

# HESPERIAN STUDENT

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## MISCELLANEOUS MENTION.

Dr. Corning has published a new work entitled "Brain Rest." There are a number of students to whom this treatise would be useless.

Bonaparte spoke thus of the press: "A journalist is a grumbler, a censorer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations."

The "Englishmen of Letters" series has been increased by the addition of "Fielding." This work is biographical rather than critical.

David Swing is a great admirer and patron of the dramatic art, and does all within his way to encourage a fondness for its better forms in others.

The amount which the student learns in the class-room is not the great aim of education. He may be full of science, literature and mathematics, and yet be a poor student after all.

The first duty of the state is self preservation. General intelligence is the only means by which it can be obtained. Higher education is not a private luxury, but a public necessity.

In a recent review of Hamlet the ground is taken that preoccupation rather than irresolution is the dominant trait of his character. By this assumption, every incident of the play is satisfactorily accounted for.

A fifth volume of H. H. Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States" has just been published. Much of this volume is devoted to the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, and throws new light upon the abilities of that great man, proving that he was a statesman no less than a warrior.

Foreign travelers have remarked that they could distinguish American women in a dining hall where five hundred people were assembled, by the shrill yell, more or less nasal with which they addressed the waiters. Of these, however, the most curious specimens are those who take more than one term in elocution.

Queen Elizabeth in spite of the representation of historians was devoid of morality, heartless in the cruelty of her disposition and ugly in person. The following is a lately discovered but exact portrait in her sixty-first year. Her face was oblong, fair but unwrinkled; her eyes were small, but black and pleasant; her lips narrow and her teeth black; she wore false hair and that red. How queenly indeed! And how far is it from our idea of majesty?

Milton indignantly descants against the "waste of time in our schools with a miserable little Latin or Greek and pleads for a virtuous and noble education consisting in studies, exercise, diet and music likest to those famous schools of Pythagoras, Plato etc.

E. L. Didier regards Henry James as the Benedict Arnold of American Literature and a snob of the worst type, and says that if Poe were now alive he would make short work of this noted novelist. He regards Hawthorne as a narrow provincial writer belonging to New England rather than America! But this is enough to prove the emptiness of his criticism.

The once famous Eton college has degenerated to a mere fashionable resort. The attendance is made up of lords and the sons of lords with a few commoners whose chief aim is to ape their titled comrades. The cause of this evil is plain. When a majority of the students of a college or university makes the depth of one's purse the standard of respectability, the evil exists. This standard is not unknown in the United States. Some remedy could be found if those in authority were so disposed. An institution should say to each applicant for admission: "We shall expect from you the exhibit of brains and study. Nothing will be accepted as a substitute for these." Such a platform proclaimed and carried out would soon cause the disappearance of boys, idlers and much other debris.

The repentant spirit of Tom Paine thus addressed his incarnate cousin "Bob:"—

You, Bob, are famous and perhaps are getting  
Far more attention than some better men,  
Our doctors of divinity are fretting  
About your baneful influence, and then  
Some smaller theologians in the papers  
Are criticising your eccentric capers.  
A little money, Bob, you may be coining  
For men like Judas sell their souls for gain,  
For fame alone you would not be purloining  
The fabrications of Voltaire and—mine,  
You only dig up something old and rotten  
That long ago was buried and forgotten.  
If you must talk, forsake your present hobby,  
In which you play a very feeble part  
And go to Washington and join the lobby,  
To win the rustic statesmen's guileless heart,  
And make more money than an army sutler,  
Like Conkling, Blaine and honest old Ben Butler,  
Soon from this wicked world will time efface you;  
Your death will only leave a little hole,  
And friends will say, when in the grave they lay you,  
Alas! poor Bob, he had not any soul;  
He's nothing but corruption and will pass  
Soon into dust, to phosphorus and gas.

These words spake to the repentant soul and ended with exclamation:—

"How can we stand within our little place,  
And scoff our great creator face to face."

May "Bob" hear and heed.