

REMAINS OF COLUMBUS.

SAID TO BE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Claim of the Solution of a Mystery by the Historian Rudolf Cronau—Remains at Manover Believed to be Those of the son of the Spanish Admiral.

Historian Rudolf Cronau writes from Santo Domingo, Hayti, announcing his discovery of new evidence, direct and circumstantial, that the bones of Christopher Columbus are still resting in the cathedral of the negro republic's capital. They were first unearthed in 1877, and ever since historians and patriotic Spaniards have been at war, asserting and denying the facts and circumstances of this historical discovery.

Professor Cronau's recent investigation appears to settle the case for all time. Here follows his essay:

"The question opened up by the discoveries of Sept. 10, 1877, whether the remains of Christopher Columbus rest in the Cathedral of Havana or are still in their ancient burial place, the sanctuary of the Santo Domingo Cathedral, had never been investigated by an impartial historian until I undertook to examine into its merits.

Heretofore the decision lay between Spanish authorities, who had an interest in maintaining that the casket and bones, transferred with great state and solemnity, to Havana toward the end of the last century, were the genuine relics, and the ecclesiastical and governmental Hayti officers, whose statements were also not above suspicion.

Being anxious to give the true facts in my forthcoming book, "America; the history of Her Discovery," I went to the island to see for myself. Before entering into a discussion of my investigation, let me briefly recapitulate the historical data appertaining to the case.

In May, 1506, Columbus was buried at Valladolid, but soon afterward the remains were transferred to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, Seville. Some time between the years 1541 and 1549, not in 1556, the Admiral's body was disinterred and taken over the sea to Hispaniola, to be buried in the Santo Domingo Cathedral. This was done upon the earnest solicitation of Columbus' daughter-in-law, to whom the discoverer had expressed his last wish to rest in the island, the scene of his great deeds and greater sufferings.

The date of 1536, found in many books, is incorrect, for I found, during my stay in Santo Domingo, that the cathedral of that city was not finished until 1540. On the cession of Hayti to the French, in 1792, the relics, or what passed for them, were exhumed and taken to Havana that they might be buried in Spanish soil.

I have this authority for saying that the transfer of the body to Santo Domingo took place within the period of 1541 to 1549. My investigations on the spot showed that in the latter year the remains were known to lie in the cathedral. Some time later the Emperor Charles V. ordered that the sanctuary of the Santo Domingo cathedral be reserved as the hereditary burial place of the Colon family, and in consequence the bodies of Columbus' eldest son, Diego, who died in 1526, and of his second son, Luis, who died in 1572, were also brought there for interment, though both died in Spain. I could discover nothing to show when these bodies were transferred to Hayti. The transfer to Havana, that is the preliminary labor, began Dec. 20, 1795. Perhaps it is just as well that the Spaniards are not in a position to celebrate the centennial of this event a few weeks hence.

As to the finding of the burial place of Columbus Sept. 10, 1877, and the subsequent doubt as to the genuineness of the relics resting in the cathedral of Havana, I have this authentic report on the subject: Laborers engaged in relaying the flagstones of the Santo Domingo cathedral discovered on the date mentioned a small burial vault next to the one whose contents had been carried away by the Spaniards eighty-two years previous. Stopping work, they informed the authorities, who invited the resident foreign Consuls and the Archbishop to be present at the opening of the vault. It was found to contain a leaden casket.

The lid contained the following inscription in abbreviated form: "Descubridor de la America, Primer Almirante," (discoverer of America, the first Admiral), and "Ilustre y esclarecido Vron Don Christoval Colon," (the renowned and excellent man, Don Christoval Colon).

The inside walls of the casket contained these initials:

C. C. A., which stands undoubtedly for Christoval Colon Almirante.

Among the remains of bones and garments were found a musket ball and a little silver shield, originally screwed on to the top of the head piece. This, too, had an abbreviated inscription, reading as follows: "Ultima parte de los restos del Primer Christoval Colon, descubridor" (the last remains of the first Admiral, Christoval Colon, the discoverer).

This made it quite clear that the casket, with its contents, is the original one buried in the cathedral, but, as intimated, the Spaniards would not accept the truth of this simple fact.

Immediately upon my arrival at Santo Domingo I petitioned the authorities for a

permit to examine the cathedral, its records, books, and the state archives.

My first care was to ascertain whether the condition of the sanctuary 100 years ago, when the Spaniards searched for the grave of Columbus, was such as to permit an error on their part. To ascertain such a possibility I studied numerous historical documents, descriptions, and architectural plans concerning the cathedral, and found that originally two burial vaults had been built at the right of the high altar, and in one of them Columbus' remains had been deposited. There is, however, no record showing that his last resting place was marked in any way by name or date.

When the cathedral was first built the sanctuary had two platforms, the upper rising one step over the other. In later years the lower platform was abolished, and its space was raised to the level of the upper one. Then the entire distance was covered with a new layer of bricks and under that the entrance to the vaults and these themselves were completely buried. The changes having been made toward the end of the seventeenth century, it is highly improbable that the Spaniards, at the end of the eighteenth century, knew that they took place.

As already stated, the bodies of Columbus' sons were buried in the cathedral as well as that of the Admiral. Did the Spaniards of 1795 consider this fact? Probably not; probably they had never heard of it, for the casket taken to Havana from an unmarked grave bore no inscriptions whatever.

Is it likely that the body of the most celebrated man of his times be buried in a coffin absolutely unrecognizable?

The vault discovered eighteen years ago is situated next to that emptied by the Spaniards in 1795, and separated from it by a thin wall of stones. I am satisfied that it is the older of the two; its position nearest to the outer wall of the church, too, seems to indicate that it was the first of the kind erected.

The records above quoted show that Columbus was the first of the Colon family buried in the cathedral. I found great similarity between the lettering on the Columbus casket and that of other historical monuments of the first half of the sixteenth century. The calligraphy as well as the form of abbreviation corresponds with that found in documents relating to Fernando Cortez, Cabeza de Vaca, and others. Especially remarkable is the letter r, which on the Columbus casket and in the documents referred to takes the form of an x.

The bullet found in the Columbus casket has the appearance of one fired from an old time musket. We have no record that Columbus was wounded during his travels in the service of their Spanish majesties, but I discovered in a letter to the King and Queen, dated November 1502, the following passage:

"My old wound has opened again, and for nine days all hope to keep me within me was despaired of."

There are people living today who have carried a bullet in their body for twenty-five years and more. Why should not Columbus have been likewise afflicted? The leaden ball came to the surface only when his frame fell to pieces.

Whose bones, then, sleep in the Havana Cathedral? We know that three of the Colon family were buried in the Santo Domingo church—Columbus, Diego, and Luis. Luis' tomb I have seen. It is situated to the left of the high altar, and contains a leaden casket filled with bones and dust. An inscription on the casket reads: "El Almirante Don Luis Colon, Duque de Jamaica, Marques de Veragua" (The Admiral Don Luis Colon, Duke of Jamaica, Marquis of Veragua).

Assuming that the inscription on the Columbus casket tells the truth—and there is no reason for doubting this—we must conclude that the Spaniards, 100 years ago, carried off the remains of Diego, believing them to be those of his great father. Undoubtedly they have a Colon in the Havana Cathedral, but not the Colon who discovered a new world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FLOATING KIDNEY.

This Sounds Strange, But it is a Recognized Disease.

Any Way—The Victim Given up by Five Doctors, Acknowledges a Cure and Says Dodd's Kidney Pills Did the Curing.

Gelert, Oct. 12, 1895.

The Dodds Medicine Co. Gentlemen—Some time in December, 1893 I was taken sick, and laid up unable to work for fourteen months. I was attended at various times and took medicine from five doctors. Three agreed in calling my disease Floating Kidney, and the other two thought it was some form of spinal disease. I got no help, was still in bed, and all pronounced my disease incurable.

About this time, some friend advised me to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. I was run down to a skeleton and suffering night and day. I had taken about three boxes only, when I was able to get up and walk a few steps. I kept on taking the pills and getting better, until now I have taken eighteen boxes with the result that I can say I am able to work again and perfectly cured of what was considered an incurable kidney disease or spinal trouble.

You are at liberty to use this certificate for the benefit of all who suffer and desire a cure, and believe me to be Yours gratefully.

SAMUEL KEENAHAN.

Scandal in Canine Society.

First Dog—Did you see that upstart Fido, at the reception last night?

Second Dog—No; what has he been doing now?

First Dog—Oh, it was another exhibition of bad taste. While Bower was gracefully running after his own tail Fido broke right into the exercises and began running after his. And Fido, you know is bob-tailed.

Keen Swords.

The early Japanese swords were expected to be so keen that a blade suspended horizontally beneath a tree would sever any falling leaf that might fall upon its edge.

MAKING FRENCH WINE.

HOW A CROP IS GOT READY IN THE BORDEAUX DISTRICT.

Vineyards Show a Merry and Busy Scene in Harvest Time—The Final Process of Treading out the Juice, Fermentation and Mixing the Wine.

More Americans are familiar with the taste of the wines of Bordeaux than with the method of their manufacture; many are so unfamiliar with the produce of the charming part of France from which these wines come that they suppose that "Bordeaux" necessarily means a red wine, and are ignorant that Chateau Yquem and Vin de Grave are Bordeaux wines as well as the clarets. Bordeaux, of course, produces white wines as well as red; but it is of the red wines which come from the famous and ancient town of St. Emilion that a recent article in the Figaro Illustré speaks, describing its yearly "vendanges," or vintages.

In the first place, says the Figaro, the wines of Bordeaux are divided into four groups, three of which are found on the left bank of the Garonne, or of the Gironde, which continues it, and one on the right bank of the Dordogne. First, as you go down the Garonne, you reach near Langon the vineyards which give the noble white wines of which Chateau Yquem and La Tour-Blanche are the best. Then come the red wines of Grave, and next, where the Garonne joins with the Dordogne to form the Gironde, you find the Medoc district—the name we Americans know best—with the Chateaux of Margaux, Lafite, Lesville, and others. Turning back now up the Dordogne, and disembarking on the right bank and the rich and opulent city of Libourne, and going up among the little hills we get to St. Emilion, with its population of only a thousand nowadays, though it had 9,000 in the middle ages.

An old, old town is St. Emilion. The soldiers of the emperor Probus were the first who made clearings here among the forest and planted the vine, and so renowned became the country side that in the fourth century the poet Ausonius, preceptor of the Emperor Gratian, had a vineyard here which still bears his name. In the fifth century the Vandals and the Visigoths overran the peaceful vineyards and the cultivated colony, and not until the eighth century do we hear of the place again. Then the Saracens came up over the Pyrenees and burned a monastery that stood where the town of St. Emilion is now standing. And about the same time Emilion himself, holy man, came and formed a hermitage for himself, and lived and died there. And he had many disciples, and they founded a monastery, and during the reign of Charlemagne carved in the living rock the magnificent monolithic church which is the pride of the city. Thirty-eight meters long and twenty meters high, it is literally formed of a single stone.

During many centuries St. Emilion saw wars on wars, and during the strife between Catholic and Protestant, what a scene of carnage, pillage, and violation it presented! At last came Louis XIII., in 1621, and gave it peace. He made a solemn entry and drank a cup of the king of wines, and since that time, happily for St. Emilion, except for a brief reign of terror during the revolution, it has been nothing more than a little provincial town.

Probably nowhere in the world is the vine better cultivated than at St. Emilion. The processes are perhaps a little old-fashioned and the new agricultural machines have not yet arrived; but the vine growers of the country make their boast that they raise their wines by hand. And how do they do it?

In January the vine still possesses intact its branches of last year covered with dry leaves. Then begins the pruning. On each plant, according to the vigor and force of the stock, are left one, two, or three branches, with a number of eyes never exceeding eight. From these are to spring the fruit of the new year. Scarcely is this work over when February has come, and now the frames must be fixed in the ground, and the frail branches which have been spared by the pruner of January must be tied up to them. March and April succeed, and the sun begins to warm the vines. The plow is driven through the earth between the rows of vines letting heat, air, and life penetrate into the soil. Between times the women strip carefully the useless branches and leaves. The "mannes," or baby grapes, looking like bits of lichen, now appear, and if the nights do not turn frosty and kill them, they will develop into succulent grapes.

In May and June the work reaches a second stage, exactly like the first, only different. In April the study was to uncover the roots of the vine and condense on them the warm rays of the sun; now the second labor heaps up the earth around the stock to protect it against the heat of summer. In July a third labor begins, less arduous than those which have preceded it. Now the earth, which begins to swell under the sun, must have air, so it is watered. In August and September the fourth and last task is entered upon. From this time forward each stock will have its warm foot covering of earth; the furrows will be artistically rounded so that the rain may run off into the trenches. During all these summer months the weak vines have been carefully lopped, exuberant branches have been solidly tied up,

sulphur has been dusted over the sour grapes, and a mixture of evergreens and lime water has been vaporized over the leaves to preserve them from mildew. In short, all is ready for the great day of the grape harvest.

This is rarely earlier than the 15th of September or later than the 10th of October. As soon as the proprietor sees his grapes ripening, he hastens to mobilize his army of pickers, which he recruits from among the neighbouring country people and the tramp pickers, who come partly from the City of Bordeaux and partly from the country side of the Dordogne. This army is armed, the women with scissors and wooden baskets, the men with big-eared buckets, carried on a pole across the shoulders. These are the foot soldiers. The baggage wagons are represented by big ox-carts—but there is neither cavalry nor artillery. When the crop is heavy the young ladies of the chateau do not disdain to join this army themselves—so they may be called the reserve. And fine sport it is for these elegant young girls to put on short skirts of fine calico and pretty little wooden sabots, to wear the peasant head-dress of striped Madras, and to work among the vines.

All these workers march in procession to the fields; each cutter takes possession of a vine and the work begins. The women cut the grapes into the wooden baskets, the men empty the baskets into the big buckets, and the buckets when full are loaded on the ox carts. Each ox cart, having received its load, is driven to the great tub; but at Saint Emilion, where the old traditions are scrupulously preserved, the fruit is often carried to the tub on the men's heads. But one way or another the grapes all go to the tub and thence to the press, while the gay vintage songs resound and the men and girls frolic together at the work.

In the press the first treading separated the seeds from the grapes, and when the seeds have been thrown to the chickens and turkeys, who are very fond of them, the pulp and the must are borne to the vat, which mighty pun will hold anywhere from 1,500 to 2,500 gallons. When this is full the trap is closed and all is ready for fermentation. And while the first bubblings of the must go on inside, the harvesters are cutting grapes for the next vat. And so it goes on.

At night the pickers sleep on straw beds, after a supper of thick soup and potatoes. This life will continue for ten weeks, when the season will be closed by the inevitable solemn visit of the pickers to the proprietor of the chateau in the court yard. They present him with a bouquet and a speech; he replies in feeling words and distributes silver dollars among them.

The vintage over, the cellars are visited every day to see if fermentation has ceased in the vats. Generally this happens at the end of eight days. Three or four days longer they wait until the wine has cooled, and then the vats are tapped, and the new wine is set free for the long and careful treatment which it is to receive before it is ready for use. First, the wine of all the vats are mixed together so that the whole may be homogeneous; then the dregs are drawn off, the wine is drawn again and again, and left to settle, and so on. Finally comes the all-important visit of the wine broker, whose judgment can make or mar a whole crop. If his verdict be favorable the proprietor smiles and all is well for another year.

ELEPHANTS IN A FIGHT.

They Disagreed on a Trip Across the Ocean and had a Big Tussle.

William Newman known as "Elephant Bill," arrived yesterday on the Hamburg-American liner, Persia, with seven of the smallest elephants known to be in captivity. They will be sent to Barnum & Bailey's winter quarters tomorrow.

"I went to London last May," Newman said, "with the two big elephants Juno and Madoc, and left them with Kirally, for his show. After I saw that they were well behaved, I started out to get small elephants, and I got them—beauties, every one."

"I have seven that I picked up in Hamburg. They are worth \$25,000. They are from 1½ to 12 years old, and from three and a half to five and a half feet high. The darling of the lot is Baby Ruth. She is the youngest and the smallest, and is as gentle and playful as a kitten. Tas only others that are named are Pilot and Albert, the two males of the herd. They are bouncing young fellows, weigh about 3,500 pounds each, and have no affection for each other."

"We had them all in a great box stall between decks, each chained by the foot to the floor. Everything went peacefully and quietly with them until the 21st, when all at once we heard most vicious trumpeting in the stall, and then I knew that something had given way."

"I called my helper and some of the sailors, opened the stall door, and found my seven pets in an uproar, and Pilot and Albert pummeling each other in the most approved jungle style. They were both loose, and were slashing at each other with their trunks and battering away with their heads. Before we could separate them they had banged their heads together two or three times, and made an noise that could be heard all over the ship."

"We had to take pitchforks and iron rods to separate them, and, even though they were small, it was no easy matter. When we would think we had them in control, they would break away again and crash their heads together in a way that would make the stall tremble and start all the others trumpeting again. We had a hard time of it before we got them chained. Their fight and anger made them somewhat dyspeptic, I think; for a time they did not care to eat, but simply snapped their little eyes at each other as much as to say: 'You just wait till next time.'"

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THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

MARCH 18TH, 1895

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVIL

Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 523, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces



HOW HE MIGHT TRY A WHEEL.

WHEN Mr. Frank W. Oakes was fourteen years of age the modern bicycle did not exist; for it was twenty years ago. And even if that lively little vehicle had been as common a thing as it is now he would have been barred from riding it. Not for want of money or of wish but for a reason he sets forth in these words:—"When I was fourteen years old I had pains all over my body and rheumatism in every joint. And after that he suffered with it off and on for twenty years—up to date, almost, as he only got rid of it about fifteen months since. So as he is still a young man, he has plenty of time left for wheeling or for any other physical amusement that he has been shut out from."

Mr. Oakes will please accept our sympathy in respect of what he passed through, not only because it was so painful and disabling, but because it was a sort of outrage. A boy has no more business to have rheumatism than he has to have leprosy or delirium tremens. "Rheumatism," says a certain eminent physician who practices medicine with his eyes open, "is the complaint of old age and decay."

Yet this poor boy was racked and tormented with it at a period when he ought to have been as free from aches as a sapling is from dry rot. How on earth did it happen? Let Mr. Oakes tell his story first and then we will see.

After relating the facts already mentioned he says:—"I could not bear anything to touch me and was almost frantic with pain night and day. I lay in bed perfectly helpless for thirteen months, and had to be lifted whenever it was necessary for me to dance owing to my weakness. Every winter I had attacks similar to the first but milder, when I would be laid up for two or three weeks. I lived in constant dread of these attacks, as the slightest cold would bring them on."

"In this general condition I continued year after year, during which time I tried one doctor after another and all kinds of remedies I heard of. But nothing gave me any relief until the rheumatic outbreak had run its course. In January, 1892, I had the influenza followed by my old enemy; and a doctor attended me for a fortnight without doing me any good. Then I gave the doctor up and tried the medicine you know about, which had been strongly recommended to me by a friend. After I had taken only a few doses of it the pain was much easier and soon left me

altogether. I got back to my work feeling better than I had done for years. Now I take an occasional dose and keep in the best of health. Had I known of it sooner what an amount of torture it would have saved me. I feel it my duty to send you this statement, as everyone with this awful complaint ought to know what has done so much for me. I will gladly answer enquiries." Yours truly (signed) Frank W. Oakes, 88, Empire Street, West Derby Road, Liverpool, May 2nd, 1893.

Now for our little investigation. What brought rheumatism upon this lad of fourteen? He inherited it! That is to say, he inherited from his parents, or from their parents, a digestive weakness which—(undreamed of by them or by him)—filled his blood with the especial poison of the gout and rheumatism. During his earlier childhood his kidneys, bowels and skin were sufficiently active to carry it off nearly or quite as rapidly as it accumulated. Then came the particular exposure which blocked those organs and the poison exploded within him; in other words, he had an attack of acute rheumatism or rheumatic fever—the same things. At the end of this the prime cause—indigestion and dyspepsia—became an established condition of his system, the poison was constantly supplied, and an attack followed every cold or act of exposure—as he says. After his youth had been thus miserably passed (almost wasted indeed) he was cured by the use of Seigel's Syrup, to which his friend fortunately directed his attention. But what a pity! that limping on towards manhood over a road full of pitfalls and beset with thorns.

The point to remember—and we want you to remember in both young and old you must cure the torpid stomach and liver; and to do this we commend once more (with Mr. Oakes)—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

He was Resigned to It.

"What does this here 'New Woman' talk mean, John?" "Hit means, Maris," replied the old farmer, "that women air a-takin' the places what men occupied. You'll find the plow right where I left it, an' when you sharpen the ax, you kin sail into a dozen cords o' wood, an' I'll have supper a-billin' when you git home?"—Atlanta Constitution.

There are two solid silver tea tables at Windsor Castle.