

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(Died 24th March, 1882. Aged 75 Years.)

Thro' "the forests primeval" a requiem is singing,
The winds of Eolus are home in their wall;
From "Evangeline's" lute the death-bells are ringing,
Thro' a century sweet notes descend on the gale!
"On the bridge at midnight" the stranger is straying,
In the shades of "God's Acre" the faithful are praying,
"Excelsior" hymns full a million are saying,
While Death o'er the lov'd one extended his veil.

From the "Milestone of Gold" the world may now
measure

The distance to happiness, glory or fame;
America weeps o'er a lately lost treasure;
On the tablets immortal she's carving his name,
"Hiawatha" thy tones, like a banshee is weeping,
O'er the plains of the West in sadness are sweeping,
While Columbia's son is quietly sleeping,
And the "Hesperus" wreck 'of his splendor we claim!

The pure "Psalm of Life" all the world is repeating,
Its echoes ring out full prophetic and true;
What life like to his deserved such a greeting,
He's one of Fame's children, the noble, the few!
From pole unto pole, all the nations replying,
In praise of the good man and poet are vying,
While gold in his own darling home he is lying,
The home where affection his genius first knew.

"God's rest to him now," the wide world is saying,
America's son was the child of the earth;
All grateful to him, the people's are praying,
His heart was a heart of purest affection,
His mind was a mind on whose wide recollection
The rays of Love's sun cast a glowing reflection
For humanity's weal and the land of his birth.

Yes, Longfellow, friend of the world, all your labor
Has ceased, as you sleep 'neath America's sod;
No more will you sing of the pen or the sabre,
The ways of existence you've gallantly trod!
On earth your memorial monuments raising,
The voices of nations your labors are praising,
While sublime on your country you fondly are gazing
From your throne of peace in the mansions of God!

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Green Park, Aylmer, Que., 26th March, 1882.

BRIGHAM, THE CAVE-DOG.

A common yellow cur is the hero of this true story. William—a w.g. as well a first-rate guide—explained to me the odd name given to the dog: "We call him Brigham—'cause he's young, you know!"

This creature is remarkable for but one thing, and that is his fondness for life below ground. He seems at home among the elves and gnomes, and appears to have no fear of darkness.

Jack, the old dog, with Brigham, the new one, will trot, side by side, as far as the Iron Gate. But there; but Brigham, Jack, as usual, returns to the hotel; they part advances, pushing ahead of the guides, choosing his own path, digressing now and then, yet always returning in safety to the light of the lamp.

Brigham and I became fast friends, during my fortnight's stay at Mammoth Cave, last summer. The gentle dignity with which he sought to aid my under-ground researches was very amusing.

Brigham was a great favorite with the manager of the cave, who particularly warned us not to lose him; for it was feared the dog would be unable to find his way out again. Other curs that had been left behind invariably staid in the place where they had become lost, not daring to stir, but yelping and howling till help came.

The dreaded accident happened at last. We went one day on what is called the Long Route, to the end of the cave, said to be nine miles from the entrance; and Brigham went with us. We left the main cave at the Giant's Coffin, by an arched way, leading among some pits, the most famous of which has long been known as the Bottomless Pit. My guide, however, measured it, and found that it was exactly one hundred and five feet deep. There are six pits in all at this place, two of them lately discovered. We named them Scylla and Charybdis—because, in trying to keep out of one, you are in danger of falling into the other. These we measured, finding them to be more than two hundred feet deep.

Brigham did not like the pits very well. It was only by much coaxing that we led him across the narrow bridge thrown over the Bottomless Pit. But, indeed, we all were glad to get away from that dangerous place.

We went through the "Fat Man's Misery," and entered River Hall, where there are several deep lakes. Presently we came to Echo River, about thirty feet deep, from twenty to two hundred feet wide, and three-fourths of a mile long. Getting into a small boat, we paddled our way over the clear, cold water, waking the echoes from the steep, rocky walls, Brigham helping with some lively barking. Presently, we landed on a nice sandy beach at the farther end.

Poor Brigham became very tired, and cared less for the lovely arches of flower-like crystals than for some cozy nook where he might curl down for a nap. At length, after taking lunch with us in Washington Hall, he started in chase of a cave-rat, and probably availed himself of the chance to take his siesta. At all events, he disappeared, and made no answer to our calls.

"Perhaps he has gone ahead to Echo River," said I, "and is waiting for us there."

"Like enough," said William, the guide. "I hadn't thought of that."

But no bounding form nor joyful bark welcomed our approach. The echoes answered our calls until it seemed as if a thousand voices were crying, "Brigham, Brigham!" in every conceivable tone, from the softest whisper to the deepest bass; and our whistling was, in like manner, repeated, until it seemed as if all the

spirits of the cave had been let loose for an Æolian concert.

Plainly, the dog was lost. William thought Brigham might track us as far as the river; but that on reaching the water he surely would lose the scent, and would not try to swim across. Lighting a freshly filled lamp, William set it on a ledge, so that in case the dog should come thus far he might not feel lonely.

Sadly we returned to the hotel, where our announcement of the loss caused a sensation; the ladies especially declaring it "perfectly dreadful to leave the poor thing alone in that horrible cave all night,"—as if it were darker there at midnight than at noon!

Early the next morning, a party of explorers crossed Echo River, and were met by Brigham. The guide reasoned with him, as one might reason with a runaway child, and tenderly took him in his arms aboard the boat.

Alas, the warnings were wasted! For, almost as soon as we had landed, that capricious cave-dog disappeared again; and, as before, refused to obey our loudest summons. Compassion was now mixed with indignation, and we left him to his fate.

Nothing was seen of him all that day; and this time, of deliberate choice, he remained a second night under-ground.

And now comes, perhaps, the strangest part of my story. On the following morning, Jack, too, was missing. The guides had to dispense with their customary canine escort. On arriving, however, at the Iron Gate, three hundred yards within the cave, they found Jack just outside, and Brigham behind the bars; and there the dogs stood, wagging their tails, and apparently exchanging the news!

Our curiosity led us to examine Brigham's tracks, to see by what route he had found his way back. Beginning at the Echo River, we had no difficulty in seeing that he had, step by step, followed our trail; his only guide, of course, being the sense of smell. Here, his tracks were deeply printed in soft mud, and there, more sharply defined on the mellow banks of nitrous earth, less distinctly along ridges of sand, or over heaps of stone, or up steep stair-ways.

Thus Brigham had followed us, through darkness deeper than that of midnight, along the narrow beach of Lake Lethe, across the treacherous natural bridge spanning the River Styx, up to the galleries overhanging the Dead Sea, through the wild confusion of Bandit's Hall, and by many a spot where one misstep would have sent the poor, lonely creature plunging downward in darkness to inevitable death.

It will be remembered that we had gone in past the Giant's Coffin, by the arched way among the deep pits, and through the mazes leading to River Hall. But we had come out by a newly discovered mode of exit, through an intricate set of fissures, known on account of its winding nature, as "The Corkscrew." We preferred this, because it saved a mile and a half of travel. Our four-footed friend, pursuing the freshest scent, went, of course, up the Corkscrew. The opening is too irregular to be called a pit, or shaft. Yet it winds upward for a distance; vertically, of about one hundred and fifty feet; but fully five hundred feet, as one climbs, creeping through crevices, twisting through "saucer-holes," and scaling precipitous rocks scattered in the wildest confusion imaginable. Three ladders have been mounted in threading this passage. One emerges, at last, on the edge of a cliff overlooking the main cave, and down which he clammers to the level floor, where the road runs smoothly along to the Iron Gate, a quarter of a mile distant.

Only think of it! Through all this intricate and hazardous pass, where, without a guide, we should have found it difficult to make our way, even with lamps and a map of the cave, that yellow dog had safely gone alone! He offered no explanation of his proceedings, nor told us what motive prompted his independent explorations. But that was his affair, not ours. We honored him, as a hero, and obtained for him, from the manager, Mr. Francis Klett, the freedom of the cave for the rest of his life.—St. Nicholas.

MYSTERY.

Curiosity, says a well-known French novelist, is the daughter either of selfishness or of pride, the child of the former, she instructs us in acquiring the knowledge of what is useful to ourselves. If of the latter, she implants in us a desire of information about matters of which there is partial or total ignorance in others. It is to this latter passion—one of the strongest and most lasting appetites—that mystery owes its attractive power. The ardent and too often indiscreet anxiety to penetrate into the private affairs of our neighbors has been allotted in an unequal proportion by male writers to what the Spectator calls the "fair sex." From the time of Pandora, or indeed of Eve, to that of Bluebeard's wife, women have been blamed for that same love of the mysterious which has been described in man as the cause of invention and discovery, and in a word of all the progress of humanity. The two great mysteries of the present century have had, perhaps, as many male as female disciples. Table-turning and spirit-rapping have been no more confined to women than in the past were the mysteries of witchcraft and the divining rod. Animal magnetism, a genus including a large group of wonderful species, such, for example, as spiritualism, and electro-biology, has unveiled both sexes alike. The disposition to look for something out of the usual course of nature has always been, and is likely to remain, a characteristic generally of

mankind. As soon as Faraday's simple contrivance put an end to the silly farce or impudent knavery of table-turning, spirit-rapping rose up in its place. This is but the turn, in a moribund condition; but, the "cardinal fact of spiritual communion and influx" is likely soon to be succeeded by something else equally mysterious. Mystery seems originally to have been the term applied to a religious secret of doctrine or practice, known only to the initiated, and not to be divulged. From the days of the Eleusians to those of Freemasonry few religious societies have been successfully established without concealment and obscurity. A modern French author, less known than he deserves to be, has gone so far as to declare that there is some sort of mystery in every religious worship. "Point de culte," says Lacretelle, "sans mystère." The extract form of the ancient worship of Ceres is still shrouded in darkness. But that it was attended with many cabalistic circumstances is clear. It was celebrated at midnight, and in silence, broken at intervals by shrieks and groans. Its conclusion, the celebrated Conx Ompax, was, is, and probably will ever be a mystery of mysteries. To say that it means "Watch and abstain from evil," and that this advice is peculiarly applicable to a neophyte regenerated, as it were, and placed under the protection of the celestial gods, is but one of a dozen explanations, all equally probable, which might be adduced. The ceremonies of initiation into Freemasonry bear no small analogy to those attending the communication of the secrets of Ceres. There is darkness and there are swords—and there are other matters of which, as old Herodotus says, when he has roused our curiosity by some tempting overture of remark, if it is "not now permitted me to speak." The runes of Scandinavia are derived from a word which signifies secrecy, and mystery has marked the Mumbo Jumbo, the malignant horror of Africa, and the Fetish of the Polynesian for his own. So long as the idol is surrounded by clouds and darkness, he is safe. But the first ray of intelligence which falls upon him puts him in danger, and its full light dissipates the magnificence of mystery which surrounds the unknown. The dramatic "Mystery" of the Middle Ages owed, probably, no small portion of its success to its connection with the marvellous. Philologists, indeed, have affirmed that its name is derived from mystery, in the present ordinary meaning of the word. Max Müller, however, it is fair to say, refers it to "mister," the old term for any art, business, or profession. Those who object to this innovation may still adhere to the former root, and take shelter under the learned wings of Bishop Percy and the eminent French lexicographer, Littré. If correct Müller's authority be followed, the correct orthography would appear to be "mystery." This is undoubtedly the old form of spelling the word, as may be seen in a tract, called "The Mystery of Babylon," printed for one Thomas Simmons, at the "Bull and Mouth," near Aldersgate, in the year 1659. But old orthography is well known to be eccentric. A mystery in any matter at once challenges attention. The epithet "mysterious" acts like the eye of the ancient mariner upon the wedding guest. It binds one with a sort of spell. It constitutes the leading delight in romance and biology, in lore and metaphysics. There is a subtle charm in reading of protoplasmic plastids, and the very title of "The Mystery of Udoihno" must have at once ensured its success. When the sublime speculative reaches of high-soaring sense fly out of sight, of reason, and of common sense, they attain their maximum of interest, and pleasantness of bread eaten in secret, sufficient testimony of the palatable effects of the seasoning of mystery in matters of love. To the eye and ear of the highest and the lowest mystery successfully appeals. It extends from Moses to Mahomed, and, as Præd says, from rocks to roses. The screever, as he is technically called by his mendicant friends, sitting sad and solitary on the cold, hard stones, pensively contemplating the works of genius by which he is surrounded, the plate and the moonlight, and the entire mackerel, and the divided salmon, owes his daily income to public wonder at neglected talent. If his admirers were to understand the screever is quite incapable of designing aught else than appears on the flagstone; if, being requested to draw a salmon's tail, he should produce, after much chalky toil and smudgy obliteration, something reminding one of a ship's anchor, the mystery would be at once and for ever cleared up, and the screever's occupation gone. Another street beggar attacks the ear with a mysterious patter. He frights some lane, or court, or alley from its property by a marvelously cooked account of local scandal, and earns likewise his proper reward. A public, blown about with every wind of transitory interest, is ever ready to reward both screever and ballad singer for their respective mysteries. After all, there is nothing worth knowing in either of them, but that fact is of as little moment as the trifling nature of her secret to the village gossip. —London Globe.

THE musical papers of the Prussian capital mention as a unique event that Dr. Arthur S. Sullivan, the composer of the comic-opera H.M.S. Pinafore, is expected to arrive from Cairo for the purpose of personally conducting the rehearsals at the Friedrich Wilhelmstädter Theatre. Mr. Sullivan's delicate health will hardly admit of his wielding the baton on the evening of the premiere. He is said to be engaged in composing two new choruses for that occasion.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is said that one of the novelties of the season will be a fancy dress ball, in which all the ladies will appear in costumes representing birds.

AMONG contemplated revivals at the Lyceum is Robert Macaire, in which Mr. Irving will appear as Robert Macaire, and Mr. David James as Jacques Strop.

BARON HENRY DE WORMS is credited with the latest mot of the lobby, which describes the "A B C" of Gladstone's Government as anarchy, Bradlaughism and cloture.

ON Monday (a sixpenny day) about £250 were taken at the Zoological Gardens, the desire to see Jumbo being so great. The ordinary receipts on Monday in February are about £25.

A NUMBER of gentlemen connected with the Smoke Exhibition will be entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on the 11th proximo. Long pipes at ten.

MR. SWINBURNE has nearly completed a narrative poem in several books—nine, if we mistake not—upon a theme of which poets never tire, the story of Tristan and Isolt.

THE following is a recently propounded conundrum by a member of the Lower House in the lobby. "What is the difference between the House of Commons and the House of Lords? Answer: One has ability, the other no-bility."

MR. CAINE, M.P., lecturing on temperance the other day, said that the teetotalers number just thirty in the House of Commons. One of the most notorious Irish members had told him that he could obstruct two hours longer on zoedone than on whisky.

VAGUE rumors have been agitating the sterner portion of the great world as to the re-introduction of crinoline. We have heard of this for a year or so, and Worth has been said to declare that it shall be. We shall see what his decision is worth.

THE Italian Ambassador in London has telegraphed to the Italian Government that a collection of autographs was being sold in London, supposed to have been taken from the Archives of Milan. The sale could not be prevented, however, and under the circumstances, the Italian Ambassador was authorized to buy the most interesting of the letters for £50,000 sterling. Surely lire has been translated into pounds sterling instead of francs.

A MUSICAL rehearsal of the new comic opera shortly to be produced at the Gaiety, entitled Lord Bateman, has been given. The idea was a little premature, and it seems took the author and composer by surprise. Of course, one cannot judge what the opera will be without seeing the action of the piece; but, judging from the music, it is likely to be a very taking thing. There is certainly both melody and "go" in the music.

HUMOROUS.

"DON'T you think Miss Brown is a very sweet girl?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes, very sweet!" replied Jane. "That is to say, she is well preserved."

A NEW work on etiquette says, "Soup must be eaten with a spoon." Persons who are in the habit of eating soup with a fork or a carving-knife will be slow to adopt such a newfangled idea.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season. The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.