

Then with a smile no portraiture could reach
Her luminous lips were parted and she
spoke ;

But ere I had caught one fragment of her
speech

By some austere fatality I awoke.

Then eagerly did my baffled soul entreat :

"Oh, slumber, bathe me again in dense
eclipse,

And make the unfinished dream shine forth
complete

With proud sublimity of apocalypse!".....

But yonder, though dark draperies backward
drawn

I saw the faded stars remotelier burn,

And glimmering on the dumb cold lips
of dawn,

Pale languors of inscrutable unconcern!

EDGAR FAWCETT,
in *International Review*.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 2.

ION CARLOS.

Cuvier was manifestly a great man. Hence he bore "his blushing honors thick upon him." With justice was he made Councillor of State, Chancellor of a great University, and a peer of the realm, inasmuch as for his invaluable services to natural science he earned the lasting gratitude not only of his country, but also of the world.

But my main object is not to speak of the great naturalist's devotion to science, nor of the honors bestowed on him by the great Napoleon and his successors. His name occurs to me in this connection because of the singularly just tribute he has paid to the dog. He says that "of man's conquests the dog is the most singular, complete and useful. His devotion to his master is entire. He defends his property, adopts his manners, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs not from necessity,—not from restraint, but simply from gratitude, and a true friendship."

This quotation has associated, singularly enough, Cuvier with a quadruped whose name will awaken a thousand pleasant mem-

ories in the minds of those sons of Acadia who trod her halls nearly a quarter of a century ago. The bark of said quadruped rings out among the echoes of the past with remarkable fascination, clearness and power. I do not think of this four-footed wonder as an abstract notion or conception, but he lives in my reproductive faculty as the very quintessence of concreteness. His form, color, mien, proportions, nay, the cast of his eye, and the very wag of his tail I see now as in the days of yore, and "time but the impression deeper makes, as streams their channels deeper wear."

O "Don," for that was thy name,—over thee how time hath lost its power! Thy physical trot will never again be seen by mortal eyes, but thy mental trot will be perpetuated in all the verdure of a perennial existence. Thy wise sayings and deep observations on men and things would have been buried in eternal oblivion, had not pen and ink faithfully recorded them in the annals of the past. May the memory of that Freshman miserably perish, who is disposed to ignore thy services so promptly and faithfully given. Is it possible he can do so when he recalls the days of his freshmanic helplessness and verdancy! May that sophomore be greatly confounded who, as he drags from their resting-place his dog's-eared and faded manuscripts, does not feel his heart beat in gratitude as he calls to mind the work of excision and compression performed upon them by his faithful canine friend. Yes, "Don," thou didst not confine thy treasures of brain to the few, but thou pouredst them forth, as a copious stream, vivifying and enriching the mental domains of thy compatriots. With no niggard paw didst thou dispense the favors that neither money could purchase, nor modesty restrain. The advice thou gavest the seniors of 185—will not soon be forgotten. Let those who are to-day so eagerly seeking knowledge listen to thy wise and monitory words.

"Seniors, lend me your ears. You are my friends, and I am your friend. I know somewhat of the toil of a college course. It is not a mere wag of the tail. It is a long, lone hunt for game—a struggle for mastery—a fight with a legion of "curs" and "terriers"—O yes! and with great cross, burly, bull-dogs.