

and heroic. He was learned, yet humble; dignified, yet kind. All learned to love him, and when he died in 1882, the little children, passing his door bowed their heads in silent reverence.

Leaving his old home we go to his grave, which is on the brightest spot in a range of low hills in Sleepy Hollow cemetery. Midst the shades of tall pines, with ivy growing here and there, Emerson lies beneath a large granite boulder, brought from the hills of New Hampshire. What an appropriate headstone! He loved Mother Nature, and she in all tenderness has carved a tombstone to watch his remains. On it are the words:

The passive master lent his hand  
To the vast soul, that o'er him planned.

By the side of Emerson lies his "own little child," the pretty deep-eyed boy, whom his father mourned in the poem, Threnody:

O child of Paradise!  
Boy who made dear his father's home,  
In whose deep eyes  
Men read the welfare of the time to come,  
I am too much bereft.

Not far from this spot are the graves of Hawthorne, Thoreau and Louisa M. Alcott. They all sleep peacefully under the grass; and the pines in which the birds and squirrels break the quiet monotony of the cemetery, point upward and seem to be directing our thoughts to heaven, where these true Americans have long since found a peaceful rest. The headstones of all are very simple, mere marble slabs at the head of the graves. No flowers, no pomp, no display; only the trees and the green grass lend their decorations. As one wanders down the hillside, and casts a parting look to the graves on the hill, a solemn spirit within whispers:  
The boast of heraldry the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty and all that wealth  
e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

LEVI EDGAR YOUNG.

### MRS. M'DONALD'S MURDER.

Colonia, Pacheco  
Chihuahua, Mexico,  
February 28, 1898.

The quiet of our mountain home, has once more been seriously disturbed by the murder of Mrs. Agnes A. Macdonald at Colonia Garcia, on the night of Wednesday the 23rd inst. While on my way home from the conference held at Colonia Juarez, I met my son, Eger-tion, bearing the express and sad news that had transpired, and although laboring under a severe cold I felt impelled to go on to Garcia and learn more fully the facts of the case, as from my long acquaintance with Brother Macdonald and his family my anxiety and sympathy turned toward them. On reaching Colonia Garcia, which is some ten miles south of this place, we learned that robbery was the prime motive which led to the murder of a good and faithful sister, as she kept a small store and was supposed to have money in the house. The chief person suspected appeared to be familiar about the place, as he go the axe and burst in the lower sash of the north window, dropping the axe inside of the house and made for the bed, as no doubt Sister Agnes was aroused by the shock, and, rising on the side where a gun and ammunition hung on the wall, as if rising to reach for it, she was thrown back, grappled by the throat and partly smothered by the bedding, but not cut or mutilated, as has been reported.

The suspected person is a Mexican,

who had been employed there last November and has since worked on the sawmill near by. The robbery appeared to have been planned some time previous, and the absence of Brother Macdonald at El Paso, Texas, assisting families to come into the country, also her son James's absence at conference, furnished the opportunity, as she was alone in the house. The robber got about \$100 in cash, \$50 of which was Relief Society money, beside some merchandise.

After the murder and robbery they went back on the road towards Casors Grandes and stole a horse belonging to Mr. Pease, who was hauling lumber, taking the hobbles off the horse and leaving them on the ground.

Brother Pease met us shortly before meeting my son, inquiring for his lost animal.

Agnes Ovid Macdonald was born in Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Scotland, Sept. 8th, 1838, and baptized into the Church at Edingburgh when very young, and emigrated to Utah about 1860. She afterwards lived in Provo and was well known in St. George, Utah, also at Mesa City, Arizona, finally coming into this country as a Pioneer. She was a faithful worker in the cause, being at the time of her death the president of the Relief Society at Garcia; she also kept the postoffice.

The funeral services were held Friday, the 25th, at 10 a. m., and I must say I never attended a more peaceful and solemn occasion, as much of the Spirit of God rested upon the people present, the attendance being general and many good words of comfort imparted. After singing the favorite hymn, "Oh, my Father," prayer was offered by Brother James Huff. The speakers were Elders Henry Lunt, Jens Jensen, Benj. J. Johnson, Bishop George W. Hardy and John T. Whetton, presiding Elder of Garcia. "God moves in a mysterious way," was sung, and benediction was pronounced by Elder John Kartchner. We then repaired to the cemetery, which is situated among the stately towering pines, and after singing the hymn, "Farewell all earthly honors," the dedicatory prayer was offered by H. Lunt.

I omitted to mention a singular circumstance that may lead to the identity and conviction of the murderers. This is the foot prints or tracks on the ground where the horse was stolen, in indicating a pair of odd or misfit O. K. shoes, which Sister Agnes gave the man last December, his partner wearing a pair of moccasins. They left their poor, wornout horse when they took the large horse of Brother Pease, and the brands on the horse left prove it to belong to the same suspected parties. Very respectfully,

HENRY LUNT.

### THE ABSORBING TOPIC.

It is rare in these days of heated assertion to hear a good word for the Spanish cause in Cuba! All the misery, all the destruction, all the death is attributed to the Spanish, when the facts really are that directly or indirectly the insurgents or rebels are the cause of all.

The fact that they are rebels is made to excite sympathy on their account, for, say we, they are fighting for liberty—for freedom, for life. Is it not strange that rebellion against a constituted government existing over three hundred years, should be so lauded by a people who, to put down rebellion in their own nation spent billions of treasure, over a million lives, and whose expenditures on that account today (thirty or more years after the close thereof) is paying more than it costs several of the largest nations of Europe for their standing armies? "Liberty! how many crimes have

been committed in thy name," said Madam Roland; what liberty do the Cubans want; have the rebels issued a manifesto stating their grievances and promising what, if successful, they intend to give or have?

It is said that the great majority of the combatants, while Cubans by birth, are negroes; what means of liberty will the haughty Spaniard give to them. Are they any more disposed to be dominated by an inferior race than are the chivalry of the Southern States? Some ask if the course of the American people towards Spain is or has been all it should be. Is it true that with rare exceptions the guerrillas are officered by Americans as the press asserts?

Some ask, if from sympathy and expected benefits, the officials of this country did not wink at the filibusters who by one vessel and another sent aid, men, money, medicines and contraband of war, which were successfully passed to the rebels for many weary months of warfare, which was not war at all? Is it not a fact that but for this covert aid, this practical sympathy, Spain's supremacy would have been determined and the rebellion quashed many moons ago?

Should this method have obtained against a friendly power without vastly more diligence than was given to the condition? Is it the right thing (free country though this be) that the acting, plotting, Cuban junta should have had its headquarters in New York city and auxiliaries elsewhere, without remonstrance and suppression by a so-called friendly power? Would there have been the feelings of estrangement that now exist between the two countries if justice had been done, or will this nation be willing to have others do as we would do by them? Would suspicion so intense have been created by the loss of the Maine, if this nation upon its honor could have said we are the friends of Spain, and hold that proud and once great power beyond the very breath of treachery?

During the war of the rebellion in this country had Cuba been made the base of supplies for the Confederacy, and its pirate craft had run those supplies into southern ports, while a junta in Havana had directed movements and furnished the contraband of war, what would the feelings of patriotic Americans have been, and would not both North and South have buried their differences in the face of a common foe?

It is a serious question whether this nation can afford to foment rebellion in a neighboring nation or island; this U. S. is not so stable yet, but that "this chicken may come home to roost;" there is an increasing restless element here which seeking aid and comfort given to rebels (even in search of liberty) which may conclude that rebellion, war and blood, is the only way for securing rights thought to be inherent in the Constitution.

The inquirer is without special interest in either the Spanish or Cuban cause, but is a lover of true liberty, a believer in American institutions for all who are fitted to enjoy them; our own colored population, freed by the sword, are yet in the experimental political stage, and it is said that instead of making progress under freedom, they are retrograding year by year. A devastated island, the guerilla spirit made chronic by habit and possibly by climate and surreptions, is not the element to redeem from desolation the Gem of the Antilles, and make its population entitled to the position of high class power amid the islands of the sea.

A LOOKER ON.

The death of E. C. Bassick, one of the most popular mining men of the West, is announced from Denver, Colo.