

HESPERIAN STUDENT.

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MISS GRACE E. BENTON, { Associates.
LUTHER KULLMAN, }

Physical Exercise.

It is an undeniable fact that brain work is dependent, to a very great extent, on the physical condition of the individual. We cannot have a strong intellect with a weak and sickly body; hence it is our duty not to exert ourselves mentally, without an adequate amount of physical exercise. For the use of students many suggestions are offered: as for instance daily walking in the open air, jumping, ball playing, &c., which are very well. But for us the better plan of fitting up a Gymnasium suggests itself. There are appropriated for that purpose several large and commodious rooms in the fourth story, and all that is now needed is to furnish them. Then our students can have a place where, not only as in walking, the feet are exercised, but also every muscle of the body. The expense of this would be but nominal, while its results would be beneficial to us all.

We have noticed several thin and pale faced students sitting in our Library, spending all their spare moments there, and although we would, by no means disapprove of their preference for sedentary labor, yet the same time spent in physical exercise, or in a gymnasium, would be more healthful.

There are scores of the best students in our land who graduate with high honors, leave college mere physical wrecks. Such accomplish but little in after life. Yet it is not the continual brain work that is detrimental to physical health. All the recreation required by the mind is diversity of thought. There is no danger of the student thinking too much, nor studying too hard—a theory advanced by many,—so long as he takes physical exercise, but when the brain-work increases to that extent that the physical nature is neglected, then the student, in violating the fundamental laws of nature, must suffer the consequences.

If he would have a keen intellect, not only must he be mindful of the general laws that govern the body, but he should be very careful not to engage in such enjoyments as weaken it: for that which has a tendency in this direction, must have a detrimental effect on the mind. Many, while attending college, study so hard that their physical power becomes impaired and they are compelled to go away to recruit. A better remedy would be to take several more studies, cease late conversing at night, and forego the pleasure of spending a few hours recreation daily in the Billiard Hall, devoting a closer attention to the laws of health. Many students are continually complaining of a dull head ache and morbid disposition, which could be easily avoided by being closer students of themselves.

The prevalent folly of many is, to become a scholar too easily. There are those who

leave the farm and active life, to seek an education. They at once sit down closely to study, and being accustomed to daily exercise, in sedentary pursuits the wheels of life become clogged, and for succeeding years they struggle against disease acquired by change of habit, at last to be overcome when in the midst of the brightest prospects of usefulness. Then would not a thorough knowledge of physiology be of incalculable worth to the students of our University and all engaged in literary pursuits?

WHERE THE MEN COME FROM.

In tracing the history of our most eminent men, it has often been a subject of wonder to me that so few of them are graduates of Yale and Harvard. They seem to come, almost always, from colleges of lesser pretension. Yet all the while, Yale and Harvard are pouring forth hundreds of graduates year by year, to sink to the common level and be led and fed by men more happily moulded.

This is so even for New England. We have only to cite the names of its great men, and at once Bowdoin, Brown, Amherst, and the less known colleges come into view. Yale and Harvard have hardly had the honor of sending forth a single representative of the highest class, in any department of thought or action. Their part is at best but second rate. Let us see!

The greatest of New England's statesmen and lawyers, is Daniel Webster, a graduate of Dartmouth. Her most successful recent politician was Franklin Pierce, a graduate of Bowdoin, as was also Nathaniel Hawthorn, her greatest novelist, and Longfellow, her principal poet—unless Whittier, who graduated on a farm, may dispute the right to that place. Henry Ward Beecher, who is certainly representative of the disintegrated Puritanism of to-day, is of Amherst. General Burnside, New England's most conspicuous military name, of course, of West Point. Gen. Garfield is of Williams. Senator Sprague, the representative of cultivated New England property men, is of Brown. In the department of magazine literature, Scribner's monthly is under the conduct of Dr. Holland, a graduate of Amherst.

These are, most indisputably, the men we first think of when we turn to New England. There are others of inferior rank, *tum vulgus*, who subsequently come into view; but their position is by no means equal to that of the persons we have indicated. Moreover, they are from all quarters and all colleges.

Quite a number of names connected with Harvard, have recently emerged into temporary prominence, by contributions to Boston Magazines. But few of them are entitled to more than passing notice, and twenty-five years will sweep away all remembrance of Higginson, Spofford, *et id omne genus*, as remorselessly as an equal space of time carries down into the whirlpool of nothingness, the thousand and one contributors to the thousand and one Magazines of Europe.

If we look outside of New England to the statesmen of national reputation, we shall find Charles Sumner the only living man of much force from Harvard. Wm. H. Seward is of Union; Chief Justice Chase of Dartmouth; Hamilton Fish (we think) of

Columbia, and the rest from colleges of the same grade.

Of those who are dead, Jefferson was of William and Mary; Madison of Princeton; Hamilton of Columbia; Benton of Chapel Hill, N. C.; Buchanan and Taney of Dickenson; John C. Calhoun, though of Yale, was anything but representative of Yale spirit and traditions.

In the West, for many years, we have heard much of the pretensions of Michigan University. It is a great *caravanserai* with about 1100 students. Yet the same that has been said of Yale and Harvard, applies to Michigan, only more so. We have never learned the name of a single graduate of that institution, by reason of anything he has done; although it has been graduating men for more than thirty years. Where they all are we cannot guess. They are certainly very quiet. But it is a most noticeable fact, and one in perfect keeping with our theory, that the only literary man of much note ever graduated in the state of Michigan—Will M. Carlton—is not of Michigan University, but of the comparatively unknown college at Hillsdale.

In our own Nebraska the rule is the same as everywhere else. Of the college graduates who have a state reputation, Hitchcock is of Williams; Poppleton, of Union; Woolworth, of Hamilton; Bp. Clarkson, of Pennsylvania college; Chancellor Benton, of Bethany; George B. Lake, of Oberlin; Sterling Morton, of Union; Prof. McKenzie, of Union; Gere (of the *State Journal*), of Dickinson; &c., &c. No Yale! No Harvard! Not even any Michigan!

There must be a reason for all this. What is it?

It seems to me to reside in the fact that Yale, Harvard and the great academy known as Michigan, are totally destitute of *esprit du corps*. They have not that intense and peculiar atmosphere that feeds every student's thought in the same way. They are diffusive. They are permissive. Their Faculties are not harmonious. Some are christian, some are semi-christian, and others are downright heathen. Some are loud in professing that classical influences should prevail; others scientific. Some advocate spiritual culture as a necessary attendant of intellectual, and others would debar it. The student fails to receive that unity of education that makes him strong. He gets, in most instances, no particular direction of thought. His habits of life and action are neglected. He comes up like a weed, in all things except the one hobby which he elects for special study.

A very different state of things prevails in the splendid well-established colleges of less reputation. As a rule, the Faculties are orthodox. As a rule, they insist on the superiority of classical education. They believe in the necessity of moral, or spiritual cultivation. The very atmosphere about them palpitates with Greek-Christian influences. The student is trained quite as much by his surroundings, as by direct tuition. He comes out, at last, a tolerably harmonious whole, who, despite some vacillation, will act with consistent judgment and aim.

If any men are qualified to succeed, it is those trained by the less-known colleges of the east. And the fact is, they occupy most of the pulpits, judicial seats, editors' sanctums, professorial chairs, and other places worth having, all over the country.

Harvard, Yale, Michigan, and all Western Universities, are rather academies than colleges. A large proportion of their students enter for partial courses. A little algebra and geometry, a morsel of French and German, a trifle of botany and book-keeping, and then some sort of a degree! The graduates of these institutions are numbered by thousands: their scholars by tens. Mere academic influences play about them from first to last.

This is not so with the other colleges of the country. The students who enter them, expect, in most instances, to graduate in the full course. Their classes are always solid, consistent, unified. They admit of no short-cuts to a degree. They are colleges in the best sense of the term, and not academies.

In moulding the future of our State University, it will be well to bear in mind what it is that makes men, rather than what swells numbers. Numbers are desirable, but it seems to me that a pervasive christian-classical influence is more so.

Prof. Manly once observed to me, that he had noticed that different Faculties, at different times, in the same institution, mould very different men. This is only another statement of the matter under discussion. The influences that flow out from the Faculty will vary with their notions, and will give tone and body to the work of any college. But, after all, a college may sometimes be so fixed in its character, as to require much time to remove it from its settled policy. o. c. d.

The Best Parody Ever Written.

I believe the subjoined parody of Mrs. Heman's *Cassabianca* the best ever written. It is ever a truer picture of nature, and certainly more laughable, than such original doggerel as Bret Harte's *Heathen Chinee*. It has had a run scarcely, if at all, inferior to the California piece. Doubtless "everybody" has seen it.

I should like to know the name of its "artist." The man who invented it is an original genius. He may never do as well again, but for once he has distanced all parodists. His one effusion, like Wolf's *Burial of Sir John Moore*, will doubtless go down to the ages. It will stick in almost every scrapbook, and frequently come forth for a fresh run in the newspapers. And if such be its probable destiny, we ought to have its author's name:

THE MULE THAT STOOD ON A STEAMBOAT DECK.

The mule stood on a Steamboat deck,
The land he would not tread;
They pulled the halter round his neck
And cracked him o'er the head.

Yet firm and steadfast there he stood,
As though formed for to rule;
A critter of heroic blood
Was that there cussed mule.

They cursed and swore—he would not go,
Until he felt inclined;
And though they showered blow on blow,
He would not change his mind.

The deck hand to the shore then cried,
"This here mule's bound to stay,"
And still upon the critter's hide
With lash they fired away.

His master from the shore replied—
"The boat's about to sail,
And every other means you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail!"

"It's likely that will make him land,"
The deck man brave though pale
Approached him with outstretched hand,
To twist that there mule's tail.

There came a sudden kick behind!
The man—oh! where was he?
Ask of the softly blowing wind,
The fishes in the sea!

For a moment there was not a sound,
As that mule winked his eye,
As though to ask of those around,
"Now how is that for high?"

"Cut that there mule's throat right away,"
The captain did command;
But the noblest critter killed that day,
Was the fearless, brave deck hand.