

is full of illustrations for philosophy to dwell upon. And must we all of us follow Callicles' important remark, in his advice to Socrates, that after one comes to manhood he should drop the pursuit of philosophy? For that would kill half the virtue of the state. Wilhelm, then, being "not wholly senseless," will never sorrow over his past follies, but will find their benefit. But we must not omit mention of the Abbe's duty, the conferring of the indenture upon Wilhelm. Space will not allow a *verbatim* copy of the document, but it will suffice to say that, it is full of the wisdom a superior mind will find in a retrospection of some 30 odd years of life. This indenture gathers it all up into a comprehensive form. Gives it to the youth in a bunch—like a good gardener puts his vegetables into bins and cellars for easy access in winter. The writing says, "No man knows what he is doing whilst he acts well." A deduction, evidently, from Socrates' argument that what is best done, is accomplished while out of the flesh; as it were absorbed in reason—pure reason. Abstracted from ourselves.

The remainder of the book is given entirely to his decisions and indecisions about marriage. And while here at Lothair's castle, he meets Werner for the first time in some years. Werner is enthusiastic about his brother's appearance. "If, as I suspect," he says, "you have spent your time unprofitably, and have not grown rich, you have, at least, become a man who must surely win a fortune." Werner, it must be known, is a man of trade—"a melancholy man of business." He walked round and round Wilhelm, so much as to embarrass the youth. "No," he cried at length, "I have never seen anything like it, and yet I know that I am not mistaken. Your eyes are deeper, your forehead wider, your nose is finer, and your mouth handsomer than before. And only look how he stands! How everything seems to suit and agree!" A compliment in itself worth the honors of a Member of Parliament or of a Congressman. Werner said it was the result of idleness. Well, say it was. But it was a busy idleness. Cultivation.

I know not the book of Goethe's that so well expresses his idea of education as this. There is actually no record of age in the book; yet Wilhelm must be 26 or thereabouts when he receives his indenture. He finally finds a will of his own. Drops the influence of others. Occasionally shows a self will. Will allow no one even of higher birth, to dictate to him. Finally he marries Natalia, a high-born lady—sister to the Countess who so much embarrassed him in conversation. And that appears to be the only reward his labors receive. There is no romance in the book. No humor. Not even a pun. Philina and Friedrich do enliven it a little, but a grim, earnest, German novel, the book is, all through. Full of Wisdom. Matter-of-fact. Keeping the hero in low-bred associations, but ever having him worthy the company of the best. By mind an aristocrat; by sympathy, a democrat. But intellect, when well mounted, flies above sympathy, into a new heaven, finding a diviner love.

So Wilhelm left his meaner associates, unconsciously, and became a star in aristocracy. Goethe makes this hero intensely honest—gives him a sincerity born for culture. The book is but now becoming familiar to our libraries; yet it is to be prophesied that it will rise out of the dislike at first reading of the work almost

certainly gives a student, and become a handbook of philosophy for all youth, like the Hamlet of Shakspeare. Here is the best democrat that ever was, become the best aristocrat, and all by a natural process. Lord Bulwer Lytton came not more naturally to the peerage than Goethe brings Meister. But, mind you, read it not as an ordinary novel. It is none such. KABCUS.

## Correspondence.

LINCOLN, Dec. 16, '75.

ED. STUDENT:—On Tuesday, the 13th, there was a meeting of some of the University ladies at the rooms of Miss Frost, and the result of said meeting was the organization of a University Old Maids' Society. Knowing the love of news, that exists among the students, our society thought the best means of breaking *this* tender bit would be through our College Organ. We therefore will be grateful, if you mention the fact with the names of the officers. President, Allie Frost; vice president, Phoebe Carter; secretary, Maggie Lamb; chorister, Cora Thomas; door keeper, Clara Crawford.

Resp'y, ALLIE FROST, Pres.  
MAGGIE LAMB, Sec.

An "old maids' society!" In the name of the University! By George! (This is a favorite oath of ours, and, in our case, particularly innocent and expressive.) We sat thunderstruck, conscious that something was asked of us, by way of comment, either of approval or disapproval, but unable to express a sentence.

"Scuse me," at this point interrupted the Brunette Typo. "What the dickens do you want?" said we amiably. "The fact is, I have an idea," said he. "Heavens!" said we. "Yes," continued he, "I have just got the poetry machine tuned up by the 'Nebraska Poet,' and I should like to try her a whack on this subject." We thankfully yielded to his desire, and here is the result:

## THE TYPO'S EXPOSTULATION.

Awake, my Muse! Arouse my Lyre!  
Breathe forth celestial, with'ring fire!  
For now no plaintive tale of woe,  
No ransacked city's lurid glow,  
No solemn tale of bloody strife,  
Or forlorn maiden's blasted life,  
Allure thine avenging blow!  
Not Helen's rape, or siege of Troy,  
Nor all the deeds which fend employ,  
Have half the clamor for thy vengeance,  
As this fell freak of female nonsense.

Sweet maids, what blast of Fortune's breath,  
What evil demon, ghoul or wrath,  
Hath wrought such hatred in your hearts,  
And steeled your breasts 'gainst Cupid's darts,  
That you would shun chains hymeneal,  
And wed virginity perennial?  
Six virgins! youthful, sweet and fair—  
At least, who'll average young, I swear—  
To form a league with such intention,  
Is too unnatural for Heav'nly sanction.

Fair Maggie, gentle secretary,  
Why *you* engage in this vagary?  
Is there no victim for thy glance,  
No tender youth, thee to entrance?  
Wherefore the power of those bright eyes,  
If not to gain Heaven's dearest prize?  
Wherefore the charms of lovely tresses,  
And stores of ribbons and new dresses,  
If not to win the goal of life,  
And, thus, become some MAN's fond wife?  
Or have you tried them all and scorned them,  
Or, else—vile thought—perhaps, and lost 'em?  
Forswear this vow, return, repent thee,  
And do the work for which Heaven sent thee.

Sweet Cora, gentlest of the fair,  
What urgeth thee to this despair?  
O, Thou, whose gentle hand and grace,  
Whose laughing glance and joyous face,  
And all the soft and womanly charm,  
Which none like thee so well adorn,  
Gleam like sunbeams, thro' life's tears,  
Dispel her shadows, glid her cares—

Thou, fair-haired maiden here wast sent,  
As Heaven's latest, dearest testament!  
Why then so cold, with stern resolve,  
Do such vile vows on thee devolve?  
Hath fickle Adonis deserted?  
Or is *your* fickle fancy sated?  
Is seniors' homage too in vain,  
Thy smiles to win, thy heart to chain?  
Or, maybe, accents ephomoric,  
Have lulled thee—poison soporific?  
Arouse, fair creature, from such trances!  
Some lover sigheth for thy glances,  
Disclaim this league despicable,  
To thee 'tis not at all applicable.

Be still, my trembling soul, be still!  
Revolt not at hard Fortune's will.  
Was't not enough that Sophomore,  
And Fresh and Prep should smile no more?  
Must thou, too, Allice, all forlore,  
Unmoor thy bark from Hymen's shore?  
Let Jaular treachery's holy hate,  
Warn thee, Senior, of their fate!  
Since Learning's garlands deck thy form,  
Laugh you Love's witcheries to scorn?  
E'en Mother Eve, in pristine joy,  
Though happy, pure without alloy,  
Lovelier than we, and wiser far,  
Did not with Adam vainly war;  
But, as sacred writers state,  
She climbed the tree, the fruit she ate.  
O, frigid Dian, obdurate Frost!  
Let the Blind Boy but once across,  
Thy icy heart, his arrow toss,  
And, spite of all the zeal you've felt,  
The ice oftsoon in billes will melt!  
Fair maid, but misplaced president,  
Return to Love, official vows repent.

As Phœbus, in his glittering car,  
Dispels the clouds of stormy war,  
And with his mild and melting beams,  
Breathes life and joy through Nature's veins,  
So thou, bright Phœbe, by thy power,  
Shed'st life and joy o'er sorrow's hour.  
Why, then, quench thy womanly luster,  
And with this band of old maids muster?  
Hath Misery sealed thee for her child?  
Or Pallada's Chief on others smiled?

And Flora, violet of the vale,  
Diffuse thy sweetness on life's gale!  
Nor rest content *alone* to share  
Thy fragrance with the desert air.

And, Thou, whose name "illustrious" means,  
Clara, light of Hesperian plains!  
Pray wherefore, thou bewitching Elf,  
Expend thy glory on thyself?  
Or, if by better interpretation,  
Thy name is "bright," the explanation  
Is very plain, fair lady mine,  
Let not thy light 'neath bushel shine.

The moral to our lay is plain:  
Pass it not o'er, I pray, in vain!  
The Rib, which Holy Scriptures mention,  
Was not meant for *bone* of contention.  
But to the side from whence you came  
Incline, dear part(ner), not a slave.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We call attention to Mr. H. H. Wilson's report, of the finances of the HESPERIAN. It will be noticed that for the four issues, June, Sept., Oct. and Nov., since he gained control of the business, not only have all the monthly expenses been promptly met, from the greatly increased revenue he has built up, but a portion of the outstanding indebtedness, has been canceled. Although the showing for the four issues is most satisfactory, it will be much better at the close of the present month. The expense of the Dec. issue will be met, and the debt decreased, probably, twenty dollars. We could add nothing to the compliment which these facts pay to Mr. Wilson's energy and ability. The pay he has received has not recompensed him for a title of his time. He leaves the STUDENT with three pages of ads., not a "dead" one among them. The thanks and gratitude of the Association are due Mr. Wilson, which he will receive.

The resignation of Chancellor Benton has long been expected, yet the necessity of losing him is deeply regretted by all who know him. By his broad culture and scholarly attainments, he has gained the

deep respect of all his students, and the community. By his affable and obliging courtesy under all circumstances, he has endeared himself to all connected with the University. The students know him as their personal friend. His resignation takes effect in June, when he leaves to take charge of the Indianapolis University, Ind. The kindest wishes for his prosperity in his new field of labor, and the sincere love and friendship of all will follow him.

Prof Thompson's resignation was entirely unexpected. Students and people as deeply regret the step he has taken, as they are surprised thereat. Prof. Thompson has labored under great difficulties in organizing the Agricultural College, and establishing and overseeing the Farm. Few have been aware of the great work he has accomplished. He has succeeded far better than could have been expected by the most sanguine, considering the narrow financial support he has received. The Professor is a gentleman of very wide and varied attainments, and much valuable experience. He has made himself an almost invaluable member of society. His loss will be greatly felt. Success go with him.

The Hesperian Association is greatly indebted to Mr. Clarence Rhodes, for the able and skillful manner, in which he has done the typographical and other mechanical work on the STUDENT, for the past two or three years. The labor has been very great, requiring as much time as the three or four studies of the college course, per term. Besides, it has been in a very great measure disinterested, the pay being small and often not forthcoming. Indeed the association is now indebted to him in a large amount for past services. We regret to learn that he is about to retire from the control. Clarence is a talented young man, and if the girls can be credited, "a darling brunette." Robbins Little, Mr. Rhodes' assistant, also deserves the thanks of the association.

HELP IN ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE—In acquiring a knowledge of the English language, and especially in learning the meaning of words, probably no other work, nor many other books altogether, can afford so much aid as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with its 3000 Pictorial Illustrations, its precise and full definitions, its careful discriminations of synonymous words, and its many valuable tables. It is, in itself, a whole library of the language. Let one family have a copy of this work, and use it faithfully and another be without it,—the difference in the progress of the two families in getting knowledge, will be very great.

—One of the students, who has lately taken up his residence in South Lincoln, was out rather late a few nights ago, and, though he had been over the road several times, missed his way, and brought up at what he supposed to be his boarding establishment, and finding the doors all fastened, set up quite a din. Pretty soon a head popped out of an up-stair window and called: "What do you want?" Our hero answered that he wanted to get in. "Och, get away wid ye," answered the voice, "I'm a poor, lone widow, and don't want the likes of you prowling around here this time o' night." Whereupon she emptied a pitcher of water down on him, and he made himself scarce in short order. He now declares that he will have nothing to do with "lone widows."