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(For the Hesperian Student.)

Platonic Love.

A COMMON MAN'S UNPHILOSOPHIC VIEW.

1
Mister Taylor had a woman!
But a bitter pill
Mister Taylor had to swallow,
For another chap would follow
Mrs. Taylor; and his name was Stuart Mill.

2
Mill and Mrs. Taylor studied
Books and things together,
And they rode, and walked, and wandered,
Goosy-goosed and goosy-gandered—
Like two birds of sentimental feather.

3
And when Taylor grew suspicious,
When he wept and prayed,
When he talked about his children
To their mother, quite bewildered
Was the philosophic answer that she made.

4
For, she said, 'twas all platonic—
What she did with Mill;
That she never sighed, nor fluttered,
Nor a word of fondness uttered;
And was much surprised that Taylor took it ill.

5
Mill, too, said it was platonic—
All the rides and walks;
All the partings and the meetings;
All the long and late secretings
Over books; and all the touches and the talks.

6
But, at length, when years had finished
Thus, their sad delay,
When the scoldings met by reasons,
And the half-transparent treasons
Had their course, the soul of Taylor passed
away.

7
Then the pair of love platonic
Saw each other's charms—
For the first time felt the passion
That with common folks is fashion,
And they rushed into each other's open arms.

8
All their schooling could not hinder!
All philosophy
Had not weaned the sexual longing
From the ends thereto belonging
Any more than in the people that we see.

9
What d'ye think? Is love platonic
So unlike the rest?
Have you never known a woman
Fly so high, and be so human,
As at last to fall, and sell her tender breast?

10
Have you never known a fellow,
Full of pith and plan,
To be hankering-for and teasing,
To be following and pleasing
Any pretty wife, of any other man?

11
May be not! but I have! Truly,
Many a time and oft,
I have felt the world is rotten,
And some things are giv'n and gotten,
That, a husband to endure, is rather soft.

12
Passive love is not the purpose
Of a sexual life!
If a Mill be sometimes proper,
Doer a woman always stop her
Gush of feeling? What about the Taylor wife?

13
What about that fragile woman
Of a faithless will?
What was she forever dreaming
Of her lover? Was she scheming
How to cheat her husband and be kind to Mill?

14
Surely she who slyly wanders
Must be fain to please!
Likewise, he who follows, longing,
Heeds not whom his act is wronging
Any more'n a rat that nibbles at a cheese.

15

So, I say, if Mister Taylor
Had been better bred,
He had acted like a human,
He had put his away woman,
Or had broke the ardent Mill's intrusive head.
O. C. DAKE.

Agassiz.

In the necrology of the past year no name is more illustrious than that of Agassiz. His is a fame cherished on two continents as the heritage of both. He was peculiarly cosmopolitan. Like science, to which he consecrated his being, he could belong exclusively to no one country. Hence his death has touched with unstimulated sorrow the hearts of men, wherever science has sped on her mission of human culture and progress. For students, therefore, it is especially fitting to commemorate the excellencies of this colossal genius, who has done so much to glorify the office of the teacher and to illustrate the methods of the true scholar.

In his physical and mental endowments he was peculiarly fortunate. Sprung from a French Swiss ancestry, he inherited a tough elastic frame, with such a temperament and qualities of mind as made him *facile princeps* among the intellectual giants of his time. Added to the splendor of his natural gifts, he had acquired those pleasing graces of manner, which made him irresistibly attractive. These qualities admirably fitted him for the herculean labors in science that he was to undergo, and for swaying the hearts of men whose aid and cooperation he would need. That he was able to accomplish so much was due largely to his grand vital force, which smoothed away all obstacles.

With this splendid temperament of vivacity and intellectual strength it was necessary to him to be *original*. As an investigator he could not yield his mind to the guidance of others. His impulse was to strike out into new and untried paths. To see for himself and to see things as they are in their order and relations was a necessity of his nature. This tendency gave to his life a profound reality and an intensity of conviction that rarely falls to the lot of any one. As an instructor also he had a profound contempt for mere textbook instruction. Such second hand dilutions fell so much below his ideal of all correct instruction that he advised his students to leave their books behind, when they would come to his school at Penikese. Like the celebrated John Hunter, whose researches in physiological science were marvelous, when asked where was his library, replied, pointing to his dissections, "these are my library;" so Agassiz could say, pointing to fish, insect and bird, these are my library.

His life was also characterized by almost preternatural intensity. It is praiseworthy to think and act with intensity, but when prolonged at the expense of a shortened life, and unaccomplished work it cannot be justified or commended for imitation. The breaking down of his splendid physical powers, when only

slightly past the *climacteric* of life, is proof of his unflagging intensity of work. Men of this temperament seem to be under the spell of an irresistible destiny, driven by some unseen force akin to the mythic Fate. They do, because they *must* do.

The intensity of his conviction did not however make him one-sided or incapable of careful discrimination. Because he possessed this nice balance of mind, he was free from the fanaticism of science which insists on protoplasmic theories, and Darwinian derivations for the human race to be already as good as proved. Science is certitude, and all beyond is beyond the domain of beliefs. Agassiz happily escaped those hasty and unground generalizations, which if they have made others famous, it is by bold hypotheses that cannot be verified and by specious theories incapable of proof.

The ideal of his life was of a lofty kind. In this utilitarian and gainful age it is simply marvelous. Few things, I judge, have attracted to him more the American heart than his entire self-forgetfulness and disinterestedness in the pursuit of his favorite studies. Carried away by his contagious enthusiasm, men of wealth pour out their money to aid him, and the whole Commonwealth rally to second him in his scientific investigations. For the sake of science, and science for her own sake, expensive expeditions, to foreign lands are fitted out, that nothing may be wanting to this disinterested worker. He draws all men to his side, by his heroism in the cause of science, and by keeping true to his noble ideal of work. To him "life was more than meat, the body more than raiment." He never yielded to the temptation to offer his intellectual gifts in the market-place. Here is a man who has no price; who has no time to make money.

The reverence of this gifted man is as noticeable as his intellectual force. None of us will soon forget that beautiful simplicity of worship which inaugurated the work at Penikese, when all following his example bowed their heads in silent prayer to that Eternal Power whose works they had met to explore. Like Newton and Bacon he recognized the Divine hand and mind in all the works of nature, and to him was given "to understand mysteries that had been kept hid from the foundation of the world."

This profound reverence for God made him the strenuous opposer of Darwinism. Nearly forty years ago he wrote, when developing a new system of classification of fishes, "Have we not here an immense mind, as powerful as prolific; the acts of an intelligence as sublime as provident; the marks of goodness as infinite as wise; the most palpable demonstration of the existence of a personal God, the author of all things, ruler of the Universe and dispenser of all good? This at least is what I read in the works of creation." It is refreshing in this age of tumultuous opinions and tendencies to Atheism to find this eminent devotee of science, so hearty and

firm in the faith of a personal God the creator and giver of every good gift. Nor perchance is it too much to say, that his latest intellectual work on earth was undertaken no less to defend the integrity of this theological truth than in the interest of scientific truth.

His life in its varied aspects is rich in instruction to all, but to none more than to the scholar, and teacher, on both of whose labors, his example has shed an imperishable lustre.
A. R. B.

Nervous Impressions.

The chief difference between the animal and vegetable organization is the nervous system, which is the crowning element of creation. The perfection of which, in any being places that creature at the very head of the race. This is the key that unlocks the door that opens into the temple of mind and thought. This, the finishing stroke of that Artist who said, "I have created man in mine own image." This last touch from the finger of God has made man capable of receiving instruction, cultivation, and given to him the power of imparting the same to his fellows. It is through impressions upon the nervous system that mind is formed; for the minds of men are nothing more than the powers by which they compare the different impressions made upon the nervous system.

The minds of brutes are very imperfect; because their nervous organizations are also imperfect. A man, if you can imagine such a creature, who has always been blind, deaf, dumb, and lost to the senses of touch and smell, can have no mind. He is void of reason, judgment, and every quality that makes man, man or mind, mind. A child that has never received an impression from external nature, has no mind—a perfect clam—and in proportion as its nervous system is more perfect, and the number of impressions created, so will its mind be strengthened. Some children have better developed brain than others, and are always more intelligent. But the brain is the center of the nervous system, and of course, then, their nervous systems are more perfect.

A great and beautiful principle, bespeaking at once the wisdom and power of the Creator, is that no two minds are alike and consequently no two spirits are alike. Because no two men have the nervous system perfected to the same degree, and no two men have ever received the same impressions throughout life. Thus, evil men subject themselves to evil impressions and good men are directed by those of the opposite character; and as the impressions upon the nervous systems of good men are purer, their minds are purer and their spirits are purer also.

Nature takes many and varied steps before she grasps perfection; and though all these steps, in like species, have the same office, yet they are as vastly different as the creatures they form.

Man in some respects, I mean in respect to the changes and steps toward perfec-