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Literary.

FALKLAND.

THROUGHOUT the frayed and un-even web of the English revolution the thread of Falkland's life runs tragically black. There was not a life or calling in all that age, so newly awakened to science, that was not tangled in the unhappy web. There was not a jurist but must leave his codes; not a scientist but must lay aside his microscope and hammer; not a preacher but must forget his parish; not a farmer but must leave his plow in the furrow; not a weaver or miner but must drop his spindle and pick-ax and go forth to lend a hand to guide the ship of state; not a poet or man of letters even but must leave his books in dust and forth, too, to add his visionary zeal to the cause of the public welfare.

Milton complained that he had been "born an age too late," and he shows in this how well he understood that labor spent upon his art must be one long struggle against the spirit of the age. But his life shines like a thread of gold in the canvas; for he is conqueror; his spirit is never dismayed; his sword never falls from his hand. This age produced statesmen before whom the world stands reverent, as before the true princes and sovereigns of mankind. Before Falkland it stands in pity as before a great genius aiming at statesmanship and leaving behind only a series of splendid failures and fruitless efforts. The quiet life at Great Tew had unfitted the scholar for the warring of factions; that life in the realm of mind "in which was no compulsion save that of light and reason," in which no narrow-minded king carried on a hopeless and unjust cause to the bitter end rather than abate anything of his arbitrary will; in which no fanatical parliament freed itself from religious persecutions only to inflict the same persecutions in turn upon others. Recall Clarendon's description of that circle of literary men, Ben Jonson, Carew, Davenant, Suckling, Hales, Chillingworth—the list does not end until you have included all the eminent scholars in or out of the Universities. Men who each, like Hales, might have said, "The pursuit of truth hath been my only care since I fully understood the meaning of the word; for this I have left all friends, all hopes, all desires that might bias me from driving right at what I aimed." Men who, while others willingly enough took up the burden of the what of the great struggle, took up the greater burden of the wherefore and the why, held in uncomprehending scorn by the fanatics of the what. What cared they and Falkland for the divine right of Bishops? What cared they for the scripture origin of presbyterianism? What they foresaw was freedom of wor-

ship, was freedom of thought. However much then, we may pity Falkland as a man who, in spite of the rarest gifts and graces, was unfortunate, upon whom we may clearly see the finger of doom laid, let us not pity him for the clearness of his vision and the largeness of his temper. Let us not pity him that he took his heroic stand against the inadequate ideals of his age, for the truths to which his fate seems set like a seal were the truths that were secured of ultimate triumph. He was the founder of all the more enlightening tendencies that survived in the church after it had been loosed from the "dark prison house of puritanism." He was the very life and soul of the circle of rational and moderate thinkers whose principles steadied the course of the ship of state after the storm of rebellions had ended. Sir John Eliot is the central figure of the earlier parliamentary struggle, Hampden and Pym embody the later national resistance. Cromwell is the one grand leader of the victorious movement, but it is by none of these that the true spirit of the revolution is interpreted. Pym was a conservative by nature and thought only of resisting innovations upon the old order of things; the narrow bounds of his ideas never included the full significance of the revolution—the great revolution that was for no single generation, and no single land. Indeed we do not find among all its leaders a single man who does. The figures in the drama are constantly changing, as one man accomplishes his work he moves from the scene, and another is found to take up the work and give it a new phase, while onward it sweeps, blotting out its old impressions by its later ones, as the waves of the sea do their old marks on the sand. There is no stemming the tide; the people are in earnest; Eliot is in earnest when he says the Commons are wise enough to rule England. Pym is in earnest when he says that Romish superstition shall not again replace the religion of their fathers and that the king shall not subvert the constitution. Hampden and Cromwell are in earnest when they say the puritans shall not be persecuted. Nevertheless it is not through these that toleration, the true meaning of the revolution, comes in. It is with Falkland, and not Eliot or Pym or Hampden that openness of mind to new ideas and a desire to reconcile conflicting forces lies. But the hand of the age was upon Falkland. These men with their resolute purposes and their every aim within compass had, in the need of the time for action, an immediate and immense advantage over the moderate and visionary scholar.

Pym was the embodiment of law and his intense reverence for that led him to his course; where there was no precedent in all history for such a relation as then existed between the king and the people,

yet with his unerring perception of the "proportion" of the constitution, as he called it, he saw that the parliament must be the predominant power in the government. Falkland cared nothing for what had been simply because it had been. When Charles' oppression of the people mounted to sheer midsummer madness he was a resolute champion of liberty, but on the other hand the passion and vehemence of Eliot's words and implicit faith in the wisdom of the Commons seemed to him mere politic moonshine. He strove as long as he could to effect a compromise, and when a choice must be made it was a choice, with him, between two evils. There is a time in all the operations of the human mind that lead to great revolutions when such a spirit of wise compromise and moderation as his might have prevented them, but this tide in England's affairs had not been taken at the flood and all the voyage of Falkland's statesmanship was bound in shallows and in miseries. Sick at heart of the violence and fanaticism of the puritans he had gone over to the royalist's cause. Sick at heart, too, of Charles' selfishness and the evil counsels to which he listened he lost all heart in the cause he felt himself in honor bound to support. Books and quiet at such a time were not for the man who loved his country. It seemed as if no where was room for his voice; against no foe was his buckler and shield needed. A melancholy which to his cheerful spirit was unknown before came upon him. Weary of the long war he would go about muttering "peace, peace," and fearing lest this longing for peace should be taken for want of courage he exposed himself recklessly in every action and early fell at Newbury, fighting in the front.

Theodore Winthrop, whose spirit was as rare and beautiful as Falkland's own, and whose death was like his, has said: "There is no better fortune than a timely death; who can fail to rejoice when a worthy soul meets it." Falkland wavered no more now between king and parliament; between tyranny and fanaticism. The present was Pym's and Cromwell's, but the distant future of moderation and toleration was Falkland's still. He had "gone over" for the last time, and this time to that silent majority of the wise and good among the dead whose influence is always shaping the long results of time no matter what counsels may carry away the present.

PARODY:—SPARTICUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

Call me chief, and ye do well to call her chief who for twelve long years has met upon the rostrum every shape of the woman question that the brain of man could devise, and who never yet lowered her voice. If there be one among you who can say that ever in public discussion or private debate my ton-