

only not varnished with quite so fine a polish.

The present Legislature is just entering upon its work. We are unable to say what they can or will do. But without intending to flatter that august body, we will say that appearances are in their favor. The majority of the members are young men who seem gifted with an average share of intelligence and *vim*.

As we scan their countenances we observe the evidences of more culture than heretofore. We like young men—we are a young man ourself—old men, too, for that matter; but we are a grasping, dashing, impetuous state, plunging ahead, not "with progressive strides," but at a hand-gallop; (By the way, our galloping, in the way of enticing and rushing in emigrants, and running into debt to build railroads and school houses, has come pretty near breaking the western end of our precious neck.) Therefore, to meet the emergency, we must not only have thinking men, but those imbued with a little of the spirit of "young America" to keep up sufficient steam to prevent the people from running ahead of the State, and yet sustain the pressure.

We do not know what the present Legislature will accomplish, but we do know that never in our history have there been so many duties of vital importance to perform. This Legislature has an opportunity to immortalize itself. A man must be chosen to represent the State in our national councils; our finances require grave legislation; important measures for improving our Common School System must be considered; the University and the State Normal School must be looked after; besides all this, starvation must be driven from the very doors of ten thousand sufferers, and new confidence in Nebraska's resources inspired in the minds of the people at home and abroad. Surely no legislative body in the States has greater responsibilities, or more imperative incentives to action. The mind could not wish grander themes for earnest thought, nor the heart more stirring appeals for eloquence. We are willing to trust the present legislation. We are orthodox and faith comes easy to us.

#### THE CENTENNIAL.

We have before us the circulars of the Bureau of Education relative to the International Centennial Exhibition to be held in Philadelphia from April 19th to October 19th, 1876. The main building in which this great exposition is to take place is 1880 feet in length, and 464 feet in breadth. The foundations consists of piers of masonry; the superstructure of wrought iron columns, which support wrought iron roof trusses. Grand preparations are being made by every department of the general government, and also by the state governments, to make this exhibition worthy of the occasion. Never before has the world been called upon to celebrate the anniversary of so great an event. The victories and successes which have produced the gorgeous triumphs of kings and conquerors sink into insignificance when compared with the birth of American liberty. Let us then show the Old World on this occasion that we have reached our full majority and mean to take our lawful seat at the head of nations. Let the evidences of our mighty resources, the specimens of our genius, our intellectual progress, our art, manufactures and commerce, astonish the denizens of the East,

and make them open their eyes with wonder. We can do it if we try.

Shall Nebraska be ignored in this grand jubilee? No State will have more reason to rejoice, and feel self-complaisant than ours. It will be the anniversary of our nation's hundredth birthday: many states have been adding to their wealth, power and greatness, for nearly half a century, and right gloriously do the results bear testimony. But Nebraska has lived and achieved for only eight years, and for scarcely a decade have her beautiful prairies been wrested from the desert, and the hand of the red man. Let us then make a display, not that will make our elder sisters blush, but that will make them look upon us with sisterly love, and fond admiration. Let our University be represented there. It is now time for the authorities to be looking around, in order to prepare something that will do us honor. Our material interests and resources will be well represented never fear. Let our educational progress also be represented.

Let drawings and sketches of our school houses, our academies, our Normal School and University, find a place in the Art Gallery. Let elaborate statements, reports and histories of all that we have accomplished in the intellectual life of our State be forwarded to Philadelphia.

We are young as a State, but let us have assurance and "cheek" sufficient to claim our due share of the honors, and shout our full share of rejoicing. Let us play Young America a little. The name becomes us well.

#### AN INCIDENT.

While strolling along one of the streets of this city a few weeks ago, we witnessed a little incident that left a deep impression on our mind. It was one of those chance occurrences that momentarily snatch away the veil from the inner sanctuary of the heart's temple, and reveal it to us naked and undisguised. Very frequently we may learn in this manner that the emotions and the affections which warm the bosom even of the most lowly and despised are as noble and ingenuous as those which struggle in the hearts of queens and princes.

It was one of those lowering days when the chill October wind sobs and mourns through the streets, and the cold, penetrating, drizzling rain makes one feel spitefully miserable and out of sorts, and venomous toward everybody. This day we were unusually cynical, even for us. We invoked mental anathemas upon all mankind. We complained that the world was utterly heartless—that there remained no generous passions in the hearts of men.

Soon we found ourselves pausing at the corner of one of our large business houses, in whose shelter stood a poor son and daughter of Erin. They belonged to the most humble ranks. The man was a common repair hand on one of our railroads; his wife a washerwoman. He was about to seek new employment, to be gone several months. He had nothing to leave for his wife's sustenance, except what she herself possessed—a hand willing to work, and a heart with fortitude to sustain her. She named over her little store of provisions and mentioned the prospects for work, assuring her husband, while a smile of affection overspread her wrinkled features, that "ye'll not have any fear for me; I'll not be sufferin' for onything." When they parted there was no dramatic display of grief; no profusion of elegant affection. He took her hand awkwardly as a school

boy, yet very tenderly, and said, "Bless ye, me darlin', good by." And she said, as a tear rolled down either worn cheek, "Take care o' yerself, Jimmie."

Ah! what a world of womanly tenderness and enduring faith were expressed in that homely adieu, "Take care o' yerself, Jimmie!" And we thought, can it be that only the gentle and favored of fortune possess unselfish affections and generous motives? This poor woman has a heart more firm and more faithful than the haughty daughter of Fortune. This despised laborer has affections as tender, and a heart more true than many a proud son of gentle blood!

Pause before you denounce the whole world as selfish. Start out to-morrow. Watch carefully the scenes passing around you. Make up your mind that you will like humanity, and I think, with me, you will say "Each day brings new assurance that others are less selfish than I."

The world uses most of us better than we use ourselves or it.

Be not too hasty to judge. Here is a man who, you say, has no motive but self; he is cold, imperious, and devoid of a tender or generous passion. Have you ever seen him tried? You have never dreamed what a wealth of affection, what gentle emotions, what noble impulses, are hidden beneath that cold and passive exterior. The man or the woman of the finest feelings and the most royal nature does not often draw aside the curtain of his heart—his "Holy of Holies" to gratify the idle curiosity of the world.

Yet unlike the ancient shrine of Jehovah, none so humble, if truly worthy, that may not enter there and find untold wealth and peace.

#### CRITIQUES AND CRITICISMS.

The *Denison Collegian* has a good opening article on "A False Maxim," but what *was* the matter with "Omicron"—was he in love?

The *Niagara Index* asks, "How do we look on tinted paper?" We are constrained to reply, "Very well, indeed!" The *Index* is one of the spiciest papers we receive and contains some well written articles.

We would like to say something in favor of this same *Dalhousie Gazette* but if it will persist in inserting in its columns such miserable attempts at poetry and such dry disquisitions on uninteresting subjects as it does we must give it up in despair. "A Few Words about Nature" is the only readable article and the author of that is too prejudiced to view the other side fairly.

We must confess that we expected more from Hillsdale College than we find in the *Crescent*. The typographical work is nearly faultless and the matter is well arranged but the articles are too short. The only poem which it contains is a beautiful piece of word painting and the metre is almost perfect, which is more than can be said of most college poetry. The article on "Co-Discipline" is good and an example of the fact that "there's many a true word spoken in jest." We have an idea that the author of "Free Thought" is young, and have no doubt that when he grows older he will not "pitch in" quite so extensively but will take things a little more moderately and charitably. Free thinkers are not all such dreadful creatures.

We do not agree entirely with the editor in his conception of a college paper. It ought to be the exponent of the *thought* of a College, not of the *gossip*. Locals, items of news, notes, &c. are interesting and amusing, of course, but it is hardly worth while to carry on a periodical for their sake, or even to make them a principal part of the paper.

The *Olio* is also engaged in the discussion of the question of Compulsory Church Attendance. Why do not some of our college papers carry on a regular discussion of some such question among themselves? There can *something* be said in opposition to every position taken on every subject and there are many things that might be written up in a series of articles between two or more papers.

The *Lawrence Collegian* always has plenty of "fun" in its pages. Most too much of it, perhaps, for a model College journal. There is a lack of solid reading matter such as we naturally expect to find in a paper of its size. This number contains an article on the German School System which gives some interesting information. Ye editor bids adieu to '74 in "new departure" from the usual style. We agree with him when he says "he will promise next year to do better, if the year will do the same." The *tepidus Notus* that sweeps over Nebraska prairies is hardly conducive to the highest moral development.

The *College Olio* opens with a good article on "Independence," from which we extract a few pregnant sentences.

A man of character "wishes his conduct to coincide with people's ideas of right, but he does what he thinks is right, if he does not meet with approbation."

"The true man thinks and arranges, and when all points are well prepared puts them forth."

"Independence is strength without violence; is the fitting of one's self to circumstances, and not permitting them to run away with him. It is a character in love with itself sufficiently to be fitted to move in life as if fitted to its sphere."

The *High School* for January is among the first received of our exchanges. If we might be allowed to criticize anything that comes from Omaha, we would suggest to the writer of the leading article that the address "Mr. Editor" and the introduction which follows is not exactly appropriate in the style of writing which she uses. If she were a correspondent of the paper, writing upon persons and things, such a beginning would be admissible, but is in bad taste in any other case. The editorial on the "Real Cause," has hardly, to our ears, the right ring. To "applaud the action of the plucky southern belles," shows quite as low a standard of manhood as of the womanhood which was evidenced by the fifty New Orleans girls who left their High School because colored pupils were admitted to the class. Talk about the impossibility of "suppressing our natural convictions" as much as you may, the fact still remains that in order to aid the upward development of the world these "natural convictions," if natural they be, *must* be suppressed—or what is better—worn away. The least of actions has its influence. We will have to be educated up to an appreciation of the truth that we must get ourselves, our prejudices and our convictions out of the way of the march of the race and not re-