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CHARTER DAY POEM.

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Westward the course of empire takes her way,
The four first acts already past:
A fifth shall close the drama of the day,
Time's noblest offspring is her last.

—Berkeley.

That was a grand and glorious day
When Progress, tired of eastern pedant's sway,
Scanned the horizon, seeking for a spot
Where she might found an empire of her own,
Where she herself should wear the regal crown,
Untrammelled Science then might cast her lot,
And flourish side by side with classic lore;
Oppressed Religion there should dry her tears,
She found a home on wild New England's shore,
And flourished there for many, many years.

Then temples grew like magic 'neath her hand,
And many halls of learning vast and grand
She builded. But the spirit that had wrought
The changes of all nations ever sought
Her empire to extend, and toward the west
Again she turned her eyes she knew no rest,
She marched her army onward toward the west.

But meanwhile, in the eastern home she loved,
The home she had chosen and approved
Conservatism rose and sought to bind
With canons, codes and rules, the maiden's mind.
Long was the strife, each step was hardly won
That either gained. Still toward the setting sun
Progression turned her saddened, longing eyes.
Before her in a vision seemed to rise
The eternal hills where Freedom holds her court.
And then with a decision firm and short,
She flung the iron fetters that had bound
Her cruelly so long upon the ground:
And stepping forth announced defiantly,
"In spite of all your dogmas I am free!
I'll build an institution now" she said,
"Of which I shall be the acknowledged head,
And in its halls I will erect a shrine,
And all who enter it shall worship there
Truth, Freedom, Learning shall by right divine
Be patron saints and lead their fostering care."

At last upon Nebraska's plain
She found her sought for refuge, and again
She saw beneath America's blue skies
The towers of her citadels arise.
Behold the work she wrought!
Behold a home of thought
Upon that desert plain!

What was two decades ago an arid waste
Is now the home of culture and of taste,
Two decades since this was the red man's home
And even now, with sorrow's downcast mien,
Aged and dusky figures have been seen,
Still lingering where their tribes were wont to roam
Perchance there lie the graves of Indian dead,

Where now this thriving city rears its head,
And as a representative of thought
Of culture and of power this school shall stand,
Guarded by Freedom and Learning hand in hand,
With Truth, there Progress found the home she sought,

When Greece was young
Her sweetest songs were sung,
Those men who gave more lustre to her name,
And for themselves have gained undying fame,
Lived in the morning of her years,
So may't be here, while still in youth,
These halls the citadels of Truth,
And you her champions, with sword and shield,
Go—promptly bring the honors from the field.

But yestere'en a vision came to me
That promised you a brilliant destiny.
Lo, down the valley where the shadows meet
The sun went down upon this century,
I saw its last beams lingering lovingly
Upon these spires, then fled the crimson streak,
And from these doors went forth a noble band
Of poets, statesman and philosophers,
To catch the light then streaming o'er the land
From twenty centuries,
Behold them all Dame Progress stood and smiled
To see the glory of her child.

February 15th, '84.

M. de Lesseps predicts that the Panama canal will be ready for use before 1888.

William Black's new novel, "Judith Shakespeare," is attracting considerable attention.

It pays to be a royal author. Ten thousand copies of Queen Victoria's new book were sold the first day.

The first tragedy ever written in America was from the pen of a Harvard student and was first played by the students of that university.

An effort is being made to have congress insert a clause in the copy-right laws, which will give those who pay for Associated Press dispatches absolute ownership in them for twenty-four hours after publication.

The perfect man, according to Prof. Huxley, is one whose intellect is a clear, cold logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to all kinds of work."

Wendell Phillips graduated from Harvard in 1830 at the age of nineteen. The probable reason that so many graduated at so early an age in those days is to be found in the fact that the requirements of admission were not so great nor the courses of study so difficult as at present. Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier and Hawthorne all graduated while in their teens.