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Songs From The Orient.

MANILA, LUZON, September 29, 1898.

THE HESPERIAN:—It has been in my mind some time to send a few lines or verses from the field, hoping they may have the value of real experience at least. They may also serve to remind our friends at home that we remember them kindly and long for the time of returning. So far the University boys are standing the climate quite well. There has been but one fatality as yet. They are the strongest physically of any. Yes, and they are getting the positions, too. Last Saturday Phil. Russell was adjutant of the guard and Mr. White officer of guard, being Second lieutenant of company E. It seemed like some of the State University guard mountings. Captain Oury has left his company among the volunteers for a Second lieutenancy in company B of the United States regulars. Corporal Hunting and I on last Saturday made a computation of time and discovered that exactly five hours previous to the time we were talking, the Pals. were singing John Jones on the stairs of old University Hall. The burial service of Private Falkner of company F was held last Wednesday. We regret to mention this loss from our number which we hoped to keep intact till we should return. Yours truly,

IRA KELLOGG.

THE GUARD'S REVERIE.

'Neath the trees by the side of the wide gleaming prairie,
Where the streams of the mountains flow down through the plain,
And the bloom of the lily, and thyme, and rosemary
Are yielding the perfume of summer again,

There, sweet heart, I see thy dear face fondly glowing,
And thy eyes that have borrowed of heaven their blue,
And ah what a joy there is simply in knowing
That thou art still loving, and tender, and true.

And though on the banks of the wild Pasig river
Where I stand my post as a lone sentinel,
And thoughts of the past set my heart all a quiver
With a glad shout at midnight I pass the "All's well."

I see from the wastes of the great lonely ocean,
The tide as it swells 'neath the gray light-house flame,
And, like the slowed river, I'm filled with emotion
When I linger a moment to falter thy name.

They say, from the arches where planets are wheeling,
A spirit comes downward to waken the sea;
Can it be that thy soul round the wide world is stealing
To whisper the thoughts that awaken in me?

THE MEANING.

Sunken wrecks, with just the railing
Out above the creeping waves,
Waters that are sick with wailing
Over war's impious graves;
There they lie, their masts and funnels
Creaking when the west wind moans;
Decks like water-flooded tunnels
Wreaking full of slimy bones.
This the tale of vessels broken,
Stripped of all their grace and pride,
Ribs of steel, and timbers soaken,
Crushed and buried in the tide.

Yonder, where the light is falling
From the sun's shield blazoned red,
I can hear wild voices calling
In the harbor of the dead.
Rising tides do not deceive me,
I can hear the widow cry:
"Pain that nothing can relieve me
Bids me weep but not to die;"
I can hear a nation weeping
For her sons, the strong and brave,
That in Luzon's bay are sleeping
Fondled by the yearning wave.

Is this war's unholy fruiting—
Wounds and death and flowing tears,
Love, like tendrils deeply rooting
Torn and crushed to bleed for years?
Is this only wanton slaughter,
But the conquerer's bruising rod,
Or rebuke of truth's fair daughter,
Justice, and the hand of God?
O ye nations, see the moulding
Of a cause rebuked and lorn;
See the "might of right unfolding
Freedom's banner on the morn!"

Miss Clara Fowler, chairman, and her associates on the music committee, have arranged a special program of music for the Palladians tonight. Many friends of Miss Fowler are congratulating her upon the program as arranged.

Miss Mamie Auman, Palladian, has been sick with malarial fever for the past three weeks. Miss Auman has been watched over by her mother at her home on Twenty fifth and U streets, and is now recovering.

YOU WOULD FEEL BETTER IN A PAIR OF UNI. \$3.00 SHOES. 1036 O ST.