

"What will you have?" was always Captain Kemp's answer. I have very good tobacco at (I give the U. S. equivalents) \$2.50 a pound, good tea at \$5 a pound and prints at \$2 a yard, and so on.

If the poor soldier answered, "Sir, I don't want any of your goods," the captain's comment was, "You don't! You're a saucy rascal!"

Perhaps then the soldier would say, "Sir, if you please give me half money and half goods." But this proposal was equally objectionable to Captain Kemp, and generally led to his thundering out: "Begone, you mutinous scoundrel or I'll send you to the guard house and have you flogged for your impertinence to your officer."

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Sydney, June 17, 1898.

#### A UTAH VOLUNTEER.

At last we are off for Manila. The good troop ship City of Rio de Janeiro freighted with a thousand of Uncle Sam's blue coats, and provisions and equipments for the same, is riding at anchor in the bay of San Francisco; the sun is sinking to rest in the east, rather a peculiar habit the sun seems to have gotten into here in Frisco, but everybody and everything seems to contract habits here. Even directions have changed places, so that I have to go north whenever I wish to go south. Even the north star has forgotten its place and the west wind blows from the east. But of course eastern people have no interest in the wind and sun of this place. What I started out to say was that the sun is sinking in the east and the whole bay and city is flooded with a light of gold a la Klondike. Yesterday our new commander, Lieut. L. F. Foster, told us he wanted our tents down, rolled up and marked before breakfast in the morning. Of course his wants in this respect were gratified. The boys were routed out at half past three and operations began at once. We were to march to the wharf, and all our personal effects with a day's rations had to be carried, and as our knapsack had not been issued, we were compelled to roll everything in our blankets and sling them over our own shoulders. At 6 o'clock we lined up for our hog and coffee, and at 8 we took up the line march. It's four long miles from the Presidio to the wharf, and I'm not sure but they were German miles at that. Every man's pack weighed 300 pounds before he got half way, and by the time the dock was reached I'm mistaken if they didn't weigh a ton.

But we were happy. Everybody was happy. Even the daily tollers and drudges on the street, look glad as they bawled out their good-byes and wish for good luck. Mothers, daughters, sweethearts and children smiled their God bless you as they waved their hands and handkerchiefs and flags, and old crusty business men cracked their faces with glad laughs. On the wharf, a corps of Red Cross workers, God bless 'em, met us with a thousand lunches, and great cans of steaming coffee. We didn't do a thing to 'em. Everybody shook hands with everybody, the band played, the gang plank was hauled in and we drifted out into the stream. Everything and everybody is lovely. Our quarters are somewhat cramped but they are really better than I expected. Our new officer, Lieut. Foster, is a gentleman and a soldier, and our chief cook is a Chinaman. But I must close this letter or it won't get posted before we reach Honolulu.

Gen. Otis will come abroad at nine in the morning when we will leave

anchor and pass through the Golden Gate. It is thought then we will leave something else; perhaps our shoes. Who knows? RESSUM, C. U.

On Board Rio Janeiro, July 22, 1898.

"I had a good home and I left! left! left! I had a good home and I left!" is the time to which many of our boys do their hip, hip, hippen, and they have my full sympathy. Volunteer life is not what it has been cracked up to be. In theory and practice it is two different propositions, and the boy whose heart thrills and burns with patriotic zeal at home with a full stomach and a down pillow, finds his love of country somewhat quenched when it comes to volunteer camp life. I say volunteer camp life in contradistinction to the regular army life, for there is a vast difference, and all in the latter's favor. Regular soldiers do not stand around and shiver on account of an insufficiency of clothing; nor do they wear shoddy uniforms that were made for some one three times their size. They do not eat their sow and beans peppered with sand, nor drink invalid coffee, tasting of the rag in which it was boiled, and half the time unsweetened. Volunteers do this or go without, and at times they do both.

Within the past two days Uncle Sammie has issued us our uniforms, and right good ones, too, so now we have but one kick to register, and that is in connection with our food. We do not object to our treatment in this respect with any idea of having it remedied, but just because we can't help it. We didn't happen to be born with craws and so can't digest everything; we were not built on the camel plan, and have no extra stomachs to fill up in days of plenty to tide us over when for some cause or other, there is not enough. We were not taught in our youth to swill all kinds of any old stuff, and so now we just have to kick. There isn't one man in our whole encampment who can get along on the rations served us by the government and retain his health. I write this after making careful inquiry, and I am sure there is not one man among us who does not go down in the city every few days and get a good square meal, and he feels that his health depends on it. Coffee, oatmeal, salt bacon and bread is a pretty good bill of fare for breakfast when properly cooked and served; but when the bacon is fried to a salt crisp and the coffee is tied up in a rag and drowned, and the oatmeal is uncooked and unsweetened, it becomes a case of help your self to the mustard. Beans, potatoes, beef and pork, and coffee a la rag, would not be bad for dinner if the slop wasn't all mixed together and burned before using. In short, the food furnished by the government would be passable if served up in any kind of proper style, and if there was some way of eating it without the sand that drifts and covers everything. But I guess I had better dry up or I'll be detailed to do kitchen duty, and heaven knows I would rather go to the guard house.

I think we Utah recruits are very fortunate, all things considered. We now have most all of our equipments, and orders to be ready to strike tents at a moment's notice. It is understood that we will go on board the good ship Rio Janeiro tomorrow morning, and that we will pass out of the Golden Gate the next day. All the boys are ready and most of them have been down town for the last time. There may be and there no doubt is, some home-sick boys among the lot. I would hate to think otherwise, but it would be hard to tell who they are. Everybody seems well and all are overjoyed at the prospects of sailing so soon.

The Red Cross people have won all

our hearts. I am writing this in the Red Cross tent. A New York boy is painfully scratching to his best girl on my left and at my right a bright Wyoming lad is writing to his mother in Cheyenne. At one end of the tent sits a Red Cross worker, silver haired, pleasant faced, dimpled instead of wrinkled, waiting to greet every one who enters with a smile. She is a mother to the boys no matter which state they come from, and not one of them feels the least hesitancy in making his wants known. Writing materials are liberally supplied, books and papers litter the tables in careless and easy comfort, so that soldiers have a profitable place in which to spend their leisure hours. The patriots of Provo, Utah, a few days ago, remembered their boys in the Utah camp of battery volunteers, with a cash contribution of \$65. This snug little sum, speaking from a soldier's standpoint, was divided among eight men who no doubt think Provo is one of the pivots upon which the earth turns. Private Geo. Fowler, who has been sick ever since the recruits left Utah, is now convalescent, and ready to meet the Spaniards.

Lieut. Wedgwood is still confined to his bed in the same hospital. Lieut. Foster of the South Dakota volunteers is now in command of the Utah recruits, and will be so until we reach Manila.

John Jones of Company B—but the bugle calls to mess. I must away to my sand fritters and hog.

NOD RESSUM, C. V.

Camp Misery, San Francisco, 7-21-98.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

New York, July 20.—A special to the Times from Washington says:

The administration is now very well satisfied that Congress in passing the declaration of war refused to recognize the government of Cuba. When the resolution was under consideration the friends of the republic made support of the recognition a very urgent condition, some of them insisting that to declare independence without recognition of the republic would be an empty friendship to extend to the insurgents.

Even the men who then advocated recognition are believed to have become convinced that it would have been a serious mistake to have undertaken that as soon as Cuban territory was captured it was to be turned over to the care of the Cubans.

Cuban help of the United States troops has been acknowledged repeatedly, but the recent reports from the camp at Santiago and neighborhood have in some measure impaired confidence in the Cubans and their fitness to assume the responsibilities of government even in Santiago. The administration does not accept without question the fragmentary reports concerning the Cubans that have come to the war and navy departments, but there is so much testimony that is disquieting that the President is disposed to be specially thankful that the Congress did not impose upon him the duty of turning over Cuba as fast as subdued by the United States to the unhampered control of the Cuban soldiers and citizens.

The Cubans at Santiago seem to have anticipated the President's proclamation when they selected Gen. Demetrio Castillo to be governor of Santiago as soon as the city should be captured. There was no consultation with the commanding general of the United States forces before this was done. There was no consultation of the people of Santiago when Castillo was chosen to rule over it after Spain had yielded control. There was no an-