

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

CHILDHOOD.

(TRANSLATED FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

In the charm'd circle of our homes when'er
A child appears, his sweet and smiling air
Fills every eye with light;
Brows the most gloomy, stained perchance with crime,
Forthwith unfold their wrinkles for a time,
Cheered by the joyous sight.

When June is green, or 'mid November's gloom,
While round the logs that flicker through the room
Our chairs all closely meet,
Each joy seems doubled, if a child appears;
Smiles fondly greet him, and his mother fears
To watch his tottering feet.

We talk, it may be, while we stir the flames,
Of God, of Country, of poetic names,
Of souls sublimed by prayer—
A child appears—our fancies quickly stray
From Heaven, from Country, and from Bards away,
Fixed on the cherub there.

Child! thy blue eyes with innocence are bright,
And thy small hands, soft, delicate, and white,
No harm as yet have found:
Thou hast not trodden in the mire we tread,
Unsoiled infant! thine angelic head
With golden rays is crown'd.

To us thou seemest, in our world so dark,
Like the fair Dove that wandered from the Ark,
We deem that thou hast wings:
Sin is to thee a mystery, dear Child,
Thy soul and body both are undefiled,
To thee no blemish clings.

There is a magic in thy trustful smile,
Thy careless prattle, and thy want of guile,
E'en in each transient tear:
Thy soul is swayed by wonder and by joy,
Thy lips to kisses thou dost yield, sweet Boy,
Ne'er fluttered by a fear.

Myself, O God! my friends, and even those,
(If such there be) who triumph as my foes,
Preserve, in days to come,
From e'er beholding bird-abandoned trees,
Spring without blossoms, hives bereft of bees,
Or, worst, a childless home!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

University Intelligence.

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

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.

At the annual Convention held on Thursday, the 26th ult., the following degrees were conferred:—

D. C. L.: Hon. Judge Sanborn.
M. A.: G. W. Zulicke, James Hepburn, B. B. Smith, James King; H. Gattof, of Exeter College, Oxford, *ad eundem*.
B. A.: R. Campbell, A. Stevens, Rev. Isaac Brock; A. W. Powell, Cambridge, *ad eundem*.

The following scholarships and prizes were also awarded:
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Scholarship, A. Stevens; Nicoll Mathematical Scholarship, L. Tucker; Mountain Jubilee Scholarship, F. Blaylock; English Essay Prize, L. Tucker; Classical Prize, Senior Lecture, A. Nicholl; Mathematical do., A. Nicholl; Extra Prize, Robert Campbell; Classical Prize, Junior Lecture, H. Chapman; Mathematical do., W. Westover; French Prize, C. Hemming.

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AN OLD LOVE-LETTER.

BY A

Looking through some papers the other day, I turned up an old love-letter, a dainty perfumed little *billet-doux* in its day; but the odour has long since departed from its yellow pages, and the sweetness faded years and years ago out of its terms of endearment. What a withered look it has, and how ridiculous its terms of affection! I was your Love and your Darling then, Lydia, and how would your terms apply now that so many *lustra* have passed? Your Love has got a bald head and a paunch, and you, Lydia, have you taken to a *toupet*, and do you rattle those old cheeks of yours, which I once fondled? Sylph-like form, indeed! Madam, I'm not to be deceived now; I can see through the thin disguise of Thompson's corset tightly laced, and puffings and paddings. Sylph-like, Lydia! Did you laugh in your sleeve when I breathed such nonsense into your ear?

When we quarrelled, Lydia, did you think I would feel terribly cut up? Did you fancy to yourself a pale-faced youth, with long hair flowing, sighing all the day till he became a mere *vox præterea nihil*? Did you look for suicide, possibly, and rapid consumption certainly, as the fitting end for one who had loved and lost you? Bah! Lydia. I wrote that touching poem, "Forsoaken," while I was enjoying a beef-steak and a pot of porter. You thought I was all *en amour*, and crying out plaintively, "*Che farò senz' Eurydice?*" But I don't do that in private. We keep our sensibilities to sell, and write those touching verses and episodes after a comfortable dinner over the second tumbler! Heart-breaking is unprofitable business, and has been relegated to the regions of fiction long since. And you did not break your heart either; but in your excitement you forgot to return my presents! Oh, fie! Lydia; do not those bracelets weigh heavily upon your arm, or was it a lingering love for me that made you keep those ornaments I gave you?

I did not know I had this letter or I should not have kept it. Send me your address, Lydia, and I'll return it; or may I keep it as a reminder of what I have escaped? Heart-breaking, indeed! Do I not see others struggling from morning till night to keep the house over their heads? and when they come home it is to a cheerless place. They are not affected with *heimweh*. They look longingly into the club windows as they pass, and sigh for former days, and then go home and hear the shrill cadences of their wives' tongues as they chase the children hither and thither, and the dinner is half raw, and home is very loveless, and they have their disputes *unguibus et ore*. Might not this fate have been mine, Lydia, had I married you? You had a sharp tongue—you know you

had—and after the honeymoon what squalls there might have been! But I have escaped, and I have my bachelor rooms and my club, and I can have my wine without querulous reminders that "that '46 port costs so much a dozen;" and I am jolly and happy, and not worn out and *usé* toiling for a progeny of brats! It is a very selfish doctrine, you say, ladies. I cry *peccavi*; but I go on sinning. Am I unlike others in this? Have you not all a darling sin? and do you not cherish and hug it, and give it the first place in your hearts, and deck it out and call it pet names? You know you do. I confess, *culpa mea*; but is the curtain drawn across the confessional, I go home and set up an altar and deify Selfishness. Who, in all the world, do I love as much as the writer of this confession? and who deserves such care at my hands?

It is only when we are very young that we fancy that we break our hearts. Did not Francisco Petrarch love his Laura, and make all Europe ring with his praises of her, and his undying affection, and so forth? Surely he ought to have broken his heart. Yet Miss de Noves died, and Senor P., instead of being consistent and dying, lived on for thirty years! *Allons, donc*, shall I break my heart? Long before I saw you, Lydia, I loved and lost Glycera. Then the world seemed very dark, and the light died out of the sun, and the perfume left the flowers, and I went about with a great *tristesse* at heart, but I survived. I suffered under a great disadvantage then. I did not know the value of beefsteak, and was ignorant of how sorrow can be washed down with generous wine!

Unselfish love rarely passes boyhood. When I loved you, Glycera, I would have plunged a needle in my heart to save thy little finger an ache, or committed any other boyish folly. I longed for some opportunity of showing you my love; but now—bah! And Lydia, you thought I loved you. Well, I did; but I loved myself more; and when you sent me back my letters, I trundled them into the fire without a tear. Was it for me to weep and grow pale, and forsake my business, and give up eating, and die, forsooth? And all for what? A woman's whims! Did some one else's eyes please you more than mine? Was he broader across the shoulders? Had he a darker moustache? Or did he jingle more dollar-pieces in his purse? Ah, Lydia! Lydia! Was not my purse deep enough? Didst thou over-love golden store that you turned away from me? Was the *auri sacra fames* stronger than the little word *amo*? And is that why you cling to those presents of mine?

Years and years ago, and the poor faded love-letter is all that remains! "My own Darling," forsooth! What a ghost of a voice it is coming out of the long ago, coming up to disturb me with its old cadences! Rattle your cheeks, Lydia; cover those wrinkles with powder an inch thick, and lace your waist into decent shape, and should I meet you to-morrow I should not see you, but only the Lydia of the old time. You may be married, Lydia, and have squalling brats tugging at your apron strings. Were I to meet you on the street to-day, I would only see a *simulacrum*. Your real self only lives for me three *lustra* ago. Fie! am I growing sentimental, and allowing an old love-letter to disturb me?

James, order a carriage. I will drive to the club and dine with old Jollyboy to-day; a bottle of Moët and a cigar after will set me right.

BOARDING IN THE COUNTRY.

One of the greatest delights of boarding in the country for the summer, is the pleasure a man derives from his efforts to catch the early morning train by which he must reach the city and his business. When he gets out of bed he looks at his watch, and finds he has plenty of time, so he dresses leisurely, and sits down to breakfast in a calm and serene frame of mind. Just as he cracks his first egg, he hears the up-train. He starts, jerks out his watch, compares it with the clock, and finds that it is eleven minutes slow, and that he has only four minutes left in which to get to the *dépot*. In a fearful hurry he tries to scoop the egg out of the shell, but it burns his fingers, the skin is tough, and after fooling with it for a moment, it mashes into a hopeless mess, and he gets his fingers smeared; he drops the whole concern in disgust, grabs a hot roll, and scalds his tongue with a quick mouthful of coffee; then he stuffs the roll in his mouth, while his wife hands him his satchel, and tells him she thinks she hears the whistle. He plunges madly around the room, looking for his umbrella; then he kisses his wife as well as he can with all that unswallowed bread distending his cheeks, says good-bye to the children in a lump, and makes a dash for the door. Just as he gets to the gate he finds that he has forgotten his duster, and he charges back after it, snatches it up, and tears down the gravel walk in a frenzy. He doesn't like to run through the village, because that would look undignified, but he walks furiously. He goes faster and faster. Half-way down he does hear the whistle, for certain. He wants to run, but he knows that he will start up that yellow dog there by the side-walk if he does. Then he actually sees the train coming in at the *dépot*, and he feels that he must make a rush. He does. The yellow dog becomes excited, and tears after him. Six other dogs join in the chase, one after the other, and bark furiously, and frolic around his legs. Small boys contribute to the excitement, as he goes past, by whistling on their fingers, and the men at work on the new meeting-house knock off to look at him and laugh. He feels ridiculous, but he must catch that train. He gets desperate when he has to slacken up until two or three women, who are on the side-walk discussing the servant-girl question and the price of butter, scatter to let him pass. He arrives within one hundred yards of the *dépot* with duster flying in the wind, coat-tails horizontal, and the yellow dog nipping his heels, just as the train begins to move. He puts on extra pressure, and resolves to make that train or to perish. He reaches it as the last car is going past. He seizes the hand-rail, is violently jerked around once or twice, but finally lands on the step on his knees, and is hauled in by his coat-collar by the brakeman, hot, mad, dusty, with his trousers torn across the knees, his shins bruised, and three ribs in his umbrella broken. Just as he gets comfortably into the car, the train stops, backs upon the siding, and lays there for half an hour while the engineer fixes a broken valve. Then he is madder than ever, and determines that he will move into town to-morrow, and swears, while he looks out of the window and watches the dogs that followed him engaged in a contest over a bone which the yellow dog found on the platform of the station; and he registers a silent vow to devote his first holiday to hunting up that dog and braining him with a club.—*Max Adler.*

ROMANCE OF MEDICINE.

Under this title, an article in *London Society* includes the ensuing professional anecdotes:—"We know of a medical man whose duty it is to take lunch every day at a great castle belonging to a noble lord. The household is immense, and there is just the chance that there may be some case of indisposition demanding attention. He gets some of the best company and best lunches in England, and duly charges a guinea for each attendance. There is a very wealthy man, near a great city, who cannot bear to be left for the night. There is a physician of great ability who drives out of town nightly to sleep at his residence; he is consequently debarred evening society, and, if he goes out to dinner, he has to leave his friends before wine. He has to charge his patient a thousand a year, and I think he works hard for his money. Sometimes the services are such that money cannot repay them. A friend of mine, a young medicus, had a standing engagement of four hundred a year to look after the health of an old lady. She required to be inspected three times a day, and made an exhibition of her tongue and pulse. What made things so aggravating was that she was as strong as a horse, while the doctor was a delicate man. She was so selfish and perverse that he was obliged to tell her that he would have nothing to do with her case. Similarly, I knew the son of a rich man, who proposed to pay a clergyman several hundred pounds a year for leave to spend his evenings with him. The parson, however, was obliged to tell his rich friend that he talked such intolerable twaddle that he could not accept his company on any terms that could be named. But the oddest of these arrangements is the following:—A medical man has been attending a patient several years, and yet he has never seen his patient. The gentleman firmly believes that he has an oesophagus of peculiar construction, and that he is accordingly liable at any moment to be choked. That help may be at hand whenever any sudden emergency may occur, he has a physician in the house night and day. The physician, being human, must needs take his walks abroad, and it becomes necessary to provide a substitute for him two hours a day. Accordingly, a doctor attends daily from twelve to two, fills up his time by disposing of an admirable lunch, and finds the gold and silver coin, in their usual happy combination, neatly put up by the side of his plate, in tissue paper. Up to the present date he has never had the pleasure of exchanging words with his interesting patient."

PROFESSOR JOHN WISE EXPLAINS.

Professor John Wise writes as follows to the *New York Daily Graphic* respecting his theory on the possibility of ballooning across the Atlantic:—

"There is such a diversity of opinion, even in scientific circles, and there are so many different kinds of criticism, on the project of transmarine ballooning and the wind currents which are relied on to give effect and success to the experimental trip that a few words from one who is professionally and practically concerned in it seem to be demanded. A few of the fundamental principles will be sufficient to lead the inquiring mind into the train of thought that will make the matter clear enough for detailed investigation. First, we know that the earth turns upon its axis from west to east, and that it moves in its orbit in the same direction, and that its equatorial belt is hot, and that its polar areas are cold, and that the earth's revolving axis, although always parallel to itself, has inclination of 23 degrees to the plane of its orbit, and we know that the earth is one-half in shadow and one-half in light all the time, and that the line of shadow moves from east to west. This is the ground-work of the trade-wind currents. In the reduction of these elements to a mathematical precision, we find precisely the conditions and facts that we find by actual experience in the wind currents as observed by scientific aeronauts, and by noted meteorologists, foremost among them, Henry, Espy, Redfield, and Maury. Any person who has watched the upper clouds for a season in our temperate zone becomes satisfied of the main fact in the matter before us, *i. e.*, that they sail from west to east in their general course; and any one who will take the trouble to note the weather predictions, will find that the condition of the weather in the Mississippi Valley of to-day will be the condition of the weather with us to-morrow, and the weather of the most eastern portion of our country the next day. The isobarometric line described on the weather map is the necessary offspring of the trade-wind current. I have seen local storms in the grip of this current dragged along from west to east oftentimes. I have seen the thistle seed suspended to its silken parachute travel by myriads in the procession, and nebulous masses of pollen on the same voyage and felt shamefaced to see them sail triumphantly to the eastward further than I dared to go at the time. Now I desire to emulate their example, not in propagating ill weeds, but to sow the seed of knowledge."

The declination of the earth to its orbit takes with it the northing and the southing of the trade currents in their most direct eastward motion, so that in winter we have them more from the northwest and in the summer more from the southwest. Nevertheless they both prevail in our latitude all the year round. I have found a southwest current in November that warmed the air at the height of three miles to a higher temperature than the air at the surface at the same time.

I may repeat again the experience of 446 aerial voyages, in which my balloon travelled eastward 414 times, and to me an ounce of fact is worth more than a pound of theory, as related to one and the same subject. There are a great many foolish things written on this matter. Scientific blunders, and weak-minded pretensions of knowledge concerning it, abound more than sound logical reasoning and experimental facts. I trust that the intelligent student will find enough in what I have stated of the facts to lead him to a fair investigation of its legitimate results. When the voyage is once made the thing will be plain enough, and the subject will be handled in a commercial way, as were the other "wild and visionary schemes" of Columbus, Stephenson, Fulton, and Field.

I should have gone into the analysis of the problem from the facts as stated, but it seems to me that the facts as stated with them will be sufficient for the student of nature and the progressive scientist.

On you, my dear *GRAPHIC*, I now hang my hopes, as I desire to hang my body to the airy castle in which I have a living faith, for the consummation of a transmarine voyage, and thus shut out the last doubt that may hang as a millstone to the neck of so simple a project as systematizing air-drifting from America to Europe.

JOHN WISE.—June 24.