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HESPERIAN STUDENT.

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No. 1

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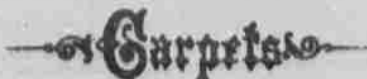
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Literary.

THE NIGHT IN NOVEMBER.

Listen my friends to a Senior's strange lay
And how it happened that he one day
Thought of making the first essay
Of writing a ditty, song or verse—
Something smart or witty or terse.
But notice how miserably bad he failed
Because on an unknown sea he sailed.

"Please may I see you to the seance?"
The girls insisted to interpret the glance
Of the bashful youths as they made their advance.
But here in private I'd have you know
That these same parties don't always do so.
It's only when Seniors with Seniors do plead
That this method of asking is apt to succeed.

The reasons are these: through thick and thin,
From the time we stammered I am, was, have been,
In every battle o'er warfare's din,
The voice of a brother, a sister was heard,
And so without stretching it may be inferred
That our mutual desires and wishes are known,
That the girls did not need to ramble at me.

Well, as I said or meant to say,
To the seance we betook our way
To witness the spirit's strange display.
'Twas in the most dismal part of town
Back in an alley, where all the way down
Not a bit or a slip of a sidewalk was laid.
Were we, ah?—You would have been afraid.

Moreover the autumn winds rustled the leaves
And the moon's ghastly light played around the
eaves.

"All things are possible to him that believes,"
One uttered in solemn scriptural tone.
I shuddered and trembled. But more I own
As we went on, the dark shadows grew,
As toward the ghastly place we drew.

The maiden at my side was brave
And although I am not her slave,
A simple statement fair and safe
Is, that I liked her simple ways.
Devoid of all this spirit craze,
And that new strength her words inspired
So that new courage I acquired.

The philosophic school she claims
To be her own, her words her aims
Her very presence e'en it seems
Inspired all with hope and trust
And we went on as do we must,
—And now within the garden gate
Subjected to the whims of fate.

The door was open'd. A haggard face
In whose expression one could trace
A union with another race,
Appeared, and with its mystic looks
(Such as are seen in books)
And with its still more mystic signs
Bade us be welcome at the shrines.

Closely crowded like flocks of sheep
The youths and maidens together would keep.
When with a voice sonorous and deep,
The mandate came forth to form a ring
So that the Spirits some message might bring.
"This was essential," the conjurer said,
"For a communion between living and dead."

Thus we obeyed. The table around
About half past ten, the class could be found,
Anxiously waiting, being spell-bound,
Anxiously waiting, not daring to breathe.
Nothing was heard but some chattering teeth.
Then we were told to sing some refrains
To quiet our souls and soothe our brains.

Seniors who never in Chapel have sung,
Seniors who would just as soon have been hung
As to acknowledge, "a song might be wrong
From their faint breasts," were there and sang,
"Till from the night the wild echoes rang.

Sang—and e'en now they're apt to confess
Their voices were morvellous and nothing less.

The lights being low, it did not appear
How the spirits were fumbling the Seer;
Besides some cowards were quaking with fear,
So for a moment I could not tell
Whether 'twas real or only a sell;
But some nebulous spirit seemed to descend
Traversing the room from end to end.

And one of the Seniors, a susceptible youth,
Fell in a deep trance, wherein forsooth
He spoke and prophesied in German and French
How some of the class would sit on the bench,
How others would wield the birch and rule
In civilizing some district school.
And others he said were marked out by fate

Swiftly to pin to some household mate.
And more and more excited they got—
And each one thought of his probable lot.
And as the vapors more dense became,
Our minds not being just in a frame
To judge of evidence, 'twas she who said
"We ought to go home and go to bed."

They slipped into their overcoats
And wrap't their scarfs about their throats
With rather more than usual haste,
(Perhaps 'twas somewhat in bad taste.)
They braved the cold and wintry blast,
And reached their several homes at last.

THE IRISH AGITATION.

HISTORY repeats itself. Once again
Erin is giving trouble and uneasiness
to her rulers; and unless the great
cause for disturbance is removed, she will
keep it up, at intervals, forever. England
was five hundred years in completely con-
quering Ireland, and she has spent two
hundred more in terrorizing and humili-
ating her. The first period was marked
by the causeless and forcible seizure of
Irish lands from their rightful owners by
stronger neighbors of another race. It
was marked by internal feuds and exter-
nal wars;—by massacres, disgraceful to
the invaders, and avenged by savage atro-
cities on the part of the natives. It was
marked by intrigue and spoliation,—by
anarchy and corruption. The second
period was characterized by the coloniza-
tion of the provinces by foreign land-
lords, who, without sympathy or feeling
for their despised tenantry, committed
monstrosities of inhuman cruelty that
would have shamed barbarism itself;—by
tyranny and injustice, starvation and
misery, in every aggravated form;—by
frenzied insurrection, put down by un-
reasoning and pitiless brutality, and fol-
lowed by long stages of suffering and
degradation, silent in the hopelessness of
despair;—and all this countenanced—
aye, encouraged by long continued and
infamous legislation at the hands of non-
resident land-owners and their prejudiced
friends.

Such has been the history of "unhappy
Ireland;" and in the late dispatches from
over the water we read again of disorder;
—of tenants, prevented by the threats of
their fellows from working or paying
rent;—of landlords driven out of the

country by the menaces of the peasantry
against their lives and property;—of en-
thusiastic meetings, composed of ignorant
and riotous people;—of stirring speeches,
made by such intelligent and educated
men as Parnell and the other Irish mem-
bers of the British Parliament, breathing
defiance and opposition to the existing
English government;—in short, to use the
words of one dispatch, "a general upris-
ing throughout the whole of Ireland is
momentarily expected." That such a
movement is perfectly natural, or that it
has had sufficient provocation, no liberty-
loving American will deny, but when we
consider its object, the tactics employed
to attain it, and the juncture at which it
appears, we find ourselves unable to be-
lieve that the present attitude of the Irish
people is the one best calculated to show
the justice of their claims, or to check
and correct the misgovernment of their
country.

The only result in which their action
would really be justified, is the fulfillment
of their dearest ambition,—the establish-
ment of an Irish Republic. But unfor-
tunately for their hopes, such an out-
come is beyond the range of probability.
Her close proximity to England,—togeth-
er with the strong race prejudice of the
Celtic Irish to the Saxon English, swollen
to ferocious hatred by the grievous
wrongs of centuries,—would make her,
should she ever become independent, too
dangerous an ambush for a foreign foe
to Britain. Hence, if on no other ground
than self protection, England cannot af-
ford the separation; and the inequality of
the two powers would certainly defeat an
armed struggle for such independence.

It, then, this fond dream of the Irish
travellers is so manifestly impracticable,
there would seem to have remained to
them but one wise policy, that of making
an alliance with the new English govern-
ment rather than opposing it. Why? At
the last national British elections so de-
cided a turn was taken by the people
in favor of the Liberal party that, after
the fashion of English politics, the whole
Conservative Cabinet, with the haughty,
despotic Beaconsfield at its head, was
forced to resign; and the Liberals, under
the leadership of Gladstone, became the
ruling power of the Empire. Not only
was the new Prime Minister a known
friend of Ireland, but other prominent
members of his Cabinet,—Forster, Bright,
and Chamberlain,—expressed their will-
ingness to do everything in their power
to alleviate the suffering in Ireland caused
by the recent failure of crops, and to
assist in correcting the abuses in the op-
pressive land laws. Almost as soon as
the new Parliament had met, the govern-
ment introduced the "Compensation for
Disturbance Bill," which, as the name
implies, provided for the payment of al
damages sustained to property by English