

long before the surrender. Since time out of mind, the bishops of Santiago have kept the wolf at bay on a stipend of \$18,000 per annum. It is our private opinion that at least one cipher will now be chopped off from the reverend gentleman's income.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

UTAH VOLUNTEERS AT HONOLULU.

Honolulu, Sept. 2, 1898.—The patience and generosity of the people of Honolulu passeth all understanding. I sometimes fear I will wake up on shipboard to find the Honolulu I now write of, merely a hungry soldier's dream of home. A Moslem's vision of Paradise could not be more replete with happiness, that the experience of Uncle Sam's troopers in this beautiful place. Never before have I seen the like. This great pearl in the Pacific, this far-away city turned absolutely over to the defender's of Old Glory, is something never to be forgotten, an event in the history of the world without precedent, and one for which every lover of freedom and America will heartily thank the people who call Honolulu home.

The Rio de Janeiro arrived here last Sunday morning and was given a most stirring reception by great throngs, who, notwithstanding the very youngness of the day, thronged the docks and ships to wave and sing and scream us welcome. No sooner was the ship moored to the quay, than great loads of fruits and pines were tossed from the wharf by citizens of all classes, to the hungry boys aboard, and the Honolulu brass and silver band, one of the finest in the world, played welcome again and again. There were three transports in port, Pennsylvania, City of Pueblo and Peru, and their thousands of soldiers shouted themselves hoarse, while our own boys went wild with joy at the prospect of again setting foot on terra firma, and among friends. Hours rolled by, however, before the word to fall in marching order, came and then after much impatient delay and confusion, we were marched to the Palace grounds, and dismissed for four hours. Oh! what a relief. In a few moments it was learned that in all Honolulu there was not a house or orchard or lawn or a nook of any kind that was not for the soldiers' use and comfort, not a heart in feminine or manly breast but that seemed to beat in sympathy for the boys in blue, and smiles and cheers and, best of all, food greeted him on all hands. Coconut groves, flowers gardens, orchards of all descriptions were invaded upon invitation of their owners, houses thrown open and refreshments of all kinds served without stint. Not one restraint was placed on the volunteers who laughed and sang and shouted and looked so pleased, their hard, salt faces seemed in danger of cracking.

I strolled out along King street, past great jungles of tropical verdure surrounding perfect dreams of villas, past beautiful churches and snug cottages, and everywhere I went people smiled and said, come and rest and eat. Children took my hands and gave me flowers and fruits, and begged cards and buttons; girls, dusky and light, took my hand at every corner. At one place, where the house, a great airy concern, was all, but hidden 'neath the colors of Hawaii and the Stars and Stripes, and the great lawns were shaded by a forest of palms and mango trees, a dozen soldiers were stretched on the grass eating, drinking, smoking and reading. Some were washing and combing, and all formed a picture of contentment and rest unsurpassed. On a tree draped with Old Glory, was the following:

"Welcome to the boys in blue. Help yourselves. Eat and drink if you find. Stay and rest and read or walk about as long as you please.

"MOTHER CASTLE."

On tables and benches were late papers and magazines in rich profusion, and as I stretched out on the grass and waited, a Chinese servant brought basket after basket full of the most delicious sandwiches, armful after armful of the most refreshing fruits and melons, and each time he came he said, "You eat all up, call, me bring more;" but before it was gone he was back with something else. Soldiers came tired, sweat and dust begrimed and hungry, they went away washed, rested and refreshed, and not a few careless and thoughtless fellows became serious and said, "God bless Mother Castle."

On Monday our shipload of over 900 men were feasted in most bountiful style on the palace grounds by the Honolulu committee of one hundred, who had done the same for the different expeditions that had preceded ours. From start to finish it was a most lavish and extravagant affair. Had we been an army of conquering kings we could scarcely have been treated with more kindness and consideration. Soldiers were wreathed and decked with flowers by mothers and daughters whose faces shone with light and gladness at being able to do so much for those so far from home; cigars were placed at every plate by merchants and soda water by the wagon load was passed around to the boys as fast and as long as they could drink it. Everybody smiled. Everybody couldn't do otherwise. Those whose stomachs were full smiled to see us eat, we, who for eight days had not eaten a thing with relish, stuffed and laughed and stuffed, and marveled to think that with all our eating the supply did not seem to diminish.

After the feast, President and Mrs. Dole received every one who wished to call, under the shade of an immense banyan tree. By accident I happened to be in the lead of quite an extensive line of Utah recruits, and when I shook hands with President Dole I looked at my companions and said we are from Utah. The president smiled and said he was really glad to see the Utah boys, and he wished us all a safe and happy home-coming, and Mrs. Dole, with smiles and hearty handshakes, more than endorsed it all.

But today has been Utah's day in Honolulu. Hon. W. A. Kinney, formerly a resident of and at present well known in Salt Lake City, took the Utah battery out for a picnic. He chartered six street cars and took us to Waikiki, out from Honolulu about five miles, to a bathing resort known as Long Beach. The road led through great coconut and banana groves and gardens most all the way, and was one of the most charming rides one could have. At Long Beach we plunged into the Pacific for a swim. An hour later on the grass 'neath the shade of tropical trees, we were banquetted to our hearts' and stomachs' content. Nothing the people of Honolulu could do for our comfort and pleasure has been left undone. It seems that every private citizen feels that he is personally bound to see that Uncle's troops are properly, even tenderly and homely treated, and this spirit of hospitality and friendship, so permeates this flower-laden air, that even the children of all classes possess it, and a man in uniform can hardly move about without receiving attentions that are surprising as well as delightfully pleasing and acceptable.

Much has been written concerning the shameful conduct of Uncle Sam's

troopers in this "Paradise of the Pacific," but it is a pleasure to record that so far as Utah is concerned there is absolutely no grounds for complaint. Our boys behaved themselves grandly, and notwithstanding our cultured? Lieutenant from South Dakota seemed to feel it his pleasure and duty to inform, rather misinform, our host that every one of us would stand watching. We all felt that upon each one of us individually rested the responsibility of preserving Utah's fair fame, and we governed ourselves accordingly. And so keenly did our boys appreciate every kindness bestowed upon them, that the following resolutions have just been sent to a morning paper, after receiving the most hearty endorsement of us all:

The Utah battery en route to the Philippines on the Rio de Janeiro, wish to return their most heart-felt thanks to the good people of Honolulu. We have all read of their charming hospitality, and within the past few months the story of their generous and brotherly treatment of Uncle Sam's expeditionary forces, have swept the great states of America from coast to coast; still we could not fully appreciate the spirit which prevades this whole island until cast upon its friendly shores, and now we feel the half has not been told us.

We wish to thank the citizens of Honolulu for their individual efforts to administer to our happiness. We wish to especially remember that grand organization, that citizen's committee of one hundred for their generous banquet on Monday, the dear old Red Cross association, the Y. M. C. A., for many favors received, and last, but by no means least, that high-minded soldier's friend, Hon. W. A. Kinney, to whom we give three cheers and a tiger for the delightful excursion and picnic at Long Beach on Tuesday. But above all things for which our gratitude yearns to find expression, is the near and happy union between Uncle Sam and Miss Hawaii. We feel this to be a glorious move commercially and socially, as it joins two liberty loving people who always should have been one.

NOD RESSUM, C. V.

MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Colonia Juarez, Mexico,
September 19, 1898.

September 16th—the great day of Mexican Independence—has come, been duly celebrated, and vanished into the past. This day to a Mexican is like the Fourth of July to an American, only more so, as Mexicans are more patriotic in their feelings than Americans. And they have good cause. Their revolutionary war of independence freed them from an oppression far worse than that which the American colonies abjured in 1776, enabling them better to appreciate their freedom.

Artillery firing and serenade by the band ushered in the day, and at 10 a. m. the usual celebration was held in the spacious academy. Music by the band and choir, recitation by Miss Larson, quartette by G. C. Wilson and company and address by M. A. Romney made a very entertaining program. A dance for the children in the afternoon and one for adults in the evening finished the celebration of the day, with nothing to mar its peace and good order.

About ten days ago heavy and continuous rains caused a big flood in our river, the Piedras Verdes, and a similar rise in the San Miguel which joins it about six miles below, forming the Casas Grandas river, caused a great overflow of the latter stream, cutting off our communication with the railroad.