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A gentleman who has just returned from West Virginia says that a short time ago a man came into a small town, from the mountains, with a "nigger" for sale, having never heard of the late war.

Take time; don't be in a hurry. Are you learning a trade? Determine to be a good workman. Never slight your work; for any thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. If you deserve success, it will come. As you prove yourself worthy, so will your success be.

The temperature of the earth increases at the mean rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet we descend. At this rate water is at a boiling pitch at a depth of six miles, while at a depth of sixty miles the hardest rocks known to geologists are in a melted state.

The Harvard students have petitioned the authorities to abolish compulsory attendance on morning prayers. Those students who recently defiled and injured the beautiful bronzed statue of John Harvard should be compelled to attend police court. Boys are prone to mischief, but the pranks of college boys which bring shame to their own college, are characteristic of savages who prefer pillage to prayers. Says the *Boston Transcript*: "The injury done to the fair bronze by its coating of tar last Thursday night exceeds what would naturally have followed from climate and weather for half a century. The community will have an anxious and jealous watch over the consequences of this outrage."

**VOLUBLE LAWYERS.**—So sweet and voluble was Rufus Choate in his discourse that old and young listened to him with wonder at the wealth of his diction. Some of the old practitioners, however, whose cases were delayed by Choate's long speeches to the jury, used to wish that his vocabulary included fewer words.

Some one told Chief Justice Shaw that another edition of Worcester's Dictionary, containing two thousand five hundred new words, had just been published.

"For heaven's sake don't let Choate get hold of it!" exclaimed the Chief Justice.

Lord Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, was both a rapid and voluble speaker. He was engaged as counsel in an action for libel. In the course of his speech to the jury, he poured out a long torrent of vituperation on a cool Scotchman. The man listened complacently till Jeffreys had finished, and then, loud enough for all in court to hear,—

"Well, he has spoken the whole English language thrice over in two house!"—*Selected.*

**WHITTIER'S HOME.**—The poet's dwelling in Amesbury is exceedingly simple, and exquisitely neat, the exterior of a pale cream color, with many trees and shrubs about it, while, within, one room opens into another till you

reach the study that should be haunted by the echoes of all sweet sounds, for here have been written the most of those verses full of the fitful music,

Of winds that out of dreamland blew.

Here, in the proper season, the flames of a cheerful fire dance upon the brass andirons of the open hearth, in the center of a wall lined with books; water-colors by Harry Fenn and Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter, together with interesting prints, hang on the other walls, rivaled, it may be, by the window that looks down a sunny orchard, and by the glass-topped door through which you see the green dome of Pow-wow Hill.

The people of Amesbury and the adjoining villages and towns, feel a peculiar ownership of their poet; there is scarcely a legend of all the region round which he has not woven into his song, and the neighborhood feel not only as if Whittier were their poet, but in some way the guardian spirit, the genius of the place. Perhaps in his stern and sweet life he has been so, even as much as in his song.

The Indian Summer days of the poet's life are spent not all in the places that knew him of old. The greater part of the winter is passed in Boston; a share of the summer always goes to the White Hills of which he is passionately fond, and the remainder of the time finds him in the house of his cousins at Oak Knoll in Danvers still in his native county of Essex.

It is the home of culture and refinement, too, and as full of beauty within as without. Here many of the later poems have been sent forth, and here fledglings have the unwarrantable impertinence to intrude with their callow manuscripts, and here those pests of prominence, the autograph-seekers, send their requests by the thousands. But in the early fall the poet steals back to Amesbury and there awaits election day, a period in which he religiously believes that no man has a right to avoid his duty.

What a life he has to look back upon, as he sits with his fame about him—what storms and what delights, what struggle and what victory!

In appearance Mr. Whittier is as upright in bearing as ever; his eye is as black and burns with as keen a fire as when it flashed over the Concord mob, and sees beauty everywhere as freshly as when he cried with the voices of freedom and sang the songs of labor; and his smile is the same smile that has won the worship of men, and of women too, for sixty years and over. Now it is with a sort of tenderness that people speak and think of him whose walk will perhaps go but little farther with their own; not that they deem such vitality and power and spirit can ever cease, but they are warned of its apotheosis, as it were, into loftier regions, where his earthly songs shall be tuned to the music of the morning stars as they sing together.—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Critic.*