

ion, will cause an enquiry to be made. There are many members of the Senate to whom Don's merits and virtues are known.

Does the reader ask: What became of Don? Ah me! Tradition says that when the Mustapha's time came to say good-bye to the dear old Hill, he affectionately committed this idol of the College to the Mogul. In 1861, however, Don was suddenly missed. All efforts of the Power to find any trace of him proved unavailing. The Mogul, taking to himself the robes of the Seer, declared that Don had gone to Europe on a "travelling scholarship." Long after, it was ascertained that without any companion in travel, he took Steamer at Halifax for Liverpool, and on his arrival at the latter place he called upon one of the graduates of Acadia, whom he had known as a resident on the Hill. The recognition was mutual, instant, and most cordial; but it proved only "a call," beyond which the writer has never been able to trace poor Don. Perhaps in his zeal for the honor of Acadia's scholarship, he was overborne in some grand contest with the German metaphysicians; perhaps in pursuing his travels he was overwhelmed by some Alpine avalanche, or perished in Vesuvius; or perhaps, O faithful Don, you roamed the wide world to find your lost master, the Mustapha!

Since that day, both on this side of the Atlantic and on that, the Mustapha, it is said, has never seen a King Charles's Spaniel without feeling an impulse to search out his lost friend; and it is well known that the Mogul in recent years, turned out for personal examination and inspection all the Dons of all the Colleges of Oxford (there are Dons at Oxford as well as Cambridge), but alas, our Don was not among them.

In closing this sketch, it should be stated that the writings attributed to Don were abundant, especially in the field of poetry. The reader will be glad to peruse at least a poem. The following will serve as a specimen of the homely vigor and directness of his verse, and in view of the all too probable conjecture that Don's final departure from the Hill was in quest of his master, will at the same time move every reader with a pathos as tender and pure as was ever embalmed in lyric or ballad. The original bears the marks of one of the Powers as amanuensis, and is dated 1859.

[ON THE OCCASION OF A THREE DAYS' ABSENCE OF
THE MUSTAPHA IN CORNWALLIS.]

I who late sung in mournful strain
My master's exit from his home,

Am now again forced to complain—
Alas, alone!

Ah, "Hard" in name and hard in heart,
My soul is strangely sad to-day;
How is it that we had to part,
O say, O say!

You left me—yes you rudely tore
Yourself far from my doggish sight;
Ah grief! is this because I bore
The thickest fight?

Is it because I scented out
The robber on your mattress-bed?
Have I my doghood for a flout
Exchanged instead?

I've waked the morn, I've cheered the night,
With barks incessant, loud and strong;
I've scratched the door with all my might,
And plied my song.

Those barks I sung: I barked that you
Might peaceful rest beneath your roof:
I saw the prowler when he flew
And stood aloof.

Those scratches, too, were given to raise
You from your long, refreshing sleep:
"Hard, rise," said I, "let not your *lays*
Be long and deep."

Ah well! to muse upon the past
Does ill become a dog like me;
How long, how long, will my grief last,
When will it flee!

I saw you on that dismal morn
Sweep gaily o'er the new mown hay;
The sun shone bright,—but how forlorn
Was I that day!

I laid me down in the sweet grass
And tried to sleep my grief away,
I watched the insects as they passed,
Thus sped that day.

The next day came, but sleep came not,
In vain I wagged my lusty tail;
My heart was sore, and weak, and hot,
My looks were pale.

* * * * * me passed, and kindly knelt
To favor me with his bony paw;
I told him how my being felt—
How void my maw.

But men like him can never know
The proper sphere of doghood rife;
They cannot hear the silent flow
That stirs the life.

I spoke him thus:—"Alas," said I,
"My master 'Hard' has ever gone;
He uttered not a sad 'good-bye'
To his poor 'Doh.'"

"'Twas but just now I went up stairs,
And knocked as oft I'd done before;