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South and North.

Tons of voluminous trash, have been written to show that northern climates are best adapted to high moral and intellectual results. But, while it must be conceded that, for the last three hundred years, the northern nations of Europe and America have outranked all the rest of mankind in intellectual vitality and mechanical progress, the fact may not be disguised that we owe our paramount stimulation and relative excess of activity to the Protestant Reformation. That great and sudden burst of ideal and spiritual illumination flooded the northern regions of the world alone. The iron power of the papacy was too strong in its native seats to be materially weakened. Moreover, there were other causes operating in the south, such as the steady familiarity of the Latin races with despotic institutions, and the supremacy of the Turks—a barbaric Asiatic horde—in all the countries occupied by the descendants of the Greeks, to prevent a ready acceptance of liberal opinions by those who should naturally have been the leaders in every great movement. It was not the fault of the southern climate, nor the native effeminacy of the southern people, that made it possible for the North to gain its present intellectual and material preponderance. The same climate had fostered, and the same people had accomplished, through long ages, nearly all that is worth reading about in history not decidedly modern. For thousands of years, the nations of northern Europe were little else than savage tribes, migrating southward like wild beasts in search of more abundant spoil, while all the time, the races inhabiting the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, or the more delightful portions of Asia, were enjoying a relatively high and stable civilization. And, were it not for the comfort and convenience which modern inventions bring home to the dwellers of the north; were it not for the warmth and good-cheer of our household equipments, which the last three hundred years have produced, life, in the now most powerful countries of the world, would be utterly intolerable.

The north is a step-mother; but the south is the natural mother and nurse of men. Local history originates in Babylonia. Then we trace it into Egypt; and it is probable that all migrations into the north have been compulsory and therefore involuntary. In the absence of modern contrivances for comfort, the lives of the great mass of the people in cold countries could never have been easily sustained. As it is, the low temperature of the north is prolific of disease. Sixty per cent of the New England people are said to have a consumptive taint, while anxiety and wasting toil are the universal lot. But in the generous and breeding south, the terror of the sun stimulates the fertility of the earth and enables the inhabitant to reserve his energies for something nobler than an annual half-year's struggle with the destructiveness of cruel wintry

storms. Besides, the same solar fervor that animates vegetation to a degree unknown in these climates, rouses the nervous capabilities, and fills with burning passion, the children of the south. We should not forget, in the laud of our native seats, that all of the religions which have ever obtained a hold on the reverence and affections of mankind, have proceeded either from tropical or semi-tropical regions;—from Palestine, from Arabia, from Egypt, from Greece, from Persia, or from India. Our Lord and His Apostles, Mohammed, Zoroastres, Buddha, the Egyptian priests, and the Brahmans, were all inhabitants of hot climates. Every conqueror, too, that the world remembers—excepting, perhaps, Timour and Ghengis—every first-class hunter of men in the civilized parts of the earth—Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Napoleon,—was born in the region of the olive, the fig, and the palm. The mighty masters of subtle and sonorous thought who were divinely set in the beginning of the world to educate all the after generations of their kind,—Moses, Isaiah, David, Homer, Euclid, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, and the Apostles and Primitive Fathers, had their being almost within sound of the roll of Mediterranean waves. Painting and sculpture, and all the grand architectural schools, save, perhaps, the Gothic, have ever found their highest expression south of the Danube and the Alps. The student of art and architecture inevitably gravitates towards Italy and the Orient. The chill of the north wind, the gray of the northern sky, and the demurer tints of the northern landscape, seem unequal to the adequate inspiration of the highest constituents of the artistic nature. Literary genius, too, finds that the south is the source of the most highly colored passion and dramatic subjects for romantic treatment. How much Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists, how much Spencer and Milton owed to the Italian poets and novelists, everybody knows; that Tennyson has been a student of Petrarch, *In Memoriam* forcibly suggests; that Hawthorne's best novel, *The Marble Faun*; and George Eliot's best novel, *Romola*, are Italian studies; and that Byron, and Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Landor, and the Brownings, and Buchanan Read, and innumerable other writers imbibed their best inspirations by long residence in Italy, are facts too familiar to require emphasis.

That the intellectual activity of the south is far less to-day than that of the north, must of course be conceded. It is now the misfortune of the most delightful regions of the world to be either in the hands of unassimilated races, which, by reason of their unassimilating tendencies, are in the condition of chronic revolution, or of an unilluminated Roman priesthood who rejoices in an *Index Expurgatorius*, and, through the misemployed confessional, fetter all the higher aspirations and efforts of the intellect. But it does not seem as if this condition of things can be permanent. It was a great step for

Italy when the Austrians ceased to be her masters. It is almost time to hear again from the emancipated and reviving spirit of Greece. Could Spain shake off the deadly serpent folds of the Papacy, and be penetrated by the gently-brooding and reforming spirit of a genuine, evangelical christianity, she might yet do nobler things than DeVega, Cervantes, and Murillo, have done. Could the mixed populations of our own Southern States, of Mexico, and of the West Indies, either amalgamate on virtuous terms, or divide the lands among the various hostile shades of color, and separate each to its own; peace, labor, wealth, and christianity would soon raise every faction to surpassing heights of moral and intellectual eminence. People who live in beautiful lands and under heavenly skies, if given equal chances, cannot fail to outstrip those whose powers are half exhausted in a mere struggle for existence—in a life-long battle with cold and the poverty of nature. For it is by no means true, that men are made bolder, hardier, and more steadily energetic, by having to resist and overcome the rigors of a northern climate. Were this so, the Muscovite and the Swede should surpass all other men. But without taking this fact into account, the common sentiment among us, finely expressed by Charles Kingsley's *Ode to the North East Wind*, is probably this:

"Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Hearts alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world."

But it must be conceded, that it was not the "hard grey weather" that bred the warriors of Sparta and of Athens; or that inspired the heroes of Carthage, and the world-conquering Roman legions; or that gave a long European supremacy, and a greater part of the New World, to Spain; nor was it "the black North-easter, through the snow-storm hurled," that stimulated the looms of Tyre, the inventive mind of Archimides, and drove the Phoenician, Venetian, Genoese, Spanish, and Portuguese "hearts of oak seaward round the world." The children of the South-wind are naturally the peers of their northern brethren; and, as I have remarked before, if the same influences could be brought to play upon them that have made us what we are; that is to say, if evangelical Protestantism could obtain a footing amongst them, their presence would soon be felt along the highways of the world, as it has not been for many past centuries.

It is a common fallacy, and one most unthinkingly asserted, that mankind necessarily deteriorate in warm latitudes. Some are even bold enough to maintain

that white skins will grow black, straight hair become woolly, and shins and heels of the Caucasian pattern conform to the precise Senegambian model, in the regions of equatorial Africa. We are told of wonderful instances of black Jews in Mozambique, and of black pure-blood Spanish families in Cuba, etc, whose ancestors were fairly white. But who knows anything with certainty of the ancestry of these people? Who shall say that the ancient Jew or Spaniard was incapable of proselytism or miscegnation, and was more indifferent to passion and affection than to the preservation of Hebrew and Castilian blood in absolute purity? As well might it be assumed that the various mongrel colors to be found in our Southern States and in Spanish America, are the result of climatic influences, and from such an assumption derive the conclusion that the entire population of those regions is rapidly becoming dark skinned. As well might it be claimed that the olive hued Spaniard owes his complexion to the sun, when everybody knows that the Moors were masters of the Peninsula for 800 years, and that inter-marriages were of constant occurrence. But neither does the leopard change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin. We know of a certainty that copper-colored races have occupied the northern half of this continent for half a thousand years, and they are not becoming whiter. Soil and climate have no perceptible exoteric or esoteric influence upon them. They are precisely what they seem to have been from time immemorial; namely, a race of dusky-hued savages, long-waiting amidst the desolation of barbarism, and not to become white-skinned by exposure to a bleaching climate, but white-souled by acceptance of Jesus Christ. White-souled is as white as they may ever expect to be; for it seems to have pleased God to mark the divided members of the one human family by many colors and many languages, and to give them separate offices, and to enjoin charity and mutual assistance upon all.

People reared in the North, are prone to exaggerate the depressing effects of southern climates.* Many of them may, and probably must, find themselves unequal to rigorous mental work, where perpetual summer reigns. Like northern plants they require alternations of frost and heat; and sudden and violent thermometrical changes are so inwoven with the habit of their lives, that they are unable to endure a steady climate of any kind. But family and individual habits do not fail, after one or two generations, to adapt themselves to the situation. The people of the south experience as much difficulty from our northern cold, as we do from their constant heat. It required but seven months for the climate of Scotland to kill Madeleine, first queen of James V. and she was from no farther south than France.

Many of the reasons, assigned for the superiority of the North over the South,