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Tennyson's new poem, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," has called forth very conflicting criticisms. The *New York Sun* heartily condemns it, "because it is dull, labored, clumsy, and destitute of imagination." The *Troy Times* is of a different opinion, holding that "a second reading will show that it has character, originality, and beauty of its own. It will rank high among the Laureate's poems; yet impartial critics will agree that, all things considered, it is not the equal of the immortal 'Charge of the Light Brigade.'"

Smoking in the buildings and on the grounds is prohibited at a large majority of the colleges and universities of the country. A large number of the institutions object to the use of the weed on general principles, while a few are compelled by the terms of their insurance policies to make the prohibition. Of course it is a great pleasure for the plodding student and the tired professor to indulge in the "fragrant" Havana or the opium-charged cigarette during vacant hours, but in a co-educational institution the odor is extremely distasteful to fully one half the students. These have rights which are respected by true gentlemen, but as so many smokers have proven themselves unworthy of that appellation, the rule of the authorities becomes necessary.

We always have entertained a kindly feeling toward the rural press, because we come from a small town with only one paper ourselves. But ere long, unless it reforms, as our judgment is getting the better of our compassion, we shall look upon it with changed feelings. To a great extent it has plunged into the University turmoil not knowing any more about the facts in the case than the *Lincoln Journal* knows about the efforts now being made to get the M. P. to extend a branch road to Lincoln. Some papers are so enraged that they demand that the Legislature appropriate no more funds until all the professors are dismissed, while others urge that the doors be closed unconditionally. What good would such measures do? Would you deny the youth of the state a chance of competing with those on all sides of us because you consider something has gone wrong? Let that

citizen, let that educator who advocates such nonsense blush for shame. Likewise all who plunge into affairs they know nothing about.

Prof. Woodberry's article on the "History of Wood Engraving," in the April number of *Harper's Monthly*, has called forth not a few favorable comments. It is only an earnest of what he and other members of our Faculty are capable of doing. A University establishes its reputation partly by the thoroughness of the work done within its walls, partly by the scholarship and literary ability evinced by the public efforts of its professors. The latter is more potent, both because it more frequently carries with it the former than the former the latter, and the field is broader, being unlimited, while the former is confined to the college curriculum. The point we are aiming at is this: Were our professors to come in contact with the people oftener, either as writers or lecturers, would not the result be beneficial to both?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow died on the 24th, ult., at his home in Cambridge. The true gentleman, the scholar and the poet is gone. He tarried long at the "Wayside Inn" ere the gentle "Voices of the Night" called his willing spirit home. His "Psalm of Life" was earnest and real. Nothing written by him could add a word's weight to the bitterness or evil of any soul, but much to elevate and ennoble the lives of all. His pure classic style has done very much to enlarge and enrich our literature, lifting it from the narrow cant and peculiarities of Americanism. His name is a household word. He has sung himself into the hearts of every class of people from the hovel to the throne, in every language and in every tongue. A life of simplicity and beauty, of measured fullness, is over. He has heard the "Footsteps of Angels,"

"And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued where but one went in."

Herbert Spencer remarks, "If you want roughly to estimate anyone's mental calibre, you cannot do it better than by observing the ratio of generalities to personalities in his talk—how far simple truths about individuals are replaced by truths

abstracted from numerous experiences of men and things." Never were truer words spoken. Go and listen to the talk of the gossipers. Of what does it consist? Is it not about what James did or what John said? It may be that some one is to be married, or some one has died. No matter, it is all the same. The average day laborer with his shovel or team indulges in the same kind of discourse—all is personalities. He, too, is not able to grasp generalities. The man of culture and thought is able to see and grasp not only the particular but the general. That heterogeneous mass to the untutored mind he brings into order and system. When he writes he evolves principles and laws that apply not to one individual case, but to all of the same class. The difference between a mind that cannot grasp a general idea and one that can, is the distance between Ignorance and Culture.

The books whose covers bear the signs of wear are presumably the books read most in the library. Granting this we look over the shelves to see what volumes are favorites. We find on the shelves devoted to scientific works very much worn, especially all of Darwin, Spenser and Tyndall. Quatrefagus "Human Species," Draper's "Conflict Between Religion and Science," Spencer's "Sociology," and similar works are read. Histories are used only in connection with historical studies. Works on Political Economy are consulted quite frequently, Mill seeming to be the favorite. In the line of Philosophy, Porter, Reid and McCosh are well thumbed. Some of the law books look a little old, Blackstone's especially, and the works on ancient law are referred to not a little. All the books on Language, especially Taine's English Literature, have seen wear, and the references made in literature classes are generally looked up in full. Our library is sadly deficient in novels, and such as are on the shelves bear marks of constant use. A once complete set of Dickens is laid away for repairs and Thackeray is quite out of his bindings. Ruskin and other authorities in art seem to have received some attention. The North Americans and Encyclopaedias are in use constantly. Altogether, the library is extremely useful and well patronized.