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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

NO. 59.

THE BELGIAN DEPUTIES REGRET THE ASSAULT.

Socialists, However, Protest Against the Transvaal War--The Boy Refuses to Tell Who Inspired Him--Prince of Wales at Copenhagen.

Brussels, April 5--In the chamber of representatives today, President Baron Sneyd said he felt sure he was but voicing the feeling of the whole Belgian nation in expressing, in behalf of the chamber, the indignation created in all minds by the attempt made on the life of the Prince of Wales.

"The youth of the criminal," he continued, "leads me to hope it was only the act of a person unconscious of the enormity of his offense; but we feel bound to express to England and the Prince of Wales our sincere regrets."

The minister of foreign affairs, M. De Pavereau, in behalf of the government, associated himself with the regret of Baron Sneyd.

"The government," he said, "yesterday forwarded to the Prince of Wales and Queen Victoria an expression of the indignation to which so odious an outrage had given rise."

The Socialist leaders announced their unanimous approval of the words of the previous speaker adding, however, that if Socialists condemned individual crimes, they blamed with no less energy the "great collective crimes being committed at present in South Africa, and they protested against the inaction of Europe which was indifferent to the crimes the English perpetrate in South Africa. But, at the same time, they deeply felt the attempt against the Prince of Wales."

"Blood calls for blood," said M. Van der Velden, the leader of the Socialists. But his remark called forth protests from the Rightists, who recalled the fact that Great Britain had always been the best guarantee of Belgium's independence.

M. Lorand, Leftist, while admitting Great Britain's services to Belgium, said he could not, nevertheless, "forget that she had betrayed her traditions in attacking a free people."

The minister of foreign affairs expostulated at the last remark and said the Leftists ought to reserve the reserve which was the most elementary of the rules of courtesy rendered incumbent upon them, to which M. Van der Velden retorted:

"You failed to blame the Red Sultan. You have, therefore, no right to find fault with us. We protest against the attempt on the Prince of Wales, but we also protest against the man, M. Van der Velden, the English are waging on a free people. You have protested in the name of the government. We protest in the name of the Belgian people and send to the Boers our fraternal greetings."

The minister of foreign affairs again protested against these attacks on a friendly nation, but the Leftists continued to inveigh against Great Britain, "undertaken an unjust and infernal war."

After further heated interchanges of remarks during which M. Van der Velden repudiated the Rightist insinuation that his remarks at Tuesday's Socialist meeting in any way incited the commission of outrages, the president of the house declared the incident closed.

In the Senate the president, the Duke of Ursel, expressed his reprobation and indignation at the attempt on the life of the Prince of Wales. He said:

"I give thanks to heaven that the heir to the British throne has escaped the bullets of an irresponsible boy. The remark of the president was greeted with applause.

The premier, M. Du Smet De Mayer, endorsed this speech and thanked Providence that the Prince of Wales had escaped the criminal attempt of a hair-brained boy.

The entire Senate endorsed these addresses. The Independent Beldge says: "The

document published by the signed by three names, Van Doort, Van Looy and De Ruys."

Sneyd declared today that he did not know the author of the letter, but met him at meetings in the Maison Du Peuple. The police continuing their investigation into the affair.

Truro, April 5--(Special)--Over a matter of \$10 allowed to go into court, Edson Archibald, of Great Village, became a laughing stock last night. Archibald traded a horse with Gould Blackie, his neighbor, for a furnace. Archibald gave a written guarantee that the horse was sound. Blackie sold the horse and the third party said the animal was unsound. Blackie then sued Archibald for payment for the furnace, claiming the horse was not worth what had been represented. It is stated that the difference between the men could have been settled at the beginning for \$10, but it came to trial in the county court yesterday.

On adjournment of the court he saw a witness whose testimony was against him and he chased this witness, having like a wild man. He was taken to jail by the police and was found to have become insane. He has been confined today, though he is a little quieter this evening. The plaintiff has forgiven the suit. The case caused much comment.

Copenhagen, April 5--The Prince of Wales and his party arrived here at 8 p. m. today.

The Prince and Princess of Wales met at the railway station by King Christian of Denmark and the entire royal family. As the train drew up to the platform the king advanced to the royal saloon carriage and, entering it alone, was the first to greet its occupants. Soon after the Prince and Princess of Wales alighted on the platform. The prince smiled cheerfully and after exchanging cordial greetings with the other members of the family conversed for a few moments with the chief dignitaries assembled. Outside the station a large crowd had gathered and as the visitors drove toward the palace they were greeted with ringing cheers, which were repeated as they progressed through the city.

Brussels, April 5--Jean Baptiste Spido, the youth who attempted the life of the Prince of Wales, yesterday, when interrogated, said he was inspired by a young man whose name he would not give to buy a revolver. This was in the Maison Du Peuple, where he had gone in answer to an anonymous letter, promising him a position as cashier of the restaurant. When he went to the station he asked the first person he met where the Prince was. The person answered: "The gentleman with the hat on." At the same instant the Prince took a seat and a servant handed him a cup of tea. Spido waited until the servant departed and then rushed towards the Prince's carriage. The commitment charges the prisoner with an attempt at assassination.

Spido's mother, when told what her son had done said:

"What a disgrace to us, who have worked so hard and have sacrificed so much to bring up our children. We have nine, the youngest barely two years old. We have sent them to school and given them a good education. It is impossible, someone must have assumed his name. He never had a revolver in his hand and had no money to buy one."

"It is impossible. I gave him two francs on Sunday for a week's work because he had worked so well. If he has done this he deserves to be hanged. I wish to see all my children dead if they are to do such things."

The boy was not submitted to any further examination today. His attitude is dejected and he appears very nervous. He had little sleep. He does not express regret at his crime, but repeatedly requested permission to see his mother.

Spido's mother, who however, will be allowed for some days.

Late this afternoon the examining magistrate decided to confront Spido with his father and a touching scene ensued. But Spido paid no attention to his father's appeals for his motives, maintaining his previous declarations.

It appears that Spido sent the following letter to his father, excusing his absence on the ground that he had obtained a situation at the Maison Du Peuple.

To Citizen Jean Baptiste Spido, Saint Gilles, Brussels.

Citizen: The position of assistant cashier is vacant at the Maison Du Peuple. There are no further explanations to be given you on this subject. Be at the Maison Du Peuple, room 18, tomorrow, Wednesday, between 1.30 and 3 in the afternoon.

The document purported to be signed by three names, Van Doort, Van Looy and De Ruys.

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RELIEF OF MAFERING NOT FAR DISTANT.

Plumer Six Miles Away--London Has Grown Weary Over Roberts' Long Inactivity--Dissatisfied Because Remounts Have Not Been Furnished--Canadians Heard From.

London, April 6, 5 a. m.--The war office issued no news yesterday and little was allowed to come through from the correspondents at Bloemfontein. According to the Standard's representative there is no sign that the Boers intend taking the offensive, and General Clement is so disposing his forces as to guard against any surprise attack, which, although improbable, is evidently not regarded as impossible, judging from the preparations of Lord Roberts.

As usual wherever there is any check in the progress of the British campaign, the war office is being severely censured for failing to maintain the necessary supply of remounts for the army. It is possible Lord Roberts has difficulties other than remounts with which to contend.

Much anxiety is felt as to the water supply, despite the statements cable that there is no fear of a water famine.

Whatever the reasons may be, considerable dissatisfaction is beginning to be expressed here at the unaccountable delay, both at Bloemfontein and in Natal, which enables the Boers to recover from the demoralization caused by Lord Roberts' former rapid movements. The enemy now evidently hopes to retard the advance by threatening the railway behind Lord Roberts. So far as the Natal railways are concerned, repairs are being made beyond Kaniadag and the idea, so often repeated, is that an advance is imminent.

A despatch to the Daily Telegraph from Ladysmith says that the Boer investing positions revealed immense strength, ingenuity of construction and immunity from the British fire.

A despatch from Ladysmith to the Daily Chronicle gives serious news of the outbreak of a deadly lung sickness among the oxen, which if it spreads, is likely to cripple General Buller's operations.

From Lorenzo Marques comes the report that Mr. Steyn has been appointed commander of the Free State forces.

Although Colonel Buller's operations have gotten within six miles of Mafeking, it is evident that the Boer has not been raised on April 1. Toward the end of this month Colonel Plumer will be reinforced by the troops now going by way of Beira, so that relief cannot be far distant.

Jameson is ill. Cape Town, April 5.--Mr. Jameson, the leader of the famous raid into Transvaal territory, has arrived cured. He is very ill.

A Rider's Ruse. London, April 6--According to the Daily Mail Mr. H. V. Jameson, a member of the South African force, was taken prisoner on Sunday by a Boer picket, and he frightened the Boer into releasing him by telling him that they were surrounded by the British.

THE TIMES REPORTS A SKIRMISH TUESDAY. Enemy Show a Desire to Encircle Bloemfontein.

London, April 6--The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Times, telegraphing Wednesday, says:

"The Boers showed in some force yesterday with three guns, towards Dushman's Kop. Detached groups skirmishing with the Boers, but this morning shows the enemy desired to sweep further round to the right of Bloemfontein."

"Early today artillery fire in the south was audible."

The Times publishes the following from Wopener, dated Wednesday, April 4:

"The Boers are sniping our patrols. A party of handfolded Boers was brought in with the following written message:

"I am here with several thousand burghers, and, in the name of humanity and to save such a dreadful sacrifice of life as occurred in the last battle, I demand your immediate surrender."

"This was signed 'Banks, general'. The party was sent back with the answer: 'No reply.'"

"General Brabant's force is here and will give some trouble to any body of Boers likely to attack us."

WANTED--Clean choice apron gum. Send sample and price to Moore's Drug store, 10 Brunel street, St. John, N. B.

defection of a federation of the Empire will come out of the present situation than the mere hoisting of the Union Jack at Pretoria. I have feeling that three years hence, the minister of war, sitting at Pall Mall, will be able to put his finger on Toronto, Vancouver, Halifax, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide with as full knowledge of their military possibilities as he is now able to do with Newcastle or Manchester."

THE CANADIANS ARE AT BLOEMFONTEIN. The Tents Have Arrived and the Soldiers Have Some Comfort Again.

Toronto, April 5--The Toronto Globe tomorrow will say: "The following despatch has been received from Mr. Frederick Hamilton, our special correspondent with the Royal Canadian Regiment:

"Bloemfontein, April 3--The Royal Canadians returned today with the rest of the brigade (General Smith-Dorrien's). They went far as Bushman's Kop about 10 miles distant, where they camped on Sunday. Four companies who had been doing escort duty to Waterville Drift, retired yesterday, to Springfield, some eight miles out. Today they returned to the old camp. The tents arrived today from Belmont. They are a great boon as the men have been sleeping in the open. The Forest of Quebec Company, died of enteric fever on Sunday last."

CLASH OF OUTPOSTS AT BLOEMFONTEIN. Lord Roberts Praised the Temperance Association--Reinforcements Arrive.

London, April 6--The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Daily Mail says: "General Clement's division, 6,000 strong, has arrived from the southward and has encamped five miles north of the city."

MELVILLE BURNSIDE WRITES FROM PAARDEBERG. A St. John Boy's Account of the Fight in which the Canadian Regiment Lost so Many Men and Gained So Much Glory.

One of the most interesting letters which has yet reached the public from the St. John boys fighting in South Africa was received yesterday afternoon by a friend, from Melville Burnside, one of the boys of the Canadian Regiment. He gives, for the first time, particulars of the lamented death of Corporal Frederick Withers at the battle of Paardeberg. It was at the 20th about 10 o'clock. The letter gives a good idea of how Canada's soldiers played a noble part in the battle. It is as follows:

Dear -- Troops Drift, Feb. 28th, 1900.

I guess it about the worst fight yet. We have made old Cronje give up, shot the son, and taken the old chap prisoner. We left Richmond on the 12th and got to this place on the 18th, marching in that time over 100 miles. The last night we marched 28 miles. We got here about 6 o'clock, ate a biscuit and drank a pint of tea, and then fought all day till after 9 o'clock the next morning. There were over 80 casualties on the field. There was one killed and five wounded in our company, but the Boers weren't beaten yet. They retreated about three miles up the river. We got then surrounded and allowed no transport to enter for a week.

During that time the engineers were digging trenches and, on the evening of the 28th about 10 o'clock we took up our position, "G" and "H" companies in the trenches 200 yards from the Boers' trenches. We started to advance. We had no idea how far the Boers were off and we were right on top of them before we knew where we were. The Boers were in the front and on the right of us. We were within 65 yards of those in front and about 25 (yards) of those on the right. Sixteen of our company dropped in about five minutes. We then got the word to retreat. During this time the engineers had advanced to within 100 yards of the Boers so when we retreated we hadn't got far to get shelter. Then the white flags commenced to come out and at 8 o'clock we had nearly 400 prisoners. We are now encamped in the Boers' laager. We'll have time for any more.

Corporal Withers was shot dead, three bullets striking him in the chest and the wound would have proved fatal. I am feeling fine, never had a scratch yet, only we are very short of grub. We thought we would starve sure. Well, I hope you are all well. It won't be long now till we will be starting for home again. Good bye.

MELVILLE BURNSIDE.

Toronto, April 5--Letters from soldiers of the Royal Canadian Regiment, written after Cronje's surrender, contain graphic details of the charge and some new features. Will Hewitt, of "C" company tells of wounding of retiring Canadians by the Gordon Highlanders, who had fixed bayonets in the belief that the Boers were following up the retiring colonials. He says, under date of February 28: "We were working in the trenches on Monday and were going to start a trench. The whole front rank advanced with fixed bayonets and the rear rank followed in fifteen paces distance, carrying picks and shovels. It was hard moving in the dark and we had to keep in touch with each other so as to keep our places. The Boers heard us coming and held their fire until we were within about 20 yards of them when they let us have it. You ought to have seen us drop. Our company was on the left of the line and did not get it as bad as the companies on the right. We did not let them very long before we got a command to retire, and then you ought to have seen us race for the trenches. The Gordons, who were reserves for us, stayed in the trenches. A lot of our boys were wounded by jumping on the bayonets of the Gordons." After telling of Cronje's surrender, after daylight, Hewitt continues: "We got a lot of four belonging to the Boers and have been making great mixtures out of it. We are getting fed better now, drawing full rations instead of living on half rations and it makes a big difference. We were all down in the mouth and felt dejected during the week or so we were on half rations."

MR. AND MRS. CRONJE AFTER THE SURRENDER.

She Had Lady Sarah Wilson's Silk Dress--He Smoked a Good Cigar and Asked for More--An Army of Misfits.

Unavoidable conditions prevented my being in at the death of the military career of the guerrilla chief, Cronje, on Mafaba Day, says Julian Ralph in a letter to the London Daily Mail, written from Kimberley on Feb. 28. However, I have been in continual receipt of news from the front, only twenty-five miles away.

I am not under the spell or illusion that the demi-savage Boer is either a brave or an honorable foe, and in my letters you will discover that, not being a member of the military or civil force, I can justify my well-founded reasons for deploring the tone which these authorities insist shall be used in all references to both the enemy and his friends the colonial rebels.

I prepared you for the knowledge that the Colonials would do the best work in the war, and you will find that they proved themselves worthy of the commendation in the short and sanguinary siege of Cronje's rabbit-like retreat.

It is a grand thought for England that after this war each of her colonies will maintain a standing force of soldiers unhampered by traditions, brave to the last degree, and taught to depend on themselves and Not on Their Officers.

The decisive moment of the siege was that at which Lord Roberts' furthermost force planted cannon on the kopje to the eastward of the river bed and the contiguous trenches in which the ever-cautious Boers were hiding. These guns enfiladed the trenches and so slaughtered the enemy that they had to surrender.

When, a day or two before this triumphant move, the Modder River rose three feet, it floated many hundreds of dead horses and cattle away upon its swift current. The British, not realizing that the Boer thrives best in a stench and amid surroundings of putridity, such as he always surrounds near his homes, were of the opinion that this cleansing of the rabbit-hole would prolong the siege. But the advantageous placing of the British guns in an enfilading position quickly (next morning) brought the Boers to terms.

Cronje is picturesquely described as a thwarted general, but to the wide-awake and well-informed British officers, who are not under the severe rod of misguided censorship, he presented the appearance of a typical square-jawed, black-bearded, bearded Boer. I am sorry to say that, because of our previous ill success, or because of those politics which beset us but do not hinder the Boers in warfare, we have treated this bushwhacking chieftain as if he were another Napoleon.

When Cronje reached Modder River he was courteously asked whether he would have breakfast. He grunted, "No, I have had it."

Then he was informed that the train to carry him to Cape Town was to start at three o'clock.

At this he grunted "Yes."

His manner was such that he was not pressed into further conversation. Nevertheless, he was provided with champagne at lunch, while the mounted troops of the Modder, satisfied themselves (I dare say) with recollections of a recent banquet or two which they had enjoyed before leaving London.

What galls me beyond measure is the unavoidable comparison between this progress of the guerrilla Cronje through the enemy's (our) country, and the manner in which Lord Roberts was obliged to make his way through the same (British) colony to the seat of war. Lord Roberts was a pilot engine and thirty soldiers, went out of the station to foil the rebels in this English colony into the belief that the regular passenger train pulled out and so Picked Up Lord Roberts

in the suburbs. We did not dare to send our command-in-chief to the front as

He had an Old Account With."

Suddenly Lord Roberts jumped up, boyed, and walked away. He did not shake hands with his fallen foe. Breakfast was spread for Cronje, Frau Cronje and the secretary upon a table under a tree near by. An impulsive officer sent a cigar to the old man. He smoked it and the sent his secretary to ask for more.

"Oh, no," said the kindly officer, "he has a pipe and some Boer tobacco if he wants to smoke; that's good enough for him."

It was a sentiment applauded by all who heard, or heard of, it.

The only pro-Boer I have ever met in the British army watched the 4,000 odd prisoners marched off to Mafaba River, all glad to be prisoners, but grim because they were obliged to walk. He came to me afterwards. "I will never see you again," he said. "I am cured. I have seen them at last."

"Well?" I inquired.

"They are the worst looking men I have ever seen. They are wild-eyed, savage-dull-witted, mis-shapen. Those who have symptoms of a brain appear to be unbalanced. If you saw any of them next one has a head like a button on the shoulders of an ox. A fourth has the long arms of an orang-outang. No one could support a cause in which such men were joined."

DUBLIN IS USED TO IT. The Excitement of Yesterday over the Queen is Over.

Dublin, April 5, 4 p. m.--The city of Dublin has settled down to having royalty in her midst and with the exception of the unusual number of people in the streets and the decorations, there is no trace of yesterday's excitement.

Queen Victoria, looking well, drove out this morning in the private carriage, her chair being drawn by a white lanky.

A large number of curious persons went to the vice-regal lodge today, but there were no demonstrations.

Queen Victoria went out for a drive in Phoenix Park during the afternoon as quietly as she would have done in London. She bowed in return to the frequent salutations. Her Majesty did not enter the city streets and returned to the vice-regal lodge for dinner.

Another correspondent of mine describes Frau Cronje as follows: "She is a thin decrepit old woman, and in her rusty straw hat and dirty old black dress, with out cloak or shawl of any sort, presents a hopelessly miserable, dragged, and we begone appearance." She appears to have asserted her belongings at some time during the day, for when she was put on a train (an observant officer tells me) she carried Lady Sarah Wilson's dress on her back, under the name of the fashionable maker, "Cooper, Bond-street," which was plainly legible, became an advertisement which, I fear, was wasted upon her. "Tommy" and the gaping country folk who read it.

I did not see the old guerilla chief's son, but I enjoy a long dust coat on a count of it which I have had from an oval officer.

It was half-past 7 o'clock in the morning when the old man came up

Out of the River Bed, mounted on a ragged white pony. He wore black trousers, a long dust coat on his jacket, and on his head a soft light brown hat, with a very broad rim and a extra wide band of leather around it. His wife tagged along behind him. Both came to Lord Roberts' laager-like headquarters where three chairs had been set out on the verandah between three sides of a large hollow square made up of the lines of Highland Brigade. Cronje sat on a chair, his secretary sat on his right, Lord Roberts sat on his left, and the British general sat on the left. Both sat on a stool near by the old fellow, pretense as so many Boers do, not to be able to speak English. His little eyes set out together in his broad round face, resting touched with sadness, and a sunlight which did not match his square chin and round cranium. He and Lord Roberts talked for nearly 15 minutes, during which time it is said that Cronje strenuously begged that he might not be separated from his wife and secretary. Lord Roberts asked him what number of men he had rendered, and the old guerilla said he did not have any idea; his men had been sitting away, through the bush, but two and three for a week. Once his secretary said something which excited him, the old Boer leader turned quick and shot so angry and fierce a glance at the man that all who saw it said under their breaths, "Hello! that's the real Cronje--the Cronje of Bronkspuit--man."

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PRETORIA REPORTS THE POSITION HELD. Thaba N'chu in Possession of the Federal.

Pretoria, Tuesday, April 3.--Thaba N'chu is now in possession of the Federal. Forty-one British subjects were escorted across the frontier this morning.