

nude and lonely, will very soon teem with life, and millions will tread these fertile plains and add to them beauty and variety of prospect.

Already the earnest of the future greets the eye, and no great stretch of imagination is needed to paint the landscape as it inevitably must exist ten years hence. History, it is said, constantly repeats itself, hence the cities along the lines of travel, in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and other western states as they now exist, will be more than duplicated in Nebraska within the next ten years. What an immense extent of country now lies passive awaiting the moulding influence of intelligent, enterprising hearts and hands to shape its destiny! What a field for the State University to cultivate!

The eye is delighted and the heart gladdened with the sight of the temples of learning, not dedicated as of old to the heathen goddess Minerva, but still held more sacred to the breast of every lover of true freedom than were the shrines of that honored divinity.

But where are the Nestors and Mentors, to awaken in the hearts of the ardent youth the flame of true patriotism and a love for eloquence? Where shall the vestal virgins, who must kindle and keep brightly burning the flame of love of pure knowledge and high intellectual attainments, be instructed in the mysteries of their holy ministrations? We must look to the State University as a great auxiliary in this great work. It must send out thorough, broad, polished, cultured men to build up the system of education in these towns of magic growth, or Nebraska must import her instructors. Our young women must be properly instructed to do this work or we shall retrograde.

I wonder if learned instructors presiding in what should be the mighty engine of power, the great heart of the educational system of our state feel, as they should, the necessity of sending out through all these arteries the warm vitalizing blood of pure, correct, rich, animated, energizing knowledge. There is a mighty work for some power to accomplish, and where should the people look but to its foster child?

VIATOR.

Among the Teutons.

AN ALL-NIGHT'S RIDE IN GERMANY.

On one of those somber evenings, which are native to the North Sea coast, I landed, with other American passengers, in the quaint, old seaport of Bremen. Although travel-worn, after thirteen days of ocean voyage, none of our little company could think of resting so soon after being planted on *terra firma*, and a large majority concluded to take the first train for the interior of "Kaiser Wilhelm's" domains. A few hours were granted for supper and a stroll.

In the company of two young Germans, I decided to spend a portion of our limited time in visiting the renowned wine-cellar of the "Twelve Apostles," a favorite resort for both sexes. We arrived at a time when Bremen aristocracy flocks into this spacious basement, and already the alcoves and ante-rooms were filled with bibblers of the dainty order, and the long tables of the main hall were fast filling up. How much wine is consumed every night I dare not conjecture, but should think one would not dare draw a comparison short of a New York City aqueduct. Within the huge vaults are said to be cas-

set of fine wines which have been stored there for a hundred years. The city authorities have sole charge and make a strenuous effort to stamp it as a place of respectability. A few minutes before train time we took our departure amidst a jargon of tongues and clinking bells.

At the Custom House our baggage was rapidly glanced at, and we were requested to pass on. It seemed that this hasty inspection would be little prevention to smugglers, however this apparent carelessness was accounted for, when the officer quietly asked one of our passengers for a little remuneration. He was fed with an American two-cent copper and felt gratified. This incident shocked me; if such things existed on the border, what could we expect to find in the interior?

Notwithstanding the clamor of bothersome porters and pompous railway officers, a goodly number of our crew managed to monopolize a coupe and at 10. P. M. we sallied past the bright lights of the station into outer darkness. No sleep was allowed, for we had to change cars every few hours, and some one suggested a game of "sixty-six"—that's a very innocent game—and we played it all the way to Hanover. We arrived at that place at one o'clock A. M. when I bid adieu to the remainder of the voyage passengers, they going on into the Lower Rhine regions, while I was obliged to wait at this dead hour of night, an hour and a half for a Magdeburg train. However the eating saloons of the larger railway depots are always filled with loungers or travelers, and German characteristics can be seen all around you.

While promenading the walk near the gas-lights of the depot I noticed three German students—designated by a little red cap—who were none the better after excess in strong drink. They were discussing the Emperor's right to his position on the Currency question, judging from the gestures they made. When I observed that they were intoxicated, no lineal connection with the Nebraska University could be traced; for no such degree is found in the catalogues of that institution of learning.

Time passed rapidly and I was again aboard one of those railway navigators, called coupes, bound for Magdeburg. Early dawn soon cast a grayness upon the surrounding country and later the nicely shaped gardens and red-roofed houses of frequent villages were distinctly visible. At 6 A. M. we passed within the wall or fort which fortifies the city—twenty minutes for coffee, a change of cars, a glance at the Cathedral and we were soon driving along at law-rate speed over the plains of Leipsic. In due time we arrived at the latter place, but our haste would not let us gaze minutely upon heroic renown, where Gustavus Adolphus entered with his hordes from the North, or where Napoleon stood while French blood flowed in the streets. We were now in King Albert's realms and in a few hours arrived at our destination.

C. M. CROSEY.

Familiar Talk about Hash.

(MY LAND-LADY WILL PLEASE NOTICE)

Hash was discovered in the 16th c. by one, Che-ha, of China, second cook to his Imperial Highness, Taou-kwang, Emperor of that Empire. The word is from the Chinese "hash-ai," to cut into bits, and is supposed to have had its origin with the discovery of the article. From so important a discovery, Che-ha was held in great

respect, and even promoted to the rank of first cook, by the Emperor, and almost worshiped by the common people. At first he guarded his secret with zealous care, not even imparting it to his wife, for in that early day tradition held women at off-hand discredit. But it lay heavily on his mind, and at last, to make the matter more complicated, he informed his wife, in dark disclosure of the process.

Being of an energetic disposition he contracted to furnish the entire Empire with that delectable dish; and the enraptured Celestials would eat, until their native strength was exhausted, and then were rolled across a barrel, similar to the manner of resuscitating a drowned man.

The Emperor, seeing that it produced such a *gorgeous* effect, ordered a discontinuance of its manufacture, and the culprit to be deprived of rats for the rest of his natural life. But the decree was so unpopular, that, in a short time, he revoked it. In the mean time Che-ha's rib propensity had divulged the secret to a subordinate, and from thence, it spread like an affectionate hen over her darling brood.

Che-ha was inconsolable. He traded his disobedient wife for a couple of chop sticks and a terrier dog.

In a short time we see hash introduced into Bavaria, Sahara, and other occidental nations. At its first appearance in a new country the demand was greater than the supply; but this is accounted for by commentators, as owing altogether to the inexperience of the compounders.

In England, as is characteristic of that nation, it was received with a great deal of distrust; it was proposed by the Queen's counsel that it be introduced into the kingdom, only on the "local option" system. Not so in France; its first appearance was hailed with delight, and even to the present day the famished traveler is greeted with the euphonic words at every hotel and cafe "vive la hash."

Hash was brought to America, the land of the free, by one Barnum, a gentleman who was making a curious collection, for a cabinet museum. In New York the demand was uncommonly great. But in consequence of some scurrilous reports circulated regarding the ingredients, hash fell into disrepute. But the day of its popularity was not over. Some enterprising gentlemen, forming a monopoly, endeavored to get up a "corner" on this article of food; but an editorial rebuke in the *New York Tribune*, espousing the cause of hash, crushed their wicked attempt; while the cries of the hungry thousands extolled its fame, and to-day the Grangers are humming the refrain.

Hash, besides being very palatable, is very convenient on wash days, and other important eras known to the domestic hearth-stone. It is picked up indiscriminately, hence the term, "picked up dinners." Hash is not good without unbounded faith, and to this the moralizers all exhort us. If the cook does not indigne in hash, perhaps you better take a cup of coffee and let it alone. At a new boarding house, we think it best not to say anything about the quality of the hash, for in such cases it is generally inflicted in over doses, to try the moral courage of the new boarder.

My moral courage has been tried.

Mince pies have been held by some to be analogous to hash; but I have always considered this to be a sarcastic interplot.

Now mince pies are good, but that they can branch off into that profound mystery of ha-h, I deny. I have known persons,

who by general consent were voted curs, now would it be casting any reflection upon hash, to state, that if they were to partake of that dish, they would be cannibals to their adopted race?

OCIDA.

Intelligent Bolters.

The editor of the *Herald*, Plattsburgh, referring to an editorial in the *STUDENT*, in which the statement was made that, "the scholar should be found in the ranks of intelligent bolters," asks "the young gentlemen who edit the *STUDENT*, if they have ever seen any intelligent bolters." In reply we would say that we have been sorely worried by the keen sarcasm conveyed in this bland interrogation. The *Herald* is evidently trying to annihilate us by playing the role of Socrates.

But wise, old Socrates would have blushed to have perpetrated such a question. We are so sorry that the astute editor of the *Herald* has asked this question; as we perceive therefrom that he is either extremely ignorant of the history of American politics, or else, what is worse still, that he is one of that class of politicians who would rather stupidly hold fast to the rotten carcass of party, though they ruin themselves and disgust the Nation, than discard the vile thing, and give it a speedy and decent burial, whenever it ceases to be a means of perpetuating the great ideas and principles which it professes to endorse.

We would advise him to read up the history of the "Free Soilers," "The Barnburners," led by such "bolters" as Van Buren, Hale and Adams—the cause of the death of the old Whig party, and of the present dying condition of the Democratic party—the record of that hero of "bolters," Andrew Jackson, of Douglas, and later, of a few such men as Freeman Clark at Springfield. If he does this, he will then be able to consider the matter in a rational manner, and will perhaps discover some representative wisdom and intelligence in the ranks of bolters.

We have seen our nation saved in the hour of peril by a bolter's will and heroism; we have seen a great national evil rooted out by the persistent efforts of bolters, though fostered by two strong parties; even during the last year we have seen demagogues and public robbers tremble for fear some honest man should have the moral courage to bolt the ticket of his convention and refuse to license a villain to gorge upon the people's bounty. Would to God the Republican Party of Nebraska had always possessed a few bolters in its caucuses and conventions! then the Party and the State might have been spared shame and disgrace.

We would ask the editor of the *Herald*, if, in the history of our State, he has never known a villain to be imposed upon the people, by low trickery and chicanery in the convention, and then elected by a craven public, literally driven to the polls by the scourge of party fealty?

Has he ever known a political journal to wield the party lash in the behalf of a candidate whom there was every reason to suspect? If so, would not the editor of such a journal have shown more principle and intelligence by warning the people of danger, than by bringing a disgrace upon his party and a calamity upon the State?

Which policy would be most likely to endanger the stability of a party and destroy public confidence—to impose an evil or incompetent man upon the people, or discard him and let the opposing party gain momentarily in the race?—[Ed.]