

HESPERIAN STUDENT.

VOL. 2.

University of Nebraska.

NO. 6.

MARCH,

Qui non Profcit, Deficit.

1873.

The Germs of the Beautiful.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there,
In their loveliest luster come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

Lord Lytton.

The world of letters has recently been called to mourn the death of a giant whose shadow fell broadly and grandly in almost every department of human thought. Taken for all, he was probably without a peer among the literary men of this, or of any other, generation. Whatever he attempted, he accomplished: whatever he touched, he adorned. He was versatile beyond approach. He has left his impress on poetry and history, on the drama and the romance narrative, on translation from the ancient classics and modern poetry, on the graceful, philosophical essay, on politics, and on critical scholarship. Who, like him, has entered so many fields, and done so well in all?

His books make a library in themselves; and a library of such general merit, that whoever possesses them all, will have a collection remarkable for variety and good taste. His translations of Schiller's *Minor Poems*, and of Horace's *Odes*, are the best ever made. His *History of Athens*, (which it is to be regretted he left unfinished,) is as superb a piece of historical writing—as thorough in detail of scholarship and as elegant in style—as any among the excellent stories of the undying tragedy of Greece. His *Last Days of Pompeii* is the best picture of the social and domestic life of the old world that the genius of the modern time has invented. His novels of society, commencing with *The Caxtons*, and ending with the pieces now going through *Blackwood's Magazine*, deal with life more practically, and more effectively, than those of any other literary painter. He did not lack humor; and he alone among English novelists was philosophical. In his *Strange Story*, he showed his capability to grasp with the wierd theories that lie upon the border-land of sense and spirit. While Dickens was representative of only one department of novel writing, namely, that delineative of the comic or sorrowful conditions of the humbler walks of life; while Thackeray must

forever be known as a satirist; Bulwer has tried his hand successfully in the various romance regions of history, universal society, and philosophy.

His essays from *Blackwood* are secure of a permanent place. *Caxtonia* will not die, but live. His dramas, too,—both Comedy and Tragedy—are likely to keep their footing on the stage, as they have done for years, despite all rivalry. His speeches in Parliament, and his addresses on many occasions, are about as good as reading of their kind, as those of any other recent orator and statesman. His poetry, though sometimes cloying for sweetness, is of a kind whose high quality no one disputes. And over all that he has written is that aroma of precise and massive learning, to which no imaginative rival can pretend.

At the Colonial Office where Bulwer once held sway, his colleagues assert that he was always reliable for sound advice, and a straightforward view of practical generalities and details. He had both grasp and judgment, and was seldom in the wrong.

There is therefore good reason to think that the future will estimate Lord Lytton as the most conspicuous literary figure of the last forty years. Certainly no other one man can be compared with him in so many different departments. Not more than one or two others in each department, are worthy to be compared with him at all. He commands a place in the very front rank of every order wherein he attempted to set his name.

Not least among the successes and felicities of Lord Lytton's life, was the fact that he left a son behind him not unworthy of such a father. Robert Bulwer Lytton (Owen Meredith) held his father's head upon his bosom, when the great spirit passed away. Owen Meredith, too, has won a place in the ranks of literary genius, and bids fair to do so in that of skillful diplomacy.

As men in the mass become more highly educated and refined, the work that Bulwer has done, is likely to become more and more popular. Time, we think, will reverse some present literary estimates; and Bulwer's name will be held to be that of the most gifted man of all the many gifted men of his time. O. C. D.

The Palladian.

A review of some of the events that have transpired since the opening of the University, though still fresh in the minds of all, may not, perhaps, be without interest. When the students had become somewhat acquainted, and settled to their studies, they began to think of forming a literary society. With this purpose in view, a meeting was called and there the usual questions, of course, arose in turn: Who? How? When? What?

The first was the subject of some discussion and the voices of the chivalrous against the unchivalrous waxed strong and eloquent, as they demanded equal rights and equal privileges for both sexes. But the arguments and the eloquence were

alike unnecessary, for the few brave ladies that stepped forward and gave their names to the secretary, silenced the guns of the enemy, and the society at once became "mixed." It is well known with what admirable success this mixture has been sustained.

The second question—How?—was easily answered and a stirring appeal was sent to the Faculty for the desired permission. This petition meeting the approval of the Faculty, the answer to the third question was not long delayed, for the members immediately came together to decide the fourth—What?

Here, again, arose discussion and the puzzled brains of the members became more confused as name after name: "Websterian," "Philomathian," "Baconian," was brought up and rejected; until the kind Goddess of Wisdom came to our aid and we became the "Palladian." When this was settled, a constitution and officers were wanted. In the adoption of the one and election of the others were displayed that desire for good and earnestness of purpose, for which the Palladian has since been distinguished, and as our little President took his seat, the students felt confident they had laid the foundation of a successful enterprise and were ready to begin their regular work. And the work that was done; the discussions and essays; the things that were said, good and bad, wise and foolish, loud and low, timidly and fearlessly, would fill—how many volumes? Who would undertake to say?

Soon, however, this regular every-day work became monotonous, more life and spirit was necessary and the members cast about for some way to remedy the evil. Some proposed an impeachment! but that was "squelched" at the outset, for fear we should lower ourselves in *someone's* estimation. Finally a Lecture Association was formed, and this absorbing the attention of those joining it, the others shot off in another direction, a division of the society was at once effected, and from that time on dissensions and difficulties were continually arising. But these proved, not its utter dissolution, as some would have had us believe, but rather its firmness and stability.

The time for a second election was drawing near—and O! the secret caucuses the private electioneering, the whispered consultations, the button-holes torn out! and then the election itself! I will not attempt a description. But who that were present at that memorable meeting will ever forget its various incidents, the intense excitement that prevailed, the suppressed ejaculations, especially those of the gentleman from Bugville, and finally the triumph of the successful party?

Since then, similar scenes have been enacted from time to time as various questions have come up for discussion or election time has approached, and these, together with the steady progress made by the members, show that the interest has not waned, but that the Palladian is ever dear to its members. May our chosen

goddess, Minerva, watch over our society and guide our foot-steps into the paths of wisdom. K.

Fictitious Literature.

This species of literature is sometimes condemned as being frivolous and unprofitable. This criticism, however, is narrow and unphilosophical.

The question now arises, what is fiction? Fiction is the narration, in a more or less pleasing and impressive way, of real or imaginary events and delineation of character by actual or supposed examples.

Now the only difference between history and fiction, is that when the events and characters are real, the narration is called history, when imaginary, fiction. While the historian and novelist differ in this, that the former finds his material in the records of the past, the latter creates his, in other particulars they are very much alike.

Both history and novel *must* be coherent and clearly constructed, *must* be presented in a manner that will seize and hold the attention of the reader. The historian *must* accurately relate events as they occurred, that is, he *must* be "true to fact." The novelist *must* relate such events as are likely to have happened, or, in other words, he *must* be "true to art."

From the faithfully recorded and truthfully described events and characters of history, valuable lessons are derived as to the consequences of certain courses of conduct and the tendencies of certain passions. From the imaginary events and characters of the novel we derive precisely the same lessons, provided they are in accordance with nature which is being "true to art."

If wickedness and selfishness appear repulsive and heroism and magnanimity attractive in history, so they do in fiction. Thus it appears that the moral derived from each is equal. Since obtaining as it does a wider circulation than almost any other kind of literature, it should become one of the principle agents by which virtue is rendered attractive and vice odious.

J. F. E.

Nothing can be so perfect while we possess it as it will seem when remembered. The friend we love best may sometimes weary by his presence, or vex us by his infirmities. How sweet to think of him as he will be to us after we have outlived him ten or a dozen years! Then we recall him in the best moments, bid him stay with us as long as we want his pany, and send him away when we to be alone again.—O. W. Holmes.

A stranger meeting a man in New York some days since accosted him with, "Here! I've to the Tremont Hotel!" The reply was, "Well you may be gone long."

Never! account Gold, religious ork