

THE HESPERIAN STUDENT.

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OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Wednesday afternoon and evening, of September 6th, the inaugural exercises of the Nebraska State University took place; an event we hope long to be remembered by the people of this State, as the opening of a brilliant educational career. Prayer, music, and addresses by Gov. James, J. Sterling Morton, and the Chancellor elect, constituted the programme.

At 2 o'clock P. M., the exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. L. B. Field, after which some excellent music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Alford, Mrs. G. A. Randall, Dr. W. C. Wardner, and Mr. Hohmann. Gov. James delivered the introductory address. The inaugural by the Chancellor was highly appreciated.

At seven and a half in the evening a large audience assembled to hear the University address by J. Sterling Morton.

Opened with music, and prayer by the Rev. H. P. Peck, and music. The address occupied a greater part of the evening, and was listened to very attentively.

September 7th, the University was opened with the reception of students. Over one hundred now answer to roll call, which is proof that the youth of Nebraska appreciate the gift so kindly bequeathed them by the people of the State.

This, we think, is a larger number than any of our sister States can boast of at opening, comparing population. Our building is one of which any State may feel proud finely finished rooms, and a library that for quantity and quality is second to none.

The wants of the students have been cared for in every respect. To this beautiful location, healthy climate, and pleasant associations, all are invited to come.

OUR SOCIETY.

With the history of the University itself, begins the history of the Palladian Literary Society.

One week after the organization of the University, those students interested, by permission of the faculty, assembled in the Society Hall, appointed a committee to draw up constitution and by-laws.

One week from that time the Society met and adopted the constitution. Officers were elected, and everything placed in running order. It was necessary for the

passed, the Society term, but see fit to grew with, an encr college, ple of

Authorship.

It is certainly very pleasing as well as instructive, when we take up the works of some of our most eminent writers, to observe their peculiar styles of thought, as well as the character and importance that should be given to their efforts. There are but very few writers, and particularly of modern times, who have more than a single style of thought and expression which they find easy to command, and into which they, consequently fall most readily.

I do not mean to say by this, that their different volumes are compilations of exactly the same ideas reiterated over and over again, and in precisely the same manner, but that in the works of each one is to be found one general style or tone if you please to which the whole collection of ideas is subject. These peculiarities of thought are, of course, greatly modified by the use of language, for elegance and force of expression are second only to elegance and force of thought.

Versatility, then, as well as depth of thought, together with beauty and elegance of expression should be the elements which every one who wishes to be at all distinguished as a writer should aim to acquire. Perhaps the best example that I could give you, to illustrate what I have already said, is that of Victor Hugo. Take him, for example, as he displays himself in his work entitled "Les Misérables."

The first few chapters of the work are devoted to the portrayal of christian character, and so great is the skill manifested in this attempt, and so pregnant the imagination of the writer, that the reader might think it very probable that the whole work should be dedicated to that purpose.

But immediately subsequent to this the author introduces a number of chapters solely devoted to description and the narration of events in which he displays no less ability than in the former. He proceeds to change again, by entering upon the work of the historian, and his efforts in this respect, as we find in his description of the "Battle of Waterloo," are not less striking than those features of his work already mentioned. But now comes a long discourse upon the usages and customs of society, wherein lies in my estimation the greatest power, intelligence and beauty of the whole work. The deep insight and accurate understanding of human nature there displayed is of that solemn and majestic kind of thought which most completely awes, yet is sure to fascinate the reader. It is a most perfectly reflected image of humanity. He then closes the work with a picture of human life, the tone at once, the most sad, yet beautiful, powerful and instructive that has ever entered the human mind to conceive. In all these different portions of the work, the style or manner of treating and thinking upon the several subjects is continually changing; thus giving to it that air and force of completeness and worth which it would otherwise want. To be added to this is the most elaborate and forcible expression that is to be found in any work of modern times; the language employed is always that which will carry the most weight; the most elegant, and selected with the greatest care. I might say further

with regard to style, that I do not mean by this term simply the general manner in which the work is written, nor the peculiar structure or force of any sentence; for in this respect I do not think that it can be said of Victor Hugo, that he has versatility. He has, perhaps the least of any living author; but what I mean by the changing of style of the work, is this: that each division of the work contains a style or train of thought peculiar to itself, which of course, is regulated by the nature of the subject. Connecting this with the aptness with which the author passes from one subject to another, we are led to say of him, and most justly, too, that he has great versatility of thought; and for this reason I have introduced his name in this essay. It is this constant change introduced into his book, together with his peculiar mode of expression, that gives to the work its power, its glory, and its beauty.

DALES.

Hints to Young Students.

All young men on entering a collegiate course of education, have, or at least should have, some definite idea of the course they shall pursue in after life. The young man entering College without any definite purpose for the future is like the mason who lays the foundation of a house of whose dimensions he has not the least intimation. The object of the student at college should be to lay a sub-structure on which in after years he may build an edifice magnificent and renowned. A house cannot stand unless it is built upon a firm foundation; neither can an efficient worker in any occupation or profession in life, unless he has a thorough understanding of all the branches of study he has engaged in. Many young students enter College, their highest ambition being to graduate; they merely strive to obtain such a knowledge of their class books that they may be enabled to "pass." Such graduates are more of a disgrace to an institution than otherwise. They go out into the world with refutation of being educated. Yet they know nothing; they have a name yet it is not respected. Many, on entering college, are undecided whether the study of the Ancient Languages will be beneficial, or whether they will derive such benefits from it as to justify them in commencing its study. In regard to this, I would say for myself, I like the mode of study adopted by the Ancient Greeks: they did not employ six or eight years of studious labor in making a general acquaintance of two dead languages, but they adopted the study of nature and were more desirous of obtaining an education respecting things than the acquisition of words. We are told the object of studying the Dead Languages is to discipline the mind. I would rather advise the study of some thing which will not only give discipline to the mind, but at the same time be of practical use in the active duties of life. For example, adopt the study of the Swedish or German tongues; the knowledge of which, in practical life, we daily need, rather than acquaintances with languages which, having mastered, leave us no better fitted for business than before. This is a practical age. The men who take the lead in life

are not those who have many theories, and are well versed in all the different sciences of the day, but they are the men of action, the men who put their knowledge in practice. Then whatever the student learns he should learn to put in practice. Our object in obtaining knowledge is, that we may impart it to others.

To cultivate learning merely for personal gratification, is bad use of opportunity, for of what value is anything unless we can benefit others by it.

The Literary Society is a place adapted to the cultivation of our practical powers. In the University we assemble to acquire knowledge; in the society to learn the mode of diffusing it. In the one place, we collect thoughts and ideas; in the other, we learn to express them to others. There are but few men at the present time who have risen to any great eminence in literary pursuits, but have had some advantages in this direction. Then whatever our plan of life may be we will do wisely to improve the opportunity of uniting ourselves with our Literary Society.

JOHN TRUELOVER.

Our Evening Ride.

One beautiful evening last autumn, at the foot of Chestnut Ridge, a spur of the Alleghenies, in company with a friend, I set out for a horse-back ride.

The path which we chose, led up through a lovely woodland, and along a winding stream that rippled down the first bench of the mountain. Before us, grand and sublime, beyond anything I ever saw elsewhere, towered the sombre sky-scaling heights.

We rode along in silence, each feeling the grandeur of the scene. At the summit of the bench, we paused awhile to drink in the magnificence of the panorama which Dame Nature spread to our view. The sun was just sinking in the west, and the soft red light reflected a halo over all the heaven. Far away, on the banks of the lovely creek whence we had come, stood a noisy mill; and near the mill we could see the millers neat little cottage nestling snugly among the lesser hills. Farther still, we could see a great distillery, standing in ruin; for God had dealt some measure of justice to the owner. The mellow soft light falling over the deserted and dreary ruin, forcibly reminded me of descriptions I had read of Italian scenes. Long we gazed with changeable impressions.

But we were forced to return from this beautiful spot. On our return, we passed a country stone-church, where the churchyard, as of old, formed the cemetery. As we paced homeward, my friend told me of one and another of the sleepers in that quiet nook; and it seemed to me an especial favor of God to have been permitted to live and die amidst those beautiful hills and under the shadow of picturesque mountains that speak to the heart so feelingly of Him who created them.

O wondrously glorious is this world, and cold must be the heart that enjoying its enchantment does not look up to its Builder with grateful and thankful worship.

Who is our greatest orator? Demosthenes.