.; Goldwin Smith, Univ. Oxon., *ad eundem*; Rev. Geo. Paxton Young, Univ. Edin., *ad eundem*.  
LL.B.—M. Cumming, B.A.; R. E. Kingsford, M.A.; J. Muir, M.A.; J. McIntosh; Rev. N. McNish, M.A.; D. G. Sutherland, W. Watt, B.A.

M.B.—F. R. Armstrong, J. S. Balmer, M. I. Beeman, N. Brewster, J. A. Close, W. Ferrier, J. W. Gray, J. Gunn, S. D. Hagle, H. T. Maclellan, N. W. Meldrum, C. Morrow, W. Nichol, C. A. Paterson, J. Richardson, R. H. Robinson, A. H. Wright, B.A.

B.A.—F. Ballantyne, W. Barwick, F. Black, James Campbell, John Campbell, J. Craig, W. D. Dudson, J. K. Fiskin, C. Fletcher, A. C. Galt, J. R. Gilchrist, A. M. Hamilton, J. B. Hamilton, F. N. Kennin, R. R. Lesslie, J. H. Long, J. H. Madden, F. Madill, H. P. Milligan, L. A. McPherson, J. Nichols, W. E. Perdue, W. J. Robertson, J. T. Small, T. S. T. Smellie, C. G. Snider, A. Stewart, J. Torrance, A. M. Turnbull, F. H. Wallace, J. Wallace, N. J. Wellwood.  
Diploma in Agriculture—F. Madill.

The following is the list of medals awarded for the Year 1873:—

Faculty of Law—Gold Medal, J. McIntosh; Silver Medal, J. Muir.

Faculty of Medicine—Gold Medal, J. A. Close; Silver Medals, 1, M. I. Beeman; 2, A. H. Wright; 3, S. D. Hagle; Starr Gold Medal, N. W. Meldrum; Starr Silver Medals, 1, J. A. Close; 2, S. D. Hagle.

Faculty of Arts—Classics, Gold Medal, F. H. Wallace; Silver Medals, 1, J. T. Small; 2, J. Craig. Mathematics, Gold Medal, H. P. Milligan; Silver Medal, W. J. Robertson. Modern Languages, Gold Medal, J. H. Long; Silver Medal, L. A. McPherson. Natural Science, Gold Medal, J. Nichols; Silver Medals, 1, J. B. Hamilton; 2, J. H. Madden. Metaphysics, Ethics, &c., Gold Medal, W. J. Robertson; Silver Medals, 1, C. G. Snider; 2, A. Stewart; 3, C. Fletcher; 4, J. Torrance; 5, P. Straith.

#### SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following is the list of Scholarships list:—

Faculty of Law—Second Year, H. J. Scott; Third Year, W. F. Walker.

Faculty of Medicine—First Year, A. C. Bowerman; Second Year, A. Farewell; Third Year, O. C. Brown.

Faculty of Arts—Greek and Latin, 1st year, 1, J. G. McKeown (double); 2, E. Harris; 2nd year, 1, L. E. Embree (double); 2, A. Cryslar (double); 3rd year, 1, T. T. Macbeth; 2, J. E. Haigson. Mathematics, 1st year, 1, A. K. Blackadar (double); 2, W. Grant; 3, J. Cameron; 2nd, H. H. Gilmer; 3rd year, 1, F. F. Manley; 2, A. Dawson. Modern Languages, 2nd year, A. R. Dickey; 3rd year, G. Stewart. Natural Sciences, 2nd year, W. Fletcher (double); 3rd year, G. W. Thompson. Metaphysics, &c., 2nd year, A. P. McIlmuid; 3rd year, F. B. Betts. History and Civil Polity, 3rd year, W. Johnston. Special Proficiency in subjects other than Classics and Mathematics, 1st year, W. G. Eakins (double); 2nd year, W. Fletcher. General Proficiency, 1st year, 1, W. G. Eakins; 2, J. G. McKeown; 3, A. K. Blackadar; 4, P. S. Campbell; 5, A. J. Moore; 6, R. D. Carey; 7, J. Doherty; 2nd year, 1, L. E. Embree; 2, A. Cryslar; 3, T. Caradenden; 4, M. S. Clark; 3rd year, 1, A. B. Aylsworth; 2, J. Reid.

French Prose Prize, L. A. McPherson.  
German Prose Prize, J. H. Long.  
Prize for Oriental Languages, 1st year, E. Harris; 2nd year, F. R. Beattie; 3rd year, J. Torrance.  
Civil Engineering, J. F. McNab.  
Prince's Prize, W. J. Robertson.

#### ANOTHER CASE OF BRONCHITIS CURED.

BRIDGEWATER, N. S., March 2nd, 1869.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS:

DEAR SIR,—While in Windsor on a visit in December last, I fell in with an old friend—Capt. H. Coffin—and finding him looking so hearty and robust, was led to enquire what had produced the great change, for when I last saw him two years previous he was a mere skeleton. He informed me that your very valuable Syrup of Hypophosphites had effected a perfect cure. He persuaded me to try the Syrup for Bronchitis, from which I had suffered much during several years. I purchased one dozen of this Syrup, and have used only three bottles, and my health is now better than it has been for years. Not requiring the balance of the dozen, I sold it to different parties, and now there is a general demand for it from all parts.

Respectfully yours,

W. J. NELSON.

Capt. H. Coffin is the person who was cured of Consumption in 1868 by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, whose letter was published some time ago.

Jacob's Rheumatic Liquid put up by S. J. Foss & Co., Sherbrooke.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

#### THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

The Grave said: "Rose, fair Queen of Flowers,  
What dost thou with the dewy showers  
That gem thy buds each day?"  
The Rose replied: "O solemn Grave,  
With all that crowd thy hungry cave  
What dost thou, I pray?"

Thus spake the Rose: "O Grave forlorn,  
From the bright tear-drops of the morn  
Sweet odours I distil;"  
"And from my depths," the Grave replies,  
"The dead, transformed to angels, rise  
The courts of Heaven to fill."

GEO. MURRAY.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

#### TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. XI.—COWBES AND GOSSAMER.

We are all subject to illusions. Those among us who are most learned, have most experience of life, have made most progress in the pursuit of ethics, or are most versed in the intricacies of the social relations, are all liable to be deceived in some more or less serious manner. We are subject to illusions in everything—in science, in letters, in art, in the worship of the altar, in the loves and cares of the domestic fireside.

Illusions are twofold. One is the offspring of Ignorance—dark, nearly impenetrable, easily dispelled in one shape, but oft-recurring in another, hard to remove completely, and almost invariably leaving its contamination behind. It may be referred to the *ignorantia crassa* of the schoolmen, and taints mainly the lettered. The other is a phantasy of the Imagination—bright, translucent, not easily dispelled, because seldom known for what it is, often dangerous, often harmless, and likely to remain in the same mind so long as the imaginative faculty preserves any force. It is the *amabilis insania* of the poet, and is observable almost exclusively among men of intellect or women of strong sensibilities.

The first is a cobweb; the second a tissue of gossamer. The cobweb darkens our rooms and defiles every object which it covers. In certain seasons and certain localities it is one of the great annoyances of the housewife. It is rare that a house is completely purged of it, for, with the instinct of birds and insects, the spider will seek to weave her net where she has spread it before. In addition, her sting is sometimes venomous and may taint the blood. She likes the obscurity of hidden corners, and hates the glare of noon. The gossamer swings in the open field and in the broad light of day. It dazzles the eye by its brilliancy, or distorts the vision by the obliquity of the rays which impinge upon its ever-balancing surface. It is a fair thing to see, and we forget that it is a net and a veil while admiring the beauty of its tints.

We feel quite differently in regard to this double hindrance to our view, we loathe the one and rather delight in the other. The first is a blot in our homes, the other a glory of the field; the former contrasts sadly with the cleanness of its surroundings, the latter is part and parcel of the beautiful summer landscape. And so in regard to the two-fold illusions above mentioned and those who are influenced by them. We shall be certain to vex and insult a man by referring to his ignorance, to his gross prejudices, or to his superstitions; whereas, we shall rather flatter our friend by referring to his eccentricities. The first we put down as a bore and a dolt—the other we sometimes salute as a genius. Yes, crooked-mindedness is often mistaken for genius! Besides, we are disposed quite differently towards these two individuals. We shall have no patience with the one, while we shall judge it a pleasant pastime to poke fun at thee, O Poet, my brother, or make game of yonder pensive, sentimental dandy. But illusions, whether amiable or otherwise, are an imperfection, and should humble the pride of our reason; they are an obstruction to the purity and straightness of our gaze at Truth, and must be removed, for it is Truth which shall set us free. *Veritas liberabit nos.*

Cobwebs are swept away with a broom. The besom of popular education and religious instruction is fast removing those grosser illusions which overcloud the mind of the masses. Hand in hand, ecclesiastical and secular learning are imparting correct ideas of all that it behoves a man to know. This is the more consoling that illusions among the untutored—and even among the educated—are common in regard to the most vital points and that, on this continent, the higher might vie with the lower classes in their distorted notions of duty to God and Society and their misconception of the conjugal and filial obligations.

The second class of illusions are not so easily dealt with. The gossamer is almost intangible; it sways in the breeze and eludes the grasp. There are many of these harmless fancies which may be spared—others must be dispelled unhesitatingly. It is too much the fashion among the lettered to imagine and defend the most absurd and even impious ideas. It is no more necessary for such men to entertain their fancies than it is for the poet's eye to be ever "in a fine phrenzy rolling," or for the astronomer to stumble into every ditch he meets. Nay, it is less so. The latter are the innocent follies of vain men, but the former are sins and crimes that may lead to ruin. It is often difficult to face these illusions, for it is difficult to define them, circumscribe them, or prevent the mind being dazzled by their splendour; but once fairly seized, they should be rent asunder, as we would tear the thin web of the gossamer.

In religious matters, it should be the business of every man, no matter of what condition, to remove from his mind every veil of illusion; and for this purpose, a simple, humble faith is needed, in imitation of Him who was meek and humble of heart and who often rebuked His disciples because on account of their little faith, they were scared at shapeless phantoms.

One of the most curious relics of Mollère now at the Jubilee Exhibition in the Paris Théâtre Italien is a small reliquary about double the size of a finger-nail, containing a small quantity of white powder—the dust of Mollère's bones.