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HOTELS.

The Arlington.

JOSEPH OPELT, PROP.

Late of the MARSH HOUSE.

BROWNVILLE, NEB.

Lincoln Neb.

Commercial Hotel.

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Turkish, Russian,
and Salt Water Baths
in the Hotel. Rheuma-
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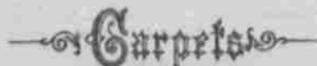
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Music.

Tuition ranging from \$6.00 to \$15.00
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Mats, Wall Paper,

Window Shades, Lace Curtains, Damask, &c.,
No. 21 East O St. LINCOLN, NEB.

Literary.

IN MEMORY OF PROF. HIRAM COLLIER.

HIS BURIAL:

On the grand Pacific shore,
Near ocean's gates of gold,
Wrapped in a mantle of clay,
Sleeping the years away,
Sleeps our brave Collier to-day—
Brave: for he dared to do right.

HIS CANOPY:

Earth's robes of living green,
Sun, moon and stars on high,
Wrapped in a mantle of clay,
Sleeping the years away,
Sleeps our great teacher to-day—
Great: for he feared to do wrong.

HIS REQUIEM:

The music of the waves,
The songs of birds o'er-head,
Wrapped in a mantle of clay,
Sleeping the years away,
Sleeps our good brother to-day—
Good: for he dared to be true.

HIS DESTINY:

As ships go through those gates of gold,
To sail o'er the boundless sea,
So went his soul through the gates of death,
To grow through eternity,
Wrapped in a mantle of clay,
Sleeping the years away—
But his soul has reached the day.

Hillsdale College.

INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

POETRY is truth. Theoretically it has to do only with high aspirations, only with great and noble thoughts. The mind recognizes a higher and nobler state of existence, a state more in harmony with moral laws than the one it actually leads. Poetry holds up the claims of this real world, this more spiritual state inspiring man with the desire of attaining it. The poet therefore is a man of high moral sense; tolerant, sympathizing, broad in his views of human nature, intensely in love with humanity. In short he is a man of character. In him that exalted exquisite something we call character is indeed a "thing of beauty." In his moral structure honesty and integrity are fundamental elements. It has been said of the poet, and by poet is meant also the writer of fiction for fiction is a kind of poetry, that when he paints virtue he must ennoble it; when he deals with vice he must make it more odious and hateful and detested. Ay, this is the touchstone by which all literature, all art, all education, all action, all character-forming influences must be tried. Individuals are the nation. Whatever tends, therefore, to develop individual character must be recognized as the pillars of society, the conservator and purifier of free government, the ameliorator of humanity.

Let him, then, who labors for the good of the nation, inculcate a sentiment for poetry. If he is a teacher, his field of use-

fulness is wide; if a professional or business man, his opportunities, though fewer, are none the less important. The power over the mind exercised by the creations of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, Bryant, Longfellow, are irresistible, silent, yet moulding and elevating public sentiment to a higher and better standard. Bring the mind face to face with the aspirations, the thoughts, the character itself of these masters reflected in their pages and no one can fall of moral benefit. But on the other hand if true poetry has a benign influence, that which is false has, on the same principle, a degrading tendency. If poets are to be the "legislators of man," man must legislate mediocre and vicious parts out of existence.

Character gives the passport to the confidence and respect of man, and hence, to the true reformer opens the way to success. Search where you may, circle the globe, gaze on the most perfect chiselings of an Angelo, or the grandest productions of a West; explore the antiquities of the world; fall at the feet of science; implore philosophy, and nothing is found to compare to nobility of character. Mount some awful height, pierce the clouds, behold nature in all her beauty and loveliness prostrate at your feet; descend into the depths among the coral workers and again comes the verdict. Character, there is nothing like thee; thou art better, infinitely better than all else. Nay, thou art the essence of all things noble and grand and good. Nature is beautiful but the designer is more beautiful. Yonder block of marble or that indescribable harmony of colors, touching the most secret springs of our being, filling us with transports of delight, are but the reflections of something unseen whose beauties are not transferable to the realm of matter. And so all nature teaches the existence of an all-pervading perfect character which man has named the Divinity—a character looking out upon us through nature, through art, through religion. The nearest approach to this ultimate perfection is that, brighter than the most brilliant orb of day whose price is above rubies, the symmetrical, irreproachable, divine human character, to develop which is man's grandest duty.

What was it made Agassiz say he had not time to make money? A grandeur of character causing him to regard the mere acquisition of wealth ignoble. What made Morris dedicate his princely fortune to his country? His love of truth, of freedom, of honor, of goodness. How came it that Wm. Pitt cast aside every distinction preferring to die in poverty? A combination of those cardinal virtues constituting character. Give me ten thousand Pitts or Morrises or Agassizs, make them a nation, and I will show you a people where laws are little needed; where there are no prisons, no courts of justice so called, no buying of votes, no tissue ballots, no wars. Where will be actualized the reality that all "men are born free and equal." There oppression will be unknown. There perfection of individual character will be the supreme aspiration.

The ancient philosophers of Greece believed that youth should commune with nature, drinking in her teachings while the mind is elastic. Happy thought! To-day the true student of nature is invariably a man of great moral worth. Nature imparts to him something of herself; inspires and exalts him; invests him with a character copied from

the divine. May the Agassizs and the Henrys multiply greatly. Who may not devote his best energies to this noble end?

Again take education—a liberal education such as our own honored university affords. First of all it is the duty of the state collectively to avail herself of the benefits of the institution so wisely established. Individually, it places a liberal culture in the reach of very many. A higher education, having for its object the expansion and discipline of the mind; the removal of prejudice in all its forms; and most important the development of character, is and ever will be the means of inestimable good.

This then brings us to the important question: What should be the character and duty of the educated citizen in general, and of Nebraska's ideal citizen, the child of her university in particular? I know that in certain ways the high purpose of the university is thwarted; that the character of the institution is not yet perfect. When we reflect and are taught that the school is directly responsible for the character of the citizen, it should be the first and only duty of the regents and faculty to remove every vestige of hindrance to its sublime end. But despite a want of unity among the faculty, despite certain actions tainted with prejudice, despite a lamentable individualism and exhibitions of hate on the part of some, the university must and will advance to the high position the people intended it to occupy. I take it that the ideal citizen, such as the university aims to make is not he who has acquired a vast amount of knowledge, nor yet he who has to knowledge added a well-balanced and disciplined mind, but capable of an ignoble act; but he who is to be a moulder of human destinies; an inspirer of what Dr. Thom. Arnold calls "an inquiring love of truth going along with a divine love of goodness." One who is a sincere sympathizer with humanity of every grade of life; one who regards with charity the acts and affairs of men. A man whom the world can not taint. A man of patriotism, of courage, of honor, of truth, of character. Well is such a man too good for the world? Must he withdraw himself from the rude gaze of the world content to serve his fellow-man thus isolated? Socrates frequented the streets and market places seeking whom he could persuade to listen, scattering seeds of wisdom and virtue, among low and high. Men commune with nature and are exalted. So, let men of culture commingle with the world, shedding the most genial influence on the taste and feelings of men; let their motives, their worth, their honor, their morals penetrate the high-ways and by ways of life, softening, shielding, elevating.

Does anyone think that our national character is good enough? Are we contented with the present? The voice of the fathers enters its protest. "Such scenes were never before witnessed in Maine"—the words of one of America's ablest and grandest living statesman. But is Maine an index to the nation? It is fair to assume that it is. O! manhood how degraded! If men will not extricate themselves from the mire, some one must go down and pull them out. How great, therefore, the work of the educated citizen! How plain his duty!

May we strive then, for what is beyond; content with a little progress each day, but always discontented. May exalted individuals soon merge into an exalted nation. BROAD-BROOK.