

And vineyards sloping to the strand,
 Have floated on, while morning's beam
 Lit many a reach of glassy stream,
 And jutting cliff and islet lay
 Reflected in the evening ray;
 Nor less delighted viewed the moon,
 Shed o'er the scene a milder noon;
 Or roved by lake and pastoral burn,
 Whence the Fair River fills his urn.
 And thy proud waves that coldly break
 From far Itaska's lonely lake;
 Father of waters! I have seen
 All grandly roll thy bluffs between,
 Dark freighted with the tribute mould,
 From realms thy hundred arms enfold.
 But chief where Nature wears a mien
 Both grand and beautiful, have seen,
 Awe-struck, Niagara rush amain
 Down the abyss, then mount again
 In silver spray, whereon the glow
 And radiance of the lunar bow
 Were cast—then turned to muse awhile
 In bowered walks on moon-lit isle,
 Where every tree seemed tenanted
 By a weird sister of the wood;
 And each dark rock I well could deem,
 Held guardian naiad of the stream,
 That in the mist and solemn roar
 Of the great flood dwelt evermore:
 And I have felt in all its power
 The witchery of the place and hour.

To scenes like these with fealty true,
 My heart hath paid its homage due;
 Yet not less constant, nor less free,
 Dear native stream! hast turned to thee,
 In proud remembrance turned—and then
 As oft in fancy pressed again
 Thy pleasant banks, and pined to view
 All that my early footsteps drew,
 To hear the once familiar dash
 Of leaping waves, that loudly lash
 Thy rocky bound of basalt gray,
 Fire-rifted in an earlier day;
 Or climb thy fir-clad hills to gaze
 Delighted, on the silvery maze
 Of waters, stealing through the meadow,
 Half in sunlight—half in shadow;
 Or mark the tall elm far away
 Flung on the air its graceful spray,
 Fairest of trees;—or hill and plain
 Wave their green seas of bladed grain;
 Or list the note in swampy brake,
 The wood-thrush and the linnet wake.

Thus on the fair and fading past,
 While memory is backward cast
 Bright with the hues of beauty—all
 Thy native charms my thoughts recall
 And dearer than aught else beside,
 Thy scenes on Memory's page abide.

For well I know, while all things change,
 And many wear an aspect strange
 To him who fain would greet anew
 The scenes his happier boyhood knew,
 Thou changest not;—thy torrent's roar

Rolls the same cadence to the shore;
 The same bold rocks their walls within,
 Still hem thy fretting current in;
 And not more gay those hills before,
 Thy silver cincture proudly wore;
 And still to meet thy waters prone,
 As constant as in ages gone,
 Alternate swells and shrinks away
 With each returning night and day,
 The tide, that tells more true than art,
 How beats old Ocean's mighty heart.
 And though to thee no storied name
 Comes blood-stained from the fields of fame,
 Those changeless forms, reflections cast
 Forth from the dim historic past,
 And link with Nature's bright array
 The records of thine earlier day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Death of Professor Hartt.

It may appear somewhat out of season to mention at this late date, the death of Prof. Hartt, but the news reached us after the last issue had gone to press.

As much has been said both in *Ch. Visitor* and *Messenger* by those who were intimately acquainted with him, we feel that we cannot add anything of consequence. Although we were not personally acquainted with him, yet each student who had frequented the same halls, and roamed over the same hills, and who heard his name mentioned so often had been brought to believe that he bore an intimate acquaintance with him. We have often listened to and heard with pleasure the accounts of his success in *Scientific Enquiry*. His name to us was coupled with ambition and success. The reports which reached us from time to time of his promotion and successes were hailed with delight. We heartily appreciate and recommend the sentiments of the *Fredericton Reporter*: "Let our boys and young men mark the industry and energy which wrought together in the accomplishment of Prof. Hartt's brief but splendid career."

Our last lecturer J. Y. Pazyant, Esq., (who was a classmate of Prof. Hartt's,) referred with sorrow to the death of his much-esteemed friend. He spoke of him as genial, courteous, and affable. He says, "It was our delight to follow wheresoever he might lead, and gladly carry all the specimens which his scientific eye might detect."

A brilliant career and useful future were certainly in store for Prof. Hartt, had his life been prolonged.