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worst boy in school, and consequently the leader in mischief.

My school was composed of different nationalities. Of these the Scandinavians had a peculiar manner of study. They seemed to dig. Much application is no doubt, needed in their case, as English is the second language they learn to use. But I think it is a habit they have been forced into by their parents, who, I am told, compel them to learn by heart their creed, selections from Bible history, and their Hymnal. But whatever the cause may be, this is striking.

The French took their work lightly. Frivolity, however, characterizes that nation and, I am told, their language. The Canadians took it leisurely. It appeared to me that it might be necessary by some means to force them to study. But the most diligent were the Americans.

It was during first recess that I discovered the motive which made Tom esteem me. He went out as soon as school was dismissed; but returned, bringing a short sack filled with wet saw-dust. He then asked whether I would strike it while it hung. I had often done something like that in the gymnasium, and, though I did not understand what his intentions could be, I goodnaturedly granted his request. Thereupon he suspended the bag from the ceiling. Out of respect for my size, I suppose, he hung it low. The first time I struck it, I think downward, and then sent the sack to the ceiling, stretching the rope to its full length. All the children thought it rare fun; but Tom was amazed. I thought I knew why. Could I but show considerable muscular power, I should gain his friendship forever. The second time I bent my knees as I struck, and thrust my fist through one side of the bag. This spilled the sawdust; but Tom, the worst boy of the school, and I had become firm friends. He had something else than my book-learning to admire in me, and that was my pugilistic skill. Afterwards I learned that the director had spoken of me to all he met, as "a slugger," "the best in Grand

Forks." That explains all as far as it concerns Tom. His highest ideal of a man is John L. Sullivan.

Beyond this there is little to say. Tom is with the saw-dust sack in his father's granary at times. At school he forms a reading class by himself. Reading is not his forte. His text book is "Boxing Made Easy." I practice my athletics.

B. I.

THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF PICTURES.

Good pictures have an influence over almost every one. They appeal to the love of the beautiful, which is in every nature, however hidden and put aside by the pursuit of other things and the wear and tear of every day life.

We look upon the angel faces of Raphael, and think of the sweet, innocent children there represented. We see Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross," the Christ-child walking in the shadow of His coming cross. In this do we not trace His life from babyhood through a life of hardship and suffering to a last shameful death?

"The Descent from the Cross," by Gustave Dore is wonderful.

We once remember seeing a picture of heaven, and even though it is years ago, the lovely picture is always remembered.

It may not have been by a great artist, but it gave such an idea of rest, happiness, and peace, that it had an influence which shall remain fixed in my memory.

The love of art ennobles and raises, but it may be carried too far, when it becomes a terrible sin; as in the following sketch:

A young Roman painter in his ardent love of his art and likewise his intense love for his church, wished to paint a picture of Christ on the cross. He longed to portray a living, suffering Christ; but how to catch the dying expression? He painted face after face, but he could not get that agonized look, when the soul parts from the body. At last a terrible thought comes to him, and, in his blind devotion to his art, he acts upon it.

He kills his ferryman of the Tiber, and while yet in the agony of parting life, he rushes with his victim, places him on the cross, and oh! how he hastens to catch the dying expression! If he thinks of his terrible guilt, it is that all is for God and his church, and he quiets his conscience thus. So art became, in his case, a snare for his soul and the means of a cruel death to an innocent man.

But art has a brighter side. We see lovely landscapes, pictures of beautiful lands far away, of vessels with sails outspread going to foreign lands, of storms at sea, and indeed of so many things that we wonder if there remains anything more to be represented on canvas.

How lifelike Landseer painted his animals, viz.; "The Stag at Bay," "Challenge," and "His Wounded Hound!"

Rosa Bonheur's picture of "The Horse Fair" is true to life. She is so in love with her art, that she has her studio close to her stables, where she has the opportunity of watching her subjects and getting familiarized with them.

Art has made many advances, and not many houses are found without pictures. They are better for it, for they educate the eyes, appeal to the taste, and refine the mind.

M. BEATRICE JOHNSTONE.

Feb. 4, 1889.

A VISIT TO OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

What school boy has not read "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford"? And who that has read these books has not dreamed of sometime making a pilgrimage to the shrine of his youthful hero? By way of realization of our early dreams, we found ourself, on a beautiful evening in last September, speeding past green fields—green as only English fields ever are—on our way from Windsor to Oxford. As the train slowed up at the Oxford station we stepped out of our compartment, handed our bag to a porter and followed him up a long rambling street to the Randolph Hotel. We had left London early in the morning, had spent a most busy day at Windsor Castle and Eton College hard by, and, after our table d'hôte

dinner, we were glad enough to tumble into bed and leave till the morrow our first impressions of Oxford University. And here let us preface the account of our visit with a few facts which it may be useful to know.

Oxford University dates, according to popular tradition, from the days of King Alfred, and certainly not later than the end of the thirteenth century. It now embraces twenty colleges and five halls, or unincorporated colleges, each having its separate faculty, foundation and buildings, but all under one general university management, somewhat like the states of our American Union. It has in term time a resident population of about three thousand students and instructors, returns two members to parliament and enjoys an annual income approaching two and a half million dollars. Recitations, as conducted in American colleges, are unknown, the instruction consisting wholly of lectures by college tutors or university professors, supplemented by readings with private tutors under the direction of the college with which the student may be connected. The university year is about forty-two weeks, divided into four terms. A residence of twelve terms, with an examination at the close, is necessary for the degree of B. A. and a residence of twenty-seven terms for the degree of M. A. The regular tuition fee amounts to about \$80 per year, not including the charge of the private tutor, and the expense of a year's residence at the University varies from a minimum of \$750 up to many thousands, the average running probably somewhat above \$1000. So much by way of preface.

The morning after our arrival we were up bright and early and, breakfast over, soon sallied out, guide book in hand, prepared to thread our way through the endless maze of colleges, halls, libraries, chapels, museums, "gardens," "walks" and "meadows" which make up the entity known as Oxford University. Facing us as we leave the hotel is a stately pile of buildings of gray sandstone, in the Ionic style of architecture, known as the Taylor Institute, or school of modern language.

ges and literatures. It is chiefly notable to us from the fact that the room facing us on the lower floor was, for many years, the lecture room of John Ruskin, while, above, Prof. Max Muller still gives lectures to Oxford students. Turning abruptly to the right, we come upon the "Martyrs' Memorial" to Bishops Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer. A little way below, marked by an iron plate in the center of the street, is the spot where the two latter were burned at the stake on the 16th of October, 1555, Archbishop Cranmer, whose courage failed him at the time, though it asserted itself splendidly later on, being burned on the same spot on the 21st of March following. To-morrow (Sunday) we shall attend church at St. Mary's, but a stone's throw distant, where Cranmer made his famous recantation. Every reader of English history knows the story. Continuing down Broad street, we climb to the tower of the Sheldonian Theatre for a birds-eye-view of the city. The view which here greets the eye is truly bewildering—for architectural magnificence it cannot be equaled in Europe, and that means in the world. Everywhere rise spires and towers and domes, embowered in huge old oaks and elms which are justly considered to be among the finest in England. Almost all the colleges have, connected with them, magnificent grounds, many of them a hundred acres or more in extent, which might well be the envy of any of the old baronial estates.

Descending from the cupola, we come to the audience room of the theatre. The theatre was built in 1664-9 by Sir Christopher Wren and will seat four thousand people. Here the annual commemoration is held, at which a Latin oration is delivered in honor of the founders of the university; here prize compositions are recited and honorary degrees are conferred. The rowdy conduct of the students on this latter occasion is a traditional feature of the University. The distinguished guest who is to be honored with a degree is most unmercifully "guyed" by the undergraduates as he comes forward to the rostrum to receive his diploma. Oliver Wendell Holmes was so honored a year

ago last June and, as he came forward, he was greeted with cries of "Brace up Oliver!" "Bear yourself like a man!" etc. From the theatre to the Ashmolean Museum is but a step. This is the oldest museum in England, dating from 1682, and is full of valuable curiosities, notable among which are Henry the Eighth's sword and Guy Fawkes' lantern, which he had in his hand when arrested in the act of preparing the train for blowing up the Parliament house. From the museum (but one of many in Oxford), we pass to the Bodleian library, one of the world's priceless treasures, containing one million three hundred thousand volumes, besides twenty-six thousand manuscripts. Here you will see more original manuscripts and first editions of the world's great books than in any other single collection in the world. Retracing our steps along Broad street we turn down the Corn Market and St. Aldates to the little second floor room in Pembroke College, with the diminutive bedroom off, which Dr. Johnson occupied during his fourteen months' stay at Oxford. The dingy, oval, gilt-framed mirror over the fire place is the only piece of furniture remaining from Johnson's day. The bed room is a mere cupboard, though still occupied, and it was from the little lattice window of this room that the young student, wretchedly poor but more proud, hurled the pair of shoes which a fellow student, noticing the dilapidated condition of Johnson's shoes, had, with kindly intentions, left at his door.

From Pembroke we pass down St. Aldates, under the "Tom Tower," in whose belfry "Old Tom", the eighteen thousand pound bell, tolls a curfew of one hundred and one strokes every evening at five minutes after nine. Wo to the Oxford student who is found out of his lodging after that hour without an excuse. The five dollars fine is by no means the only discipline administered. Once within Tom Tower, we find ourself in a spacious court, surrounding which is one of the finest groups of buildings in all Europe. This is Christ Church College, the largest foundation in Oxford and the alma mater of many of the greatest names in English history and literature. From the long roll we

select the names of Peel, Canning and Gladstone among statesmen, John Locke among metaphysicians, Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney among poets and the two Wesleys and Dr. Pusey among divines. Passing from Christ Church by another entrance, we come to Merton, the college of Wycliffe, the first translator of the Bible into English. This, next to Balliol, is the oldest college in Oxford. Across the street from Merton is Oriel, "Tom Brown's" college. In that second story corner room with the oriel window, lived for many years John Henry Newman, now Cardinal Newman, and here he wrote the well known hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light". From Oriel we pass down High Street, "the finest street in Europe," and arrive presently at Brasenose College and the little ground floor corner room in which Bishop Heber, one of the most brilliant men ever graduated from Oxford and the author of that other well known hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains", lived as an under graduate. Continuing down High Street toward the Cherwell, we come to Magdalen College, (pronounced "Maudlen") in many respects the most impressive and interesting of all the colleges at Oxford. Passing under its noble gateway and along the long lines of arcades or "cloisters" which surround the series of courts about which Magdalen is grouped, we issue into the fine old "gardens" or park, more than one hundred acres in extent and the most charming spot in all England, as it has been more than once pronounced. As one listens to the rooks cawing in the huge old elms and sees the deer grazing beneath their branches, he might easily imagine himself to be leagues away from the haunts of man instead of within a stone's throw of the busiest street in Oxford. This was Addison's favorite retreat and the chief walk bears his name. Regretfully we leave this charmed spot and follow the Cherwell down to its confluence with the Isis, whence we are carried by a tiny steamer down to Iffley—scenes all familiar to every reader of "Tom Brown at Oxford". Of our delightful walk back to Oxford in the evening and of our

visit to the other colleges—not less interesting than those we have described—space forbids us to speak. We hope we have succeeded in making our readers wish to see Oxford for themselves and that that wish may sometime be gratified.

SKETCHES FROM DENMARK.

Although I hardly expect that the above subject will have much interest for THE STUDENT'S reader, yet I beg leave to introduce a few facts from this, my native land.

We Danes know that we represent but a small nation, though we realize this truth still more when comparing our country with any of the American divisions. Thus, I remember that when I learned that the Territory of Dakota is ten times larger than the area of Denmark, then I almost wonder how we yet were able to support the king, the court, and keep a standing army, greater than that of the United States.

But narrow and unimportant as this kingdom is, the Danish people bear a deep love for it; we value its healthful climate, its rich, fertile soil, and the pretty beech forests.

We like to hear or read our old traditions, by which we learn that Denmark is one of the earliest settled countries of Europe. We can trace its history for more than a thousand years back, though I must confess that the first inhabitants were a daring, warlike race, not unlike pirates. They used to go abroad to the neighboring lands, plundering and destroying, but in the eighth century the Christian religion entered into Denmark, and by its influence the people became peaceable.

One of its first kings, Gorm the Old, reigned for nearly fifty years, and made good laws for his people. It was not then such a small portion of land as you see now, for not only Norway and Sweden, but in the tenth century also Great Britain belonged to the Danish kingdom.

Although it is but little comfort to recall that we once were a powerful state, while we now are weak, yet we love much to hear the legends and songs about the giants and knights

of this time; and still we look with awe at those stone hills, which we find scattered over the whole country; for these caverns are the tombs for the chief warriors of those ancient days.

Such hills are set apart and regarded as the whole land's property, and no farmer would let his plow come near to the spot. But the greater part of them have now been explored, and by the weapons and ornaments found with the bones, our ethnographers could explain how many hundred years had elapsed, since those warriors were carried to their resting places.

Yes, Denmark has now but a small area and population; but still I should feel happy to think that we, in future, may remain an independent nation. We always live in fear that our mighty southern neighbor, Germany, one day will extend her northern boundary to Skager-Rack and Cattegat.

A little more than twenty years ago, at the same time as your civil war, there was also war between Denmark and Germany. We had then a strong fortress built on our southern border, and we believed that by aid of our whole force we could keep the enemy back; but alas! what could withstand the Krupp's guns and batteries. After having defended the fort a short while, the over-general resolved to give up, and in a dark, silent night, he retreated with his whole army to Funen. A great terror seized the Danish people when we learned that our stronghold was taken; we feared that we no more should exist as an independent state. Denmark had to buy peace with the loss of Als and Sleiswig.

If you look at the map you will realize how important it might be for Germany to come in possession of the entire land. Denmark is situated between the North Sea and Baltic Sea, and a great commercial trade is carried on between Great Britain and Russia. Now, if the German Empire ruled over Denmark, it might possibly place its navy at the small entrance to the Baltic Sea, and thereby be able to stop all commerce between England and Russia.

Although I do not expect that you, as living

in a Republic, have much esteem for royalty, yet I cannot stop without mentioning that the royal family of Denmark is very nearly related to the greatest European rulers. The Czarina of Russia is a daughter of the Danish king, Christian Ninth, and so is also the Princess of Wales, the future English queen, and finally, the King of Greece, George the First, is a son of the Danish king. H. J.

HALLOWE'EN AMONG THE CANADIANS.

Four people gathered in a big kitchen, to discuss the best way of spending Hallowe'en. The district school teacher, Kate Anow, declared herself tired of old ways: "Can't we do something new and startling?" she said, "Something with real, lively fun in it, that we would just as lief no one should find out?" Her friend, Fannie Adams, with whom Kate was staying for a day or two, joined in: "That is just it exactly, we want some new fun, boys," addressing her brothers, Joe and Sam; "Won't you get up some for us?"

The boys merely replied that they would try, and the girls went off to bed, quite disgusted. Hallowe'en came, a clear starlight night, with warm wind blowing. There was to be a prayer-meeting in Kate's school house that evening, and the whole neighborhood would attend, as was the custom. A number of young people were invited to meet at Kate's boarding-place after the meeting was over, and have a social time. Kate and Fannie were in their seats at the appointed hour, but Joe and Sam were conspicuous by their absence. At last they appeared when the meeting was well advanced, accompanied by two cronies known as George and Harry.

"What's up?" whispered Kate, "They have something on hand." Sam came in first, grave-faced, but eyes dancing with mischief, and took a back seat. Fred and Harry followed with drooping heads, and sought back seats in the little school-house, where the light from the lanterns would not fall on their faces. George's countenance was illuminated by a regular grin as he slowly walked up the aisle, taking a seat behind Sam. Both girls knew that,

as Kate expressed it, "something was up," but their desire to know what that something was must be controlled until prayer-meeting was over. Then, accompanied by the four young men mentioned above they hastened to Mrs. Bright's house, where Kate boarded. Mrs. Bright, aided by her husband, had considerably stretched strong twine from tree to tree in the front yard, and as the merry party came on, their progress was suddenly arrested. The twine was tied loosely, so that no one fell, but every foot was in a tangle for a few moments; as Sam threw open the front door for the ladies, a cascade of water fell from a pail hung over the door; Sam's gallantry saved him from a wetting. Once inside, they were greeted with shouts of laughter by Mr. and Mrs. Bright, their daughter, and nephew Horace, or 'Race, Bright. Old games were played and they even tried their hands—no, their mouths, on a new one. A huge onion was suspended from a beam in the kitchen, and each young fellow must catch it in his teeth. That night there was any quantity of tears drawn from eyes unused to weep.

Shortly after eleven Mrs. Bright was surprised to see her guests make a sudden rush for wraps.

"Why, where are you going?" was her surprised exclamation. "I didn't suppose you were going home this early."

'Race quickly explained:

"No, Aunt Mary, we are'n't going home, but we fellows have got hold of a turkey and we want to cook it at the school house." "Why 'Race!" "Now don't say a word, Mrs. Bright, because it won't do any good," Kate put in, buttoning her jacket as fast as she could; "Your daughter is going too. We'll take care of her." "And can we borrow a loaf of bread?" inquired Fan. "Yes, and we want some dishes, Aunt Mary, added 'Race." Mrs. Bright sank down on a chair, a dazed look on her face, while the others supplied themselves; then, accompanied by Miss Bright, they hurried off to the school house, half a mile in the dark, and hardly dared speak all the way. Near the school house the

boys jumped down in the ditch, by the side of the road, and produced, first a violin, second a huge iron pot, third some dishes, fourth a fine turkey. "We put them here just before we came into prayer-meeting," Joe explained. Then Kate unlocked the door, and into the school house they went. The single lamp they brought was lit, the curtains pulled down and pinned at the sides, and the fire built. Two of the boys seized the turkey, while the rest settled themselves as comfortably as they could on the stiff-backed seats, and talked. At first they felt the novelty of their position, and scarcely a word was spoken above a whisper. At the slightest sound everyone started, and inquired if it were possible that the light could be seen outside.

"If anybody should come," the boys said again and again, "you girls want to get down on the floor in that fartherst corner, and we'll settle them." The girls rather thought that if anyone approached, the fartherst corner would be occupied. By the time the turkey was in the pot, all feeling of strangeness was gone, and the organ and violin were going together. To be sure, Fannie had only two stops out, and played very softly, but play she did. Sam proposed that they should practice hymns for Sunday school, but the proposition was unanimously voted down. There was a little singing, a good deal of talk, and a great deal of laughter for some time. Then the girls took a look at the turkey. "With that fire, that water won't boil to-night," declared Miss Bright.

"All right," Harry answered, "I'll fix the fire." The stove was one of those big box ones with the lid in the top. You can imagine what a tremendous fire would be required to boil anything on it.

Harry fixed the fire; he did so by filling the stove nearly full of wood, and turning on the full draft. Then Joe announced that the lamp was going out. Yes, slowly but surely the light was growing dimmer and dimmer. "Well, what are we going to do about it?" George inquired. "We must have oil," 'Race said,

cheerfully. "The old thing is pretty nearly gone," Harry said. "Some of you have to go to Mrs. Bright's and get some more oil," Fan spoke very decisively.

"Sam, will you go?" "Not much I won't." "Race?" "Rather be excused, Fan." A long silence, then Joe got up. "I'll go, if some one else will," he said. George seized his cap, "Sure Joe, and I'll back you. Never shall it be said that I let a comrade venture alone into danger. Say, Miss Bright, shall we get a dose of hot water?" he added as they stepped outside. Those in the school house sat and looked at the flickering light. Kate broke the silence: "What if this story gets out?" she inquired in a hushed voice. "Let it!" Fan replied, straightening herself. "I don't care." "Oh! it is all right for you, Fan, for you have your brothers. Just see how it will sound. The school-teacher was up at the school-house until nearly morning, helping to eat a stolen turkey." "We didn't steal it," Harry declared. "No," Sam laughed. "It followed you and Joe out of pure love; didn't it Harry? and while George was showing his affection for the darling, it happened to die. Remember, Miss Arrow, our love for that turkey killed it." "I can well believe that," Kate replied. Then the light grew dimmer; the girls gathered together on one side of the room, while the boys occupied seats on the other, and they were silent again.

At last came a light rap at the door and Joe and George were admitted. They had the oil, but they were not in the highest spirits. Inquiry revealed the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Bright were decidedly gloomy, and nothing that the boys said made them feel brighter. The lovers of turkey looked at each other for encouragement, but after each one declaiming that he or she didn't care, they all with one accord gave themselves up to their own thoughts, not the pleasantest in the world, judging from the expression on the countenances.

Meanwhile the fire was getting in its work. The mass of wood was pretty well consumed; consequently the back of the stove was red

hot, and the room like an oven. "Seems to me its rather warm in here," ventured 'Race, at last. "Warm! I should say it was," Kate answered.

"Isn't there some way of getting air in here? I shall suffocate." "We might raise the windows," Sam suggested, and they tried to, but the windows stuck after they were raised about an inch and with the curtains down, little air was admitted. Hotter and hotter grew the room, while the poor people in it sat still and tried to bear it.

"Sam," inquired George, the irrepressible, "Do you suppose that this is a foretaste of what we are going to catch in the —," "Oh! you shut up!" Sam bursted out, wiping the perspiration from his face. This is punishment enough. Fan, isn't that thing nearly done?" "It needs about half an hour more," Fan replied.

"Half an hour! Do you intend to keep up that fire?"

"She shan't put in another stick," Kate asserted, savagely. "Fan;" her voice changed to a pathetic wail; "Fan, can you live through it?" "I have to." George declared that his brain was roasting.

"And I haven't any to spare you know, so I am going out doors to cool off."

Out he went, and in a moment whispered through the window that it was "perfectly elegant out there." But the others were too warm to venture out. They had to endure their misery as best they might. The clock struck one, and still the turkey was not done. It was proposed by one that they should "fire the the thing and light out." Harry had gone to sleep in the corner, so he did not join in the indignant outcry that followed. They were going to eat that turkey, if they had to wait until daylight for it. "After I loved that turkey to death," George declared, "I am going to help eat it. It must be done."

"Half an hour passed slowly by, then the girls called the others to turkey.

Kate had left her dinner pail at the school house that day. It was seized and half filled

with soup, a huge slice of turkey added, the recipient walked off to a seat, taking along a thick slice of bread. Harry woke up and came in for his share. They never tired of singing the praises of that soup to one another. The scene, as they feasted, might have tempted a painter. Around the teacher's desk were Fannie, Miss Bright, Harry and 'Race. Fan had the teacher's chair, Miss Bright, the organ stool, and the boys had rigged up some sort of seat for themselves, Kate and Sam, after receiving their portion, returned to the back part of the room. The desks slanted so much that the dishes could not stand on them, so they placed a board on two desks, and had a very good table. George and Joe occupied the very back seat, on the opposite side of the room. These two didn't talk, they simply ate. How much soup and turkey disappeared down their throats, history does not tell us. The others declared afterwards that they had eaten all that was left after the first dishing up. After the last drop was drained from the pot, and nothing but bones were left to tell the tale of a loved turkey, Sam voiced the sentiment of the crowd when he said: "The only trouble is, there isn't enough of it."

The bones were burned, the dishes packed; then Kate, Fan and Miss Bright started in one direction, the boys in another. The girls wouldn't let the boys accompany them.

"We know the road, and you wouldn't get home until day-light," was their answer to all entreaties. All was quiet at Bright's, and the girls went up stairs on tip-toe. But when Kate and Fan were safe in Kate's room, they sank down on the bed in convulsions of laughter. The next morning Kate was early at the scene of the frolic. It was well that she was. Turkey feathers were flying over the floor, wheat had been spilled from the turkey's crop, one or two dishes had been forgotten, and the curtains were still down. The curtains were soon raised, feathers picked up and floor swept. But for a week afterwards Kate was kept in an agony by the sudden appearance of feathers. However, no one ever suspected that,

as George said, "the school-ma'am and the director's children, and Miss Bright and 'Race and Harry and me, went turkey stealing—I mean loving—on Hallowe'en."

Teacher in English: "What does the word 'incidental' mean?"

Student: "Five dollars."

The recent severe sickness of the great pugilist, John L. Sullivan, whose physical strength has been the wonder of the world, points quite conclusively to the fact that his downfall was the result of those excesses that, if indulged in, will sooner or later work the ruin of all who thus transgress nature's laws. Ex

'Get the best of whiskey," said Eli Perkins, "an' it will get the best of you."

This issue of the STUDENT goes forth amid great embarrassments. Throughout the winter diphtheria has prevailed to some extent in this section, as in some other sections, of the country. There have been some fatal cases in Grand Forks, where children were attacked. A few of our students have been troubled with symptoms of the same disease, but in no case have the symptoms been of a violent or dangerous character; nevertheless all such cases have been carefully isolated from the rest of the students, and cared for by proper nurses. In fact the three or four who were sick, have recovered and gone away from the University. On the 6th inst. it was announced that a child of the janitor had taken the disease, and, by the physician's advice, the Faculty decided to close the University temporarily.

There is now no case of diphtheria in the University, and workmen are engaged at this writing, under the direction of the Board of Health, in fumigating and otherwise cleansing the South Building, in which these cases occurred. The plumbing is being thoroughly overhauled, and the whole job will very soon have been finished in the most complete and satisfactory manner. This, we hope, will be by the time this issue is in print.

THE VISIT OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Saturday, January 19, was a red-letter day in the history of the University, an account of a visit from the territorial Legislature. Doubtless the previous visit by a few of the members from this part the territory—as recorded in the last issue—and their interest and satisfaction led the Legislature to decide to come in a body and inspect what we are and what we are doing.

The special train from Grand Forks arrived at the University about noon, and there poured forth the members, some of their wives and children, the inevitable army of attaches, and a large representation from the "third house," all escorted by a reception committee of citizens of Grand Forks. Our energetic boys had, early in the morning, shoveled a wide path through the deep drift which the first blizzard of winter had made at the station, and the party proceeded directly to the South Building, where they were presented to the President and Faculty.

The visitors were then escorted to the Assembly Room, and an address was made by Pres. Roach, of the Regents, on the growth of the University and the immediate and prospective needs. Pres. Sprague followed him on the same line. The party were then taken through the Museum, Laboratory, Library, and other departments of the University; after which they were collected again in the Assembly Hall to await the signal for the lunch. This interval was improved by some of the Faculty in stating the special needs of their respective departments, and the company was further entertained by a number of recitations from Miss Cora E. Smith.

The company then went over to the Dormitory and partook of the elegant lunch which Mrs. Sprague had provided for them. Many expressions of appreciation of the repast were noticed, in the words, as well as actions, of the legislators, who seemed surprised that so elaborate an affair should be termed merely a "lunch." But we think, after all, the deepest impression was made on them, by the bright

eyes of our college girls, who waited on the tables. Certainly the latter deserve a high compliment for the ease and grace with which they performed this to them unusual service.

After lunch the guests made an inspection of the Ladies' Dormitory, and then were assembled in the elegant and spacious parlor in which they listened to some charming songs by Miss Boasberg, teacher of music, and another recitation by Miss Smith.

It was about four o'clock when the reappearance of the special train summoned the reluctant Solons away, all apparently deeply impressed with the good work already doing for the youth of North Dakota, and convinced of the grander opportunities which their own enlightened liberality is about to offer us.

At six o'clock the Pioneer Club gave the Legislature a reception at the rooms of the Club, and the visit was closed by a banquet at the Ingalls House.

The efforts thus made to give a hospitable reception to our lawmakers were, we doubt not, appreciated; but we trust they will look above and beyond those ceremonies—which may have been nothing more than was due from loyal citizens—and will consider rather the real needs of the University, and determine to do all that is in their power to make it the peer of that in any state.

We have in a previous number, called attention to the frequency of parhelia, or mock-suns. On Saturday, Feb. 16, there was an unusually brilliant exhibition of this phenomenon, particularly at sunset; when, as the sun set in a low bank of clouds, or mist, the brilliancy of the "dogs" was equal to that of the sun itself. The prismatic colors were also very distinct.

In the evening a sight of still greater beauty was presented, as the moon, one night past full, rose in the east. The atmosphere was plainly full of ice-mist, or little crystals of ice suspended therein, through which the stars gave a feeble light; but the moon was surrounded by a halo of light at a distance of about 23°,

while vertically and horizontally through the moon itself there extended broad bands of light. Where these last intersected the aforesaid circle, there were bright parselenae, or moon-dogs, like those about the sun, only the prismatic colors in the mock-moons at the right and left were of great brilliancy, rivaling that of the rainbow; the red on the inside and the violet on the outside being clearly noticeable. The horizontal band could be distinguished half way around the heavens and students Arnold and Sprague observed two other mock-moons on this band, each more than 90° from the moon. Equally remarkable was a portion of another circle, the centre of which was near the zenith, and the diameter about the same as that of the circle around the moon. About one-third of it was visible, its convex side turned toward the moon, and placed symmetrically with reference to the moon. About nine o'clock some light clouds destroyed the whole illusion.

Altogether it was a beautiful sight, and the students greatly enjoyed the view of it from the parlor windows, a few also being courageous enough to venture outdoors.

We are sorry to observe that certain members of the legislature seem to contemplate the establishment of an agricultural college elsewhere than at Grand Forks. Now we have no interest in booming Grand Forks, but we do feel deeply interested in the growth and development of the University. One strong, well-equipped, first-class educational institution is enough for any state, and is as much as any state can maintain. We can call to mind more than one state which has divided its educational interests, in the way proposed in the legislature, with the result of keeping down all its institutions to the second rate, or else having two or more rival institutions, one of them perhaps eventually completely overshadowing the rest. With the agricultural college and the normal school established here, in connection with the University, North Dakota will have an institution of which any state might be proud; and if the people of

this territory (or state) desire this result more than they do for each town to have a grab in the public treasury, they should speedily see that their true interests are consulted. Why needlessly duplicate laboratories, libraries, buildings, furniture, professors and expenses?

The clear atmosphere and unobstructed horizon of North Dakota afford good opportunities for the study of Astronomy. A few comparatively inexpensive instruments would go a great way in the study. We need not wait for the completion of the "Observatory." We trust that all readers of the STUDENT did not fail to observe the beautiful appearance of the planets on Friday evening, Feb. 1. Six planets were visible, including the new moon, holding the old moon in its slender arms. A short distance to the right of it, at the same altitude, was Mercury, a planet rarely observed, on account of its proximity to the sun. High up to the left Venus blazed with almost its greatest brilliancy. It is no wonder that a railway engineer, out on the prairie, once mistook it for the headlight of an advancing train, and ran his train on a siding to wait for it. Nearly midway between the moon and Venus shone out our old friend Mars, whose rubicund face has been a conspicuous object in the southwestern sky for nearly six months. He has been running with all his might—not like a valiant god of war, but with a discretion that is the better part of valor—to escape the all-conquering darts of the sun; and his enfeebled lustre now indicates that he will soon succumb to the sun's advancing power.

In the opposite part of the heavens, far to the east, the dull yellow light of Saturn shone banefully. He seemed to be burning with such jealousy at the sight of Mercury enjoying Dian's society and Mars consorting, as of old, with Venus, that he was oblivious of the fact that the Lion's jaws were just ready to close upon him.

The name of the sixth planet we shall leave the readers of the STUDENT to guess. We are sure that all must have seen it, as it was the most conspicuous of all.

BRAIN-BEWILDERERS.

An amusing periodical got up by the boys of Uppingham School gives a capital skit on the style of examination papers frequently presented for the torture of pupils.

Here are a few examples.

"Supposing the river Ganges to be three cubits in breadth—which it isn't—what is the average height of the Alps, stock being at nineteen and a half?"

"If in autumn apples cost four pence a pound in London, and potatoes a shiling a score in spring, when will greengages be sold in Paris at three half-pence each, Spanish oranges being at a discount of five per cent?"

"If two men can kill two brace of partridges in going up the right side of a rectangular turnip field, how many would be killed by five men and a terrior pup in going down the other side?"

"If a milkmaid, four feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk out of every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's name, age, and the occupation of her grandfather?"

"If thirty thousand million of human beings have lived since the beginning of the world, how many may we safely say will die before the end of it? N. B.—This example is to be worked out by simple subtraction, algebra, and the rule of three.

Compare results."

Report by G. S. S. of the weather for January, 1889, at the University:

Average temperature.	
7:00 A. M.	4°
1:00 P. M.	14°
6:00 P. M.	9°
For month.	9°
Prevailing wind.—North.	
Number of clear days	7
Number of fair days	8
Number of cloudy days	16
Number of days on which rain or snow fell	9

We wonder whether that "green-covered student's note-book"—has yet answered roll-call.

SHAKESPERIANA.

[By H. B. S.]

In Macbeth, Act IV, sc. i, lines 94 to 103, the original reading of all the old editions is as follows:

Macbeth. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.

Here all subsequent editors, with the single exception of Halliwell (1865), follow Theobald (1733) in changing 'rebellious dead' to rebellion's head, or rebellious head. They interpret 'rebellion's head' as meaning a rebellious body of men, or insurgent force, making head against the king.

Convinced that they are wrong, we venture to restore the old text in our edition of the play, and for the following reasons:—

Our principle of interpretation is that of Dr. Johnson: "My first labor," said he, "is always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice through which light can find its way." Attempts to improve upon the language of Shakespeare are always hazardous.

Now what was uppermost in Macbeth's mind at the time he uttered the words quoted? Not insurrection or revolt. He had heard indirectly that Macduff had declined the invitation to the banquet; but thus far there had been no rebellion nor any opposition to Macbeth, other than the defiant conduct of Banquo's ghost. Slain at dusk the evening before, with 'twenty trenched gashes on his head,' the dead man had apparently risen, and menacingly nodded and shaken his gory locks at the king. The horror-stricken monarch fears that

If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

It was in the midst of the great banquet that the horrible spectre confronted and threatened him. It disappeared for a few minutes, during which Macbeth said, aside, to his wife,

The time has been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they *rise again*,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools!

The last half dozen words are very significant. They show that Macbeth not only feared Banquo's rising, but feared dethronement, also, by Banquo.

Assuming composure as best he can, he says to the company,

Give me some wine, fill full.—
I drink to the general joy o'the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;—
Would he were here!

But at this instant the dreadful shape rises again, and the conscience-stricken king shrieks to it—

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hid thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

To the assembled lords, his wife with admirable tact tries to pass off this conduct, and the language of her husband, as the effect of a not unusual fit of mental aberration—

Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

But Macbeth is too much absorbed in beholding the bloody, grisly, threatening form, to heed his wife's apologetic words, and he exclaims to the awful visitor,

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl.

When the ghost has again vanished, and he has regained self-possession, evidently still thinking of Banquo's possible, nay probable vengeance, he remarks,

It will have blood! They say blood will have blood!

He believes that supernatural agencies may be enlisted against him; that

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have
By magot-pies [magpies] and choughs and rooks
Brought forth the secret'st man of blood.

He will oppose supernatural by supernatural:

I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.
Within a few hours he is in their cavern witnessing their diabolical incantations round the bubbling caldron. His thoughts for days have been concentrated on Banquo and the prophecy in regard to Banquo's descendants; as he says to the witches a little later,

Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

The Witches. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you!

Three apparitions successively arise; an armed head; a bloody child; and a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. These respectively bid him beware of Macduff; scorn the power of man born of woman; and,

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Then it is that Macbeth exultingly speaks the words we have first quoted. A long procession of spectral kings yet to be, now passes over the stage, and still the central figure among them all is Banquo!

Macbeth. Horrible sight!—Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so.
Before Banquo's death, Macbeth had said
Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep
..... There is none but he
Whose being I do fear.

And after Banquo's death he feared him more than ever. On this point, note Lady Macbeth's testimony in the wonderful sleep-walking scene. In imagination she is again endeavoring to allay her husband's anxiety lest the dead Banquo should quit his grave and push him from his high seat. "Look not so pale," she says; "I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave."

In the light of all this, we hope not to be

thought presumptuous if we venture to hold the opinion that it was not so much a general rebellion, raising its head against him, that Macbeth feared; but chiefly the rebellious Banquo, dead indeed, but twice risen, and capable of rising again, to overthrow the usurper. At the risk of some repetition, we quote, in defence of the old text, from our edition of Macbeth: "There had been no rebellion yet, nor had any been threatened other than that implied by the terrible phantom shaking its blood-boltered locks; but the dreadful shape that the night before had blanched his cheeks and made his firm nerves tremble must have haunted him every instant. There is no need of changing 'dead' to 'head'; but if we do change it, let us believe that the head is that of the murdered but still living Banquo".

LOCAL ITEMS.

Bumps!
Lumps!
Mumps!
Dumps!!!!

38° below zero, Feb. 5, 1889. That's something like business!

The sleighing on the "boulevard" would be fine, if a few weeds had been left on the edge of the highest part of the grade, in order to catch the snow. The wind very quickly blows the snow from this part of the grade, and therefore makes the sleighing there very poor.

The "Scientific Three" still thirst for more knowledge. Their "latest" was of the usual character. An interesting specimen of *canis familiaris* was visiting the U. N. D., and having a due regard for the health of the Students, the "S. T." thought best to challenge the stranger. He was placed upon a chair before the hall door.

S. T. No. 1. "Wouldn't we better examine him for mumps first?"

S. T. No. 2. "Yes, pull up his ears."
A prolonged howl from Doggie.

No. 1. "Oh, he's got 'em all right."

S. T. No. 3. "Look at his throat!" Mr. *Canis* objects—the S. T.'s insist. A struggle follows. There is a shout of "put him out"—and Mr. C. *Familiaris* had been examined and did not "pass."

Latest from Junior class in Physics. Why is a student like a heavily charged gun?

Because he always kicks when he gets fired.

The bulletin board is a very necessary place

of resort. The program of recitations should be carefully studied; but doesn't it strike one rather singular that some of our highest students have so much difficulty in learning the routine of studies, that they must regularly stand day after day, and, generally with assistance review the work for the day? Patience and perseverance will doubtless be rewarded.

Chapel exercise begins at 9:10 A. M. instead of 9:20 as formerly. Surely some of the students never knew the length of ten minutes before—judging from the rolls of "excuses" that are handed in every morning. We suggest to the habitually delinquent, that they use a printed form, and thereby save their parents and guardians much annoyance in helping them out of their embarrassments.

"Goldie" is our University Postmaster, and is accordingly, especially popular among his fellow-students at mail-time. He has made, and placed beside the bulletin-board, a very convenient mail box, as a receptacle of all mail sent out from the building. This box has filled a long-felt want—for now we can write to our cousins without having the fact paraded over the building by the chance mail carriers. Sir Postmaster, accept our thanks!

Miss Daisy Whipple, for the past three years a student at the U. N. D., has withdrawn from her studies and returned home. An echo tells us that in the near future we may hear of those "mellow—golden bells—of the rhyming and the chiming of the bells."

Mr. Holmes, of Grand Forks, lately presented the Physical Laboratory with a new incandescent lamp, to replace a used-up, or worthless, one. Mr. Holmes is a practical electrician of many years' experience.

The Library is now open from three to five P. M., and the students appear to appreciate the increased opportunity thus given for getting acquainted with good literature. Whenever we have been in the room the tables were pretty well filled up. One or two lamps for dark days would be a very desirable addition.

PERSONAL.

Fred. Woodruff is still a resident of Thompson, Dakota.

Harrison G. Freeman is in business in Puyallup, Washington Territory—not in Seattle—as before stated.

Mrs. Emma R. Parker Smith is a resident of Grand Forks.

Frank W. Stanton is in business in the city.