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## Voyage of Our Noble Dead.

The mighty sea was kind. Uprist  
No storms, no rage, no roar  
Of billows huge and gray;  
The sky gleamed deep like amethyst  
From our loved native shore  
To far Manila bay.

'Till one new day, all red and gold  
Stepped joyous o'er the deep  
To beckon up the way  
Where mountains dim, and blue, and old  
Curve in a far-arched sweep  
Round old Manila bay.

Then slow they sailed through crimsoned doors,  
Sailed to that fated land  
Where beauty hides away  
'Neath the scented blooms the fatal shores;  
The long and shelly strand,  
Of old Manila bay.

And mid those blooms where duty led  
They raised the arm of war,  
Till valor won the fray;  
But not till these lie where they bled  
With fond hopes struggled for  
By sad Manila bay.

But the ships sail ever on and on,  
From the shore they come, and go  
To the home land far away;  
But they bear no voice of the heroes gone  
No word from the loved I know,  
From old Manila bay.

## The Battle of Santa Mesa.

Go from the heart of Manila, following the Pasig river, for about five miles and you will find a small hill to your left. This is McLeod's hill in the district of Santa Mesa. It is a very humble crest compared to the greater height of the mountains eastward, and is, indeed, terraced to the top by artificial means to serve as a rice field. If you go over the half mile of distance from the river to its summit you can see the half open jungle that closes narrowly on its east and southern sides. Over the tops of the bamboo thickets to the southeast you may

see a large monastery which at no distant date served as headquarters for one of Aguinaldo's bands of insurgents. North, you can make out another large building which was also a rendezvous for the Filipinos. It is, in fact, a powder magazine.

I have often heard the insurgent's bugle notes ring sweet and clear, over the quiet trees, of a pleasant tropical evening and little dreamed that these were the portentions of so terrible a tragedy as has but lately come to our ears. The little hill is the site of the Nebraska camp, and it is barely large enough to hold the tents of the regiment.

Being so nearly isolated, it is not hard to see why our boys received the brunt of the battle. At the first intimation of danger from the insurgents, the Nebraska boys were stationed here for the reason, as Gen. Otis said, that they could be depended upon.

We have only to imagine the recent struggle. The stealthy approach of the enemy through the darkness of the night; the challenge of the vigilant sentry; the resistance of the challenged; the call of the camp to arms, the struggle and the victory for our boys; all these we can see in a moment when the scene is held before us.

IRA KELLOGG.

## Palladian Oratorical Contest.

The history of oratory in the State University is occupied in some part at least, with the history of the Palladian society. It was in 1871 that the Pall. society was organized. It gave almost exclusive attention to debate and oratory. The society prospered; the men who had spent some of their time while in college in literary pursuits were successful men, and they attributed part of their success to the training received in the Palladian Society. They urged that the society should encourage oratory by setting aside an evening when the program should be devoted to oratory especially, when the society could meet with its friends in a larger hall, and enjoy a program such as was led up to by the work of the year. These men were in earnest and backed up their assertions in a substantial manner. The society, because it saw the wisdom of such a venture accordingly initiated an annual oratorical contest. Since 1884 there has never been a year when the interest of oratory has not appealed to Palladian members. The following list of winners is appended:

1ST PRIZE.		2ND PRIZE.	
A. G. Warner	1884	R. L. Marsh	
C. S. Lobinger	1885	W. S. Perrin	