

HESPERIAN STUDENT.

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Some excitement has prevailed for some time, with regard to the instability of our University building, and an investigating committee was appointed—as that is the order of the day just now in this country—composed of architects, who made a careful examination. The result of their examination is generally known, viz: that the north wing, which contains the Chapel, Cabinet and Palladian Hall, is not entirely safe, as the foundation walls were found to be crushed and settling in several places; but that the main part of the building is perfectly secure.

Since the report of the architects was made, everything has been done by the Faculty to remove all apprehensions as to the safety of the students. The north part of the building has been locked up, so to remain until the necessary repairs can be made. This causes but little inconvenience, however, except to those students who had suddenly found an excuse to be absent from chapel exercises, as these are now conducted in the Library. In this we find even an advantage, as it enables many of the students to look upon the gay covers of the books which otherwise they would never see at all. It is a question, however, whether the bare walls and blackboards of a recitation room will call forth the same eloquence from the society boys as the influence of their own hall would do. At all events it is not so pleasant and we would hasten the time when we may return.

A meeting of the Board of Regents has been called and we have no doubt they will fully provide for the exigencies of the case.

We are a little behind with this issue of the STUDENT, owing partly to our engagement in the affairs of the Palladian, and partly to the unwonted slowness of our contributors. We regret the necessity of omitting our article "Modern Culture" from this number; the conclusion will appear in our next, however.

These Girls.

The early life of woman is like a stream of water, above a cascade. What a merry, heedless, romping, joyous time, is this girlhood! Then the waves go dancing and babbling and jostling each other, impatient eager for the reckless leap over the falls of marriage; then after the headlong surge comes a turbulent commotion, an lifting of white hands, some rebellion stream sun-kissed with peace, or utterings, and finally a silent drift with sorrow. But it is of These girls we speak, not of this everlasting "stream of life."

It comes the real, live, intelligent beauty, for who can look upon her face, and poetic eyes, and is not deeply impressed with the beauty of her soul? She is beyond her years, and with her children. A. A. C.

thinks herself to be a talented young lady. She has a bold front, gray eyes and is sprightly, and sometimes even dazzling for a time. She has much temerity, no real modesty. Is ready to speak on all occasions, causing all sensitive people unspeakable anguish by her numberless grammatical errors. She is in misery when not herself the most conspicuous person in the room. She never walks out, or goes into an assembly, that she does not imagine herself to be the "observed of all observers," and that people are remarking upon her extraordinary ability. She advocates "womans rights" or any thing that will bring her into notice. She detests men yet she has a remarkably original way of showing her detestation, for her eyes have an ungovernable habit of for ever turning in their direction. But who is this light-hearted, hoydenish girl, careless of her appearance, yet always fresh and lovely, with her beaming face, laughing eyes and exquisitely beautiful complexion? She spoils your curls, tears your clothes, and prances you around whenever she pleases. If you write her a sentimental note, in confidence, about some of your lovers, she laughs at it, and repeats little snatches of it before the others, keeping you in a continual flutter of anxiety, lest she will let the whole secret out finally, but she never does. When you first know her, you try hard to detest her, but that is impossible, and afterwards when you are sick or in trouble, and she ministers to you, and you realize how sweet and good and tender she can be, you are thankful that it was impossible. And in school, how she learns! She sometimes has five studies and plays all day, yet she recites better than anyone in her class and is always ready to prompt others. I take leave of this girl with regrets! And now comes her opposite—the one to whom, at first, you are drawn, so gentle and perfectly good she seems. She is always ready to weep with you and wrings your girlish secrets out of you as easily as she does the tears from her eyes. Before young men, she is fond of saying "Would you think her so much older than myself"? This girl is ambitious, persevering and—treacherous.

In this garden of girls all are not either useful or poisonous plants—Oh no! here are crowds of pretty perfumeless blossoms, only made to dance on their stalks and nod coquettishly to the winds. This is that class of simple, gay, good-natured, pretty, fashionable flirts, placed on this old earth to embellish it, as we place sprigs of myrtle or evergreen around the dishes on our tables. I know one of these with the black eyes and hair, and most dazzling olive complexion, who can wear a blue dress, scarlet sack, with blue ribbon and scarlet flower in her hair, and would not strike one as being untastefully attired, either. The *tout en semble* has the effect of a bouquet of bright autumn flowers. Such girls are not harmful, not to be despised for their ignorance—their aimless lives. They never profess to know any thing more than music, perhaps, and that indifferently. They belong to this beautiful world as much as the butterflies or humming-birds. Yet one seldom sees a girl of this class whose sweet unthinking heart is utterly barren of noble aspirations; and these will undoubtedly ripen in God's good time. It may be that trouble and responsibility are necessary to bring out the woman in her but when the time comes, depend upon it, she will wield the broom as gracefully and vigorously as she now does the croquet mallet. A. A. C.

Horace Mann.

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Then, too, this young man of thirty years conceived and consummated an enterprise as beneficial in its results as it was humane and beautiful in conception. Institutions for the higher education were numerous. Massachusetts had her own incomparable Harvard, besides many others. Churches were found in every town and hamlet; but nowhere in all America could there be found an asylum for the care and treatment of the insane upon broad humanitarian principles. Mr. Mann prepared with great care a Bill for an Insane Asylum, pleaded eloquently for it, carried it through the Legislature unaided, despite the opposition of old and able conservatives; was then appointed Chairman of the Commissioners for building it; afterward chairman of the trustees for administering it, and today the noble structure at Worcester, nay, all similar structures throughout the land are the enduring monuments of his noble humanity, wisdom and worth.

After having been for ten consecutive years a member of the Legislature, during four years of which he had served as President of the Senate, discovering in this responsible position marvelous tact and knowledge of parliamentary rules having never been at a loss or almost never at fault, he found himself unexpectedly invited to another and very different field of labor. This new field for exertion harmonized exactly with the benevolent, philanthropic instinct of his generous nature and he entered upon it at once, though he had to sacrifice his ambitious as well as relinquish a most lucrative legal practice for the paltry recompense of a thousand dollars a year. It was in 1837. Massachusetts had just created a state Board of Education whereof that most accomplished Statesman and Scholar, Edward Everett, was president. Associated with him were such eminent men as the Historian Jared Sparks, the genial and eloquent Robert Rantoul, Dwight, Newton, Putnam and others.

They were to appoint a Secretary who was to be really the agent and factotum of the Board, charged with the most important duties. At their first meeting, they chose Mr. Mann, "deeming him," says Mr. Everett, "of all men in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," for his zeal and fidelity, for his enthusiasm in the cause of education, for his clear perception of things desirable and possible, "the best fitted to discharge the interesting duties of his trust."

For eleven years, from 1837 to 1847 inclusive, he devoted to this work, without the respite of a day or an hour, all his physical and mental energies. Fifteen hours a day of hard labor, was what he averaged during those eleven years. A single engagement only did he fail to meet, and that from sickness.

As Secretary of the Board of Education his duties, as prescribed by the law, were: "To collect and arrange information of the actual condition of the common schools and other means of popular education throughout the state; to diffuse as widely as possible throughout every part of the commonwealth, information of the most approved and successful methods of arranging the studies and conducting the education of the young.

To accomplish the first of these objects, he may be said to have at once made almost a personal examination of the 3,000

common schools then supported by the people of Massachusetts.

He went from county to county, everywhere calling together the friends of education, holding the first series of Teacher's Institutes ever held in America, giving instruction in methods of teaching all day, while in the evening he lectured to thronged houses drawn together by his magic eloquence and glowing enthusiasm.

In this way he infused a new spirit into the work of education and prepared the way for the radical reforms he had in contemplation. The inefficiency of the teaching he determined to remedy first, as he felt that without competent teachers all other appliances were nearly useless. For immediate relief, he devised the Institute of which we have spoken; but for permanent and thorough reform, he planned and secured the adoption of a System of Normal Instruction for teachers. G. E. C.

(To be continued.)

Starved Minds.

There are persons whom we often meet with large, stout physical frames, and we at once see they have been well fed with the food that goes to make up bone and muscle. But we talk with them awhile; and—poor souls! we find they have not been fed with that mental food that goes to make up thought and sentiment. Their minds are lean and perishing; starving to death for want of intellectual nourishment.

There are two classes of these starved minds. One class is constantly reaching out and crying: give us knowledge; this hunger is gnawing upon our vitals; but life's circumstances prevent our obtaining necessary food. For such there is hope. They realize their condition, and some benevolent heart will offer them assistance and they will gladly accept it. But the other class—alas! their case is almost hopeless. They have drunk of the poison stimulants of pride, fashion and love of money, until they are so intoxicated, they feel not their need of pure mental food. Their minds will probably never grow any more, but soon die and sink them into bigotry or crime. L.

The Art of Carpentry.

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry, may be seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed the bill, shaved the note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them into a box, nail a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

The following anecdote of Profs. Adams and Shurtleff, of Dartmouth College, is as good as any narration of Irish wit:

Prof. Shurtleff was obliged to be very careful about going out without his hat, lest he should take cold; and Prof. Adams was obliged to be equally careful about wetting his feet, for the same reason. "It seems," said Prof. A. to Prof. S., one day, "that your head, and my feet, are our weak est parts."

"Our most sensible parts, would be the way that I should phrase it," was Prof. Shurtleff's quick and happy retort.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.