

leading scientists of that country. Seven years were given him to complete this great undertaking. His salary was fixed at ten thousand dollars per year. To this ennobling task he brought the resources of a wonderful energy and a ripened experience. For nearly three years he prosecuted his work with such zeal, ability and enlightened research as to elicit the warmest encomiums of the most eminent geologists of the day. The amount of work compressed in this short period of his life almost passes belief. It was then he laid the ground-work of the noble structure he hoped, but was not spared, to rear. The "thews of Anakim, the pulses of a Titan's heart," must have felt such a strain. Naturally of a weak constitution, his great will power at length gave way, and being no longer able to ward off the insidious approaches of disease, he fell an easy prey to yellow fever, and after an illness of three days gently passed away, stricken down thus early in life, when everything betokened a future full of hope and bright with the promise of obtaining the highest distinction, his case seems more than ordinarily sad. He had reached an eminence whence he could see the kingdom of his most daring aspirations spread out before him, and from its commanding height he had been permitted to catch a view of the promised land, and yet was destined not to enter. He had just commenced to publish his reports when his work was stayed by the hand of death. Sometimes we feel inclined to murmur at the will of Heaven and ask, "why is it the evil are often spared to work their deeds of darkness and shame and the good snatched suddenly away in the mid-career of their usefulness?" But still it must all be for the best.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
"Will be the final goal of ill."

Amid life's changes and strange inscrutable vicissitudes, we yet believe—"That nothing walks with aimless feet."

What Prof. Hartt's reports would have been we can form some estimate by his published works, "The Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil," "Brazilian Antiquities," "The Mythology of Brazilian Indians," and numberless articles in Scientific Journals. These stamp him as a man of unwearied application and great capacity. On one of the principal streets of Rio, with its population of nearly three hundred thousand, stands the Museum of the Commission, the product of his genius and toil, replete with a rich and varied collection

of fossils, antiquities, rock and reef specimens, Corals, and Photographic views of objects and places of interest, from almost every province of Brazil. What fitter or grander monument could be reared to his memory? What memorial could shed a brighter lustre on his name? This will perpetuate his fame, when sculptured marble shall cease to preserve its record and loftier monuments are levelled with the dust. * * * *

His great versatility was the surprise of all with whom he came into contact. He was an accomplished linguist; had a fine taste for Music; could draw, sketch, and was a standing authority on the quaint lore and legendary tales of different countries. At the time of his death he could read with ease ten or more languages, and could speak fluently five modern ones. On one occasion he lectured at Rio before the Emperor, his Court and the *elite* of the City, in Portuguese. One present remarked, he spoke with greater apparent facility than he had ever heard him in his own vernacular. But it was in the realms of Science where he exhibited his extraordinary powers to the greatest advantage. The readiness with which he could recollect the names and classify Fossils was simply marvellous. In this respect he far outstripped all other students at Harvard. * * * *

His wondrous versatility, however, did not cause him to swerve from the purpose he set before him in life. After all he was a man of one idea—and that to stand in the front rank of Natural Scientists. To this one object he subordinated all his powers and dedicated his great and varied knowledge.

For money, except as a means to an end, he had not the slightest desire; nor did he seem to know its value, save when purchasing a book or spending it to prosecute his favorite studies. In these days of sordid self and grovelling desires what a relief does such an example present! He was one of the most unselfish of men. To do a noble act, to assist a friend, to speak a kind word either of admonition or instruction, seemed the very essence of his being.

These are a few of the cardinal virtues of him to whose memory yonder statute is erected. Pure in life, unselfish in deed and thought, ready to sacrifice all, even life itself, to broaden the horizon of Science and extend the limits of knowledge, what more, I ask, can be added?