

CESPEDES.

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

obey implicitly, without comment or murmur. During the first few months of the war there were now and then some funds in the treasury, from which officers and men received a portion of their pay. Then the Cuban bonds were used as a circulating medium; but for the last four years neither officers nor men have received any pay, clothing, rations or quarters—they have lived summarily.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH. As they could. Some of them, you see, are without clothing, excepting a rag to cover their heads; others are better off, according to their rank in the army, from the fact that they have a few dollars in their pockets. Yes, you perceive, they are contented and obedient, vying with each other as to who can best serve the cause of our country. When ammunition is scarce, those who have little or frequently sell their scanty meal of food to others who have much, in order to procure a supply for use in battle. Very often a scarcity of paper has compelled the officers to write reports on the leaves of the copy tree, and for this reason it has been impossible to keep in order our military archives, and of course to tell the exact number of men under arms, but approximately it may be stated as follows:

FROM TEN THOUSAND TO TWELVE THOUSAND. Of these more than one-third are armed with breech-loading rifles and the rest with muzzle-loaders. The number of non-combatants is very large; but scattered about through our mountains and forests, it is impossible to give even an approximate idea of what are their numbers. We experience no trouble in getting any number of willing recruits; had we arms for them a large army could be put in the field at any time. In 1870-71 we suffered terribly from want of ammunition; but

GRADUALLY THINGS HAVE BETTERED, and we are now in a very satisfactory state, with good prospects of speedy improvement. Dr. Bravo, our Secretary of War, is just finishing a new set of regulations for the organization of the army, which I am sure he will find pleasure in showing you. We are now able to extract and refine the nitre used in the powder factories recently established in several parts of the island. We can also refine the tubes, the Remington metallic cartridges, and are engaged in making percussion caps.

THE VOLUNTEERS. CORRESPONDENT—What, Mr. President, may be your opinion of the volunteers? CESPEDES—I think that the Spanish portion of them, about twenty-seven thousand out of 80,000 on paper, are the most intolerant set of barbarians imaginable; and that the Cuban portion of them, at least ninety per cent are being equipped and disciplined.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CUBAN ARMY; they are only waiting an opportunity to pass over to us with their arms and uniforms. That I am not mistaken in this estimate is being proved every day. Calisto, Congo, Tunas and other garrisons are examples of it.

A SUMPTUOUS BANQUET. The interview being terminated, the President invited me to dine with him. The repast was a frugal one, consisting of—a very great rarity in Cuba Libre—dried codfish hash, brown beans, fried sweet potatoes and bananas, fried meat and bread. The dessert was sweet potato cake and coffee. The little table where we sat was about two and a half feet long by twenty odd inches wide, composed, as I have elsewhere described, of small sticks tied over a frame of convenient height. A knife, fork and spoon of the campaign order—very new—were placed by my plate, and the horrible suspicion entered my mind that the President may have been obliged to borrow them. The guest had a sharper appetite than his famous entourage.

I remained from the 17th to the 20th April, inclusive, at the residence of the Cuban Executive. During that time, and other days subsequently passed there, I had lengthy and interesting conversations with Cespedes. He had my warts attended. Every morning, about six o'clock, he would send me

COFFEE IN A COCONUT-SHELL CUP. The 18th of April was the President's birthday, when he wrote in my memorandum book the following in Spanish:

THE PRESIDENTIAL AUTOGRAPH. Mr. MILLER—A year and a half after my death, according to the Spanish journals, I have had the pleasure of receiving your visit to-day, when I complete my fifty-fourth year.

M. DE CESPEDES. On the 20th of April I rode to the camp of General Diaz for the purpose of accompanying him in some operations which he was about to commence. Before starting, the Secretary of War, Dr. Miguel Bravo y Santies, did me the favor of reading for my information his new plan of organization for the Cuban army.

General Diaz was not in camp when I arrived, but General F. J. Cespedes, brother to the President, treated me with cordiality and friendship during the absence of his senior.

A BALL IN CUBA LIBRE. Diaz arrived at sunset. There was a ball in the open air, with the cleanly swept ground for a carpet. An extraordinary light breeze, which did but little to the heat, rendered the evening movements. The unclouded vault of heaven and the brilliant moon formed the ceiling to the ballroom, while the fantastic forms of the forest trees, wreathed with graceful creepers and clothed in verdant foliage, were the costly decorations of our Terpsichorean temple. I had the honor, by special invitation, of dancing *a la vie* with my good friend, General Diaz. The attendance of both sexes was very large and the toilets of the ladies in good taste, considering the circumstances. They were very sympathetic and agreeable, but not particularly bewitching or beautiful. Only the officers participated in the amusement; the men were grouped about the sides of the dancing square, some with lighted cigars in their hands.

THE MUSIC. was unique in itself. It consisted of a guitar, violin and tambourino, and it made the welkin ring with melodious strains of the *cancionillo*. THE TAMBOURINO is made by excavating in the ground a hole of about a foot square and as deep. Over this is fastened down a square piece of skin, stretched tight, after the manner of a drum head. A long piece of elastic stick is made and one end tied fast to a post near by, while the other is bent down to a spring string and made fast to the under part of the drum. The string is played upon, the performer seated on the ground, with two little drum-sticks, and the instrument serves in place of a bass violin.

A CATTLE HUNT. The following morning we were to have marched to fight the contemplated operations, but Diaz told me that his plans had been modified; he would not go, and his troops were to go in small columns to operate separately. It would not be worth my while to go—it was but a cattle hunt. I did not go.

Before the men marched out of camp I passed along the line with General Diaz, counting every musket as it passed. I could not but admire the spirit and bearing of

THE HALF-NAKED, BADLY-ARMED TROOPS, who were suffering unconsciously so much for the love of country. In the afternoon I returned to the camp of Cespedes and again had a long conversation with him.

General Acosta arrived on the 23rd of April at the residence of the Executive, in four days from Camagney. He reports the secure existence of a good line of Cuban posts. The cavalry alone in Camagney numbers more than four hundred sabres. He reports several decisive actions in favor of the Cubans, lately fought near the Puerto Principe and Nuevitas Railroad. Over two hundred Spanish volunteers had lately passed to Acosta's brigade; far greater numbers were expected to soon follow the same example. Cespedes gave me a letter in French to read, in which the writer complained bitterly, as was to be expected, of the want of arms, and that Frenchman, residing in Spain, he had been cruelly

deceived and kidnapped in Barcelona by the military authorities.

SPANISH AND THE COMMUNISTS. He and nearly two hundred more of his fellow-countrymen, called Communists, had been offered two francs a day to work in Havana, with a premium of 50 francs upon embarking. Two hundred and fifty francs were paid down, and the Frenchmen embarked for Havana, but were forcibly put in U. S. army and sent to the new *trocha* of Bagu to work. Some of these kidnapped Frenchmen deserted to the Cubans. I saw three of them. They all tell a story like the above.

BURNING PLANTATIONS. News reached the Executive that the Ingeniero Demajagua, the property of Cespedes; Potrero Ranchon, the property of Calvar, and Santa Gertrudis, the property of Aguilera, were all completely burned, and their extensive and valuable machinery destroyed the night before, 23d of April, by the Oribans. Another Ingenio, Valerino, escaped destruction, because the guide mistook the way. A great deal of sugar that could not be carried away was destroyed. The Cubans got a good supply of beef, pork, sweet potatoes and other things. News arrived at the residence of the Executive that Mr. O'Kelly was about to be released, I made up my mind to

RETURN HOME BY WAY OF JAMAICA. As proposed by Cespedes. With this intention I took leave of the President and the friends who had made at the residence, and returned again to the headquarters of Diaz, now in the Celva. In order to march on the 27th across the Sierra Maestra and embark. After overcoming a thousand and one little difficulties on the morning of my departure, and taking a friendly leave of General Diaz and his officers, I set out under escort of three officers and thirty men for the point of embarkation. General Garrido, a sub-lieutenant of the Cuban Navy, an officer of engineers, three snipers and one of the kidnapped Frenchmen and I were to compose the crew of the

BOAT-CANE. That was to carry us and our fortunes over to Jamaica. We had a pair of oxen with us—tough old boys—one to eat on the march and the other to provision the boat. About two leagues from camp we captured a black bull in the woods; but, as the fellow would not march for us, he was knocked in the head and partly eaten that night. Only his usual have seen the animals do it would credit the precipitous mountain cliffs, deep gulleys and broader-strawn passes through which the remaining two oxen toiled.

THE BACKBONE OF THE SIERRA MAESTRA. The trail lay along its topmost ridge, where a distance of ten feet divided the sources of rivers that flowed in opposite directions. On the right hand, as we travelled south, lay the sources of a system of rivers, forming mountain brooklets rushing through tortuous and winding ravines of surpassing picturesqueness down the valleys and into the wide district of Manzanillo. On the other hand was a network of rapid streams rushing on their boisterous way to mingle their troubled waters with the tides of the ocean. Prudence forbids me further to describe the mountains through which we passed, the trails followed or the river at whose mouth we were to have embarked.

Suffice it to say that Colonel Valerino, commander of the sub-district, left no stone unturned to procure a felicitous issue of our expedition, and, in particular, to make the HERALD man comfortable during his stay. The *cayuco*, or canoe that was intended to transport eight souls across more than a hundred miles of sea, was dug out in a clumsy manner from a single celva tree, about twenty-three feet long, two and a half feet wide and one and a half feet deep. After being constructed in the mountains, about four leagues from the sea, it was pumped into a pool in the river to save it from being eaten by carpenter-moths. A few days before our arrival it had been taken out of the river to dry. The spongy wood was completely saturated with water, and it weighed as much as half a dozen canoes. The broiling sun caused a crack two feet long to open in the bows of the thing, which rendered it unserviceable. Nevertheless, the experts of our party said it could be perfectly well repaired, and I acquiesced. The river not being navigable it took six long days for thirty strong men, with block and tackle, to haul the canoe over such terrible passes as can only be found in the Sierra Maestra to the sea. The bottom was all but ground out of the craft. Arrived near the point of embarkation the cracks in the boat were filled with cotton, and a varnish of copal, ashes and grease bolted together was fastened on with wooden pegs, a clumsy, unmanageable rudder, with impossible hinges, was fitted on. The sails, which were formed by sewing our hammocks together, were on hand, so were four oars and a paddle. The oars were made of badly shaped pieces of cedar board fastened by a single nail and tied with a string to a stout pole. I handed my pocket compass to the officer who was to command and we were declared ready to embark.

IT WAS A LAUGHABLE but sorry sight to look upon our old canoe and contemplate the patched up figure she presented. She rested in the river, supported from the tide by about thirty yards of gravelly beach, beneath whose sands the stream pursued its subterranean way to mingle with the great waters of the ocean. It had been raining all the afternoon, and we were wet to the skin; but at sunset the clouds cleared off and the falling waters ceased. The water was in the boat, and the several little bags that contained salted broiled beef and sweet potatoes for each man during the voyage were ready. And now came the excitement of the struggle. The oars were placed a few feet apart across the way we must shove the boat to launch her. Every man with a will lent his might to force the canoe over the ridge of gravel and stones that separated it from the sea. The craft topped the little ridge, but smashed the petty reef that had been fixed to it. Nevertheless, it was now too late to recede, and the boat was pushed forward. Looking towards the sea, all seemed calm and quiet in the distance, but on the beach broke with thundering roar and mighty foam created billows that rolled along the strand. I had misgivings that the canoe would be dashed to pieces, but my father having much influence, I was pardoned and expelled from my dear Cuba. My father sent me to Charleston, N. C., but I soon stole off to New York, joined the first expedition for the Cuba, and spent the remainder of my life.

THE REVOLVER OF CALISTO, a young man named Ricardo Valerino, did the same thing as Lafitte, and took with him 170 negroes when he joined the cause of his country. Some of these negroes I saw with me as free men on our trips across the Sierra Maestra. Patriotism like this needs no eulogy or comment. At length the morning of the 13th of May arrived, and I awaited impatiently the afternoon to start on my way to certain imprisonment, at least, in Manzanillo.

My revolver was out of repair, and I needed one. General Cespedes called me to him, saying:—"Millen, I know your revolver is out of repair. Take this one; it has been in my family ten years; I have carried it, so have my sons; and my wife, when she was among the Spaniards, always had it about her as a last resort to save her honor. Take it; I want you to carry it in remembrance of our acquaintance." Need I say that we exchanged revolvers, and how much I value the one received under such circumstances? At last, about half-past three o'clock P. M., accompanied by an officer, two guides and a servant,

WE STARTED FROM CAMP CEIVA. Soon we passed the advance guard, cleared the forest, and emerged into the level savannah, with its picturesque patches of woodland and palm groves dotted over it. On we travelled, till the darkening eve left us in the mazes of the forest again. There was no moon and the night was starless, for an approaching storm was coming up; yet onward we wended our way. At last the storm broke over our heads, and the rain came down in torrents. Soon we were wet to the skin. We were not at all length, in the obscure recesses of the wood, approached by no discernible path, we came upon a large *ranchito*. Here we halted. The storm soon passed and we lighted fires, dried our clothes, ate and slept. Early on the morning of the 14th, with the greatest caution, we resumed our march. A couple of hours' travel brought us to

ANOTHER SECRET SPOT IN THE WOODS. That nobody knew but the daring men who went there risking their lives a couple of times weekly. We were now two leagues from Manzanillo. In this spot we lay close from eight o'clock in the morning until sunset. As we could light no fire here, fearing the smoke might be seen by the Spaniards in the fort near by, we ate the food prepared in anticipation the night before. Here I made

A KIND OF LAST WILL, sending back to camp as *souvenirs* for my acquaintances all my traps but what were on my back. Again in the darkness of the night I set forward on the march. But this time only the two guides were with me. I bade adieu to the officer, the last Cuban official that I set eyes on.

TWO HOURS FROM MANZANILLO. Had we only to go by the high road, and could

complete, it commenced to rain hard on the way back to our old camp in the mountains. We CAMPED AND LIGHTED FIRES in the woods. About ten o'clock at night the rain ceased, when we completely undressed, and, after a couple of hours hard work, succeeded in particularly drying our clothes. Each man who had a hammock left, sought it; those who had none stretched themselves on the wet ground by the camp fire, and we all slept.

Colonel Valerino gave orders the next day, as soon as we had reached our old headquarters, for one party of men to seek out a new tree at once and construct another camp, while the second marched to division headquarters and report to General Diaz what had happened. It would take

ANOTHER MONTH TO GET THE NEW BOAT READY. Could I lose all that time doing nothing? No. I determined to go over the mountains again, see if there was any news about Mr. O'Kelly, and act according to circumstances.

On the 5th of May I marched westward over the mountains, and footed the same old weary trails of the other day, sometimes with sunshine and sometimes with storm. We walked no less than thirty-three miles. Having put the Sierra Maestra between me and the sea, I stayed within a league of the Executive residence, and sent word to the President and to General Diaz of my misfortune. I was both surprised and sorry to learn that the day before my return General Diaz had resigned command of the forces of Bayamo and Manzanillo. He was succeeded temporarily by Brigadier General F. J. Cespedes, brother to the President, with Brigadier General Acosta as his second in command. I also heard of an encounter that had taken place during my absence, near the Ingenio of San Francisco, between the escort of a squad of foragers and some Spaniards. The Cubans had grown so confident in themselves that they

SELECTED PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES, and upon this occasion allowed themselves to be surprised. The Cuban loss was four killed and fourteen wounded. The Spanish loss is confidently estimated at fifteen dead and at least as many wounded, and sixteen horses killed. This action took place on the 30th of April. The same evening my arrival I received a polite note from Secretary Bravo inviting me to the Executive residence in the morning.

May 10.—The President received me with his usual urbanity. He had been suffering from neuralgia; looked somewhat thin and altered since first we met. I had a long and pleasant interview with him. O'KELLY WAS STILL A PRISONER, that a British man-of-war in Manzanillo looking after his case, but that he would be held for trial. This and the delay of waiting another month determined me to present myself to the Spaniards in Manzanillo. Informing the President of this resolution, he at once recommended me to go to the camp in the Celva and make preliminary arrangements for my march. I reached the camp the same evening and dined with the new commander, who has placed me in a *ranchito* close by his own. He gave orders to have everything prepared for my speedy departure for Manzanillo. In camp I was shown an official letter of Colonel Ruiz, in which he reports from Cayaguas that on the 4th of May, in a movement made to support the volunteers of Cayaguas, who wished to pass over to the Cubans, he received

THIRTY-FIVE ARMED VOLUNTEERS and 600 rounds of small arms ammunition. On the night of the 11th of May there was a ball in camp. I went and remained but a little time. It was not well attended.

General Diaz handed me a list containing the names and ages of twenty-seven women and children whom the Cubans claim were assassinated by the Spaniards in the months of April and May, 1872. In camp I became acquainted with Captain Lafitte, Secretary to General Cespedes. He is a noble-minded young man, who has been educated in the United States. I remarked that he must have been very young at the beginning of the war, and asked him

HOW HE CAME TO JOIN THE FORCES? "Well, you see," he replied, "when the revolution broke out I was home from school. My father owned very large ingenios and many hundreds of slaves. The family were in Santiago, near where our principal ingenio was. So one Sunday I went alone to the ingenio. I assembled all the slaves, more than six hundred, and said to them, Look here. Up to this time you have worked for my father and for me; you have not worked for yourselves. You have made us rich; you remain poor. Now, from this day you will work for yourselves; I will make you all free like myself. A new time is coming and

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SLAVES IN CUBA. I will be like myself. Come with me and we will burn this ingenio that you have made to create, and you will go with me over the mountains to where our countrymen (the Cubans) are fighting with the Spaniards; there we shall all serve a good cause." Well, the black people raised their hands with astonishment and some of them began to cry. After a while we burned the ingenio and went to the camp of General Marmol (now dead). He made me captain, though I did not want the rank. I fought by him for six months, when I was taken prisoner and

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openly see the Spanish forts on the way, two hours would have sufficed to put us in Manzanillo; but, as it was, we had to take many a curve and turn to escape observation from the forts. We travelled until about eleven o'clock at night, and, after all, were only half a league nearer to Manzanillo than when starting. Finally we came to an open field, with a sort of copewood and a few large trees at short intervals in the midst of it. Although dark we could see well; although tired we felt it not. The sense of impending danger had quickened our faculties to an extraordinary degree. The guides paused, hesitated, halted, compared notes. My cool had lost the way? But no; like the bloodhound, true to his scent, so they like the instincts of practice. Presently one of them darted forward at a quickened pace. The other guide and I halted. Soon a low whistle imitating an animal was heard, and the man who was with me and I went forward. There were

TWO STRANGERS WITH THE OTHER GUIDE, all sitting flat down under a tree. I saw that the newcomers were Spanish volunteers. They wore the cockade and bore the arms of the corps. A short interval elapsed, in which packages of letters and papers were exchanged, messages given and received, hasty adieus said. The two guides retreated as they came, and I was

ALONE WITH THE TWO ARMED SPANISH VOLUNTEERS. My new companions commented rather freely on the danger of the actual situation, saying that if discovered without benefit of clergy. As a remedy I could suggest was that we must endeavor not to have them discover us. The volunteers took me to a neighboring grove. The younger one left, but the elder remained. After a while he offered to bring me food and a hammock. I did not like to be left alone, but thinking that if there was any bad faith in their movements it would be impossible for me to prevent them from carrying it out, I therefore consented to his going. But the man left his rifle and blanket by me as a sign of good faith.

THE LAST NIGHT IN CUBA LIBRE. I had not long to wait for the return of the volunteer, who, faithful to his word, brought me a meal of dried beef, chopped, and sweet potatoes. His younger companion soon appeared with a hammock, which was at once slung for me, and a covering of *yagua* placed over it to keep off the heavy dew or rain, should it fall. The midnight hour was approaching when I sought my hammock. The two volunteers wrapped themselves in their blankets, drew their rifles by their sides, and, agreeing that I should start the next morning for Manzanillo, we went to sleep. The rest of my story has already been told. P. F. MILLER.

"THE OPEN COMMUNIONISTS." A New Baptist Church Established at Rockville Centre, Long Island. The movement for a new Baptist church in Rockville Centre, to be governed in accordance with the tenets of the "Open Communionists," has assumed definite shape, and although it is not yet certain that the Rev. H. G. Pentecost will accept the pastorate, there appears to be no doubt that the church will be established. The friends of Mr. Pentecost, with others that sympathize with him in the stand that he has recently taken, have secured the Institute Hall, and regular services are held there every Sabbath at half-past ten A. M. and eight P. M. The Rev. Dr. Carroll, pastor of the Bedford avenue Reformed church in Brooklyn, preached yesterday morning, and Mr. Jacob S. Shapard, through the present difficulties in the old church, in the evening. It seems that this is not the first time that this kind of Mr. Pentecost has had since his settlement over the church. About a year ago a member of Plymouth church partook of communion with him, and some of the members being offended, complaint was made to the Executive Committee of the Baptist Association, and Mr. Pentecost was warned not to repeat the offense of allowing a Christian of another denomination to partake of communion or his church would be cut out from the usual missionary donation. Mr. Pentecost did not feel bound in declining himself in open rebellion against the association, and though not satisfied that their doctrine was right, he did not feel bound to resign. He properly constituted for missionary work such as was necessary at Rockville Centre. Pending the action of the Baptist Association, he will hold himself free from all other engagements.

A SOLDIER DROWNED IN DAKOTA. Lost from Want of Seafarers. STEAMBOAT WESTERN, ON PORT SULLY, D. T., MAY 30, 1873. A sad accident occurred about twelve miles below old St. George at half-past three o'clock A. M. today. Private Hoffman, Company E, Ninth Infantry, fell overboard and was lost. A boat was lowered and no trace of him was found. The crew of the boat, which was on the way to Fort Sully, were unable to find him. The officers of the boat say, "Every time we carry troops up some of them get lost. If they were not so heavily laden with baggage, and if the sides of the boat, such accidents could not occur."

SAILED. Ships Charles H. Marshall, for Liverpool; Greyhound (Br.), London. Wind at sunset S.W. light.

MARINE DISASTERS. REPUBLICAN CASTLE (Br.) from Calcutta for New York, remained on the reef at Bermuda 11th inst. The night previous she was driven ashore by a heavy sea to her bow but did not succeed. Captain Blair of the steamship *Petera*, left New York on Friday, 14th inst. leaving Bermuda on the 13th, will bring news that she is off and in St. George's harbor.

STEWART NORTHEN (Br.) from Quebec for Plover, being reported ashore at St. Lawrence Point, remained in the same position in the straits of Florida last Friday. An accident has fortunately been light, and the saving of the passengers and crew was effected. The vessel proceeded with it is impossible to say what the cause for running ashore; it has been said that the vessel did not have her bowsprit hoisted, and many rumors ascribing very different causes to the accident. The owner, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, has endeavored to hold an official inquiry into the matter, and the inquiry will commence on the 17th. The pilot declines making any statement until after the appearance before the board.

SHIP UNDAUNTED, Dimmore, at San Francisco 7th inst. from New York, was continued a heavy sea for the 5th inst, which blew away almost an entire sail of sails. BARK KEYSTONE, from Matanzas, at Philadelphia 14th inst. reports—1st inst. in the straits of Florida had heavy NE gale, during which split sails and shifted cargo. 2nd inst. north by west, encountered a heavy NE gale, during which was carried away a great deal of cargo, killing second mate, Daniel Sullivan, of Liverpool, 26, aged 35 years.

SHERA TAD BORDEN—The report of the loss of her two hours of Fall River, turns out to have been incorrect. The vessel is at New Bedford, and was to sail from Fall River 14th for Philadelphia.

SEVEN JOHN JOHNSON, being reported ashore on the 14th inst. at New Bedford, was driven ashore by a heavy sea about 100 tons of coal, and during the night was towed to the wharf at Newburyport, where she is now discharging cargo as rapidly as possible. Her crew were not injured.

NEWBURY, June 14—A ship (name unknown), bound for New York, was driven ashore at Newburyport, and remained for about two hours, when she floated off and proceeded on her way to New York.

STEAMER WALLACE, sunk by explosion about one year ago, was yesterday pumped out and placed on marine railway here by the Government.

MISCELLANEOUS. BARK EDWARD EVERETT, 187 tons, has been sold by O'Brien Allen & Son to Anthony Thomas, of New Bedford. She will be continued in the whaling business under command of Capt. Joseph Silva, late of Big Boy's. She will be continued in the whaling business under command of Capt. Joseph Silva, late of Big Boy's.

BARK PIONEER, 228 tons, has been sold by Joseph W. Gordon to O'Brien Allen & Son of New Bedford; to be continued in the whaling business under command of Capt. Alexander Taylor, formerly of bark *Globe*. She will be fitted for the Atlantic Ocean.

M. H. Gregory, of Fairport, has bought shopkeeper's mark of Gold Spring, 30 tons, and will have her upper works rebuilt and other repairs made; she will be employed in coasting under command of Capt. David Bay.

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BRIC ADIE (Br.) of Portland, Sheppard, Gardner & Co. with sugar to order; vessel to Robert McCormick. Sailed from New York for Liverpool, 14th inst. with fruit to Jas Douglas; vessel to J. J. Wenberg. Sailed from New York for Liverpool, 14th inst. with lumber to Geo. Hunter. Sailed from New York for Liverpool, 14th inst. with lumber to Geo. Hunter. Sailed from New York for Liverpool, 14th inst. with lumber to Geo. Hunter.

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