

the slightest symptom of dislike or desire. Hour after he sat motionless on his bed, apparently indifferent to subliminal things; but with great solemn eyes, black as sloes, taking note of everything going on, and the inschutable expression on the sphinx on his old, old face. The first human emotion he has been known to evince was over that woolly dog, and last night he slept with it tightly clasped in his arms.

This morning, when I stepped into the dormitory instead of the usual rows of silent, pathetic figures, with listless hands lying idly before them, waiting for—they knew not what, I was greeted with a chorus of shouts, "Mira Senora!" "Mira Senora!" ("Look, Lady,") from happy children, eager to show their treasures to a sympathizing friend. My skeleton girl of the day before, who seldom replied to any question, however kindly put, and never spoke voluntarily except to beg a penny from passing visitors, (the begging instinct bred in the bone),—now lay smiling on her pillow, with three small dolls, brave in red, blue and yellow, ranged in a row beside her transfigured face. Even the sallow baby-brigand—a son of a ruffian, if signs of hereditary count for anything—who erstwhile issued his frequent orders with an air on one used to command, and who disdained to obey any regulations of the institution until reduced to a sort of armed truce by a season of solitary confinement in an upper chamber—had temporarily lost sight of his own consequence in the superior merits of a red tin can. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Child nature is very much alike, in palace or in hovel. From generation to generation, among the richest and the poorest, children make their dandelion curls in the sunshine, the girls choose miniature babies and the boys noisy playthings, by instinct—as young birds build their nests without instruction, the first as perfect as the last. But do not send any more toys to the asylum, dear friends. Thanks to Mr. Duncan, it is now well supplied in that line, and the everlasting wrestle with the custom house may, for the present be averted. Let your generosity take some other form. Just now, condensed milk is the thing in the greatest demand. It costs 40 cents a can in Habana, and besides the babies, there are thousands of adults whose stomachs weakened from long starvation, can digest nothing else. I am told by a Cuban lady, whose whole family have been devoted to the care of the poor ever since this time of suffering began, that at least a hundred babies within her knowledge have died this week for want of milk. It is impossible to send too many boxes of it.—bales, carloads, shiploads of it. If there were plenty of condensed milk now in Cuba and people to feed it judiciously to the sick and starving, the death rate would be lessened fully 80 per cent.

Last Saturday I accompanied the senatorial commission and the Red Cross family to Matanzas, to investigate condition of affairs in that once flourishing city of perhaps 35,000 inhabitants. First the three mile carriage ride from our suburb, "the Cerro," to the ferry on the other side of Habana. Then a hasty almuerzo of bread and chocolate in the water-side cafe la Luz. Then across the bay in the crowded boat, mixed up with chattering Spaniards and Cubans, soldiers, servants, and donkey-carts; past the melancholy wreck of the Maine and the Montgomery lately arrived, and Spain's war vessel, Alphonso XIII—to the long rows of now empty sugar ware houses on the Regla side. And then a three hours' railway ride to Matanzas, capital of the adjoining province of the same name. Everybody was somewhat uneasy that morning—and with considerable reason. Rumors were rife of insurgents near by, and

the accompaniment of a car-load of soldiers, fresh from Spain, going to some station in the interior, increased the danger far more than it gave protection. "Accidents" are frequent along this line—obstructions placed on the track, bombs thrown upon the train, shots fired through the cars. My previous journey over the same road—when bound for a sugar plantation 40 miles beyond Cardenas—led me to believe the assertion of my Cuban friends that I am a "mascotte." The day before, an exploding bomb killed one passenger and injured several; on the day of my return a train on another branch of the road was wrecked, and the day after three passenger cars were pitched down into an arroyo. Every train that passes this way has its strong guard of soldiers in an iron-clad car attached—a cattle car covered with iron plates in which are loop-holes for guns—each soldier standing at his gun, ready for instant action. On the day of our journey to Matanzas, burning cane fields on either side told that the insurgents were not inactive, nor far away. At one time we counted seven fires within the range of vision. But we are also assured that the rebels, whose secret sympathizers are in every house throughout the land, are all posted in all that is going on; and that the presence of so many Americans (their supposed friends), rendered the train safe from attack. On the other hand, it was asserted that the greatest danger would come from Spanish treachery, that soldiers in the forts might have orders to fire at the hated Americans—especially as outspoken Senator Gallinger was of the party—and the action afterwards attributed to the insurgents, as so many Spanish atrocities have been. But nothing happened. In perfect safety, we pursued the even tenor of our way and arrived in due time at Matanzas. The ladies of the congressional party did not venture to make the trip. There were Senators Money, Gallinger, and Smith, Representatives Amos G. Cummings, Editor Klopsch of the Christian Herald—he who has agreed to furnish the magnificent sum of \$10,000 a month for six months to the Red Cross society from the Christian Endeavors of the United States; besides several secretaries, two photographers and the usual contingent of reporters; the Red Cross party including Miss Barton, five members of her staff and her humble friend, your correspondent.

Matanzas is one of the oldest and quaintest cities of Cuba, and before the war was one of the wealthiest, but is now most woefully down at the heel. Four centuries ago a populous Indian village, named Yucayo, occupied the same delightful situation—between two rivers, with a broad bay in front as blue as the sky above it, environed by green hills in the form of an amphitheater. History tells us how in 1693, Don Manzaneda purchased 150 acres of land from King Carlos II, including the then deserted Yucayo, whose original inhabitants had long since been killed or enslaved by the thrifty Spaniards. The new owner immediately settled thereon a colony of Canary islanders—which perhaps accounts for the peculiar yellowish-brown complexion of the inhabitants of today. The founding of Matanzas was completed with an expedition unique in Cuban affairs and worthy of the builders of Chicago. The Canary colonists arrived on Saturday afternoon in October. The next morning Bishop Compostilla assembled them and with mass and ceremony solemnly changed the heathen name of the place to "San Carlos y San Severino." On Monday, the third day, the corner stone of the cathedral was laid and the site marked out for a castle and fortress—the ruins of which still remain. The colonists

were afterwards given a considerable space in the adjacent Yumuri valley for a cattle range, and for many years devoted themselves to the raising of cattle for beef. Hence, in time, the place became known as "El Matanzas de San Carlos y San Severino"—Matanzas meaning slaughter pen; but the name being too long for every day use for lazy people, seven-eighths of it was soon omitted. The growing city eventually climbed up the hillside and stepped over the rivers San Juan and Yumuri, which are supposed to bound it on the north and south. That portion of the city now lying south of San Juan, known as Pueblo Nuevo (New Town), is connected by several handsome stone bridges, among them the notable Puente Belem, and contains the railway depots and many handsome villas in the outskirts. It has also one of the handsomest streets in all Cuba, the Calzada (avenue) de San Eledan, lined with imposing residences, all of which have pillared fronts and porticos, and flower-filled gardens surrounded by iron-railings with tall stone pillars topped by urns. Porticos and terraces are paved with mosaic of black and white marble, or blue and yellow tiles; and the colors and combinations, styles of architecture and ornamentations that in our country would be pronounced gaudy, here tone in perfect harmony with the bright sun and blue sky. Matanzas's central square, the Plaza d'Armas, is laid out with the usual walks and shrubbery, benches and gas posts, and has a fine statue of Ferdinand VII. in the center. In this plaza in times past many patriots have met death by order of the government. Here Gabriel Concepcion de la Valdez, the celebrated mulatto poet and one of the noblest men Cuba ever produced, was shot by soldiers of the line. He was accused of complicity with the slave insurrection of 1844, when the blacks made a desperate effort to gain their freedom. Grouped around the Plaza d'Armas are the several government offices, the residences of the bishop, the commandante, and others high in authority, also the finest shops and cafes.

The northern portion of Matanzas, that lying beyond the Yumuri river, is called Versailles, and reaches half way up the Cumbre hills. From the summit of the Cumbre, or rather from the top of Mounterrat chapel, one may get an incomparable view of the Yumuri valley—a stretch of emerald gorge with a river running through, enclosed within green hills;—once dotted with gardens and orange groves, with stately palms and villas—now all blackened, desolate and empty. To one familiar with old Spain, the prospect recalls the Vega, of Grenada. It is believed that this narrow valley was once a lake, walled across its present seaward opening; and that some convulsion of nature rent the bowl and precipitated the lake into the ocean, leaving the river in its course. On the hills nearest the bay are the barracks of Santa Isabella, now numerously garrisoned, the military hospital and two or three similar institutions; and directly below them, for a mile and a half along the water's front of Versailles, runs the Paseo, or fashionable drive, laid out with gravelled walks, and rows of trees, a stone parapet and iron gates at either end. Beyond the Paseo proper an excellent road extends two miles further out, to the old fort and castle of San Severino, on Punto Gardo, "Fat Point." Before the war this charming drive was crowded every morning and evening with handsome equipages filled with the beauty and fashion of Matanzas; but now not a dozen decent carriages are left in the district, the grandes of other days are poor as church mice, and only loitering soldiers and hungry Reconcentrados are