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Be not only good—be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

"Nature is the master of talents, but genius is the master of nature."

In France religious instruction of any kind is prohibited in the state schools.

Mr. Blaine's new book, which is nearly finished, will be issued in English, French and German.

Chas. Delmonico left a valuable library, including books on cookery from ancient times to the present.

The annual commencement address, next June, before the graduating class of Michigan University, will be delivered by Bishop Henry C. Porter of New York.

"Better the chance of shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose, than expend life in plodding hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all."

Logan has made a reputation as an opponent of the Fitz John Porter bill. Aside, however, from this issue, which he has of late made his "specialty," he is a great orator and, perhaps, something of a statesman.

"Persuasion friend comes not by toll or art,
Hard study never made the matter clearer,
'Tis the live fountain in the speaker's heart
Sends forth the streams that melt the ravished hearers.
Then work away for life—heap book on book,
Line upon line and precept on example,
The stupid multitude may gape and look
And fools may think your wisdom ample.
But would you touch the heart, the only method known,
My worthy friend, is first to have one of your own."
—*Gaethe's Faust.*

It is supposed that Mathew Arnold, after the manner of other English writers who have visited us, will write a book about America. It is suggested that we retaliate by sending lecturers to England to lecture and criticize the Englishmen.

In a Philadelphia school for young ladies it was found that of a class of forty-eight girls one could make bread one knew how to fry oysters, and three knew how to broil beefsteak; forty-eight could embroider and forty-seven could dance.—*Ex.*

Every experiment by multitudes or individuals that has a sensual or selfish aim, will fail. * * * * *
As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences of exclusiveness, it will be marked by delusions. Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn in our mouths. Only that good profits which we can take with all doors open, and which serves all men.—*Emerson.*

John G. Saxe, the poet, who is sixty-eight years of age, is in feeble health caused partly by the many deaths in his family in the past few years.

Henry George, the author of "Progress and Poverty," a socialistic book, began life as a printer. He afterwards became, in turn, a sailor, a reporter, an editor and, finally, a lecturer.

Judge Tourgee, the author of the well known political novels, is lecturing in the East on "The Mission of the Dude." Let him come west. We shall, probably, have to tolerate the dude under any circumstance, but if the Judge can prove conclusively that this effete outgrowth of our modern civilization has a mission to perform, from which some good may ultimately come, we could tolerate him with a much better grace.

A severe attack upon the memory of old John Brown, through the columns of the *North American Review*, has reopened the old controversy about the character of that martyred hero. If the matter were thoroughly investigated it would, probably, be found that neither of the extreme views now advocated is the correct one. John Brown was a reformer and had the courage to uphold and carry out his principles against fearful odds; nevertheless, like many other reformers, he became cruel in his methods and somewhat fanatical in his motives.

It is but a short time since the world lost Longfellow, the poet, and Emerson, the philosopher; and now it is startled by the sudden death of Wendell Philipps, the orator. His oratorical powers were first publically recognized in an extemporaneous and unexpected speech, which he made in opposition to the sentiment of an excited course of people in Boston. From this time (1837) while slavery lasted he was a firm abolitionist, sacrificing to that cause social position, friendship and profession, and suffering on that account much unmerited abuse and often personal danger. He devoted almost his entire time to lecturing on slavery—and even when he delivered one of his lighter lectures he did it with the hope that the people would invite him to lecture again on the cause he had at heart. Emerson, though an abolitionist, could not help feeling a slight repugnance to negroes, but Philipps had no such feeling, and the fact that four colored soldiers guarded his body as it lay in state, is significant of the light in which he regarded them. Since the war Philipps has been the champion of the oppressed in nearly all their struggles for their rights. It is difficult to say in what his eloquence consisted. He usually spoke in a quiet way, except when roused by opposition; yet his influence over an audience was very great. His eloquence could be felt but not well described.