

HESPERIAN STUDENT.

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Valedictory.

With this issue we descend from the sanctorum tripod, lay aside the editorial quill and content ourselves with more retired circumstances. In doing so, we wish to thank our many friends for the kind assistance they have from time to time rendered us; and express gratitude for the general interest that has from the first been manifested for the welfare of the paper.

We had hoped by the present time to present to our readers a more imposing sheet; yet it was not thought advisable to enlarge the STUDENT at present. It has been our aim to establish a paper that could well bear the inscription of a college journal. We have endeavored to exclude from our columns much of the jocose matter so often found in the domain of college journalism, and which seems to us to be far below the standard of a literary organ.

Almost contemporaneous with the establishment of the University dates the history of the paper itself. In fact, at the present time, a college paper is considered a commodity almost indispensable to an institution of any renown. With this impression the students organized themselves into an association and commenced the publication of the STUDENT. By many it was thought rather premature; yet, by untiring energy, the paper has been placed upon a permanent basis. The students, by a liberal appropriation of the Board of Regents, have been enabled to purchase type and the other necessary equipments for publishing the paper; and at present the mechanical as well as the literary department is executed by the students; thus removing all embarrassments of a typographical nature so common elsewhere.

The interests and control of the paper for the succeeding year have been vested in two persons for whom we have the utmost respect, and to whom we willingly transfer our responsibilities. We have no hesitancy in predicting for the STUDENT a prosperous and successful year, under their management. If the nose saddled with specks, or the face covered with the marks of manhood, are indications of more developed faculties, or sagacious learning, the retiring corps of editors sink into utter oblivion; greatly feeling the need of the required talents.

We hope our successors have formed no *beau ideal* of the felicities of editorial duties. If there is any class of persons that justly deserves the sympathy of the public, it undoubtedly is the editorial. To be harassed by day, with vain editorial illusions, and by night while the "devil" interposes with cries of *copy*, are the common occurrences composing the life drama of an editor. To all these scenes we bid adieu; hoping the literary spark kindled by the ingenuity of our students, may continue to glow and sparkle until as a living flame its effulgence shall be seen throughout all literary circles, and shall be placed side by side with the organs of Harvard, Ann Arbor, or Yale.

Modern Culture.

The requirements of this age are vastly different from the wants of the last few centuries. Then it was necessary for every aspirant to scholarship to become steeped in the lore of Greece and Rome. So perfect was the mastery of these languages that the professors in the Universities delivered their lectures in Latin.

This was the best possible course under the circumstances. Few translations existed, modern literature was only partially created, the physical sciences were uncultivated and only imperfectly known. The masses of the people in all countries were in intellectual darkness. But there has been prodigious progress during the last century, and it has been in the direction of theoretical and practical science. To this above all things else is due the civilization, progress and greatness of this century.

Modern culture, compared with the ancient, is marvellously broad. It does not confine its inquiries to any single set of phenomena. To it all parts of the universe are sacred soil. It is concerned to know all the laws that govern matter and mind, and to understand them intimately. Hence, while the scientific spirit aims to comprehend the universe as a whole, and classifies all knowledge, the very vastness of its survey teaches it that the mastery of the whole is beyond mortal grasp. Not even a Humboldt, with a peerless intellect, could acquire all natural knowledge. Though knowing much of all sciences, he could only master a few. The real scientist masters his specialties, and then, Humboldt like, rears an eagle and at will over the whole realm of knowledge, acquiring thus all the culture that is purest and best, wherever found. That sorry day can never again come for civilization when a little Latin and less Greek can be made the all sufficiency for scholarship and humanity.

Hence it is a mistake to suppose that the apostles of modern culture are hostile to classical learning. It is too small a foe, if foe at all, to test its steel. It says to all who have tastes in that direction, make the most of your classics. Master them, and abstract from them all that is good in them, and make them if possible the agency of your highest culture. Any thing that draws out mental effort tends to strengthen the mind; and hence, science gladly accords to the grammatical drill of Latin and Greek the merit of intellectual gymnastics.

Emerson, who is quoted as saying that "a man is a fool who bothers himself to study Latin and Greek, when he can get hold of good translations," never used such an expression. This is what he said: "I do not hesitate to read all the books I have named and all good books in translations. What is really best in any book is translatable—any real insight or broad human sentiment. Nay I observe that in our Bible, and other books of lofty moral tone, it seems easy and inevitable to render the rhythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody." * * * "I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book in the original which I can procure in a good version." * * * "Martial must be read, if read at all, in his own tongue." Thus it is seen that Emerson, who has said fewer foolish things than most men of his age, never uttered the silly remark attributed to him. But he does feel with the great mass of the noblest minds of

the age that the classical writers of antiquity are not the only sources of knowledge, and that there is a wisdom outside of them which no one but a man born three centuries too late can afford to do without. I do not adopt Emerson's philosophical scheme, if such it can be called. But I am glad to regard him as a masterly thinker, and as one whose motives and life are perfectly disinterested. His intellect is wonderfully creative, and no one with an unprejudiced mind can read him without having his own thinking quickened into new life.

Words are the thinker's tools, and the vehicles of thought. And so far as language is required for the intelligent expression of thought, principles, and facts, so far it occupies a necessary place in every College curriculum. But how often is the mere lingual student lost in mere word studies, "and loses sight of the end in the means." Like the smith who spent all his money in buying useless fancy tools and then had no money to buy iron and rent a shop wherein to work. Prof. Vaughan remarks: "There is no study that could prove more successful in producing, often through idleness and vacancy of mind, parrot-like repetition and sing-song knowledge, to the abeyance and destruction of the intellectual powers, as well as to the loss and paralysis of the outward senses, than our traditional study and idleness of language." This is the reason why so many merely classical scholars are intellectual dullards. The drill is the principle advantage gained from the study of Latin and Greek. These languages are seldom mastered, and those who read a classical author do it with grammar and dictionary in hand. Hence, they are rarely read after college days are over. But that first discipline, that acute observation, that sharp analysis which ancient languages give, are supplied in an equal degree if not higher degree by the study of the sciences. For example, let a student spend three years in studying Latin. Let another spend *as much time and labor* on Botany, Chemistry, Mental Philosophy or Physics. Which of the two will have the most drill, the most knowledge of the world and the universe, and will be best fitted for the work of the nineteenth century? Few would hesitate to take the chances of the latter. For let it ever be remembered that no science will ever have fair play until at least half as much time and labor is bestowed upon it as either one of the dead languages receive.

If possible, we would have every student study Latin and Greek. These languages are of immense advantage in acquiring the nomenclature of the sciences. But it is folly to suppose that profound and elegant culture cannot be obtained without them. It is mental drill that gives mental culture and power. Mental drill in the sublime phenomena of the universe—the grandeur of the skies, the laws of light, heat, and electricity, the wonderful adaptations of animal and vegetable life, with their manifold forms of beauty, which pulsate through every susceptible soul like the music of Heaven—such subjects taught and understood in their conditioning laws are without peers as educators of intellect, taste and beauty. But let it be understood that for the production of such results science must not be tagged on to the end of a classical course merely to round it off. It asks for equal attention and time. Its supreme

importance demands this, and it will be satisfied with nothing less. Let this be done and sublimer results will follow than have yet been dreamed of by our profoundest educators.

The best modern poetry has not disdained to invoke the aid and inspiration of science. In Goethe poetry and science joined hands, and at their nuptials the world received a melody like the singing of the morning stars. Literature, to-day, owes its impulse and influence—the blood warm with life coursing through its veins—to science and the great movements of which it is the fountain head. Science is demonstrating that the highest tribunal is immutable law and the processes by which law and the Infinite Law-giver are revealed. She shows that it is infinitely right to have a firm faith in the existence of eternal, moral and physical laws, obedience to which produces the highest degree of happiness.

The one-sided advocates of old systems charge modern science with antagonism to religion. Never was there a greater mistake. A great many scientists do not believe in much that is called Christianity. The same can be more truthfully said of many great names among classical authors. By what was the rationalism of Wolf, De Wette, the Tubingen School, Strauss, Renan, and Bishop Colense, inspired? Were they not all classical scholars of a high grade? Look at Gibbon: one of the most accomplished classical scholars of his age. If the argument is legitimate, then the classics should never be studied, because they have been and are being invoked to sap the foundations of Christianity. The history of Christianity shows that its most dangerous foes, when not of its own household, come from the ranks of classical scholars. In this case the result would be logical. The ancient fountains of thought, though beautiful and poetical in a high degree, were eminently unclean and impure. No classical author can be read in our schools, not even to the boys, without being expurgated. Bohn has not translated entire authors, but much of what he has given can never be read to our families, because of their foulness.

It is one of the glories of modern culture that it recognizes true scholarship even when unaccompanied by a knowledge of Latin and Greek. The farmer and mechanic can as legitimately be scholars as lawyers or a Prof. of English. It helps to refine a man or woman to learn even a little German or French, though it is for the purpose of successful trade or politics. What is the difference in principle between the man who studies languages to be able to teach them for a living, and the man who learns them to succeed better at his trade. Trading in itself is as honorable as teaching. It is not the profession that honors the man, but the man the profession. No high-minded man can ever discourage by word or deed any honorable efforts for bettering conditions in life.

Nothing but a slimy though can ever make "dirty" a fact about coal, iron, earth, "and the manure that excites the energies of vegetation." Science is the philosopher's stone, that, like nature, transmutes these into purest gems. Take a lump of coal. It suggests everything in geological history. It is the remains of an ancient flora, and has come down to us from an age so remote that no arithmetic can number its aeons. The tiny pebble and grain of sand have been rounded by the elements and storms of a thousand centuries. Their history is more wonderful than the strangest romance of human biography. And that despised manure! Even from that comes the energy that gives bread to the beggar and the prince, and the flowers that adorn the head of beauty. S. A.

(to be continued.)