

ing and the column went out in the following order:

Platoon of Police.  
Held's Military Band.  
G. A. R. Veterans.  
Knights of Pythias Military Band.  
Captain Lund and Staff.  
Companies A, B and D, N. G. U.  
All Hallows Band.  
VOLUNTARY CAVALRY, TROOP A.  
Baggage Wagons.

The column started down East Temple street within two minutes of the arrival of the cavalry troop from Camp Kent, marching to national airs from the bands, accompanied by the cheers of the multitude.

In spite of the bad weather East Temple street was packed with citizens and school children, as was Second South street down to the Rio Grande Western depot. The cheers of the crowds were simply deafening as the column moved forward and the guests of honor, the Volunteer Cavalry, were justly proud of the demonstration upon their leaving.

At the depot the adieus of friends were profuse and heartfelt, and the boys go away with love in their hearts for the near and dear ones at home and with respect and esteem for the citizenship of Salt Lake City.

Then came the result of the thoughtfulness of the patriotic women of the city—the magnificent luncheon served in the cars. Each car was presided over by a graceful woman, who was ably assisted by others in helping the brave boys to sandwiches, doughnuts and fruit, etc. It was an act of grace the boys will remember when out on stern battle fields in far-off lands.

It was expected that the train bearing away Utah's patriotic sons would leave the depot at 6 o'clock this evening.

The veteran artillerymen were again in evidence today, at their usual signal station—head of East Temple street—where they sounded the departure from Camp Kent. The approach to and passage through the city was the occasion of other salutes. All the while the veterans who a generation ago were young soldiers themselves, showed how enthusiastic they were and how they, too, would go to the front with all their years upon them if it were necessary. The veterans have shown much earnestness from the first sign of trouble, and will do so to the end.

The ladies of the Cleofan and their sister patriots of this city have on this occasion, as in the preceding one, been untiring in their noble work. Notwithstanding the fact that the work connected with the good-bye to the artillery was sufficient to cause most people to want a rest, the ladies went to work at the arrangement for today with increased fervor and that they were successful all Salt Lake knows by this time. They are noble women and their efforts have been such as to endear them to the public heart.

#### Amid the Battle's Roar.

(Dedicated to Utah's Volunteers.)

"Just before the battle mother,"  
Hear the sad and plaintive cry.  
Two fond hearts clasped tight together,  
While the mother says, "Good-bye."  
Two fond hearts, together weeping—  
One poor son had gone before;  
The mother whispers, "Don't forget me,  
From amid the battle's roar."

Two fond hands are clasped together,  
From his dear friend he must part.  
And yet—'twas not as bad as mother,  
Tho' the parting wrenched his heart.  
Two strong hands are clasped together,  
They may never clasp each other  
more.

And the friend, while sobbing, whispers,

"Forget-me-not, 'mid the battle's  
roar."

A soft, white arm about his neck,  
Two sweet eyes are bathed in tears.  
She thinks he leaves his home—forever—

They share each other's fears.  
"Don't forget your sister, Tom,  
Mother—the parting—hardly bore.  
Don't forget us all—please don't,  
Far away, 'mid the battle's roar."

At last two souls must say good-bye,  
Yet not a word is spoken.  
Although no tears are in her eye,  
Yet she is half, heart-broken.  
No need for them to whisper words,  
They've done that oft before.  
She knows he'll not forget her, when—  
"Fighting 'mid the battle's roar."

"Just before the battle mother,"  
Weeping hearts are wrung with sorrow.

Mother, friend, sister, sweetheart,  
Will they meet in some tomorrow?  
Yet they would not bid him stay.  
They will meet again—once more.  
If not on earth, 'twill be in heaven.  
Far away from the battle's roar."

ANTHONY NORNAU.

#### HARD WORK OF UTAH'S TORREYS.

George Sproat, a former employe of the freight auditor's office of the Oregon Short Line was one of the Utah boys, who volunteered when the call for the Torrey Regiment of Rough Riders was made. He readily resigned his place in the office, and it is now filled by another. On leaving he promised his fellow-employes that he would write to them occasionally and keep them posted on matters of interest to the friends of the Utah troop. His first letter has been received and corroborates the statements of others—that the Rough Riders from the Forty-fifth State are in high favor in the regiment; that the boys themselves are worked very hard but well pleased with the treatment accorded them; that they have great respect for their commanding officer is also evident. The letter is as follows:

Fort Russell, Wyoming,

May 19, 1898.

Dear Boys:—Reached here Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock. Our cars were switched immediately to the fort and we were given one of the regulars' barracks, a large brick building with all the latest improvements, a large kitchen, bath rooms, etc. Every one is in the best of health. Our thanks to Colonel Torrey, for the weather is awfully bad—cold winds with much rain. It doesn't look like they have had any spring here as yet, as the trees show no signs of leaves. Cheyenne is not much of a town. Fifteen of us were sent down yesterday to cheer the Wyoming boys leaving for 'Frisco. They were a nice lot of boys and made a good appearance, but they did not get the send-off we did on leaving home. I guess it swelled our heads a little. And then Ogden did the thing up grandly. I guess everybody in town was there. At Evanston a couple of barrels of bottled beer was given us. Then came Rawlins with its troop. We stopped there for breakfast and were treated nicely. We were joined at Ogden by the Nevada troops and they have been in trouble ever since. They don't seem to get along together very well. They have a thief or two in their outfit.

Col. Torrey had decided not to muster them in but has changed his mind now. We were mustered yesterday morning and probably will get our uniforms today. About 200 horses are here but have not been allotted yet; about 800 men are in quarters. We have been commented on considerably

but mostly in a favorable manner. Colonel Torrey pays us the compliment of saying that we are a fine lot of men. Better still, the examining board say we are not only fine fellows physically but are also an intelligent set. J. Q. C. seems to be proud of every one of us, and absolutely accepts nothing for himself that he can't share with his men. His room is just off of ours and you can get his attention at any moment.

I won't say anything about our rations only that we get all we want of the kind it is. The drilling we do and other work gives one a good appetite and we can eat anything. Four men were turned down, two on account of bad eye sight. They wanted to go so badly that some of them cried. Here are our hours and duties:

Reveille, first call, 5:30 a. m.

Reveille and gun fire, 5:40 a. m.

Assembly, 5:45.

Mess call, 6:00.

Stable call, 6:40.

Sick call, 7:00.

Officers' call, 7:30.

Drill call, 8:30.

Assembly, 8:35.

Recall from drill, 9:30.

First Sergeants' call, 11:30.

Mess call, 12 noon.

Drill call, 1:30 p. m.

Assembly, 1:55.

Recall from drill, 2:30.

Stable, 4:55.

Assembly, 5:00.

Mess call, 6:15.

Retreat, five minutes before sunset.

Tattoo, 9:00.

Call to quarters, 10:45.

Taps, 11:00.

You can see if we attend all these calls we are busy. I guess this will be all for this time; will write again before leaving, which will probably be seven or eight days. Would like to have a note from any of you.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE SPROAT.

#### OUR CUBAN LETTER.

Havana, May 11, 1898.—So much imaginary stuff has been circulated about Cuba, by vallant war correspondents, who remained at safe range from the island, that one hardly knows where to draw the line between fact and fiction; and doubtless, while sometimes being fooled by clever falsehoods, we discredited strange things which actually occurred. At first nobody believed that there were women in the Cuban army, though truth it is that from the outset, female soldiers have played no unimportant part in the struggle for independence. General Weyler admitted their dangerous zeal when he first assumed command in Cuba. In an interview with an American correspondent he said: "Yes, we captured a woman yesterday. She was white, too, and good looking. Most of these Amazons are colored. This one was dressed in mens' clothes, astride a powerful horse, and wielding her machete like the devil. These women soldiers are fiercer than men, thy ride and fight like furies. Where is she now? In Morro Castle of course. What will be done with her? Well"—and a characteristic showing accompanied by a gleam in the cruel eye which boded in no good to the captive, finished the sentence.

Maceo, the mulatto insurgent leader, had more than 100 female soldiers (mostly colored) in his company. Gomez also has a good many, and so has Calitzo Alvarez, the chief from the eastern district of San Ja go de Cuba. The majority abandoned small farms and plantations to follow the fortunes of their husbands, and though all carry machetes and revolvers, their chief duty is to gather up and succor the wounded