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HESPERIAN STUDENT.

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THE HESPERIAN STUDENT.

Go forth, little stranger, and be not afraid,
Though timid thy looks, and coy as a maid,
Lift up thy head, take a stand with the rest,
Though youngest of all—Student of the West.

Go forth, little stranger, with messages of love,
To lay at their feet like a carrier dove;
Tell them the story of our homes so blest,
In th' land of thy birth—Student of the West.

Go tell of our country, so bright and so fair,
Where prairies are grand, and purest the air,
The land of all others, the fairest and best,
And bid them welcome to a home in the West!

Go forth, little stranger, with tidings for all,
At the dear home cot, and the stately hall,
For old love sake, they will welcome their guest,
And give you their hand—Student of the West.

—SYLVIA.

How far the Dramatic Faculty is compatible with the Love of Truth.

When we speak of the dramatic faculty, we mean the art of representing character; and the situations in which the characters are to be placed. In order that we may better understand the real nature of the dramatic faculty, [illegible] consider that element of the [illegible] which it depends, and than [illegible] support, viz.:—The imagination. [illegible] of the imagination, we must have a clear and distinct idea of what, is meant by that term. We do not mean either perception, conception, memory, the reasoning powers, or all combined; but it is a faculty of the mind entirely separate and apart from these; it deals, not with what is or has been, as does the reasoning faculty, but with what may be. It is not the real, but, the ideal.

Again. How is it possible for us to separate the imagination and truth? This may seem a strange question, yet, I think, it is not wholly without foundation; for the very essence of the imagination is truth or fact, either natural or historical; and to seperate them, would be to seperate a column from its base, a castle from its foundation. It would scarcely be possible for any one who had never perceived or thought of anything, to have such a faculty; still more to produce a drama; and yet he may have perceived many things, may have studied much, and still the imagination may be very weak. Haven says: "By the operation of this power, the former perceptions and sensibilities are replaced in thought, and combined as in mental reproduction, but not, as in mental reproduction, according to the *original* and *actual*, so that the fact is simply repeated, but rather according to the mind's *ideal*, and at its own will and fancy; so that while the groundwork of the representation is something which has been, at some time, an object of perception, the picture itself, as it stands before the mind in its completeness, is not the copy of anything actually perceived, but a creation of the mind's [illegible]. The conceptions become ideal. This is imagination in its true and proper sense—the creative power of the mind."

It is upon this inventive power of the mind that the writer depends for his drama; the poet for his verses, the painter for his picture, the [illegible] for his effect, and the novelist for his [illegible], it is the great principle of the mind that lifts us all from the dead level, and routine of duty or necessity, and gives us the ideal,—the reflection of the Infinite in the finite.

And now a word in regard to works of fiction; as most of them belong, properly, to dramatic literature, I quote now from Joubert:

"Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be found in the book-sellers shops; you buy them there for a certain number of francs, and you talk of them for a certain number of days; but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of art is the beautiful. Once lose sight of this, and you have the mere frightful reality."

To me, this is a most excellent criticism, and a true guide, as to what works of fiction should be entitled to a place, in the literature of the [illegible] claim that the monstrosities and [illegible] of the drama are compatible, [illegible] love of truth, or with common [illegible] contrary, I believe that the abuse [illegible] faculty is absolutely pernicious [illegible] but what I do affirm is this, [illegible] faculty exercised with the same [illegible] as the other faculties, is not [illegible] the love of truth. [illegible] and even destroy our faculties, through repeated abuse [illegible] is not my duty, at present, to say; however, we must not judge sound and healthy minds by those cramped and maimed ones, but by their own standard. In the second place, I apprehend that the strong-hold of the question, is the *love* of truth; and when I hear persons affirm that the dramatic faculty is incompatible with the *love* of truth, I understand them to mean that there is some antipathy existing between the two, in other words, there is something about the cultivation of the dramatic faculty which leads persons to a dislike, and a general disregard of the truth. How this can be shown to be true, in simply forming a character or a scene suited to the *fancy* rather than to the *real*, I cannot understand. I can, however, understand how persons might be led into anachronisms and inaccuracies, in so doing; as, for example, when Shakspear speaks of cannon, before the invention of gunpowder, or the education of Hamlet at Wittenburgh University,—before there were any such things as Universities. Yet, would it not have been as gross an error, and in the same sense an untruth, for him to have put the words of an educated man into the mouth of one entirely destitute of learning? Was he doing more than remaining true to his minds ideal? Are these not matters of extrinsic rather than intrinsic value? I think it must be conceeded that they are; and I am ready to say with Lowell: "Anachronisms and the like are in themselves of no account, and become important only when they make a gap too wide for our illusion to cross unconsciously, that is, when they are anacholuthons to the imagination. The aim of the artist is psychologic, not historic truth. The saving truth in such matters is a truth to permanent and essential characteristics."

I am ready to conclude, therefore, with the assertion, that the cultivation of the dramatic faculty, so long as it does not amount to too serious an exaggeration of that which has been already established, is not incompatible with the love of truth.

DALLS.

Attractiveness of Images.

Yes, there are doll and dolls; and the commonest, cheapest, meanest of them all has a prospect that is denied to the fairest, dantiest of handiwork of the sculptor's chisel. Not if the marble of Cytheria or Praxiteles had been handed down unscathed by time or more destructive religion, would a tithe of the human love be bestowed upon it that our little Fanny lavishes, hour by hour, and day by day upon the one armed and much-battered fabric of rags and bran she calls "dear Dolly". There is something deeper than the plummet of philosophy has fathomed, in this affection. Of what slim shadows, past or future, is her doll the *nota bene* to her, as she invests it with the appurtenances, and drags it through the incidents of her own experience, as she washes it, dresses it, takes it out walking or riding, scolds it, feeds it, whips it and puts it to bed? Is it a satire upon the bootless efforts of children of larger growth? Do "curly gold locks cover foolish brains," or do they wag at us elders in derision when a little one, who herself can hardly toddle, pushes before her a baby [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] street [illegible] however [illegible] of the [illegible] bestowed [illegible] has in front of his store, in the lower part of this city, the image of a lion couchant. It is so heavy that there is little danger of its being stolen, and hence it is left out at night and on Sundays in that lion's galaday. Troops of children gather around him; some sit on him, some hug him, and on one Sunday in particular they hung garlands, and joining hands together, danced around him, singing a chorus. To be sure, the garland was made of news papers, the singers were street Arab-ones, and their song was of the sort that is sold for a nickle. But, on the other hand, the recipient of the testimonial did not make a fool of himself, as recipients usually do; and this circumstance alone redeemed the occasion from the common-place. In several places in Brooklyn a cast-iron figure of a young African is set up by the curb-stone as a hitching-post. It is very life-like; and a friend tells us that, at least a half a mile away from his residence, one of these figures is a focus of attraction for children, and its power extends to distances, so that when his own little ones are missing from home, the first place to search for them is the corner, where they go "to shake hands with the nigger-boy"—a fraternization on the part of Young America elsewhere rare enough.

[The City.

Arbor Day.

At the last meeting of the Nebraska State Board of agriculture, held at Lincoln, January 3, 1872, the following, among other resolutions, were adopted:

Resolved, That Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1872, be, and the same is hereby especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in the State of Nebraska, and the State Board of Agriculture hereby name it "ARBOR DAY," and urge upon the people of the State the vital importance of tree planting, hereby offer a *"special premium"* of *one hundred dollars* to the County Agricultural Society of that county in Nebraska which shall upon *that day* plant, properly, the largest number of trees, and a *Farm Library* of *twenty-five dollars* worth of books to that person who on that day shall plant properly in Nebraska the greatest number of trees.

Resolved, That the newspapers of this State be requested by the State Board of Agriculture, to keep the resolution in regard to an *Anniversary Day*, for tree planting, standing in their columns until April 10th, next, and call the especial attention of the people to the importance of the matter from time to time.

PROSODY.

The following rhymed rebuke of common errors in pronunciation conveys some useful hints:

There was a Girl, and she was fair to see,
Whose classic 'nomen was Eurydice;
As full of mischief, like to most young ladies,
Sometimes raising Cain, and sometimes Hades.
This smiling beauty, though she gained eclat,
To use hyperbole, concealed a claw.
A flirt she was—and thought no sin to be—
Though driving lovers into syncope.
She flattered some, though always "sine die,"
Until they were all crowned with misery.
She danced and waltzed, until quite sick was she,
(Her Goddess was Terpsichore);
But soon got well and eat her hominy.
With all the tragic airs of great Melpomeñe,
Her mind sometimes on Jupiter and Io,
Would dwell—mixed up with Virgo and with Leo;
Her favorite book was Don Quixote,
Although prone to think him rough and haughty,
Still from her lips, to hear a diatribe,
Was worth the world, and all the rest beside.

A maid she had; fat, fair and fancy free,
Rejoicing in the name, Euphrosyne;
This demoiselle thought herself a Phryne,
Though her mistress called her "stupid ninny,"
Her favorite author was Dumas Fils—
(Each well-thumbed work was spotted o'er with grease),
And then she owned a small epitome
Of ancient Rome, which was a sight to see.
She knew but little of Professor Blot,
Her cooking was indifferently slow.
But her chief care was of the household Lares,
Round which she bustle, like a hundred fairies.
In short, take her all in all, it was plain to see
She [illegible] Juno more than Niobe.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
How best to imitate Calliope.
While her fair [illegible]
[illegible]
And helped, their [illegible]
[illegible] connected with "the ring,"
Eurydice, farewell! and you too, fair Euphrosyne!
Forgive us that we use your names to air our [illegible].

The Humors of the Far West.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes as follows from New Mexico:

Like all countries beyond civilization, the low value on human life is at first startling, but one gets used to hearing over his morning coffee, of some horror, with a tranquility excelled only by the natives; it becomes merely an every day item to know that the Apaches have murdered a few miserable Mexican shepherds, or that somebody had shot his neighbor in the plaza at Los Vegas; the little statement that

"Walker at Murphy's blew a hole through Peters,
For telling him he lied,
Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos
Across the Long Divide,"

is no fiction, and there is occasionally enacted the drama of Bret Harte's other comprehensive lines:

"Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?
Busted himself in White Pine,
And blew out his brains down in 'Frisco.'"

Another curious thing in frontier life is the expensive slang which becomes universal. "I will not fall into these barbarisms of speech," said the proper member of our party, "why will folks speak of a man's living on the 'picket wire' when it is as easy to say Purgatoire, call a creek 'crick,' and speak of everything they possess, from diseased lungs to a wagon train, as an 'outfit'?" To which cosmopolitan reprovingly replied, "Always be patient with the weakness of foreign lands like this; ever since the day when the snuff dipping Arkansas female asked me, across the steamboat table, to pass 'them cheese and them molasses,' I have hesitated at nothing. I would even engage to speak of my fellow men as 'panning out A 1,' or say he is 'well heeled,' (armed), or call whiskey 'red eye' or 'kill-me quick,' or settle a man's claim to shiftlessness with 'hadn't no savey,' or talk of a man's 'slinging a gay harness' (well dressed), you bet!" with which philosophy ended our attempt to shun the phrases in common use.