

not our purpose to prescribe a course of mental didactics for these faculties; one thing, however, is necessary for their proper cultivation. Let the heart be kept pure, and suffer the mind to contemplate only the good, the beautiful and the true.

A broad scholarship is also necessary for the successful orator. Without an ample fund of varied and classified knowledge all other endowments will be comparatively useless. A super-abundance of words, clothed in all the exuberance of imagination, without knowledge, without a fund of real gold in the bank—is only "a sounding brass," decked in glittering tinsel.

There is one kind of culture upon which we would lay special stress—an extensive acquaintance with the choice literature of both continents, fiction, and, especially, the standard works of advanced thought. To quote well, is an art only learned by experience. To assimilate the thought of others, is not plagiarism. If we can make the thought itself, or the train of ideas produced in us by its suggestion our own, we may legitimately do so. Such treasures are our lawful prizes, by the right of *trover*, or the finder's title, as the ancient lawyer would say.

Says an eminent writer—The one who first quotes a good passage is next to the author. Says another, with still greater emphasis,—A quotation is treated with more respect by us, than when we read the same passage in the original. If used discreetly, good authority adds dignity and weight to the writers individual opinions.

But we must pause. An effort has here been made to trace out faintly the almost limitless province of the extempore orator. It has been seen, that the elements which enter into effective speaking and writing, are rare and difficult to realize; the labor of preparation is arduous; the mental and moral culture, and the fund of knowledge required are almost infinite: but behold the reward is not disproportionate to the merit and the toil! He who succeeds in gaining the admiration of the world, and the blessings of posterity during all time, for his genius and his noble deeds in this exalted vocation, has reached the acme of human greatness! Who has the courage, then, to enter this grand arena, and the fortitude to grasp the victor's laurel wreath? G. E. H.

The *Berkeleyan*, a good paper and sound of mind upon most subjects, will, like all the great, indulge in a little erratic eccentricity occasionally. The June issue of the HESPERIAN leaves the following impression on its susceptible nature: "The grasshoppers haven't got the HESPERIAN STUDENT yet, though we fear they are at work on it, as it appears somewhat behind time and the paper is rather thin. But hold on; perhaps we'd better not say too much as we just notice that the STUDENT'S Reviewer is named Emma etc. Indeed, we feel somewhat like exclaiming with the Detective Bonicault's Snaugran 'Lord, we're a corps;' but it can't be helped now. We will venture to add for the novelty of the thing, that the STUDENT calls its friends G. Hoppers." We thank the merciful interposition of Providence, that "Emma etc" is not here this term. Her finer feminine sensibilities could not have withstood so keen a spasm of wit in the *Berkeleyan*, her favorite. It is as much as our masculine nerves can stand. We feel like replying "Lord, you are a corps;" but "will soon be a *corpse*" if you in-

dulge in such frantic "plays upon words" as you have perpetrated, in the present instance, and in that of our neighbor, the *High School*. You need have no fear, friend *Berkeleyan*, after this, the G. Hoppers will give California a wide berth.

[Continued from third page.]

has justly caught the admiration of all succeeding generations. Yes, indeed, the man of good abilities and finished education, who spends his life in choosing his calling, is very like a careless astronomer, who, having his telescope ever pointed into the heaven, is absent from his post at the important instant, and thus loses the value of all his labors by not turning his instrument upon the star he intended to gaze upon and magnify. Yet the comparison is unfit, since life, in one respect, is more fleeting than a star, and the natural ability and cultivation than a burnished machine. But the opportunities are the same, since they silently yet brightly pass and never return.

As to the expediency of a movement like this, we can only decide by careful reflection, when we consider whether we shall faint or lose time by, or by not, adopting such a course. The experiment would be truly novel, but certainly the more you investigate the matter the more thoroughly will you be persuaded of its worth and practicability. To the observer, our exercises would receive a new impetus from the continual growing interest. Each one would be more prompt upon duty, and fines would be looked upon as diminutive indeed when compared with failures. As to a band of travelers, the very end itself would become a bond of union, and many an evening would we spend, contemplating the fact that for us at least, life should not be a barren one.

But plans are only a part of success. Without diligent and constant labor they are nothing. He who succeeds must contrive well, and toil without tiring. None experience real pleasure, except those who have tasted the fruits of success. Anyone having once obtained a just conception of the reward in store for him who will succeed, will never spare an effort, but work on and on. The pyramid of fame is high, but the steps are firm and true. The question then comes to us, Shall we attempt an ascent or sit down contented to be gazed upon by those who have gone higher? May we cease not to strive until every fibre shall be tried, or until our purpose shall be won. F. M. LAMBERTON.

September 24, 1875.

The Formation of Character.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early, or too late; Our acts our angels are, or good or ill; Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

The formation of character is a matter of vital importance to us all. In the words of the immortal bard of Avon, "Good name in man and woman is the immediate jewel of their souls." Shall we so live as to gain the confidence and respect of those among whom our lot is cast, or shall we make our lives a disgrace to ourselves and the community in which we move? It has been well said, that "a good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the architect who proposes to erect a building—on it he can build with safety.

You behold a large and magnificent palace which has required many days to construct. You have seen the busy workmen, and heard the noise of chisel, and plane, and hammer, and saw. You have been filled with wonder as you saw the huge blocks of marble slowly and carefully raised, each to its place, and the building gradually assume its perfect and massive proportions. You have seen the painters and upholsterers give the finishing touches to the splendid structure, and have almost breathlessly admired the well-rounded pillars, the graceful frieze and cornice, the matchless frescoing, and the luxurious adornments of the interior. Your senses are entranced by the sweet fragrance of rare and beautiful flowers which decorate the well-kept grounds. But the foundation is defective—it contains stones which have not been sufficiently tested. The palace begins to tremble—topples—falls with a mighty crash, and nought remains but a shapeless mass of ruins.

The soul is a beautiful palace—the dwelling-place of the divine spirit—of which your character is the foundation. Your education—your self-culture—is the adornment which renders it pleasant and attractive. If the foundation be firm and compact, it will stand forever, to the delight of the possessor, making mankind better, and purer, and nobler, for its existence. On the other hand, let the character be base and depraved and the beautiful palace begins to assume a dingy appearance; the costly draperies become faded and worn; the delicate flowers wither and die; the guest chamber is left vacant; and the owner is buried beneath the crumbling ruins.

How, then, can I form a pure and symmetrical character? is the first question that should be asked, and not only asked, but honestly answered by each one. We should not put it off until we arrive at maturity, or middle age, or until we are on the down hill side of life; but should immediately come to some definite conclusion. By all means keep the heart pure and the mind filled with high and noble aims.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood."

To do this, will require constant watchfulness, in order to avoid contamination by the evil that more or less surrounds us all. Be choice of your literature—read none but the best authors on every subject. I know of no better rule, by which to judge a book, than that laid down by Dr. Porter: Never read a book that addresses itself to the evil in your nature. And this rule is easily applied; for each one knows, on laying down a book, whether it has inspired him with good or evil thoughts.

The importance of little things, in forming character, cannot be too strongly urged. Things trifling in themselves, have been the turning points in many lives—have lost and won decisive battles. Step after step, brings the weary and footsore traveler to the end of the longest journey. Brick upon brick, rears the greatest edifice—word after word fills the largest volume. A tiny spark that might have been extinguished by the finger of a little child, has caused a conflagration whose resistless fury the united strength of many men could not subdue. Little drops of water make the surging ocean,

bearing on its restless bosom the "white-winged" ships, freighted with the wealth of nations and thousands of precious human beings. Innumerable grains of sand form the solid granite and the towering mountains, in silent grandeur pointing us to Heaven. Despise not, then, the little things. The heart is purified by little deeds of kindness. A pleasant word, or a cheerful smile, has lightened the burden of many a weary toiler, and cast a gleam of bright and glorious sunshine into the heart of the donor.

"This above all,—To thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

WALTER.

OUR COLLEGE NEWS.

—Stolen pleasures are sweet—watermelons.

—Students visiting the sanctum are requested not to read unprinted matter.

—A much-needed improvement has been made—the putting up of additional hat-racks.

—Those knowing themselves to be indebted to the STUDENT will please settle and oblige.

—Class in French. Student translates *Mlle. votre sœur a-t-elle son mouchoir*, has your sister his moustache.

—The students have formed a "University B. B. C.," which, with a little practice, will be hard to get away with.

—Students in need of anything in the line of Groceries and Provisions should go to W. W. ENGLISH. (1f)

—A Senior buys his socks at fifty cents a dozen, wears them two weeks, then, to save the cost of washing, uses them for dish rags.

—A certain Senior says he goes over to spend the evening just to get the *old lady* to help him in French. How nice it is to be studying French!

—Subscribers finding an X placed after their names will understand that their subscriptions expire with the present number. Please renew.

—The Adelpian and Palladian societies have each purchased an organ. So, hereafter, we presume, music will be a part of the regular programme.

—Sheldon & Son have moved into the Academy of Music Block, where they announce the good news and glad tidings of first class goods at bottom prices.

—The typos of the HESPERIAN office acknowledge the receipt of a nice watermelon treat from Mr. Geo. McLean, the gentlemanly janitor of the University.

—The members of the Palladian Society return their thanks to the members of the Ladies' Literary Union for the handsome bouquets that adorned the stands at their social.

—May, the popular clothier, has removed to his new quarters on the corner of O and 10th streets, where he will always be found ready to supply students at student prices. (1f)

—It is amusing to stand up for thirty or forty minutes during recitation, but when you balance yourself first on your heels, then on your toes for the entire recitation period it becomes monotonous.

—MARRIED.—September 7th, '75, Mr. W. E. Miller and Miss Hattie Miller, both of Sarpy county. Will has early resigned his liberty. We are sorry to have him leave our ranks, but wish him much joy.