

PARTING.

Many an aching heart,
Many a weeping eye,
Many a stifled sob,
And many a fond good bye.

Many a mother's sob,
Many a father's tear,
Many a lover's ardent kiss,
Many a lusty cheer.

Many a brother's manly grip,
Many an arm entwined
Fondly 'round a brother's neck,
Brother, brave and kind.

Many a grandsire's feeble groan,
As his silvery head is bowed,
Many a cheer for our glorious Flag!
As it waves o'er our troopers proud.

Many a silent prayer is couched
In the look, though not expressed,
Many a rough handshake is given,
Easing an aching breast.

Many a waving handkerchief,
Fresh wet with parting tears;
Many a thousand voices shout,
"God bless our Volunteers!"

Many a Godspeed truly wished,
For Utah's mountain braves,
Whose mother taught them to trust
in God,

E'en to fill warriors' graves.
C. L. W., St. George.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

May 24, 1898.

Most visitors to Cuba touch first and last at Havana, on the northern shore and restrict their explorations to that city and its environs. Those traveling know about as much of Cuba as the foreigners who spend a few weeks in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and then go home and write exhaustive treatises on America. The truth is that this largest island of the Antilles, extending throughout three and a half degrees of latitude, presents as many varied aspects as a journey across our continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its length from east to west is only a trifle more than the distance between New York and Chicago; but the northern coast is entirely different from the southern, and the eastern portion from the western. Approaching Cuba as Columbus did—across the narrow stretch of sea from Santo Domingo, you first sight the long low promontory of the eastern tip, which the discoverer named Point Maisi. So different is the aspect from that seen at the other end of the island, as you come down in the usual route from New York or Florida, that you can hardly believe it is the same small country. From Maisi point the land rises in sharp terraces, backed by high hills and higher mountains—all so vague in mist and cloud that you do not know where the land ends and sky begins. Coming nearer, gray ridges are evolved, which look like cowed monks peering over each other's shoulders, with here and there a majestic peak towering above his fellow—like the Pico Turquino, 11,000 feet above the sea. Sailing westward along this south shore the "Queen of the Antilles" looks desolate and forbidding, as compared to other portions of the West Indies; a panorama of wild heights and sterile shores, and sage-beaten cliffs covered with screaming sea birds. At rare intervals an opening in the rock-bound coast betrays a tiny harbor, bordered by cocoa-palms, so guarded and concealed by hills and its sudden revelation, when close upon it, astonishes you as it did the first explorer. According to tradition, every one of these was once a pirate's lair, in the good old days we read about, when

"long, low, suspicious looking craft, with raking masts," used to steal out from sheltered coves to plunder the unwary. Each little bay, whose existence was unknown to honest mariners, has a high wooded point near its entrance, where the sea robbers kept perpetual watch for passing merchantmen and treasure-laden galleons, their own swift sailing vessels safe out of sight within the cove; and then at a given signal out they would dart upon the unsuspecting prey like a spider from his web. Among the most notorious piratical rendezvous was Guantanamo, which our warships are said to have shelled two or three times of late. In recent years its narrow bay, branching far inland like a river, has become of considerable consequence, by reason of a railway which connects it with Santiago; and also because the patriot army, hidden in the near-by mountains, have entertained hopes of overcoming the Spanish garrison and making it a base for receiving outside assistance. Before the war, there were extensive sugar plantations in this vicinity—now all is devastated. The Cobre mountains, looming darkly against the horizon, are the great copper and iron ranges of Cuba—said to contain untold mineral wealth, waiting to be developed by Yankee enterprise. In early days, four million dollars a year was the average value of Cuba's copper and iron exports; but in 1867, 6,000,000 tons were taken out in less than ten months. Then Spain put her foot in it, as usual. Not content with the lion's share which she had always realized in exorbitant taxes on the product, she increased the excise charges to such an extent as to kill the industry outright. For a long time the ore lay undisturbed in the Cobre "pockets," until attention of Americans was turned this way. Their first claims on iron and copper in these mountains were recognized by the Cuban government about seventeen years ago. Three Yankee corporations have developed rich tracts of mining territory hereabouts, built railways from the coast to their works on the hills, and exported ore to the United States. The oldest of these companies employed 2,000 men, and had 1,600 cars and a fleet of 20 steamers for the transportation of its output. The Carnegie company, whose product was shipped to Philadelphia, also employed upwards of 1,000 men.

At last an abrupt termination of the stern, gray cliffs which made this shore line, indicates the proximity of Santiago harbor; and a nearer approach reveals the most picturesque fortification, as well as one of the oldest, to be found on the Western Hemisphere. An enormous rounding rock, whose base has been hallowed into great caverns by the restless Caribbean, standing just at the entrance of the narrow channel leading into the harbor, is carried up from the water's edge in a succession of walls, ramparts, towers and turrets, forming a perfect picture of a rock-ribbed fortress of the middle ages. This is the famous castle of San Jago, the Morro, which antedates the more familiar fortress of the same name in Havana harbor by at least a hundred years. Words are of little use describing this antique Moorish looking stronghold, with its crumbling, honey-combed battlements, queer little flanking turrets, and shadowy towers, perched upon the face of the dun-colored cliff 150 feet high—so old, so odd, so different from anything in America with which to compare it. A photograph, or pencil sketch, is not much better, and even a paint brush could not reproduce the exact shadings of its time-worn, weather-mellowed walls—the Oriental pinks and the old blues and predominating yellows that give half its charm. Upon the lowmost wall, directly overhanging the sea, is a dome-shaped sentry-box, of

stone, flanked by antiquated cannon. Above it, the lines of masonry are sharply drawn, each guarded terrace receding upon the one next higher, all set with cannon and dominated by a massive tower of obsolete construction. It takes a good while to see it all, for new stories and stairways, wings and terraces are constantly cropping out in unexpected places, but as it occupies three sides of the rounding cliff and the pilot who comes aboard at the channel, guides your steamer close up, under the frowning battlements, you have ample time to study it. Window-holes, cut into the rock in all directions, show how extensive are the excavations. A large garrison is always quartered here, even in time of peace, when their sole business is searching shady places along the walls against which to lean. There are ranges above ranges of walks, connected by stairways cut into the solid rock, each ranged covered with loling soldiers. You pass so near that you can hear them chatting together. Those on the topmost parapet, dangling their blue woollen legs over, are so high and so directly overhead that they remind you of flies on the ceiling. In various places small niches have been excavated in the cliff, some with crucifixes, or figures of saints, and in other places the bare, unbroken wall of rock runs up straight a hundred feet. Below, on the ocean side, are caves, deep, dark and uncanny, worn deep into the rock. Some of them are so extensive that they have not been explored for generations. The broad and lofty entrances to one of them, hollowed by the encroaching sea, is as perfect an arch as could be drawn by a skillful architect, and with it a tradition is connected which dates back a couple of centuries. A story or two above these wave-eaten caverns are many small windows, each heavily barred with iron. They are dungeons, dug into the solid rock, and over them might well be written, "Leave hope behind, ye who enter here?" A crowd of haggard, pallid faces, are pressed against the bars; and as you steam slowly by, so close that you might speak to the wretched prisoners, it seems as if a shadow had suddenly fallen upon the bright sunshine, and a chill, like that of coming death, oppresses the heart. Since time out of mind, the Morro of Santiago has furnished dungeons for those who have incurred the displeasure of the government. Infinitely more to be dreaded than its namesake in Havana, Spain, whose political existence on this side of the Atlantic has long been sustained only by cruelty and oppression, has shown no mercy toward those whose hands and voices have been lifted in freedom's causes. Had these slimy walls a tongue, what stories they might reveal of crime and suffering, of tortures nobly undergone, of death prolonged through dragging years and murders that will not "out" until the judgment day. Against that old tower, a quarter of a century ago, our countrymen of the Virginians were butchered like sheep. Scores of later patriots have been laid out upon the ramparts and shot, their bodies—perhaps with life yet in them, falling into the sea, where they were snapped up by sharks as soon as they touched the water.

The narrow, winding channel which leads from the open sea into the harbor pursues its sinuous course past several other fortifications of quaint construction, but of little use against modern guns—between low hills and broad meadows, fishing hamlets and cocoanut groves. Presently you turn a sharp angle in the hills and enter a broad, land-locked bay, enclosed on every side by ranges of hills, with numerous points and promontories jutting into the tranquil water, leaving deep little coves behind them, all fringed with cocoa-palms. Between this blue bay