

ripening fast; potatoes and corn are growing fast now where there is moisture enough.

Marriotts—Grain all cut; threshing commenced; second cutting of hay up; late corn and potatoes short, because of scarcity of water; local rains on the 4th and 5th revived pastures, which were very dry; sugar beets fine for first attempt.  
J. H. SMITH,  
Section Director, Salt, Lake City, Utah.

#### FROM A SALT LAKE ROUGH RIDER

Willis McCornick, a son of Hon. W. S. McCornick, the well known Salt Lake banker, writes as follows from the camp of Roosevelt's Rough Riders of which he is a member:

Santiago de Cuba July 20, 1898.

My Dear Father—I do hope that you do not feel so badly any longer on account of my course. It would be easier to face Spanish bullets than the displeasure of the whole family. Still when a man determines on such a course neither bullets nor yellow fever can deter him, and I would go just the same if every man in the army had fever. If these terrors are so great, all the more reason for able-bodied men to go to the front. As I told Clarence, do not be arbitray because you all have the preponderance of common sense on you side.

I know you are, of course, anxious to hear that it is well with me, and to know a little of my personal experiences, which will be more interesting to you than similar newspaper accounts.

To begin with the beginning. It would have been difficult to have had a more pleasant trip, even in a yacht, and in the pleasantest of waters. The Irquols is one of the Clyde steamers. I had a deck cabin on the port side, getting the northern breezes, and our company was most congenial, a lieutenant of cavalry, four army surgeons, yellow fever experts and two majors. It wasn't uncomfortably rough, and the celebrated blueness of the gulf stream was as deep and rich as possible, being studded here and there with white caps. However, from all indications, we just escaped one of the much dreaded Indian ocean hurricanes. Our ship carried \$200,000 of rations, which would have been a rich prize, and our captain was always on the alert. One day we sighted a steamer heaving down upon us off the port bow. We turned and went in the opposite direction at full speed. No signals or colors could be seen, so we took her to be Spanish. She came closer and closer, still giving no signal, when suddenly she sent a shell across our bow and, hoisted the American flag. The first shot was followed immediately by a second which went about ten feet over the after-cabin. I had heard of a shell screaming, and thought it a "fake" till I heard this one. I'll bet no captain ever hove to quicker than did ours when he saw the colors.

But to return to the harbor. You can't see it a couple of hundred yards off, yet when you get in it it opens up big enough for a hundred ships. And this leads me up to the destroying of the cherished illusion you are undoubtedly entertaining. Let me tell it in a whisper. The sinking of the Merrimac was a great "fake." It doesn't block the harbor any more than a sunken washtub would. Instead of lying across the channel, according to the account and pictures, it lies in the same direction as the channel runs, and is at that up against a bank. Two ships could easily go by the thing abreast. This is the truth of the really daring, but not brilliant successful operation, which has thrilled the American heart.

As for Santiago itself, soldiers walk

through the city on guard. Thin looking natives hang around the wharves and streets. Half-starved Cuban boys and girls with skeleton arms and legs and big stomachs beg everywhere. Spanish soldiers and officers walk around in a sorrowful, half-souled sort of a way, still displaying their Castilian pride. All stores are closed, and four hardtack will buy more than \$1. Such is the condition of this now famous city. The town itself is nothing. Aside from the picturesque old Spanish houses, the place might be described as a tumble-down bunch of hovels. The walk known as the Alameda is quite pretty, with rows of trees and paths on either side. At the end of this walk is the public garden.

We passed close enough to the Cristobal Colon to see her with a glass. These Spanish ships certainly had the life pounded out of them. One of the cruisers is nothing but a yellow mass lying on the beach, where it burnt to nothing but a steel mass. The Vizcaya is crushed forward and blown to pieces aft by the explosions of her own torpedoes. Further east near the mouth of the harbor lie the Brooklyn, Iowa, Indiana, Gloucester and Oregon, with half steam up, and proud as turkey gobblers. Although we were close enough to the Brooklyn to talk to and receive orders from Schley, I couldn't see a scratch on her.

The trip to the harbor was most interesting. Old Morro, pretty well battered, with her ancient style of fortress architecture, stands in the west entrance, and on the east is the more dangerous modern battery. It could only be discerned by a line of yellow earth, where our shells had ripped it up, and dismounted her guns.

The Cuban coast along here consists of a range of mountains, which rise straight out of the waters. One peak is 8,000 feet, the highest in the island. The mountains remind me of the range east of Salt Lake, only there is no snow on these. They are covered with a dense growth of timber, mahogany, ebony and other hard woods. The scenery is really fine, to my surprise, and what surprises me still more is the coolness of the weather. It reminds me of Narragansett Pier. The army is camped on the hills, three miles from the city, so as to receive the breezes. Of course, down in the hollow, the heat is great. It rains every afternoon this season, then the sun comes out and the humidity is terrible—thick gases and vapors arising from the vegetation.

Our men were pretty well shot up. The Spanish soldiers were well entrenched on hills, and are good shots, unlike their sailors. They don't raise their guns to their shoulders in shooting, but after the range is found, they pump out their magazines with the butt against their hips. Their rifle is better than ours. We have to put in our cartridges one at a time, while they put in five at a time, and just as quickly as we put in one.

Everyone here assumes the privilege of cursing Shafter for making his mounted cavalry do the work of artillery. He made men charge block-houses and trenches right in the teeth of Mauser rifles, machine guns, etc. The men fought like fiends, and walked right in the entrenchments without a falter. The night before the big fight our army was planning a night attack. Just as they were about to start, the Spanish began a sortie without knowing our readiness. One of our regiments had its machine gun pointed at the Spaniards, and another Gatling gun about 200 yards away formed a cross-fire with it, and besides this was a center fire of one regiment and another Gatling. When this fire opened up on the Spaniards, as a Spanish officer told

me today, bullets came as thick as though a handful of beans had been thrown at each man. He said about 1,000 men were killed and wounded in that engagement.

Twenty-two thousand Spanish soldiers are loafing around here disarmed. The Spaniards, to meet, for the most part are decent sort of fellows and nice looking. But of course they are the flower of the army. When in the field or any other time they are the most damnably treacherous curs alive. A private of the Ninth Infantry, who got pinked in the mouth and had the bullet come out of his neck, told me that an American soldier came up to a Spanish rifle pit where all of the men were badly wounded—consisting of eleven men—and took pity on them. When he went to get his canteen one of the Spaniards loaded his gun and shot the American after he had handed them the water. Such instances are numerous, so you can imagine the feeling here. I believe the men hate Cubans as much as the Spaniards, strange as it may seem. They won't fight, and simply hang in the rear, eating up rations and stealing all in sight. The boys have "winged" a few so they are getting a little leery of that game.

When the army first arrived here they were half starved, and yet the commissary was doling out rations to Cubans. Gen. Young rode up and asked for rations the first day, and he was told that what rations were landed were for Cuban reconcentrados. Young said: "I'm your man. My army are reconcentrados." The officer said he had orders to give them to the Cubans. Young told him that he would turn a gun on the first Cuban that took a thing out, and would do the same to him if he didn't hand over. Young's example is followed right along, and there is no patience for the Cubans.

As for yellow fever, don't fear for me, as the doctors assure me there is absolutely no danger in the hills.

Will write whenever an opportunity occurs, and you can reach me, sending letters in care of the First United States cavalry of volunteers, or Roosevelt rough riders. Your affectionate son,  
WILLIS M'CORNIC.

#### HARD FIGHT AT PORTO RICO.

New York, Aug. 11.—The Herald has the following from Cape San Juan, Porto Rico, Aug. 10:

There was a two hours' fight before daybreak yesterday. Eight hundred Spaniards attempted to retake the lighthouse, which was guarded by 40 of our soldiers, commanded by Lieut. Atwater, Assistant Engineer Jenkins, Engineer Brownson and Gunner Campbell.

The Spaniards were driven back by shells from the Amphitrite, Cincinnati and Leyden. Refugees report that 100 Spaniards were killed.

Wm. H. Boardman of the Amphitrite of Lawrence, Mass., a second class man in the naval academy, was seriously wounded. He was in the lighthouse. The Spanish advance began from Rio Grande, whither the Spaniards had retreated after the first landing of troops at Cape San Juan last week.

They marched through Luquillo and pulled down the American flag at Fajardo and replaced the Spanish flag.

The terrified refugees warned the lighthouse force that the Spanish were coming. Sixty women and children were in an outbuilding of the lighthouse during the fight.

The Spaniards opened fire with a machine gun at a distance of three hundred yards. The Leyden, Ensign Crosley commanding, rushed within a hundred yards of the shore and poured