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Miscellaneous Mention.

James Gordon Bennett is well known to be the richest newspaper proprietor in the country. His paper, the *Herald*, will pay him a dividend of \$850,000 the present year.

A colossal statue of Chief Justice Marshall is to be placed in the grounds of the national capitol as soon as completed, which will be three or four years hence. It will be cast in Munich.

A Georgia undertaker has sent in a bill of \$3100 for burying Ben. Hill. This may seem exorbitant in this case but we think Nebraska could afford to pay even that if somebody would bury a few of our would-be senators.

A Harvard debating club decided the other day that the Republican party has outlived its usefulness. This will save a good deal of anxiety and expense, by doing away with the necessity for the next national convention which a few fond followers of that deluded organization had intended to hold.

Regent Fifield, who has been in Baltimore since September, writes that considerations of his health may require his return to Nebraska next spring. He is attending two or three courses of lectures in the Johns Hopkins University. His daughter is a student in the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore. Mr. Fifield will necessarily be absent from the Regents' meeting in December. His first absence from any regular meeting in seven years. His address is 126 N. Eutaw Street Baltimore, Md.

There is no end to the power of the human mind to make great discoveries. A talented Parisian critic has made the recent presentation of Victor Hugo's drama "Le Roi S'amuse" the occasion to inform the world that Hugo is only a poet and is a failure as a dramatist and novelist. A great many people have been laboring under the delusions that the author of "Notre Dame" and "Les Misérables" had some rank in literature. It is well that they are undeceived. We hope these books will be retired from circulation.

The progress the telephone has made during the past few years is truly remarkable; but five or six years ago it was used for talking short distances only; but gradually increasing in strength they were used at a mile distance, and now they connect cities which are miles apart. The latest connection in the West is that of Omaha and Lincoln a distance of 65 miles. If continued at this rate it will not be long before the citizens of the eastern portion of a city can talk with their neighbors in the western portion by

The male students up at Kingston, Ontario, do not appear to be overburdened with a chivalrous spirit for their fair companions. At the medical college situated in that city, they have demanded the expulsion of the lady students, and as their wishes have not been complied with they intend to apply to Trinity College, Toronto, for admission. Better go back, boys, and try to stand it a while longer; we don't do that way out here. What is the matter any how; have you been holding a free-for-all-go-as-you-please suffrage discussion?

Our reviewers handle the of today without gloves. They tell us that Black has no plots, that Howell deals in mental vivisection, that Mrs. Phelps' latest novel is of the sensational order and so on through the list. It is suggested by the impudent newspapers that the Poet Laureate had better confine himself to poetry and let the drama alone. We hope they are able to comfort themselves with the reflection that genius is never appreciated until it reaches its centennial, especially as people are found who read and admire all the works of all of them.

They do not "nail a lie" or "repel an insinuation" in France. *The London Society* tells the following good story of M. Leon Gozlan, who takes the lead at present for neat refutation of newspaper slander. A smart journalist published an alleged account of his having been a sailor on a certain brig, who had not only incited the crew to mutiny, but had also murdered the captain. Gozlan immediately published the following letter to the editor:—

"Monsieur: you say that I have been a sailor, which is quite true; that I caused the crew of a brig to mutiny, and then killed the captain, which is also perfectly correct. But you forgot to add a detail which may particularly interest your readers; after killing the captain I ate him! —Leon Gozlan."

Every one who has lived in the South, and probably by this time, many a one who has never been below Mason and Dixon's line, has observed the delight of the old Southern negro in large sounding words, and his ludicrous attempts to use them on all occasions, getting hold of some thing slightly similar in sound to the word he has heard white people use in a like place. Here is one instance.

"So you applied for a pension, Uncle," said I to an old darkey who was doing some work for me. "Were you wounded or hurt in the war?" "Oh, no, honey, I wasn't hurt none, but all dese oder men roun heah got pensions and I was in de wah *free years*, and aint neber had no pension *yit*."

"What part of the country were you fighting in, Uncle," said I.

"Oh, Lor! chile, Ise fit all 'roun' de kentry, Norf and Souf. Ise bin *froo de war!* Why bres you, honey, I