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SLEEP.

What is sleep? and what do we understand by the term? A thing so common may seem to be easily defined, but viewing this question psychologically, to be able to point out the exact process of sleep, and to accurately define it is no easy matter. The etymology of the word may perhaps be of some advantage at the present time. It is derived from *schlafen* as the Latin *sonnus* from *supinus*, referring to the supine condition and appearance of the body in this state. The relaxing of the muscles and sinking away of the frame as if unsupported, but this is by no means a definition of term. It is simply describing the condition of the body while in that state.

I think the true definition would be simply the loss of self-consciousness, the having no knowledge of the *ego* with her material things around. This results no doubt from the inaction of the bodily senses. We lose all conception of time and space, and are cut off as in death from all material existence. It is not an affection of the reproductive nor those of the muscular, they are still capable of action, it is only a derangement of the nervous system. Nor do all the senses all asleep at the same time. Our sight goes, the eyelids droop and close, then taste and smell, then touch and hearing are the last to give way.

One sense may repose in slumber while till another is awake. You may still hear what is around you when the eye is already asleep. The indications of approaching sleep is then the closing of the eyelids, the nodding of the head, the drooping of the arms, the sinking from an erect to a supine condition. If in reading the eyes close, the book droops, self-consciousness ceases, and we pass away in sweet repose. If in church, the head rests devoutly upon the friendly pew, as if deeply impressed by its words of truth.

Accompanying this phenomena there is also the loss of personal control. The will no longer sits upon its gorgeous throne. Its sceptre falls. And the members so willing to do its bidding, remain motionless and still. No longer is our train of thought guided by this potent agency. It is not in our power to avert a stray thought, nor, as in waking moments, to fix our mind upon it *ad libitum*, to the exclusion of all others. But we are at the mercy of them all, as the lyre to the passing breeze. We are passive to the minds own energy, producing in us the wildest notion, heaving to us all the resemblance of reality.

Sleep, then, being the exhaustion of the nervous system, the more rapid the exhaustion the more sleep is required. The student, the man engaged in literary pursuits, requires, then, more rest than the physical laborer; and students should be very careful that this law of their nature should demand their greatest respect. We cannot continue always active. Rest

must succeed to effort. So, if we would be invigorated with energy and health, give the body its requisite amount of sleep.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

It lifts one up, so we have been told, To strive for knowledge, be it new or old. So here we are to engage in such strife As we're seeking you know for the higher life.

The road to knowledge is very steep, But we're going to climb it like goats and sheep.

Believing that in the end we'll find The higher life—the gorgeous mind.

So, many of us have gathered here, Far from friends and parients dear, Not at the call of the drum and life. But to seek for that ere higher life.

P.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare, the greatest of poets, is supposed to have been born on the 23d of April, 1564. There are, however, some who differ about the date, but we have every reason to believe that it was not earlier than the 23d. Two of the principle arguments are as follows: First, because it is generally understood that he died upon the anniversary of his birthday, and we are certain that he died on the 23d of April. Secondly, because it was customary to baptize at as early an age as possible. For, according to the customs of the English church, those baptized were deprived of many privileges, and, as it is said, "that solemn and sweet farewell."

That died in peace with one another, Father, sister, son and brother.

With this gloomy belief it is natural to believe that they would avail themselves of the first opportunity. We therefore come to the conclusion that Wm. Shakespeare was born but a few days before his baptism.

He was born at Stratford upon Avon, a market town of England, in Warwickshire, nine miles west of Warwick, and 96 northwest of London. It is situated on a gentle slope above the river, which stretches out to a considerable breadth and is crossed by a bridge of fourteen arches. The older parts of the town are laid irregular, but many improvements are said to have been made of late years—the streets are laid out more regular, and the houses are larger and finer. The church, a fine cruciform building, is situated at the southeast corner of the town, and is illustrious as the burial place of Shakespeare. The remains lie on the north side of the chancel, and on the wall is his monument, partly of marble and with a half bust and two inscriptions, one in Latin and the other in English.

His father, John Shakespeare, was in all probability a glover, or manufacturer of the many articles of dress then made from leather.

He belonged to the shopkeeper class, but had married an heiress by the name of Isabella Arden, whose family had become quite prominent in the courts of preceding reigns.

Isabella Arden had considerable property, but, instead of being an advantage, it seemed to have been the cause of misfortune to the family, for John Shakespeare, who had originally been a thriving and prosperous tradesman, gradually descended, during the youth of his son, to poverty, having been tempted to pursue without experience, an agricultural life. He was obliged soon after to mortgage and sell not only his farm but even one of his houses in Stratford.

He at last retained nothing but that small but interesting old dwelling which will ever be remembered as the birth place of Wm. Shakespeare, the greatest of poets. In regard to his education, there has been considerable said of the manner in which he received it. Some think he received instruction from his parents. I think not; for we have good authority to prove that neither John nor Isabella Shakespeare could write, for it was an accomplishment that few possessed during the reign of Elizabeth, in even a higher class of society, but we should not think from this that he was deprived of all the advantages of regular instruction, that the poverty and ignorance of his parents necessarily deprived him of an education.

There existed at that time and at the present day, one of those free grammar schools of which so many country towns of England are possessed, and to the old grammar school in Stratford, founded in the reign of Edward the fourth, it is quite certain that John Shakespeare had the right,—as he was Alderman and Bailiff of the town,—of sending his son free of charge. Thus we can hardly doubt but what he received as thorough an education as that school afforded.

In some works we find that the poet had been in his youth a schoolmaster in the country, which of course cannot be true, as we know at what an early age he left Stratford to enter as actor and author in the Globe Theatre, London. He might have been, however, after passing through the lower classes of the grammar school, employed in assisting the master in instructing the smaller pupils.

Among the various stories connected with the early life of Shakespeare, of which posterity seems to swallow with greediness, is that of the deer stealing expedition, with other riotous young fellows, to Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlote, near Stratford. The young game stealer, who had broken into the park and stolen the deer, is said to have been siezed brought before the indignant Justice of the Peace, and was treated so severely by Sir Thomas that he revenged himself by injuring the gates of Charlote, for which he was obliged to escape to London.

The idea that Shakespeare became so poor as to be obliged to earn a living by holding horses at the door of the theatre, must be absurd, for it is established by the dramatic compositions of that day that the people universally visited the theatre either on foot or in boats, to which the theatres were built on the banks of the Thames, consequently there could be no horses to hold. Secondly, seems hardly natural that a man endowed with the talent of Shakespeare, which must have shown in his earlier work, would be permitted to become so low.

He was married at 18, to a Miss Anne Hathaway, on the 28th of November, 1582.

His family and his own tastes, and the encouragements of his friends, were probably combined to turn his thoughts to the stage.

He died on the 23d of April, 1616, his fifty-third year. F. P. H.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—Taylor.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft a-gley; And leave us naught but grief and pain For promised joy.

—Burns.

Niagara Without Water.

On the 29th of March, 1848, the river presented a remarkable phenomenon. There is no record of a similar one, nor has it been observed since. The winter had been intensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was very thick. This was loosened around the edges by the warm days of early spring. During the day a stiff easterly wind moved the whole field up the lake. About sundown the wind chopped suddenly around, and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast tract of ice down again with such tremendous force that it filled the neck of the lake, and the outlet, so that the outflow of the water was very greatly impeded. Of course it only needed a very short space of time for the falls to drain off the water below Black Rock. The consequence was, that when we arose in the morning a Niagara, we found that our river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled into a respectable creek. The British channel looked as though it had been smitten with a quick consumption and was fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat Island, and out into the Canadian rapids, the water was gone, as it was also from the lower end of Goat Island, out beyond the tower. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided almost to a moan. The scene was desolate, and but for its novelty and the certainty that it would change before many hours, would have been gloomy and saddening. Every person who has visited Niagara will remember a beautiful jet of water that shoots up out of the water about forty rods south of the outer sister in the great rapids, called, with a singular contradiction of terms, the "Leaping Rock."

The writer drove a buggy from near the head of Goat Island out to a point above and near to that jet. With a log cart and four horses we had drawn from the outside of the outer island a stick of pine timber, hewed one foot square and forty feet long. From the top of the middle island was drawn a still larger stick, hewed on one side and sixty feet long. There are few places on the globe where a person would be less likely to go a lumbering than in the rapids of Niagara, just above the brink of the Horse-shoe fall. All the people of the neighborhood were abroad exploring recesses and cavities that had never before been exposed to mortal eyes. The writer went some distance up the shore of the river. Large fields at the muddy bottom lay bare. \* \* \* The singular sincope of the waters lasted all day, and night closed over the strange scene. But in the morning our river was restored in all its strength, beauty, and majesty, and we were glad to welcome its swelling tide once more.

A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism; but depth of philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Bacon.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.—Cooper.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man Will not affront me, and no other can.—Cooper.

One science only will one genius fit: So vast is art, so narrow human wit.—Pope.