

# The Siege of Ladysmith

### Vexation of Spirit—By the Late George Warrington Stevens.

### Nothing to Do in the beleaguered City but Eat, Drink and Sleep.

November 26, 1899.

I was going to give you another dose of the dull diary. But I haven't the heart. It would weary you, and I cannot say how horribly it would weary me. I am sick of it. Everybody is sick of it. They said the force which would open the line and set us going against the enemy would begin to land at Durban on the 11th, and get into touch with us by the 18th. Now it is the 28th; the force, as you tell us has landed, and is somewhere on the line between Mafeking and Estcourt; but of advance not a sign.

Butler, they tell us one day, is at Bloemfontein; next day he is coming round to Durban; the next he is a prisoner in Pretoria.

The only thing certain is that, whatever is happening, we are out of it. We know nothing of the outside; and of the inside there is nothing to know.

Weary, stale, flat, unprofitable, the whole thing. At first, to be besieged and bombarded was a thrill. It was a joke; now it is nothing but a weary, weary bore. We do nothing but eat and drink and sleep—just exist dimly. We have forgotten when the siege began; and now we are beginning not to care when it ends.

For my part, I feel that it will never end. It will go on just as now, languid fighting, languid cessation, for ever and ever. We shall drop off one by one, and listlessly die of old age.

And in the year 2009 the New Zealand antiquarian, digging among the buried cities of Natal, will come upon The Forgotten Town.

of Ladysmith. And he will find a handful of Rip Van Winkle Boers with white beards down to their knees, behind quaint, antique guns, shelling a cactus-grown ruin. Inside, sheltering in holes, he will find a few decrepit creatures, very, very old, the children born during the bombardment. He will take these links with the past home to New Zealand. But they will be afraid at the silence and security of peace. Having never known anything but bombardment, they will die of terror without it.

So be it. I shall not be there to see. But I shall wrap these lines up in a Red Cross bag and bury them among the ruins of Mulberry-grove, that, after the excavations, the unnumbered readers of the Daily Mail may in the enlightening year 2100 know what a siege and a bombardment were like.

Sometimes I think the siege would be just as bad without the bombardment. In some ways it would be even worse; for the bombardment is something to nobody and talk of, albeit languid. Being the siege is an unmedicated course. Sieges are out of date. In the days of Troy, to be besieged or besieger was the natural lot of man; to give ten years at a stretch to it was all in a life's work; there was nothing else to do. In the days when a great victory was gained one year, and a fast retreat followed the next, a man still had leisure in his life for

A Year's Siege Now and Again.

But to the man of 1899—or by a lady, besieging in 1900—there are editions of the evening papers every day, a siege is a thousand-fold a hardship. We make it a grievance nowadays if we are a day behind the news—news that concerns us nothing.

And here we are with the enemy all round us, splashing melinite among us in most hours of the day, and for the best part of a month we have not even had any definite news about the men for whom we must wait to get out of it. We wait and wonder, first expectant, presently apathetic, and feel ourselves grow old.

Furthermore, we are in prison. We know now what Damascus feels like. The crucified saboteur dies in a fortnight of a European capital; of Ladysmith he sickens in three hours.

Even when we could ride out ten or a dozen miles into the country, there was little that was new, nothing that was interesting. Now we lie in the bottom of the crater, and stare up at the pitiless ring of hills that bark death. Always the same staff, naked ridges, flat-capped with our entrenchments—always, always the same. As morning hardens to the brutal clearness of South African mid-day, they march in on you till Bulwer seems to tower over your very heads. There it is close over you, shady, and of wide prospect; and if you try to go up you are a dead man.

Beyond is the world—war and love. Clergy marching on Colenso, and all that a man holds dear in

A Little Island Under the North Star. But you sit here to be idly shot at. You are of it, but not in it—clean out of the world. To your world and to yourself you are every bit as good as dead—except that dead men have no time to fill in.

I know now how a monk without a vocation feels. I know how a fly in a beer-bottle feels. I know how it tastes, too. And with it all there is the melinite and the shrapnel. To be sure they give us the only glimpse of interest to be had in Ladysmith. It is something novel to live in this town tucked inside up at the pitiless ring of hills that bark death. Where people should be, the long, long day from dawn to daylight shows only a dead blank.

Where business should be, the sleepy and the blind troops. But where no business should be—along the crumbling ruins that lead no whither—letters wagon after wagon, with curling whip lashes and piles of bread and hay.

Where no people should be—in the clefts

at the river bank, in bald patches of veiled-ringed with rocks, in over-grown ditches—all these you find alive with men and beasts.

The place that a month ago was only fit to pitch empty meat tins into is now priceless stable room; two squadrons of troop horses pack flank to flank inside its shelter. A scrub-entangled hole, which perhaps nobody save runaway Kafirs ever set foot in before, is now the coveted habitation of the balloon. The most worthless rock heap below a perpendicular slope is now

The Choicest of Town Lots.

The whole centre of gravity of Ladysmith is changed. Its belly lies no longer in the manufacturing empire along the High street, but in the earth-reddened, half-invisible tents that bashfully mark the commissariat stores. Its brain is not the town hall, the best target in Ladysmith, but headquarters under the stone-creaked hill. The middle Royal hotel its social centre no longer; it is to the trench-seamed Sailors' Camp or the wind-wet shoulders of Caesar's Camp that men go to hear and tell the news.

Poor Ladysmith! Deserted in his markets, respected in his wastes; here ripped with iron splinters, there rising again into rail-roofed, rock-walled caves; trampled down in its gardens, manured where nothing can ever grow; skirts hemmed with sandbags and boulders bored with bullets, the Boers may not have hurt us, but they have left their mark for years on her.

They have not hurt us much—and yet the casualties mount up. Three to-day, two yesterday, four deep or dying and seven wounded with one shot—they are nothing at all, but they mount up. I suppose we stand at about fifty now, and there will be more before we are done with it. And then there are moments when even this dripping bombardment can be appealing. I happened into the centre of the town one day when the two big guns were concentrating a cross-fire upon it.

First from one side the shell came tearing madly in, with a shriek a black mountain of earth, and a hailstorm of stones on iron roofs. Houses wined at the buffet. Men ran madly away from it. A dog rushed out yelping—and on the yelp, from the other quarter, came the next shell. Along the broad straight street, not a vehicle, not a white man to be seen. Only a herd of niggers cowering under flimsy fences at a corner.

Another crash and quaking, and this time in a cloud of dust an outbounding dumpanee tumbled sadder. A horse streaked down the street with trailing halter. Round the corner scoured the niggers; the next was due from Popworth's. Then the tearing scream: horror! it was coming from Patman.

Again the annihilating blast, and not ten yards away. A roof gaped and a house leaped to pieces. A black reared over, then tumbled picked him up again, and sent him running.

Head down, hands over ears, they tore down the street, and from the other side swooped down the implacable, irresistible next.

You come out of the dust and the stench of melinite, not knowing where you were, not knowing whether you were hit—only knowing that the next was rushing on its way. No eyes to see it, no limbs to escape, no bulwark to protect, no army to avenge. You squirm between iron fingers. Nothing to do but cower. (W. Stevens in the London Daily Mail.)

Ladysmith, Dec. 6, 1899.

"There goes that stinker on Gun Hill," said the captain. "No, don't get up; have some draught beer."

I did have some draught beer. "Wait and see if he fires again. If he does we'll go up into the trenches, cover, and have both guns in action together."

Boom! The captain picked up his stick. "Come on," he said.

We got up out of the rocking-chairs, and went out past the swinging meat-safes, under the big canvas of the mess-room, with its table piled with stuff to read. Trust the sailor to make himself at home. As we passed through the camp the bluejackets rose to a man, and bared up trimly on either side. Trust the sailor to keep his self-respect, even in five weeks' beleaguered Ladysmith.

Up a knee-loosening ladder of rock, and we came out on to the green hill-top, where they first had their camp. Among the orderly trenches, the sites of the departed tents, were rougher irregular blotches of hole—footprints of shell.

"That gunner," said the captain, waving his stick at Surprise Hill, "is a German. Nobody but a German atheist would have fired on us at breakfast, lunch, and dinner the same Sunday. It got too hot when he put one ten yards from the cook. Anybody else we could have spared; then."

We Ha! to Go.

We came to what looks like a sandbag redoubt, but in the eyes of heaven is a conning-tower. On either side, from behind a sandbag epaulement of 12-pounder and a Maxim thrust forth vigilant eyes. The sandbag beyond the doorway, however, was six feet thick and shoulder-high; the rivets were red earth, loose but binding; on the parapets sprouted tufts of grass, unabashed and rejoicing in the summer weather. Against the parapet leamed a couple of men with the clean-cut, clean-shaven jaw and chin of the naval officer, and half-a-dozen bearded blue-jackets. They stared hard out of sun-puckered eyes over the billows of kopje and veldt.

Forward we looked down on the one 4.7; aft we looked up to the other. On bow and beam and quarter we looked out to the enemy's fleet. Deserted Popworth's was on the port bow. Gun Hill under Lombard's Kop, on the starboard, Bulwar abeam, Middle Hill astern, Surprise Hill on the port quarter.

Every outline was cut in adamant. The Helpmankar Ridge, with its black and white cliffs, was a wall of broken glass beneath us. The great yellow emplacement, the Helms fourth big piece on Gun Hill stood up

Like a Spithead Fort.

Through the big telescope that swings on its pivot in the centre of the tower you could see that the Boers were looking round it dressed in dirty mustard-colored uniforms. "Left-hand Gun Hill fired, sir," said a bluejacket, with his eyes glued to binoculars.

heard the weary pinions of the shell, and saw the little puff of white below.

"Ring up Mr. Halsey," said the captain.

Then I was aware of a sort of tarpaulin cupboard under the breastwork of creeping trails of wire on the ground and a couple of sappers.

The corporal turned down his page of Harnsworth Magazine, laid it on the parapet, and dived under the tarpaulin. "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" buzzed the telephone bell.

The gaunt up-towering mountains, the long, smooth, deadly guns—and the telephone bell!

The mountains and the guns went out, and there floated in that roaring office of the Daily Mail instead, and the warm, rustling vestibule of the play-house on a December night. This is the way we make war now; only for the instant it was half joke and half homesickness.

Where were we? What were we doing? "Right-hand Gun Hill fired, sir," came the even voice of the blue-jacket. "At the balloon."

"Captain wants to speak to you, sir," came the voice of the sapper.

From Under the Tarpaulin.

Whistle and rattle and pop went the shells in the valley below.

"Give me a round both guns together," said the captain to the telephone.

"Left-hand Gun Hill fired, sir," said the blue-jacket to the captain.

Nobody cared about left-hand Gun Hill; he was only a 4.7 howitzer; every shot was clamped on the big yellow emplacement.

"Right-hand Gun Hill is up, sir," said Bang, coughs the forward gun below us; bang-g coughs the after gun overhead. Every glass clamped on the emplacement.

"When will they take?" sighs a lieutenant—then a leaping cloud a little in front and to the right.

"Damn!" sighs a peach-cheeked midshipman, who—

"Oh, good shot!" For the second has landed just over and behind the epaulement. Has it hit the gun?

"No such luck," says the captain; "he was down again five seconds after we fired."

And the men had all gone to earth, of course.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

Down from the sapper, and presently his face reappears, with "Headquarters speak to you, sir." What the captain said to Headquarters is not to be repeated by the profane; the captain knows his mind, and speaks it. As soon as that was over, ting-a-ling again.

"Mr. Halsey wants to know if he may fire again, sir."

"He may have one more"—for shell is still being saved for Christmas.

# The Flight of Boers

### French with Cavalry is in Pursuit—Cannot Retreat to Bloemfontein.

### South African Republics Reported to Have Made Unofficial Overtures for Peace.

London, March 9.—The following editorial announcement is made by the Daily News:

"It was rumored in London yesterday, and we have some reason for believing the rumor to be correct, that the two republics made informal and unofficial overtures of peace on the preceding day. Unfortunately the conditions suggested were of such a character as to preclude the possibility of leading to any result. Terms which might have been gladly suggested, and accepted before the war, in order to avoid it, are impossible after the war, with all the sacrifices it has entailed."

### THE RETREAT OF BOERS.

### Kruger Tried to Stop the Burgers—French in Pursuit.

Osfontein, March 7.—Lord Roberts's movement to-day again surprised the Boers, who fled almost without firing a shot.

The plan of battle was as follows: Gen. Colville's division extended along the north bank. General Tucker had the centre reserve, and the Guards Brigade had the centre advance. General Kelly-Kenny's division was ordered to make a huge flanking movement on the Boers' left, following General French, who was instructed to move southeast until opposite the Boer flank and then swing around the rear.

Every move was admirably executed and entirely successful. The Boers were surprised, as was evident from the state of the deserted camps. Twice the British cavalry were almost in position to charge, but they admit that they were followed by the manoeuvring of the Boers.

When last seen General French was pursuing the Boers vigorously. He was between them and Bloemfontein, about eleven miles from the right wing.

General Colville merely demonstrated against a high mountain occupied by the Transvaal troops, who are now fleeing in consequence of the flight of the Free Staters south of the river.

It is impossible at present to give the Boers' numbers, but it is estimated they reach 4,000, all of whom are now in flight.

Kruger Present.

Poplar Grove, Thursday, March 8.—President Kruger, who at present is far in the rear, yesterday tried to stop the retreating Boers, who refused to stay. The Bloemfontein police tried to stop the retreat of the Free Staters, but they declared they were not willing to fight any longer and they blamed President Steyn.

The Russian and Dutch military attaches arrived at the British camp yesterday.

Boer Tactics.

London, March 9.—The following dispatch from Poplar Grove appears in the Standard:

"The movement of the mounted men was somewhat too rapid for supporting infantry and as a result the Boer position was taken before the main body could strike effectively. The Boers fell back precipitately and extending to the southeast they checked the advance of the British cavalry with heavy rifle fire at 300 yards range. Accordingly Gen. French moved southward and outflanked them again, but the Boers repeated their tactics."

Cut Off from Bloemfontein.

London, March 9.—The Boers appear to have made no stand whatever, except that while in retreat they twice repulsed Gen. French's cavalry with rifle fire. As no report has been made on the capture of prisoners the enemy probably got away with their entire force.

GEN. WHITE INTERVIEWED.

Could Have Held Out Until Beginning of April.

London, March 8.—Mr. Winston Churchill, telegraphing the substance of an interview he has had with Sir Geo. White, who commanded the Ladysmith garrison, says:

"General White says he might have held out until April 2nd, but this would have involved the death of many of the native population by starvation, and the sick from lack of nourishment. Then he would have destroyed the stores and ammunition, and all who were fit to crawl five miles would have sallied forth to make a show of resistance and to avoid formal capitulation. He believed that he had always begged General Buller not to hurry the relief operations, adding earnestly: 'It is not right to charge me with all the loss of life they involved.'"

Mr. Churchill says: "Gen. White spoke bitterly of home criticisms and of attempts at the war office to upbraid him, attempts which Gen. Buller prevented from succeeding. In conclusion he exclaimed: 'I regret Nicholson's vote. Perhaps it will follow, but that was the only chance of striking a heavy blow. But I regret nothing else. I would do all over again.'"

# With the Canadians

### A Letter From the Times Correspondent With the First Contingent.

### Cornwall and His Perambulator—Hope to Be Home by Queen's Birthday.

The following letter received from the Times correspondent with the first Canadian contingent has been opened under martial law and censored. The envelope is closed with two large stamps, bearing the legend "opened under martial law," and on the corner is "Censored. W. D. Otter, Lieut.-Col., Acting Censor, Bloemfontein, S. A."

Bloemfontein, Jan. 21, 1900.

"A" Company has marched out today probably to Richmond to relieve refugees, and it is possible they may attack a Boer laager. Richmond lies in the direction of Douglas. "A" Company R. H. A. and Victoria Mounted Rifles have gone, and "G" Company leaves to-morrow. I am unable to obtain any more particulars. The men have five days' rations. Fighting is probable.

Bloemfontein, Jan. 23, 1900.

No news has yet leaked out in regard to movements of "A" Company. It was generally known last night that there had been a few casualties on our side, but I cannot find out if they were men of the British Columbia section. To-morrow I hope to learn something.

Our camp was moved to the other side of the railroad this morning, north of the station, and about 800 yards from the old position.

I met Cornwall this morning with a big slouch hat on, trundling a perambulator containing rubber sheets, grub, etc. He cut a very comical figure. For the moment the railway and road were deserted. I saw him in the middle of Government street, sturdily attired and occupied. He was left in camp owing to a scratched leg which had suppurated, and although improving was not sufficiently healed to permit of his marching. Corp. Lohman is also here with a blistered foot, and a few of "A" Company are here. One "Colored Bloke" (Color-Sergt. Holmes) has been taken to Orange River suffering with typhoid.

The second lot of the Black Watch of the Yukon Field Force contributed to the programme, doing physical drill with their rifles and taking part in other tableaux.

The tableaux were superb, and showed an infinite amount of pains and artistic skill. The first represented a bivouac or encampment of soldiers slowly waking to life with the fife. The curtain rose on the same scene, the dead lying around, the Maxim gun overthrown, the wreck and ruin of battle, with the stretcher bearers and the nurse moving around the wounded. In the first scene the song, "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground," and in the second "Valence Nigtingale" were sung with beautiful effect.

The second tableau represented Britannia surrounded by her peoples, her soldiers and sailors. This was a masterpiece of splendid grouping and costume. England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Australia, India and the islands of the sea, regiments, volunteers, cavalry, artillery, N. W. A. P., E. B. P., C. M. R., N. S. W. lancers, Sikhs, Ghorakas, West Indian regiment, scouts, Highlanders, sailors, all those units of that magnificent whole which makes Britannia the giant world power of the age, were there represented in appropriate and superb dresses and uniforms. Britannia (splendidly typified by Mrs. F. C. Wade) stately, dignified and gracious in her glittering train, armed with the sea power trident, was the cynosure of all eyes. In the second scene "Our Lady of the Snows," represented by Miss Jessie Perry, was in the act of offering her sword to the Mother of Nations.

Both scenes raised a tempest of applause, and all present united in singing "Britannia" and the "Maple-Leaf" with patriotic fervor.

But the practical patriotism of the audience came to a climax when "Our Lady of the Snows" recited "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Before she had well started into the first verse a few drops of a silver shower fell on the stage, but when she waved her tambourine to emphasize the "pay, pay, pay," the response came like an echo. Showers of coins dropped through the air. Some \$89 were thrown in silver on the stage. The sale of programmes brought over \$150 more. The total receipts will come close up to \$1,500 in aid of the fund for the widows and orphans of our soldiers.

On last Wednesday, says the Sun, a man named Swanson was killed a mile and a half up the Cariboo trail from Dominion. He was hauling wood down on to the trail and had the rope attached to his sled around his neck. Coming down a sharp incline the rope went tight, dragging him under sled, literally speaking, hanging him. When found an hour later he was stone cold.

Mr. Thos. Lamont, on 27 Gold Run, an Australian from Brisbane, showed his mettle and his patriotism by walking 56 miles one day last week to hand in his name at the War office for service in South Africa. As there have been nearly fifty names handed in, without the stimulus of anything definite yet as to acceptance, we are satisfied that a first-class corps of a hundred or more of the very men needed to fight the Boers could be secured in Yukon in a few days.

MONTREAL MINING MARKET.

(Associated Press.)

Montreal, March 9.—Stock exchange, morning board—War Eagle, 132 1/2; 130 1/4; Payne, 130, 129; Montreal & 130, 40, 29; Republic, 101, 96. Sales—Payne, 500 at 128, 1,000 at 128 1/2; 7,000 at 129, 2,000 at 129 1/2; Montreal & 130, 100 at 80; Republic, 1,500 at 96.

STEAMER SUNK.

(Associated Press.)

Calais, France, March 9.—The British steamer Windsor picked up the second mate and two seamen belonging to the steamer Carver, which was sunk in collision with an unknown steamer. The rest of whose crew, it is feared, were drowned.

AMERICAN LADY HONORED.

(Associated Press.)

Beilin, March 9.—Miss Ella Little, an American, has received a doctorate at the university of Heidelberg. This is the first time the distinction has fallen to a woman.

# With the Canadians

### A Letter From the Times Correspondent With the First Contingent.

### Cornwall and His Perambulator—Hope to Be Home by Queen's Birthday.

The following letter received from the Times correspondent with the first Canadian contingent has been opened under martial law and censored. The envelope is closed with two large stamps, bearing the legend "opened under martial law," and on the corner is "Censored. W. D. Otter, Lieut.-Col., Acting Censor, Bloemfontein, S. A."

Bloemfontein, Jan. 21, 1900.

"A" Company has marched out today probably to Richmond to relieve refugees, and it is possible they may attack a Boer laager. Richmond lies in the direction of Douglas. "A" Company R. H. A. and Victoria Mounted Rifles have gone, and "G" Company leaves to-morrow. I am unable to obtain any more particulars. The men have five days' rations. Fighting is probable.

Bloemfontein, Jan. 23, 1900.

No news has yet leaked out in regard to movements of "A" Company. It was generally known last night that there had been a few casualties on our side, but I cannot find out if they were men of the British Columbia section. To-morrow I hope to learn something.

Our camp was moved to the other side of the railroad this morning, north of the station, and about 800 yards from the old position.

I met Cornwall this morning with a big slouch hat on, trundling a perambulator containing rubber sheets, grub, etc. He cut a very comical figure. For the moment the railway and road were deserted. I saw him in the middle of Government street, sturdily attired and occupied. He was left in camp owing to a scratched leg which had suppurated, and although improving was not sufficiently healed to permit of his marching. Corp. Lohman is also here with a blistered foot, and a few of "A" Company are here. One "Colored Bloke" (Color-Sergt. Holmes) has been taken to Orange River suffering with typhoid.

The second lot of the Black Watch of the Yukon Field Force contributed to the programme, doing physical drill with their rifles and taking part in other tableaux.

The tableaux were superb, and showed an infinite amount of pains and artistic skill. The first represented a bivouac or encampment of soldiers slowly waking to life with the fife. The curtain rose on the same scene, the dead lying around, the Maxim gun overthrown, the wreck and ruin of battle, with the stretcher bearers and the nurse moving around the wounded. In the first scene the song, "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground," and in the second "Valence Nigtingale" were sung with beautiful effect.

The second tableau represented Britannia surrounded by her peoples, her soldiers and sailors. This was a masterpiece of splendid grouping and costume. England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Australia, India and the islands of the sea, regiments, volunteers, cavalry, artillery, N. W. A. P., E. B. P., C. M. R., N. S. W. lancers, Sikhs, Ghorakas, West Indian regiment, scouts, Highlanders, sailors, all those units of that magnificent whole which makes Britannia the giant world power of the age, were there represented in appropriate and superb dresses and uniforms. Britannia (splendidly typified by Mrs. F. C. Wade) stately, dignified and gracious in her glittering train, armed with the sea power trident, was the cynosure of all eyes. In the second scene "Our Lady of the Snows," represented by Miss Jessie Perry, was in the act of offering her sword to the Mother of Nations.

Both scenes raised a tempest of applause, and all present united in singing "Britannia" and the "Maple-Leaf" with patriotic fervor.

But the practical patriotism of the audience came to a climax when "Our Lady of the Snows" recited "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Before she had well started into the first verse a few drops of a silver shower fell on the stage, but when she waved her tambourine to emphasize the "pay, pay, pay," the response came like an echo. Showers of coins dropped through the air. Some \$89 were thrown in silver on the stage. The sale of programmes brought over \$150 more. The total receipts will come close up to \$1,500 in aid of the fund for the widows and orphans of our soldiers.

On last Wednesday, says the Sun, a man named Swanson was killed a mile and a half up the Cariboo trail from Dominion. He was hauling wood down on to the trail and had the rope attached to his sled around his neck. Coming down a sharp incline the rope went tight, dragging him under sled, literally speaking, hanging him. When found an hour later he was stone cold.

Mr. Thos. Lamont, on 27 Gold Run, an Australian from Brisbane, showed his mettle and his patriotism by walking 56 miles one day last week to hand in his name at the War office for service in South Africa. As there have been nearly fifty names handed in, without the stimulus of anything definite yet as to acceptance, we are satisfied that a first-class corps of a hundred or more of the very men needed to fight the Boers could be secured in Yukon in a few days.

MONTREAL MINING MARKET.

(Associated Press.)

Montreal, March 9.—Stock exchange, morning board—War Eagle, 132 1/2; 130 1/4; Payne, 130, 129; Montreal & 130, 40, 29; Republic, 101, 96. Sales—Payne, 500 at 128, 1,000 at 128 1/2; 7,000 at 129, 2,000 at 129 1/2; Montreal & 130, 100 at 80; Republic, 1,500 at 96.

STEAMER SUNK.

(Associated Press.)

Calais, France, March 9.—The British steamer Windsor picked up the second mate and two seamen belonging to the steamer Carver, which was sunk in collision with an unknown steamer. The rest of whose crew, it is feared, were drowned.

AMERICAN LADY HONORED.

(Associated Press.)

Beilin, March 9.—Miss Ella Little, an American, has received a doctorate at the university of Heidelberg. This is the first time the distinction has fallen to a woman.

\$1.50

VOL. 19.

FRENCH

He Has

Two Hund

or

(Asso