

HESPERIAN STUDENT.

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

Vol. X.

LINCOLN, NEB., NOVEMBER 15, 1881.

No. 4.

Miscellany.

THAT AMATEUR FLUTE.

Hear the fluter with his flute—
Silver flute!

Oh, what a world of wailing is awakened by his
toot!

How it demi-semiquavers
On the maddened air of night!
And defleth all endeavors
To escape the sound or sight
Of the flute, flute, flute,
With its tootle, tootle, toot—
With reiterated tootings of exasperated toots.
The long-protracted tootelings of agonizing
toots.

Of the flute, flute, flute.
Flute, flute, flute.

And the whoozing and the spittings of its toots.

Should he get that other flute—
Golden flute—

Oh, what a deeper anguish will its presence in-
stoot!

How his eyes to heaven he'll raise,
As he plays,
All the days!

How he'll stop us on our ways
With its praise!

And the people, oh, the people!
That don't live up in the steeple.
But inhabit Christian parlors
Where he visiteth and plays—
Where he plays, plays, plays.
In the cruellest of ways.

And he thinks we ought to listen,
And expects us to be mute,
Who would rather have the carache
Than the music of his flute—
Of his flute, flute, flute,
And the tootings of its toot—

Of the toots wherein he tooteleth its agonizing
toot.

Of the fluet, fluit, foot,
Phlute, phlewt, phlewhit,
And tootle—tootle—tootling of his toot.

LUCRETIA RUDOLPH GARFIELD.

Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

On the 11th day of November, 1858, James A. Garfield married his first and only love, Lucretia Rudolph. He had originally met her some seven years before when he was a poor student striving mightily for an education at Hiram. They studied together, they read together, they thought together, they built castles together, and it was not long before the firm friendship, which was based upon common tastes and aspirations, blossomed into the grand passion. Before he bade her good-by, as he left Hiram to enter Williams College, he had told his love

and the maiden of his heart had engaged herself to him.

The match was made in heaven. These two were intended for each other in all that the words imply. He was to her a fond, devoted, chivalric husband. She was in the best sense his helpmeet, his constant inspiration and comfort. Many and many a time during their married life he bore emphatic witness to the immeasurable service which she rendered him. He declared that whatever success he gained among his fellows was largely due to her wise counsels, her unflinching sympathy, her abiding love. He named her his better self—the crown of his being—and so they went down the years hand in hand and heart to heart, with their path shone upon by a never waning honeymoon.

GEMS FROM INGERSOLL.

The following beautiful worded gems of thought are extracted from Ingersoll's article on the Christian religion in the last *North American*:

Slavery includes all other crimes.
Candor is the courage of the soul.
Anger blows out the lamp of mind.
Epithets are the arguments of malice.
Ignorance is the mother of credulity.
Arguments cannot be answered with insults.

The world is to each man according to each man.

An earthly father who cannot govern by affection is not fit to be a father.

Good nature is often mistaken for virtue, and good health sometimes passes for genius.

There is no world, no star, no heaven, no hell in which gratitude is not a virtue and where slavery is not a crime.

How charming in these hard and scientific times to see old age in Superstition's lap, with eager lips upon her withered breast.

Everything is right that tends to the happiness of mankind, and everything is wrong that increases the sum of human misery.

My doctrine is that there is only one way to be saved, and that is to live in harmony with your surroundings—to live in accordance with the facts of your being.

Life is a shadowy, strange and winding road on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps—just from the cradle, with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet way-side inn, where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is—Good night.

QUOTATIONS FROM DISRAELI'S POLICY.

DESCRIPTION.—Page 68.—1—5. "His eyes were studiously preservent from the profanation of meeting the ground, and his well supported neck seldom condescended to move from its perpendicular position.

POLICY.—"He was too cunning a master of the human mind, not to be aware of the quicksands upon which all greenhorns strike; he knew too well the danger of unnecessary intimacy. A smile for a friend to a sneer for the world, is the way to govern mankind."

VIVIAN GREY.—"Yes we must mix with the Lord; we must enter into their feelings; we must honor their weakness; we must sympathize with the sorrows that we do not feel; and share the merriment of fools. O yes! to act men, we must be men; to prove that we are strong, we must be weak; to prove that we are giants, we must be dwarfs; even as the eastern genie was hid in the charmed bottle. Our wisdom must be concealed under folly, and our constancy under caprice."

A NOSE.—"He was a very stout man with a prodigious paunch, which his tightened dress dress set off to a great advantage. His face, and particularly his forehead were of great breadth. His eyes were set far apart. His long ears hung down nearly to his shoulders; yet singular as he was, not only in these, but in many other respects, everything was forgotten when your eyes lighted on his nose. It was the most prodigious that Vivian ever remembered—not only seeing, but having, or even reading of. In fact it was too monstrous for the crude conception of a dream. The mighty nose hung down almost to the owner's chest."

BOWING.—"Every charlatan is an orator and almost every orator a charlatan. But I never knew a quack or an adventurer