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Scraps from my Note Book.

XII.

HAVE BEASTS SOULS?

I have often pondered over the passage in Ecclesiastes III., 21, which runs thus: "Who knoweth the *spirit* of man that goeth upward, and the *spirit* of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" In the original, the word translated "spirit" is the same in both uses; thus seeming to recognize an immortal principle in the beast, though of an inferior destiny, since it "goeth downward". We are told of a "new heaven and a new earth," that are yet to be. It is not impossible that the "celestial" resurrection body of the man who comes out fairly from the Day of Judgement may be fitted both for the "new heaven and the new earth;" and that the "terrestrial" resurrection body of the beast may be suited to the "new earth" alone; but that the beast that has been faithful to its part, like the man who has been faithful to his part, will enter upon an improved condition seems to me far from improbable. I am strengthened in this conclusion by the fact that St. Paul (I Cor. XV., 39 & 40,) descants about the various kinds of flesh; as of men, of beasts, of fishes, and of birds; and straightway, and as it might be consequentially, informs us of divine bodies, the "celestial," and the "terrestrial."

John Wesley has a sermon in support of the doctrine of the future life of beasts. He supposes that while men advance to the condition of angels, beasts may come up to something near our present condition;—yet not by Evolution and Natural Selection, but by the grace of God.

XIII.

LYRIC POETRY.

If lyric poetry do not possess the element of music in form and sound, it is of little consequence that its thought be just and beautiful. Not that sense is ever to be sacrificed to sound; but that measured sound is never to be lost sight of. Prosy lyrics might better take the form of prose at once.

European lyrical poetry (not Asiatic) has so sweet a ring of its own, that no one needs understand the language in which it is written to feel the spell of its illapse. Here, for example, is a fragment of an old German song, which I find in a book about Nuremberg:

Wenn einer Deutschland kennen
Und Deutschland lieben soll,
Wird man ihm Nuremberg nennen
Der Edlen Kunste voll;
Der nimmermehr veralte
Der treue, fleiss'ge Stadt,
Wo Durers Kraft gewaltet
Und Sachs gesungen hat."

Nobody, although he may not comprehend a word of German, needs be told that this is part of a lyrical poem. The stanza cannot be read so badly as to destroy its metrical cadences. Its flow is like that of a swift brook, that comes dashing out from the hills to inspirit the meadows and break the monotony of their existence.

Equally lyrical, and equally impossible to confound with prose, are the following

stanzas by Adam of St. Victor, from Abp. Trench's collection of Medieval "Sacred Latin Poetry:—"

"Oh, quam felix, quam praeclara
Fuit haec salubris ara,
Rubens Agni sanguine,
Agni sine macula,
Qui mundavit saecula
Ab antiquo crimine!"

and again,

"Illos per his binis
Visio divina
Signat animalia;
A quibusdam visa,
Formis tunc divisa,
Gestu sed aequalia, etc."

It will be noticed that the Latin poets of the Mediaeval time forsook the outrageous ancient method of versifying by quantity, and adopted, and taught modern writers the use of, accentual versification. The gain to the music of the verse was infinite; for the music of accent can be immediately felt by everyone, but it requires elaborate training to appreciate quantified verse, and *very* elaborate training to write it. Among all the Oxford and Cambridge writers of Latin verse, not one in a dozen can quantify music; and what, in that respect, is not done at Oxford and Cambridge is hardly worth mentioning. Vincent Bourne has perhaps had no equal; while Milton, Cowper, Gray, Heber, Milman, Macaulay, etc., may well be supposed to have surpassed all continental writers of inferior genius who have tried their hands at quantified versification.

The accentual system of Latin versification may probably teach us the true pronunciation of Latin words.

XIV.

FARMING.

Said an Englishman, "There is no occupation so independent as Farming; you can just lie in bed and know that your crops are growing."

Ah, if this were so; if lying in bed and knowing that our crops are growing were the very essence of farming, would we not all be farmers? Alas, that the Englishman was so far from the truth! Alas, that farming and everything else costs so much of positive hard labor! Alas, that there is no excuse from the curse "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread!"

XV.

AN UNEVEN NUMBER OF STAIRS.

In his "Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic," Paton says, in speaking of that part of the Palace of Diocletian, that was used as a temple of Jupiter, "A lofty octagon was ascended by a stair of *fifteen* steps; an uneven number being generally used in the temples of the ancients, that, beginning to move with the *right* foot, they might of course, place it first upon the uppermost step in order to enter the temple; a form which was accounted respectful in approaching the Deity."

Our University entrance steps are 13—an uneven number. An ancient architect would probably have avoided making anything 13, for 13 is the most fatal of all numbers. In Scripture Chronology it is the equivalent of Schism, Revolt, Apostasy; and enters into the names of Peleg, Ishmael, and

whoever else was a begetter of variance and hatred.

XVI.

AESTHETICAL USES OF RICH MEN.

In his delightful poem, "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith says

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

This is emphatically true; a bold, loyal yeomanry are the solid foundation of a nation; and it behooves the rich and great to see to it that they are not oppressed and destroyed by taxes, rent-charge, and snap-laws in favor of judgement-creditors.

But while the yeomanry are the body and limbs of a nation, its head and nervous system are the men of thought and the men of wealth. Besides, as Alexander Smith says of "great seats and great lords," they "provide food for the imagination." It would be a dull, monotonous world, if indeed all men were equal. We require heroes, and heroes residing in princely homes, to stimulate and purify the imagination, to raise our tone above the littlenesses to which we are accustomed, and to incite our efforts to improve upon present circumstances. A rich man may be a very mean man; but the expensive elegance of his state is a beautiful picture hung before the eyes of all his neighbors. Should he add personal worth and family honors to his wealth, the charm of his greatness is universally confessed.

XVII.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Acquaintance with the sea has banished the Maelstrom from our maps. Scylla and Charybdis seem also to have disappeared therefrom. And yet, in his travels in Sicily, F. Brydone, F. R. S., puts down the following: "It was almost a dead calm, our ship scarce moving half a mile in an hour, so that we had time to get a complete view of the famous rock of Scylla, on the Calabrian side, Cape Pylorus on the Sicilian, and the celebrated Straits of the Faro that run between them. Whilst we were some miles distant from the entry of the straits, we heard the roaring of the current, like the noise of some large, impetuous river confined between narrow banks. This increased in proportion as we advanced, till we saw the water in many places raised to a considerable height, and forming large eddies, or whirlpools. The sea in every other place was as smooth as glass. Our old pilot told us that he had often seen ships caught in these eddies, and whirled about with great rapidity, without obeying the helm in the smallest degree. When the weather is calm, there is little danger; but when the waves meet with this violent torrent, it makes a dreadful sea. He says that there were five ships wrecked in this spot last winter. We observed that the current set exactly for the rock of Scylla, and would infallibly have carried any thing thrown into it against that point; so that it was not without reason the ancients have painted it as an object of such terror. It is about a mile from the entry of the Faro, and forms a

small promontory, which runs a little out to sea, and meets the whole force of the waters, as they come out of the narrowest part of the straits. The head of this promontory is the famous Scylla. It must be owned that it does not altogether come up to the formidable description that Homer gives of it; the reading of which (like that of Shakspeare's Cliff) almost makes one's head giddy. Neither is the passage so wondrous narrow and difficult as he makes it. Indeed, it is probable that the breadth of it is greatly increased since his time by the violent impetuosity of the current. And this violence, too, must have always diminished in proportion as the breadth of the channel increased.

Our pilot says there are many small rocks that show their heads near the base of the large ones. These are probably the dogs that they described as howling round the monster Scylla. There are likewise many caverns that add greatly to the noise of the water, and tend still to increase the horror of the scene. The rock is nearly 200 feet high."

XVIII.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The conflict of St. George and the Dragon is an allegory. St. George represents Christianity, and the Dragon the old Pagan religions of the Roman Empire. St. George (Christianity) overcomes the Dragon (Paganism); and yet, the struggle goes on from age to age, and ever must go on, even to the time of the end. O. C. D.

Governments.

Gravina says, "The united strength of individuals constitutes what we call the *body politic*." Montesquieu says, "The government most conformable to nature is that which least agrees with the humor and disposition of the people in whose favor it is established." And thus the learned author would preclude discussion as to the best form, unless it is for some particular clime.

The last named author classifies all governments under three heads, *viz*: Republican, Monarchical and Despotie, and says, "Some think, that nature having established paternal authority, the most natural government is that of a single person." But does the example of paternal authority prove any thing? Suppose the power of a father be relative to a single government, that of the brothers after the death of the father, and that of the cousin-germans after the decease of the brothers, refer to a government of many. A republican form of government is that government in which the body or only a part of the people is possessed of the supreme power; and is divided into two classes as, "when the body of the people is possessed of the supreme power, this is called a *democracy*," and, "when the supreme power is lodged in the hands of a part of the people, it is then an *aristocracy*."

In a democracy the people are in some respects the sovereign, and in others the subjects. In this form it is as important to regulate in what manner, by whom, and concerning what, suffrages are to be given,