preparation, held that thronged room, on that hot day, in quiet and pleased attention for over an hour. The subject matter of these addresses was varied; suggestion for future effort to be put forth in building up the community. The mundane affairs of the people were carefully considered, everything conducive to their happiness was canvassed at one or two meetings and particular assigned to the discussion of more general topics. The bond of unity in the daily life of the citizens was urged, that necessary adjunct of brotherly love, that absence of local jealousies, and slander, were insisted upon. In fact the idea is that the Deity should not be locked up in the Church between meetings, but should shed the light of His Divine approval upon the domestic altar and the Mart alike.

Education, that benign upliftter of the mind, was carefully conversed upon; whilst a particularly able address on the subject of the Sunday school work was delivered by Mr. Hiram Taylor, the Sunday school scholars being present. The young ladies gave an extremely interesting entertainment, able essays, recitations, and addresses, were interspersed with music and singing.

Apart from the recollection of the thoughtful hospitality accorded to me, and the mental refreshment received at the meetings, there remains the fact, that the Mormon Church has a mission to fulfil—that she has proved that religious faith and temporal progress can and should go hand in hand—the sincerity and veracity of the one betng the special and right instigator of the other V. R. N. GREAVES.

IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Should Columbus and his contemporaries come on a ghostly cruise over the course they took more than four centuries ago, they would have no difficulty in recognizing this old city of St. James—such an ancient and Iberian savor has it retained to this day. Besides it our boasted San Augustine is as an infant in arms, and it was growing a trifle gray and weary when the Pilgrim Fathers first sighted Plymouth Rock. What a checkered career it has had since that autumn day, in 1514, when Don Diego de Velazquez christened it in honor of Spain's patron saint! Ponce de Leon lived here before ever he began searching for the Fountain of Eternal Youth. Cortez sailed from this place to the conquest of Mexico. Juan de Grijalva made it his base of supplies when, in 1518, he started for the conquest of Yucatan. Narvaez recruited the 400 men here for the first invasion of Florida—all of whom were lost in the cypress swamps of that land of promise and mystery; and here De Soto's expedition tarried awhile in 1528. Since in Santiago the red and yellow flag of Spain was first raised for the conquest of the two Americans it seems in "the eternal fitness of things" that here the decisive naval battle should be fought which will forever banish the banner of blood and gold from this side of the world.

I visited Santiago a few weeks ago—as usual with note-book and camera. In a previous letter I told you about the narrow, winding channel which leads from the open sea into the harbor, pursuing a sinuous course past the Morro and other fortifications of quaint construction, between low hills and broad meadows, cocoanut groved and fishing hamlets—all the time so close to shore on either side that you seem to be navigating an inland river; till suddenly you turn a sharp angle of the hills and enter the broad and sheltered bay which old seamen call one of the most magnificent in the world. It is not so big as the bay of Rio de Janeiro, and not so beautiful in some respects: but like the Brazilian harbor, it is studded with islets and mountains are encamped around it. The water is too shallow for large vessels to approach its wharves, and steamers anchor a mile or more from shore. The weather-beaten quarter-master in the forecastle applies the match to his brass twelve-pounder, and hardly have the reverberations died away among the hills before the steamer is surrounded by a swarm of boatmen in queer covered canoes, clamoring to land passengers and their luggage. But unlike other West Indian ports, there is nobody bathing in the luminous waters, and not an urchin offers to dive for coins. The harbor is full of sharks—big, hungry ones, of the man-eating variety. You may count dozens of them from the deck of the vessel, especially at night. So extremely phosphorescent is the water, that when the wind blows, every ripple makes little sparks of fire in the darkness. A fish swimming through it has the same effect as the wind, leaving a trail of fire behind him like the trail of a comet. Every big, stationary spot of phosphorescent light you see is caused by a shark, lazily moving his fins as he lies in wait for a meal. They are the tigers of the ocean— the terror of the local boatman. However good a swimmer a man may be, he has no chance for his life in these waters. To fall overboard is simply to be torn limb from limb, without raising once to the surface.

Landing at the wharf you are instantly beset by the drivers of half a dozen volantes and victorias, whose antiquated vehicles comprise the entire wheel transit of Santiago; and they fail to secure a passenger unless it be an unusually verdant "Gringo," because the steep streets are so atrociously paved that everybody who does not ride a horse or mule, prefers to trust his own two feet. The hills which enclose Santiago on three sides, rising in green terraces from the water's edge to the farther mountains, are beautiful to look upon and afford excellent drainage to the city, but are no end of a nuisance for daily climbing. Starting at the surf line, the narrow, stony streets run sharply up 150 feet or more, and appear to have never been repaired since the days of Velazquez. Tropical rains have washed great gullies down them, in some places several feet deep, and the traffic of nearly four centuries has uprooted and original cobble-stones and worn dangerous pitfalls and mantraps. The street which our consul lives in (one of the principal thoroughfares) is not passable at all for vehicles, nor for horsemen after dark, and to walk through it at any time is almost at the risk of your neck. Most of the narrow streets are lined with cement sidewalks, from ten to fifteen inches wide; but others have no sidewalk at all and in them pedestrians are obliged to take the road, dodging donkeys, carts and naked children. The latter are always to be encountered, without a rag of clothing on them, playing in the streams of dirty water that percolates through the broken stones. It is no wonder that this old city is so notoriously unhealthy. Housewives and servants come to their doors and throw out slops and garbage of all sorts into the street, regardless of passers and playing children; and with all this filth festering in the tropic sun, and no street cleaners but the carion birds—the surprise is not that yellow fever makes an annual visit and carries off many victims, but that it does not remain the year round. A more favorable field for the study of anatomy could hardly be found than Santiago de Cuba, where "living pictures" abound in the thoroughfares—drapery of any sort for boys and girls of the lower classes under 10 or 12 years of age being thought entirely superfluous. When it rains in these regions—and how it does rain during certain seasons, reminding one of the Bible simile that "the windows of heaven were opened," these narrow perpendicular alleys become filled with torrents of such impetuosity that no one can cross them on foot,and even horsemen hesitate about ascending the steep grades with their unknown pitfalls. At such times stout cargadores turn an honest penny, standing knee-deep in the puddles and "toting" the citizens across on their shoulders. The city might easily have an exhaustable supply of pure water, if only there were sufficient enterprise among the people to cause it to be brought in pipes from the neighboring hills. Though there has always been suffering and ill-health resulting from lack of this prime necessity, no steps have ever been taken to inaugurate a system of waterworks. A brief visit will not give the traveler a true idea of Santiago; one must remain long enough to get en rapport with the spirit of the place in order to understand and appreciate it. The first impression gained from its tumbledown buildings, its rough, neglected, dirty streets,naked gamin, abounding poverty, lean curs and frightfully abused mules and horses, is by no means favorable—even to lovers of the quaint and antique. But after you have become better acquainted with its hospitable people, and have seen the interior of some of its casas which were built a full century before the first Dutchman had set up a house on Manhattan Island—you discover the charm of the rare old place and find yourself in love with it, in spite of its many shortcomings. The finest mansions are confined to no particular locality, but are scattered around haphazard and are as likely to be found sandwiched between negro shanties or commercial warehouses as anywhere else. They are all of the order of architecture which the Moors brought into the Iberian peninsula—low and large, with enormous windows reaching from roof to pavement and having iron gratings before them; floors of tiles, square bricks or blocks of marble, and inner courtyard with limes and pomegranates growing around a central fountain. Toilsome and dirty though they are, the streets of Santiago never cease to interest; they have such curious signs stretched across them or protruding over the narrow sidewalks, and the commodities exposed for sale are to us so strange and often ludicrous. The shop-fronts are all open, and inside we see clerks in their shirt-sleeves flirting with mulatto girls over gay-colored calicoes and gaudy ribbons. Ladies of the aristocracy never visit the shops, but buy what they require from samples, through their servants. Fat and comfortable negresses, with enormous ear-rings and gorgeous turbans compared to which Jacob's coat would be a colorless affair, squat on the ground at the street corners, with baskets of "dulcies" (sweetmeats), fruits and boiled yams to sell. Half way up the hill is the main plaza, adorned with statues and thickly set with trees and benhces.

The military band plays here on certain evenings of the week, when, according to the universal custom of Spanish-America, everybody turns out to see and be seen. The ladies in their newest gowns, mostly bareheaded, and many with bare shoulders and arms glittering with jewels, promenade in pairs, round and round the plaza;