

to some extent, to impress ourselves upon our country and age.

### ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 25.

Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

These words came to my lips with scarcely less intensity of feeling on learning of the home-bringing, on the 7th of June last, of the remains of Professor C. Fred. Hartt from Rio, than when the news of his death on the 18th of March, 1878, fell so sudden and so sad,—

For we were nursed upon the self-same Hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill.

His remains now rest in Buffalo, New York,—a mournful satisfaction to his personal friends.

None of the class of '60 can forget the wonderful versatility of talent displayed by dear Fred during his undergraduate life. The languages, music, drawing, everything, in short, seemed to "come easy" to him. I well remember how he picked up the rudiments of Portuguese from an Artisan in the village, little dreaming that it would be his in after years to lecture in that tongue to cultivated audiences in Rio Janeiro. He was exceedingly fond of music, and often took his flute with him on his geological tramps during his college days. I have in my old portfolio one of his college exercises on Natural Music. I dare say many old friends would like to read it. Before I offend this light and delicate paper, let me say that I take it for granted Prof. Hartt's published works, written during his brief and brilliant career, are on the shelves of the Library of Acadia College,—his Brazilian Antiquities, Mythology of Brazilian Indians, Grammar and Dictionary of the language of the Tupe Indians, and his voluminous Reports of the Brazilian Survey of which he was Chief. These, with his numerous contributions to scientific journals, show a capacity and industry worthy the attention of every student.

Music is the twin sister of Poetry. With her she shares the empire of the heart. Her reign is as gentle, but no more potent. At her command the heart beats with joy or is melted to sadness.

Nature's music is unwritten. The music of the bird's song, the breeze's sigh, the cataract's roar or the thunder peal,—who can write? or if written who could perform? The world is full of unwritten music, music as sweet, as tender as ever harp or organ breathed. What music can be sweeter than that of the song ushered spring? or tenderer than that of the mellow summer's eve? Yes, there are unwritten melodies whose notes are soft as those in a dream, and which steal away the heart ere one knows it. At eve we hear the gush and rippling flow of the streamlet as it

"Slips among the mossy stones,"

the twinkling of its tiny fall, the gentle whisperings of the trembling leaves, and the impassioned strain of the mellow-throated thrush, as now full of melting tenderness and the soft notes of love and now singing loud and clear in praise, he sings his vesper hymn. Then Echo's silver voice sings the refrain and the notes live on after the tongue is still. Then we look out through the dark leaves into the blushing sunset sky and the thoughts rove far away as in a dream. Oh, the power of music. The heart is like a harp whose strings vibrato untouched save by the music of another. Would that its chords were always ready to respond as those of harp to harp!

Written music may be either vocal or instrumental, or both. The vocal is always united with poetry. We call it song. Poetry is the language of the feelings; song, that language clothed with a power which carries the thought it enshrines to the heart of the hearer with all that force of feeling which gave it birth. If this be so, then a nation's songs are the exponents of its characteristic temperament—of the national heart, and we find that they are. The gaiety, wit and buoyancy of spirit, martial ardor, and the restlessness of the French are breathed forth in their songs. The spirit of liberty, the consciousness of power, the sensibility of the English nation are manifest in its songs. In those of Germany, the enthusiasm and the love of "Fatherland," which characterize the German, find vent. We see in those of Portugal a people indolent and luxuriantly living, with hearts snared in love's toil, giving vent to their feelings in plaints full of melancholy sweetness; we see the rich luxuriant scenery and soft sky of Portugal, and the many influences which tend to form the Portuguese character. The Spanish ballad introduces us to a people haughty and proud, pleasure loving and amorous. No songs better describe the power of love over the heart when entirely abandoned to its influence. Love and war is the burthen of the song of the amorous and excitable Italian. The songs of the East, especially of Persia, full of extravagant hyperboles and clothed in language flowery to excess, celebrate the ex-