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Search for Worth.

Men, like coin, have a value, which depends mainly upon their own diligence. Hence all are searchers, and it matters not whether in a stone quarry, in the coal pit, along the sea shore, hunting quartz upon the mountain side, gold in the gulches or gems upon the diamond field, their worth, I say, depends upon the number of pearls they gather. But heavy and unfruitful would our lives be, if these redeeming qualities did not exist among us, for all that gives us an idea of our future are these truths we pick up here and there and deposit with our enlarging treasure. Although these are the first elements of holiness, we often neglect to search for them, because it does not conform to our indolent dispositions; for the brightest gems are sometimes covered by rubbish or huge unwieldy stones, the finer metals combined with the baser class, and that which is pure has the exact color of its counterfeit. Do you ask—Is money made of brass, or will a man pass a dollar though it lies in the road? Ah! you have reached the very principle in question. It is the perception of an imitation that makes the real article valuable, or it is brushing aside the dust that makes a coin brighter. It is the diligent search, after all, that gives to objects their value, that lends life its virtues and eternity its happiness. Hence it fortifies our integrity, as it becomes our interest financially, intellectually, earthly and heavenly, to apply ourselves with unflinching fidelity, and guide ourselves with a well cultivated judgment.

The gold miner is a searcher for worth. He strives to excel in a worldly sense, and hence bends every circumstance which he controls toward that leading idea. By so running his ditches he gathers the water from the mountain side and turns it hundreds of feet above him, thence down through pipes, he gains a power at the nozzle of the hydraulic by which he can easily remove the debris that for ages has slept upon those precious grains which he so often longs to handle. This saturated rubbish now hurries through his sluice boxes in the bottoms of which he has placed mercury to attract whatever fine particles that, by the great power he has created, may have been forced away from his clean washed bed rock. If the picture could only be painted more brightly, until you could see the office of every ditch, or flume, or reservoir; until you could see a full-sized man standing in some mountain gulch, with verdant hills on either side and far beyond those, ranking as godly men before their congregations, bald with snow yet pointing heavenward. If you could only hear the roar of the hydraulic, grim and booming as a distant cataract; if you could see that powerful stream dash against the bank, in which the treasures are hidden, madly robbing it of its golden bed, and now hurrying it away through the mountain pass; then you might gain an idea of the principle which must be used in the ac-

quisition of real, genuine worth. Here the diligent miner works from day to day, not fearing the dirt, the water, or the tottering bank above him. Here, where society has never left a foot-print, he searches for that which will give him a high worldly standing.

The student is also a searcher for worth, and to be a real student, he must carefully employ those instruments which kindly nature has placed low within his reach. With those powers, which are given as freely as the waters from the melting snows, he must bore steadily against the hill of science. And thus, he may forget the graceful bows of society as he daily picks up those thoughts which, by the instrumentality of the mind, he has washed clean and golden. As he is trained to the harmony of thought and stands upon the gray, old bed-rock of principle, that was woven in creation, his step may lose its softness on the floor of a drawing room, or his ear grow deaf to the more wearisome and artful tones from the touch of a pianoforte.

So, when acquiring worth, whatever the channel or motive, let the seeker remember, to start with his own natural gifts, then strengthen these powers by diligence and discretion, until he can overcome every obstacle that may attempt to thwart his intentions; to bend forward in one direction, having his eye on some diamond of no mean proportions; to be within himself a principle of force and judgment; to possess an attraction for merit, at the same time yielding not to the desires of the worthless.

F. M. L.

Shakespeare, and the Authenticity of his Works.

In entering upon this subject, surely we are wandering into a boundless expanse of intellectual fertility. We doubt not but that this particular age has been productive of more literary value than the remaining ages combined. It is the centre around which every branch of literature revolves, and towards which all converge. Indeed, who can give to those brilliant luminaries a detailed account of their lives, habits, and, above all, their writings, without heaping volume upon volume, of almost immeasurable length, on their elegance, conciseness and purity of language.

From the age of Augustus to that of Elizabeth, the world of literature and morality was one dark, blank chaos, almost devoid of anything bearing a resemblance to humanity.

Far down in that yawning chasm of human degradation was seen, for a time, the morning star of modern literature struggling desperately against the powerful odds of Wickedness and Ignorance. Dante, in whom were found the last faint traces of ancient nobleness and the first strong outlines of modern genius, loomed up against the horizon with dazzling splendor, for a brief space of time, and then disappeared, leaving the world, which he had so completely revolutionized from

the ancient to the modern, works that picture vividly to our minds the admiration of his mighty erudition. But soon, too soon, he was forgotten in those succeeding centuries in which nothing transpired but the lowest villainies, and no one lived except persecutors and their innocent yet ignorant victims. During this carnival of crime and misery, while the blood-crested dagger of Roman Catholicism was held aloft in open defiance to retributive justice, when kings could only make the sign of the cross in confirmation of their charters, when human reason was cried down by the point of the stiletto, and when the blood of innocent victims was demanded to atone for the abominable fiendishness of assumed Christianity, Shakespeare, with his strong array of contemporaries, burst upon the scene, armed with those superhuman powers, God's best gift to man, talent and originality, and succeeded in dispelling to a great extent the horrid consequences of Bigotry and Superstition.

At the head of this brilliant list of dramatists, yea, of all the poets living or dead, stands Shakespeare, the invincible army of poets, essayists, and historians in himself. He was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the year 1564, of humble parentage, in a "small but venerable dwelling which will ever be sacredly guarded as the shrine of England's greatest glory!" Mr. Southey makes the assumption that, "Fame indeed is of slow growth. Like the Hebrew language, it has no present tense. Popularity has no future one." To say that popularity has no future tense, which, if it means anything, implies that it cannot protract its existence, is treating an inoffensive word with too much contumely. Shakespeare was popular in his own day, and will continue to be popular, we venture to say, in spite of this rule laid down by Mr. Southey, who seems to have entered upon this particular point with almost literary insanity.

"WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?" is the question that has been going its rounds in most of our periodicals. Really, it seems as though somebody was getting concerned about the matter. It is undoubtedly true, that a great sensation has been tried; but, alas! how wofully has it failed! A few literary "hacks" have been slinging broadcast their vile bombast, trying to make themselves notorious by sweeping laurels from Shakespeare's brow, and adding precious diadems to the head of Lord Verulam. They doubt the authenticity of his writings; or, in other words, claim that Bacon was the author of those majestic works; and that he passed them off on an actor "for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity." But the very fact that there are so many theories in regard to it, if nothing else, is enough to upset their fanatical jealousies and absurd ideas respecting his monument of modern literature. Then why is it, that these heretics (?) wish to place odium upon the grandest name of all time? Why is it, that they doubt his splendid genius, and

desire to give Lord Verulam the credit of something that his mind, (great as it may have been), could not accomplish? Is it not because they cannot conceive the idea of "measuring swords" with so powerful an antagonist, and because there is not the faintest trace of rivalry perceptible? Little do these identical individuals think that they are the ones, who, from day to day, copy some idea and pilfer (?) some particular style that has been traced out by their ancestors, to whom they cannot compare!

Upon examination of the works of Shakespeare and Lord Bacon, it will be found that there is not the slightest resemblance. Shakespeare's personages walk and breathe, and in them we perceive the passions so common to all men. His language is simple, sweet, and flowing, ever undulating in the change of characters, as the ripples upon the silent bosom of the silvery lake, or, making melody as the tiny rivulet that leaps laughingly along over its pebbly bottom, murmuring ever its lullaby song, that soothes the troubled spirit of the weary wanderer, unburdens his over-laden mind, and gently raises it, on gossamer wings, to a higher and nobler sphere of thought. Ever and anon he bursts forth in fierce passion that is soon subdued by the unrivaled grandeur of his oratory, which swells forth with all the majesty of huge billows that roll mountain high in mid-ocean, and lap the golden edges of the murky cloud that conceals within its treacherous bosom the muttering thunder and the wierd, fantastic lightnings.

The philosophical researches of Lord Bacon form a vast sea of study, upon which the youthful voyager can find but little pleasure, and upon which the most learned cannot smoothly sail. They roll along with their profound logic and deep reasonings, in a kind of never-ending, high-toned monotony, that carries before it the unbounded admiration of all philosophical geniuses and the natural aversion of the mass of mankind. They show us what must have been the extreme depth of his great erudition, and portray to us what a mighty contrast those "far fetched" thoughts, labored sentences, and his classic style, mingled with beauty and regularity, form with that free and easy style, with words and thoughts of our every day life.

W. H. N.

SCENE: A department of the Lincoln Graded School.

TEACHER: (Miss —, a former student of the University, interrogating a class of diminutive boys in history, etc. Topic—railways.) And now, children, who invented railways?

FIRST BOY: (vociferously) Geo. Stevenson!

SECOND BOY: (innocently) Say, teacher, was he the same Stevenson, that University chap, who used to beau you around last winter?

Teacher suddenly begins to talk about that good little boy, G. Washington, as a safer topic, and boy No. 2 loses his recess.