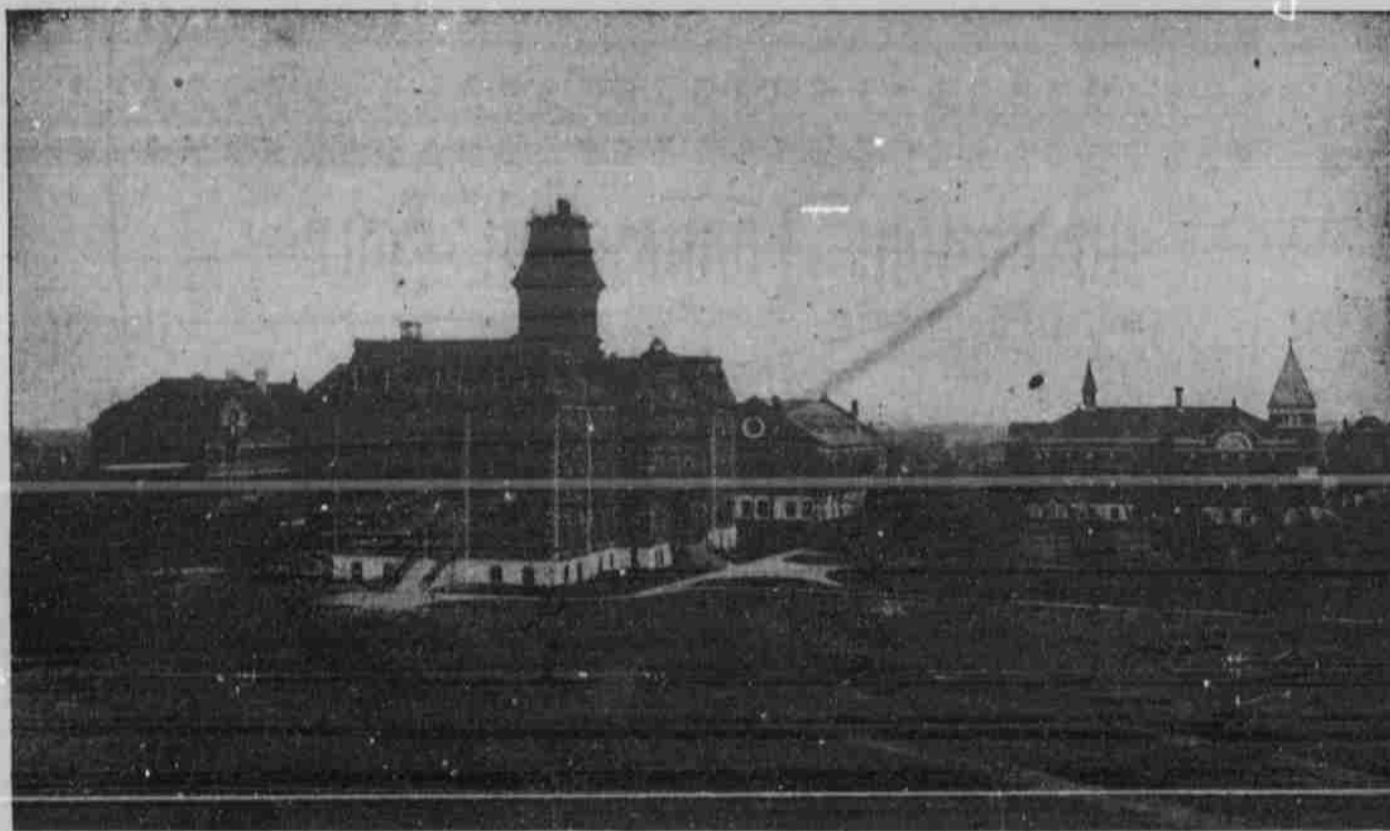


Pollock

# THE HESPERIAN.

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## UNDER THE PALMS.

The Southern-cross shines fair to-night,  
 Beneath the tropic moon,  
 The beetle sheds his phosphor light  
 Upon the still lagoon;  
 But far, from where the orange blows,  
 Float soft as snow to me,  
 A thousand leagues my spirit goes  
 Beyond my cocoa-tree;  
 And asks as it follows the winged light  
 Across the fragrant sea,  
 "On the other side of the world to-night  
 Does some one think of me?"

Can the league-long lines of surf and foam  
 Where they gather in the bay,  
 E'er check the thoughts that hasten home  
 Like gulls with the fall of day?  
 They say that the pulse of the ocean wide  
 Will thrill to its farthest strand:  
 If so, I'll sing to the rising tide  
 'Till it throbs on my native land;  
 And ask till the fading of the light  
 Where the moon sinks in the sea,  
 "On the other side of the world to-night  
 Does no one think of me?"

I hear my fate in the mellow wind  
 That frets my fragrant dell,  
 And read in the star-shine, soft and kind,  
 More tales than the wizard's tell,  
 And, though I lie 'neath the drooping palm  
 Where the soldiers' camp-fire glows,  
 My heart still trusts and throbs as calm  
 As the sea that around me flows,  
 And I know by the thrill of fond delight  
 That fills my reverie  
 On the other side of the world to-night  
 There's one who thinks of me.

—Ira Kellogg, Co. B, 1st Neb.