

AMHERST GAZETTE.



\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Single Copies, 5c.

"Salus populi suprema est lex."

J. ALBERT BLACK, Editor and Publisher.

VOL. VIII--NO. 35.

AMHERST, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1873.

WHOLE NO.--399

Selected Tale.

THE ENGLISH MECHANIC

BY T. H. GREEN.

There is not in London a more attractive place, in the height of the season, than the widely celebrated "Ladies Mile," familiarly known as "Rotten Row." In the "season," any day between meridian and two o'clock, "The Row," from Hyde Park Corners to the Albert Memorial, presents a dazzling appearance. Equestrians of both sexes through the place; the shady promenades on each side are filled with pedestrians; while the carriage drive, every afternoon between the hours of four and seven, affords a scene unsurpassed in brilliancy and splendor in any other city in the world.

At one time this locality was one of the worst places in the whole city, and from the wretched state of its streets and the dilapidated appearance of its houses, as well as the squalid and filthy condition of its inhabitants, it became known as "Rotten Row." Of those who owned property in this locality was Sir John Harcourt. He had lost his wife a few years previously, and from that time gave up the active care of his estates and they went rapidly from hand to hand. At length he died leaving his estates and title to his son Frederick. The latter married a celebrated beauty of the aristocratic Courtenay family, and of this union two sons were born. The elder, John Harcourt, inherited the title and estates of his father, while the latter married an heiress of noble birth, who preserved, in her own right, the title and estates of her father. The second Sir John Harcourt, left his title and estates to his eldest son, the second Sir Frederick Harcourt, while the second son, James Harcourt, the younger, was without fortune or income, except a yearly allowance left from the parental estates.

It was shortly after the death of Sir John, that James Harcourt and a companion, Walter Rutherford, were sauntering along "The Row," conversing in a very animated manner.

"I'm tired of it," said Harcourt. "It is only a piece of shallow mockery, this everlasting round of pleasure, fashion and folly. This aimless, useless kind of life disgusts me; it is ridiculous; yes, more than that; it is a criminal neglect not to use the facilities with which the Creator has endowed us, for some good purpose; to benefit ourselves and our fellow men. I look about me at thousands of young men who are frittering away their lives and the inquiry haunts me--'Qui bonis?' I half admire, though I would not follow, the example of the Baron in South Wales, who took it into his head that he would ally himself in such a marriage that none of his aristocratic friends would be willing to call upon his wife."

"And what kind of an alliance did he make?" asked Rutherford.

"He married a pretty and amiable milliner who lived near his estates, reared a fine family of children, and led a happy life as a farmer."

"What has put his nonsense into your head?"

"I wish to follow my own inclinations. Being the second son, I have my own fortune to make, and I wish to do it in my own way."

"For a man of your talents--begging pardon for the seeming flattery--there are avenues of wealth and distinction lying open to you, and you have only to adopt a profession and make yourself master of it to achieve a name. There is for instance the noble profession of the law; you might aspire to the wool-sack," said Rutherford.

"I have no ambition in that direction. The law is too dry for me, and I don't want to spend my life in studying a chop-ivy suit."

"There's the study of physic."

"Throw physic to the dogs," said Sir James. "I honor the profession, but am not adapted to it."

"There are orders with your opportunities and advantages, you would find it for the exercise of your talents."

influence of your family a commission could be purchased."

"Stop right there, my friend," said the commission in the army or navy should indicate that the possessor had done some service to his country, which entitles him to wear its honors; but what have I done? I do not even know anything of the theory of the war, let alone the practice. But I am altogether opposed to war. It is at the bottom of our national debt which never will be paid, and which is increasing every year; and its enormous burdens are to be borne by the people. No, I never can enter a profession whose business is desolation, and whose benefits, if any, are purchased at so fearful a sacrifice of human life, and which entails upon the people an incubus of taxation."

"You are a cynic, or rather, a weeping philosopher. You look upon the dark side of life. What is to be gained by it? Remember that you are a noble, free-born Englishman. Your position, wealth, or rather the avenues to wealth are open to you, and--"

"Enough, my friend! I have not the wealth, but only the avenues leading to it. By the unjust laws of primogeniture, I, with every younger son and daughter in the kingdom, am debarred from any legal right to that estate which I am, by natural right, as much entitled as the elder brother, the heir to the estates and title of my father."

"There is, I admit, injustice in this, but neither you nor I can find any remedy for it, so we may as well accept the situation and content ourselves with being noble Britons and loyal subjects of her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen."

"I confess," said Harcourt, "that I do not feel sanguine of reforming the abuses that have crept into every part of our system of government, but I can at least follow the bent of my own inclinations."

"And what, if I may ask, do you wish to do?"

"I have always had a taste for mechanical occupations, and nothing would meet my wishes so well, as to enter some of the departments of practical mechanics and perfect myself therein."

"You amaze me," said Rutherford. "I think I see you sweating over a mechanic's bench or puzzling your brains over the construction of a bridge. Why, Harcourt, you are insane to think of leaving the glorious avenues of distinction and descending to an ignoble calling."

"Look ye, Rutherford! I am not apt to get into a passion, but when you speak of the calling of such men as Watt, Fulton, Whitney, Stephenson, Brunel and Morse, as ignoble, you excite my ire. I look upon such men as having better titles to nobility than are possessed by our English nobility, whose titles and estates were, in the first instance acquired by robbery and confiscation, and have descended from one eldest child to another without regard to merit of any kind. The only noble Briton, in my judgment, is he who has won that honorable distinction by merit of his own."

At this point in the conversation the attention of the two men was attracted by a pair of horses attached to a carriage, dashing at a fearful rate of speed directly towards them.

"There are two ladies in the carriage," cried Harcourt, "and they will be thrown to the pavement unless we can stop the horses."

On came the frightened brutes, barely grazing the vehicles that dodged hither and thither out of the way as quickly as possible.

"Now for it!" cried Harcourt, as with the quickness of a flash he threw himself before the horses. His movements partially checked their speed as they approached the place where he was, when he dextrously seized the bridles. Although he was nearly carried off by the speed of the horses, he succeeded in stopping the frightened animals, but not before the carriage had struck a tree, when one of the ladies was thrown on the green sward which skirted the drive. The horses were given in charge of a bystander, while Harcourt and his companion went to the assistance of the woman, who were found to be unharmed with the exception of some slight bruises.

From the elder of the ladies it was learned that through the inaccessible closeness of the driver their horses had been thrown overboard.

The carriage was righted in a few moments, and the two ladies, undaunted by the accident, entered it again, to the great consternation of the coachman, who came up puffing and blowing, declaring that it was "honourable to 'ow the 'orses 'ad got away."

While he was adjusting the harness and seeing that everything connected with the vehicle was right, the ladies were thanking Harcourt and his friend for their timely assistance. The two gentlemen, on their part, had the opportunity of seeing for a few moments, the faces of the two ladies. They were apparently mother and daughter. The mother was about fifty, but young looking, having a most benevolent and kindly expression in her plump, round face. The daughter was her plump, round face, complexion, and appeared taller than she really was. Her hair was a noble one and adorned with a profusion of golden hair that fell gracefully over her shoulders. The rich color of her cheeks, heightened no doubt by the excitement of the accident, added an intensity to the expression of her naturally beautiful face. As she thanked the gentlemen for their timely aid, the light of her blue eyes gave life to the words, fervent and well chosen, that came like music from a mouth of bewitching sweetness.

Waving their adieux the ladies motioned to the coachman to drive on.

Harcourt stood riveted to the spot, and gazed after the carriage as it rolled away.

"That is quick work, I declare," said Rutherford. "Those ladies have an independent way that I admire. Come, my boy, they are out of sight long ago, and yet you are gazing after them."

"Did you observe the perfect self-possession of that young lady?" asked Harcourt.

"Never saw anything like it," was the reply.

"That woman has courage. I wonder who she is?--Hallo! what's this?" and Harcourt stopped and picked up a card which had fallen from the carriage.

It was detached from the chain and had been thrown some twenty feet from the spot where the lady had struck the ground, whose thrown from the carriage.

"It belongs to one of the ladies," said Rutherford.

"The one, of course, who was thrown from the carriage--the golden haired one."

Perhaps there is some name attached to it whereby the owner can be identified.

It examined it closely and found that it was still running.

"Must be a good watch," said Harcourt, "to run after being thrown such a distance. And here," continued Harcourt, examining it more closely, "are the initials 'E. B.' and under them, 'From her father.' Aye, E. B. are the initials of the young lady's name. I must try to find the owner and return it to her, her watch."

"A beautiful present," said Rutherford, examining the watch carefully.

"True, my friend; but to-morrow I will try to find the owner."

So saying the two friends separated. Before retiring to rest, Harcourt carefully noted the watch.

Miscellany.

Charles Dickens on Horses.

A writer in the Boston Globe reproduces a sketch by Baz, and heartily concurs in the great novelist's opinions on the equine species. The article has never been published among the works of Dickens; but there is no doubt as to its authenticity. Perhaps Baz came to look on this particular Bozism as Boz, though in some particulars it is undoubtedly a true bill.

"I object to the personal appearance of the horse. I protest against the conventional idea of beauty as attached to that animal. I think his nose too long, his forehead too low, and his legs (except in the case of the cart horse) ridiculously thin for his body. Again, considering how big an animal he is, I object to the contemptible delicacy of his constitution. Is he not the richest creature in creation? Does a kitten catch cold as easily as a horse? Does not a hare, for all his appearance of a wretched strength, strain his neck as he dashes across a meadow? Rutherford, to take him from another point of view, is he not a noble animal? He is not a brute, but a creature of high intelligence."

fine lady requires more patient waiting on than a horse. Other animals can make their own toilet; he must have a groom. You will tell me this is because we want to make his coat artificially glossy. Glossy! Coe home with me, and see my cat--my ever cat, who can groom herself! Look your own dog? See how the intelligent creature currys-combs himself with his own honest teeth! Then, again, why a poor errand fool? He will start at a road, or a piece of paper in the wind, as if it were a lion. His one idea, when he hears a noise he is not accustomed to, is to run away from it. What do you say to these two common instances of his sense and courage of this absurdly over-praised animal? I might multiply them if I choose to exercise my mind and waste my breath, which I can never do.

"I prefer coming at one to my last charge against the horse, which is the most serious of all; because it affects his moral character. I accuse him boldly, in his capacity of servant to man, of slyness and treachery. I read him publicly, no matter how mild he may look about the eyes, or how sleek he may be in the coat, as a systematic betrayer, whenever he can get the chance, of the confidence reposed in him."

For the Amateur Gazette.

Our Roving Correspondent.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 16, 1873.

The palace of Peterhof near the shore, is about 15 miles from St. Petersburg; it is specially fitted up for the Shah. The cottage close to the shore still remains where Peter the Great used to view his infant fleet moored beneath the batteries of Cronstadt. It was in this lowly abode the great Peter breathed his last, and the bed is still preserved untouched since his death.

The palace, built on an elevation of 60 feet, is one of the principal attractions of the place.

Inside are beautiful tapestries, countless articles of *porcelaine*, porcelain, malachite, marble, and a number of pictures, chiefly representing the naval victories of prince Oloff and Russian generals of Catherine II's time.

There is also a very interesting apartment containing a collection of 398 female portraits, executed by a certain court painter for the empress Catherine, during a journey he made through the fifty provinces of Russia. One cannot but admire the inventive genius of the artist in giving a different attitude and expression to so many. One is knitting, another embroidering, another peeps from behind a curtain, one gazes from a window, another leans over a chair, a sixth slumbers sweetly, another combing her hair, stands before a glass, &c. This collection would be invaluable were the portraits faithful, but I doubt this, at least. I have not seen any peasants who could today sit for any of these portraits. No doubt some flattering homage was paid to the empress in the execution of this work.

A few of the rooms are carved and gilded, and there are cosy little corners and nooks where any one could be comfortable, and that one hates to leave.

The water works are the best I have ever seen. From the palace to the sea shore the garden is laid out in terraces adorned with fountains, waterfalls, Neptune's storks, swans, and nymphs, all newly gilded. The Sampson fountain, so called, from a colossal figure tearing open the jaws of a lion from whence the water rushes to the height of eighty feet, is a magnificent affair, and is a canal lined with many smaller fountains. These basins are at the foot of the elevation on which the palace stands. In the center is a broad flight of steps, and on each side is a range of marble slabs, over which the water is allowed to pour down. The marble slabs are placed far apart to allow lamps to be placed behind the water. This is done at the Peterhof.

Oranienbaum, a favorite palace of some former emperors, commands a fine view of Cronstadt and the large expanse of water. It is now occupied by a general.

of St. Petersburg, is a favorite resort in the summer evenings. A military band is usually playing in the afternoon or evening. The walks are well shaded by fine old trees. Many of the statues are of a very antique form and taste--happily now exploded. In the centre of a fine open space stands the statue of Kryloff, the Russian Esop--a sitting figure, much larger than life--with a book and pencil in his hand. The pedestal on which he is placed has, on each side, figures of animals in deep relief illustrating his fables--the stork and the wolf, bears and asses, cats and dogs playing the violin, and other animals with musical instruments. A number of children were gazing at the figures, no doubt entering fully into the spirit of the artist.

The equestrian statue of Peter the Great stands opposite the St. Isaac church. The emperor is admirably represented reining in his horse on the brink of a precipice, his face to the West, while a serpent--emblematical of the difficulties which he encountered in building St. Petersburg--is trodden under the foot of his charger.

The Alexander column stands in the open space near the winter's palace. It is a single shaft of red granite, eighty-four feet in height, exclusive of pedestal and was polished after being put in its place. The shaft originally measured 1000 feet but was shortened from a fear that its diameter, fourteen feet, was insufficient for its great length. The inscription is very short: "To Alexander the First. Grateful Russia."

On the opposite side of the St. Isaac, from where Peter the Great's statue stands is the Nicholas monument, an equestrian statue representing the Emperor Nicholas in the uniform of the horse guards. The pedestal is formed of granite of various colors. There are other statues but scarcely worth even a casual examination.

We drove out to the island, our object being to see the church--Peter Paul--where Peter the Great and all his successors, except Peter II, who died and was buried at Moscow, are buried. After we entered the strongly fortified walls an avenue of larch trees led us to the church with its lofty spire.

The tombs of the Czars, grouped on either side the high altar, are very plain sarcophagi, very simple and unostentatious. The tomb of the Tzarévitch (eldest son of the present Emperor), who died at Nice in 1865, has still a wreath of immortelles and the tomb of the Emperor's favorite sister, who died a few years ago, is covered with immortelles, palm branches, and garlands of roses--the Emperor going to the church alone on the anniversary of her death and placing the flowers on the tomb with his own hands.

The walls of the church are covered with military trophies, standards, flags, keys of fortresses, shields, and battle axes, taken from the Swedes, Turks, Persians, Poles and French.

The press is under a very strict censorship. No English papers are admitted until they are examined by officials, and then only under certain conditions. Even the *Amherst Gazette* that were sent me came to grief on the way and are lost. I saw a London Shipping Gazette of the 18th of June, that had been placed in order so completely as to have been past all cleaning or reading. I had the curiosity to hunt up the paper since and enclose the piece for you to publish. So your readers will see that the state of the Emperor's health must not be discussed in Russia.

"The correspondent of the *Standard* of Vienna, touching upon the visit of the Czar to that capital, says--'I state it plainly to be my belief--and I have the best authority for it--that the Emperor of Russia's health is in a very unsatisfactory condition. This fact cannot be denied, however regrettable it may be, and however desirous some persons may be to have it suppressed. His Majesty's looks and apparent robustness bespeak far more than an habitually 'autocratic' haughty bearing. It is evident that under suffering has begotten outward austerity. A certain restlessness and desire for change of scene; an aversion to dwell, for any length of time, at one and the same place, or upon one and the same subject, are manifest symptoms of a growing frailty and distrust for the conventional amenities of life. The fact is the Czar's health is considerably shaken. I have seen it, and seen it in the most striking manner.'"

the truth of the assertion, that His Majesty suffers from an enlargement of the heart. Be this as it may, let us heartily wish that it may soon and completely recover, whatever the malady may be from which he suffers."

The days are growing shorter, the leaves are beginning to fall, it looks and feels as if winter was approaching, and in bidding adieu to your readers I shall leave for a more genial clime.

Origin of the Word Schooner.

A writer in the Boston *Advertiser*, referring to the story told by Webster and Worcester in regard to the origin of the word schooner, corrects that lexicographer as follows:

"The happy thought of a Cape Ann ship-master, that a century and a half ago designed a new and successful rig for vessels, and gave a new word to our language, is certainly deserving of a special notice and of permanent record--and the story, if told at all, should be told rightly. Fifty years ago I used often to meet Mr. Gorham Parsons, then a well-known citizen of Brighton and a nephew of the great lawyer and judge, Theophilus Parsons. Mr. Parsons was born, I think, in Gloucester--certainly his father, Eben Parsons, began there his mercantile career. More than once I heard Mr. Parsons, who was a man of intelligence and of retentive memory, tell the story of Robinson's schooner. His account, which was very circumstantial, with names and details that I have forgotten, was substantially this: After the new vessel was fully rigged and ready for sea a day was fixed for the first trial. Much interest had been excited by the innovation, and all were curious to see how she would sail, but Captain Robinson and his family, who could watch her motions from their own windows, were more than curious. As the vessel tacked it was at once evident that she could run remarkably near the wind. In the nautical dialect of the time and the phrase, *schooning* was the term generally used to designate that feat, and the slang word was familiar to all. As the little vessel shot ahead almost in the teeth of a strong breeze, the Captain's daughter exclaimed, 'Oh, father, see how she schoon!' 'Schoon it she does,' was the answer, 'and schooner she shall be called!'"

NEARING THE PRIZE.

All steam possible was immediately got up and the vessel headed for the *Virginias*, soon reaching a speed of 14 knots and slowly gaining upon her.

The *Virginias* had in the meantime kept on her course, but, divining the hostile intentions of the *Tornado*, changed it towards Jamaica, and, being out of coal, commenced to burn petroleum, grease, fat, and other combustibles from the provisions on board, such as hams, &c. Night closed in, and the vessels were in sight of each other, the *Tornado*, however, gaining upon her prey. The bright light of the full moon kept the *Virginias* in plain sight, and her two masts and dense clouds of smoke, on account of the nature of her fuel, were clearly visible to the slowly gaining *Tornado*. Further to facilitate their fight they threw overboard horses, cannon and many cases of arms and ammunition--afterwards stated to be 2,000 Remingtons, a mitrailleuse, seven horses, and a quantity of powder and small arms.

BROUGHT TO.

As soon as they got within gunshot the *Tornado* fired a gun, followed by three other shots and a shell. This brought the *Virginias* to, and two armed boats from the *Tornado* came alongside, took possession of the vessel, and made prisoners of all on board.

Business Precaution.

The many commercial failures of late leads the *Monetary Times* to suggest that merchants should provide a reserve fund. It says--A merchant, like a banker, needs a reserve, and in making up his balance sheet, he will, if prudent, take care and make provision for it. This particularly needs to be done in cases of partnerships, before crediting increase of profits or capital to separate partners. This reserve fund should be invested in undoubted securities on which money can be easily raised, and not be exposed to the risks of the business. Then in case of a great calamity, fire, ship-wreck, panic or what-not, there will always be a something tangible and easily available to fall back on. The question of standing or falling at a critical time, may just depend upon whether a house can raise money over and above its ordinary resources. Those who can outlive the storm, while those who are unable must succumb, no matter how they have an apparent surplus of a million.

HOT DOUGHTNUT.--A littl' girl attending the South street school has lately had her dinner stolen. No clue could be obtained to the thief, although it was sought with tears. Finally a mild plan was hit upon. A very tempting doughnut, with a filling of cayenne pepper, was placed in her pail, and results watched. Before noon a little boy was seen at the pump, working in a lively manner. It seemed that if he had had two hundred pairs of arms he could have used them. The fire was put out, however, and enough of the structure saved to take across the knee for a few minutes.--*Danbury News.*

Immortality is drawing in imagination upon the future for that homage which the present refuses.

There is no fault in poverty, but the wretch that thinks so are faulty.

The "Virginias."

HISTORY OF THE CAPTURE AND EXECUTION

The *Virginias*, shortly after the departure of the French steamer *Santiago de Cuba*, left Jamaica on the 24th ult. It was the intention of the expeditionists on board to sail direct for the shores of Cuba, but a slight damage to the machinery obliged them to enter a port of Hayti. This they left, touching at Port au Prince (Hayti) and another port of the same island, until the 30th, upon which day they concluded to sail for Cuba and attempt the landing.

On this day the Spanish Consul at Kingston advised the Governor at Santiago de Cuba that the *Virginias* was in the vicinity of Migrant Bay, Jamaica. As it happened the Spanish man-of-war *Tornado* had that morning arrived at Santiago de Cuba, and Governor Burriel immediately communicated to her Commander, Costilla, his information, which caused her to leave four hours afterwards. The following day, the 31st, the *Tornado* under full sail and with little steam on, as some slight repairs were being made to her machinery, came in sight of the *Virginias*, which probably supposed the *Tornado* to be a sailing vessel, as her course was not changed. On the *Tornado* every effort was made to hasten the repairs they were engaged in, and at two o'clock the chief engineer pronounced them completed.

NEARING THE PRIZE.

All steam possible was immediately got up and the vessel headed for the *Virginias*, soon reaching a speed of 14 knots and slowly gaining upon her.

The *Virginias* had in the meantime kept on her course, but, divining the hostile intentions of the *Tornado*, changed it towards Jamaica, and, being out of coal, commenced to burn petroleum, grease, fat, and other combustibles from the provisions on board, such as hams, &c. Night closed in, and the vessels were in sight of each other, the *Tornado*, however, gaining upon her prey. The bright light of the full moon kept the *Virginias* in plain sight, and her two masts and dense clouds of smoke, on account of the nature of her fuel, were clearly visible to the slowly gaining *Tornado*. Further to facilitate their fight they threw overboard horses, cannon and many cases of arms and ammunition--afterwards stated to be 2,000 Remingtons, a mitrailleuse, seven horses, and a quantity of powder and small arms.

BROUGHT TO.

As soon as they got within gunshot the *Tornado* fired a gun, followed by three other shots and a shell. This brought the *Virginias* to, and two armed boats from the *Tornado* came alongside, took possession of the vessel, and made prisoners of all on board.

THE AMERICAN FLAG FLYING AT THE MOMENT.

At the time of the capture the *Virginias* was flying the American flag, but this was pulled down by the Spanish officer and the Spanish ensign hoisted in its place, although the papers of the vessel, duly despatched for Colon, were handed to him.

THE VESSEL AT THE TIME

AS IN BRITISH WATERS

and within a league, as I am positively assured, of the coast of Jamaica. On this point all the accounts differ. One gives the capture as having been effected at twenty miles from Jamaica, and the official account states twelve miles. The *Dunbar* states at twenty-three miles, journals of *Santiago de Cuba* eight miles and twenty miles, and the version of the *Yas de Cuba* twelve miles. The commander of the *Tornado* publicly stated in Santiago de Cuba that an hour later and the *Virginias* could have saved herself by entering some port of Jamaica.

SECURING THE PRISONERS.

After the capture, the next two hours were employed in transferring some of the prisoners to the *Tornado* and putting a prize crew on the *Virginias*.

THE PRINCIPAL LEADERS

of the expedition were Bernabé de Varano, better known as "Bembeta," Jesus del Sol, General Ryan and Pedro Céspedes, a brother of the Cuban President, and the total number of persons on board amounted to 165, of whom 90 are said to be natives of this island and the remainder foreigners. Of these 165 persons 89 are thought to form the core of the expedition.

THE PRINCIPAL LEADERS

of the expedition were Bernabé de Varano, better known as "Bembeta," Jesus del Sol, General Ryan and Pedro Céspedes, a brother of the Cuban President, and the total number of persons on board amounted to 165, of whom 90 are said to be natives of this island and the remainder foreigners. Of these 165 persons 89 are thought to form the core of the expedition.

THE PRINCIPAL LEADERS

of the expedition were Bernabé de Varano, better known as "Bembeta," Jesus del Sol, General Ryan and Pedro Céspedes, a brother of the Cuban President, and the total number of persons on board amounted to 165, of whom 90 are said to be natives of this island and the remainder foreigners. Of these 165 persons 89 are thought to form the core of the expedition.

THE PRINCIPAL LEADERS

of the expedition were Bernabé de Varano, better known as "Bembeta," Jesus del Sol, General Ryan and Pedro Céspedes, a brother of the Cuban President, and the total number of persons on board amounted to 165, of whom 90 are said to be natives of this island and the remainder foreigners. Of these 165 persons 89 are thought to form the core of the expedition.

THE PRINCIPAL LEADERS

of the expedition were Bernabé de Varano, better known as "Bembeta," Jesus del Sol, General Ryan and Pedro Céspedes, a brother of the Cuban President, and the total number of persons on board amounted to 165, of whom 90 are said to be natives of this island and the remainder foreigners. Of these 165 persons 89 are thought to form the core of the expedition.