

VARIOUS

THE GREAT ROUND
WORLD AND WHAT IS
GOING ON IN IT, VOL. 1,
NO. 24, APRIL 22, 1897

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A Weekly Magazine for Boys and Girls

The Great Round World And What Is Going On In It

Vol. 1 April 22, 1897. No. 24

**The news from Cuba this week confirms
the story of the capture of Gen. Ruis Rivera**

It seems that the Spanish General, Velazco, was told by some of his scouts that Rivera was encamped in the near neighborhood, and only had a force of one hundred men with him.

Acting on this information, the Spaniards surrounded the camp and attacked the Cubans, who fought bravely until they were finally overpowered.

General Rivera was severely wounded, and was therefore unable to make his escape; the Spaniards captured him, just as his chief of staff was trying to carry him away to a place of safety.

Both men were taken prisoner and conveyed to San Cristobal. They will be tried by court-martial, and it is feared that the General will be shot as a rebel. If Rivera is shot, it will create a great deal of indignation, as it is the custom to exchange prisoners of war, and not to kill them. General Weyler has, however, sent out a proclamation, that any man found outside the Spanish limits without a proper pass shall be shot, and as Rivera of course had no pass from the Spaniards, it is feared that Weyler may take advantage of his proclamation to have the unfortunate General shot.

The Cuban war, however, seems to be on such a strong footing that even the loss of Ruis Rivera cannot seriously hurt the cause. Another General has already been appointed in his place, and though his loss will cause much sorrow, the affairs of the little island will not be interfered with.

It is said that Gen. Julio Sanguily, the Cuban who has just been released from prison through the influence of our Government, will return to Cuba and take command of the army lately commanded by Rivera.

A full account has reached us of the landing of the filibustering expedition that left our shores on board the *Laurada*, and under the charge of General Roloff.

It appears that the Cubans have done very clever work in this expedition, both in getting the arms on board the *Laurada*, and in landing them when they reached Cuba.

It was decided that the expedition should land at Banes, an important seaport on the northwestern coast of Santiago de Cuba. A few days before the ship was expected, the Cubans appeared in large numbers at Banes, ready to attack the Spanish soldiers, who occupied a small fort there.

You will remember that Santiago de Cuba is the province which the Cubans have under control, and which is really "Free Cuba."

The Cubans are so strong in this province, that the Spaniards remain in such forts as they hold, and make very few attempts to interfere with the insurgents.

At Banes, the insurgents appeared in such numbers that the soldiers did not venture out of the fort, and left them to occupy the town in peace.

When the *Laurada* appeared in sight, the commander of the Cuban forces sent word to the fort that the *Laurada* had some very heavy guns on board, which would be turned on the fort the instant the Spanish made an attempt to interfere with the unloading of the cargo. He added that the *Laurada's* guns would blow the whole fort to pieces in a very few minutes.

The Spanish commander decided that he would take their word for it, and not trouble the *Laurada* to prove the truth of the statement. The vessel steamed up to the wharf, and the expedition disembarked with ease and comfort.

Report says that the Cubans and Spaniards were so friendly together, that they even held a peaceful parley, in which the Spanish informed their new friends that they were a little short of water at the fort, and the obliging Cubans sent them up a fresh supply.

It is a great advance for the Cubans to have the free use of a port, where they can safely receive their cargoes, and it shows very clearly that success is indeed, coming to the Cuban arms.

Another filibustering expedition, supposed to be that taken by the *Bermuda*, has landed in Pinar del Rio, near Mariel, and about fifty miles from Havana.

This section of the country is, however, the stronghold of the Spaniards, and so the insurgents did not have such an easy time in landing as they did in Santiago.

The Spaniards had been warned of the arrival of the vessel, and allowed the cargo and men to be landed without interference, but prepared an ambush for the party, as it was making its way inland.

The Cubans fell into the trap set for them, and were beaten. The Spaniards in their turn were making off with the booty, when a larger body of insurgents arrived on the scene, fought the Spaniards, put them to flight, and carried off the recaptured cargo to a place of safety.

The news from Havana is that Gomez has done exactly as it was said he would: he has slipped past Weyler, and left him hunting for him in Santa Clara. Weyler was sure of catching his enemy this time, for he had divided his army into two columns, and thought that with them he had covered the entire country. But Gomez was too smart for him. He slipped between the two columns, at one time camping within three miles of Weyler; and is now well on his way to join the Western army.

All classes in Havana are uneasy and dissatisfied, and the anger against the Government and its manner of conducting the war is being expressed more openly every day.

The soldiers are in such a state of anger that the officers no longer dare trust them in the towns, for fear that they will mutiny.

The regular soldiers have received no pay for seven months, and are rebellious on that account. The volunteers are furious, because the weapons the Spanish Government gave them when they first enlisted, which were rifles of the very finest kind, have been taken from them, and replaced with old-fashioned weapons that have been in storage on the island since the war ten years ago.

Their fine rifles have been taken from them since the rumors of the Carlist uprising, and they are angry because they declare that the Government is putting all the good weapons in the hands of the home soldiers, so that when they are sent back to Spain they can carry them along.

There is a report that the governments of Spain and Cuba are discussing a plan for making peace.

It is impossible to say whether this is true or false, but it is a splendid thing if true.

Our Government is to send a commissioner to Cuba, to make full inquiries into the death of Dr. Ruiz.

This commissioner will probably be Judge Day, a well-known lawyer of Canton, Ohio, and a personal friend of the President's.

The duties of the commissioner, besides making the most careful investigation into the Ruiz case, will be to find out what the real state of affairs in Cuba is at the present time. If his report is favorable to Cuba, it may induce the President to help the Cubans.

Gen. Fitz-Hugh Lee, our Consul-General in Havana, has absolutely refused to have anything to do with the Ruiz case. He declares that the examination will not be a fair one, and that nothing will be gained by it.

There is very little change in the situation in Crete.

The insurgents are fighting bravely, and the Powers, though doing their best to prevent trouble, are in much the same position that they were a week ago.

The real excitement of the week has been the landing from the British warships of a troop of Highlanders. These soldiers, by their extraordinary dress, caused a panic among the Turks, who, not knowing whether they were friends or foes, mortals or bogies, proceeded to attack them.

The Turkish officers with great difficulty succeeded in quieting their men and persuading them that the Highlanders were men and friends, but the fame and the terror of them spread all over the island.

The insurgents heard that a new race of men had been landed by the allies, and in their ignorance and superstition they fancied that some new and terrible kind of creature had been sent against them.

There was a small panic among the Cretans for a few days, and it was not until they had sent scouts to discover what kind of beings these were, and the report had come back that these terrible Highlanders were but men after all, that they had the courage to continue the fighting.

This is not the first time that the appearance of these men has struck terror into the heart of an enemy, and in truth they are a very imposing body of men, all of them over six feet in height. They walk with the light, springing step that is peculiar to all Highlanders, and they hardly seem to touch the ground as they march over it. They march to the music of the bagpipes, which adds not a little to the awe which, they inspire. The bagpipe is of all instruments the most uncanny and weird. When you see a Highland regiment marching to the music of bagpipes, it seems to be the only true music to which soldiers should march. Its wails and shrieks sound like the groans of the dying, and the drone of the bass notes has a fierce sound as it throbs and marks the tramp of the soldiers' feet, that speaks of battle and conquests, and the advance of a victorious army.

These are not the only things which help to make foreigners believe the Highlanders some uncommon kind of creature. In addition, the costume they wear is so strange, that it is easy to understand how terrible they must appear to foreign eyes.

They are dressed in the old Scotch fashion, with short stockings, bare knees, and kilts (a short skirt which comes nearly to the knee). Over their shoulders hangs the "plaidie," which is a long shawl. They wear a tight coat, and in front of them hangs the sporran, a pocket made of white fur. The crowning glory of the Highland regiment is the bonnet. This is a hideous structure of brown beaver; it is over a foot in height, and from the side hang three mournful black plumes. This curious dress makes the men look about eight feet high, and as they are all strong, broad-shouldered fellows, they seem like giants.

At the battle of the Alma, in the Crimean war, the Forty-Second Highlanders turned the fate of the fight by their appearance.

They were ordered to attack a position held by the Russians, and when they sprang forward to the charge, their kilts and plaids floating around them, their bare knees glistening, and their huge bonnets and waving plumes making them look so tall, the Russians were terror-stricken. Seeing their white sporrans wave as they ran, the Russians mistook them for small horses, and could not believe that these terrible-looking creatures were but men running.

Crying out to each other that the Angels of Death on their snow-white horses were riding them down, the Russians dropped their arms, and fled in the greatest confusion.

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