

followers of Confucius over in Chinatown, numbering some fifty inhabitants, have erected a Joss house, which makes a peculiar blending of orthodox and heathen in this Christian land—and is more remarkable because this place of worship of the Chinese is one of only three that have existence in the United States.

Of the merchants, Beckulsh and Launder, Blyth, Fargo Co., and Dawson and Burdett, seem to be doing the bulk of the business of the town. The Hotel Marx, the leading hotel, is doing fairly well, while Mrs. C. La Chapelle at the Uinta hotel is furnishing a hearty breakfast, an excellent dinner and a splendid supper in a manner that gives entire satisfaction to her guests.

Doctor Caroline Mills, the daughter of Mrs. Caroline Daniels, well known in Provo, in her specialties—"diseases of women and children"—is gaining quite a practice and giving satisfaction to the community.

James Brown, in the dual character of Bishop and county clerk, is respected by all. His urbanity and pleasant, manly demeanor win for him the respect of the citizens of his town.

A. J.

### SOME REMINISCENCES.

Roscoe, Pa., March 30, 1893.

Having received a letter from my dear old grandmother, Eliza Clayton Margetts, of Paris, Ida., who has been true and faithful to the Gospel since the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith, in which she gives me a few of the reminiscences of her trying experiences in the early history of the Church, and as such dear old veteran's now are not so numerous among us, I take the liberty of submitting for your publication a copy of part of the letter, as I believe it will be interesting to your readers. It is as follows:

At the age of ten years I, with my parents, emigrated from England and arrived at Nauvoo in the fall of 1840. Our family being large, father was counseled by the Prophet Joseph to go into the country. We did so, and remained away from Nauvoo until the summer of 1841, when we moved back on account of the persecution of mobocrats.

I have a distinct recollection of hearing Ruth, wife of William Clayton, talk of the organization of the Female Relief Society, on her return home from the meeting, at which said organization took place.

We moved to Carthage in the fall of 1842, at which place we lived until after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum. In the forenoon of the day in which these atrocious murders were committed, some of the neighbors, disguised and with painted faces, came to our house and told mother she had better get out of the way, as they were going to kill the Prophet that day. A terrific storm arose and in the afternoon we heard the firing of guns and soon after saw some of the murderers ran away howling like fiends. My sister Lucy, who was at this time living with the jailor's family, and was at the jail when the shooting commenced, came home and told what had happened. The next day I went with my sister Lucy to the jail. We found the doors and windows open and everything in confusion, as though the people had left in great haste. We went up stairs to the room in which the Prophet and his brother had been shot. One the table were Church books and portraits of Joseph and Hyrum's families on the mantlepiece. There was blood in pools on the floor and bespattered on the walls, at the sight of which we were overcome with grief and burst into tears. After becoming somewhat collected, we gathered up what we supposed belonged to the inmates of the

room at the time of their order, and barous beginnings. Catholic Spain replaced it together on a trunk that was in the room.

About three weeks after the massacre of Joseph and Hyrum, we moved back to Nauvoo. I witnessed the trying scenes the Saints passed through until they were driven from Nauvoo. I remember a circumstance that occurred during what is called the battle of Nauvoo. While at the well, drawing a bucket of water, a cannon ball from the enemies' guns struck the chimney of the house in which we lived, and so much frightened me that I got my finger fast in the well windlass, and in extracting myself, skinned my finger nearly the whole length.

I was among the remnant of the sick and dying Saints on the banks of the Mississippi, after the expulsion, when they were miraculously fed on quails that alighted in their midst. When the quails alighted they lit on our laps and everything that was around. After we had caught enough to eat they flew towards the west like a swarm of bees. Before this some young men went out in the woods with their guns to find some game for their families to eat, and while they were gone the quails came and had gone when they got back. They had bad luck while they were out and killed nothing and had to come back without anything to eat for their families, and great was their joy when they found everybody had plenty to eat. I remain as ever, your brother in the Gospel.

HARRY M. RICH.

### CUBA

It is a commonly accepted saying that "America means opportunity." Never to any nation came an opportunity so big with blessings, so full of every imaginable possibility of greatness easily achieved, of good to be wrought for others and good to be won by the same means for self, as the opportunity America brought to Spain. The Argonauts, in olden story, toiled over enchanted seas, encountered and baffled supernal powers, and invoked the aid of magic forces to win one golden fleece. The white sails of the wind wafted ships that bore Columbus westward waved greeting back to Hispania from lands where many golden fleeces waited for gathering. To Spain belonged the fair islands of the middle seas, rising from their silken waters in the bloom of everlasting verdure; hers were the lands where the wealth of the hospitable Incas was stored in treasure houses of gems and gold; hers were the silver temples of Mexico; her loyal adventurers claimed for her all the broad lands laved by the placid Pacific.

How did Spain meet her unprecedented opportunity? As a Christian nation, did she educate, uplift and refine the simple aborigines, who thought the streaming pennons of her vessels the protecting pinions of angels? Did she show them the pre-eminent excellence of that religion whose basal creed is love, whose works are justice, mercy and truth? Hardly. Acting, as she claimed, by right divine, as champion of the Cross, she stole, she burned, she tortured, she roasted innocent victims alive, she carried galleons of plundered treasure back to Spanish grandees, and it never occurred to her that justice, civilization or humanity ought to enter as a component part of her policy toward the natives of the great new world, whose resources she appropriated to her insatiable greed. Parkman gives us an authentic copy of a Spanish letter, written in the early days of the sixteenth century, which illustrates vividly Spain's ideal of Christian righteousness in her treatment of the people over whom she assumed absolute sovereignty.

One incident the letter-writer naively relates is a fair sample of the whole; it reads as follows: "I found a native asleep under a tree; in his hand was a bag containing precious stones of great beauty and value. I immediately slew the native and took his gems for myself, all for the glory of God." For the glory of God and the exaltation of the monarch of Spain, for the gratification of Spanish lust, treachery, covetousness and tyranny, Spain deemed it a holy thing to sacrifice the people and the stores of her American provinces, till the pages of history are black with the record of her crimes. From Pizarro and Cortez of infamous tradition, down to butcher Weyler, devastating and murdering in Cuba, the annals of Spanish dominion are uniform, consistent, monotonous in sickening details of perfidy and outrage, carnage and rapine.

Other nations change with time and develop into a maturity very different from the characteristics of their bar-mains always the same; ferocity, revenge and cruelty the inspiration of her genius now, just as when Montezuma was stretched upon his bed of coals. In the slow lapse of years, outraged right avenges herself; one by one the indignant American nations have slipped out from under the pitiless heel of Spanish despotism and, striking valiant blows for freedom, have emancipated themselves, till, of all her immense territory on the Western Hemisphere that might have made Spain queen regent of Europe, Cuba alone remains under her bloody shadow. Again and again Cuba has determined to submit to her oppressor no longer, but to rise in rebellion and throttle her torturer or perish in the attempt. But Spanish extortion in the shape of duties and taxes and revenue collections, has left each insurgent army too poor to provide the munitions of war, and after exhaustive years of guerilla warfare, it has yielded again and again to the persuasion of Spanish promise of reformation, home government and protection. With powerful numbers in arms, Spain is very generous in promising wise and liberal councils. The trouble is, when the arms are stacked and confiscated, the promises are stacked away with them.

For three awful years the situation in Cuba has been so terrible as to beggar the power of words to describe. There are now 14,000 people in the province of Matanzas alone, absolutely without shelter, food or clothing; sick, emaciated, starving, we ought perhaps to be glad to know that kind death comes to their relief at the rate of 46 per day. It has been so difficult to get reports not garbled by Spanish interference, that there is no possibility of learning the worst facts, but statistics gathered from the best official sources prove that the distress in other provinces is not less than that cited in Matanzas. The Spaniards have resolutely maintained that there is and has been no war in Cuba and such civilized warfare as nations recognize, certainly we fail to find; but there have been murdering of women and children, burning of hospitals, outrages that would disgrace the bloody scenes of Turkish massacres and slaughter. Three years Cuba has been wantonly, brutally stretched bleeding on the rack. For three years the United States, almost within reach of her pleading hand, has looked calmly on and said: No, there is no war in Cuba and nothing must interfere with the cordial relations existing between the United States and the friendly government of Spain. Though every fibre of sympathetic humanity quiver with pain at the