## The Siege of Ladysmith

Vexation of Spirit--By the Late George Warrington Steevens.

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. Everyoody is sick of it. They said the force which would with iron splinters, there rising again into open the line and set us going against the enemy would begin to land at Dur- down in its gardens, manured where no ban on the 11th, and get into touch with us by the 16th. Now it is the 26th; sandbags and bowels bored with tunnelsthe rorce, they tell us, has landed, and the Boers may not have hurt us, but they is somewhere on the line between Ma- have left their mark for years on her, ritzburg and Estcourt; but of advance not a sign.

Bloemfontein; next day he is coming round to Durban; the next he is a prison-

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; then it was a joke; now it is nothing but a weary, mountain of earth, and a hallstorm weary, weary bore. We do nothing but eat and drink and sleep-just exist disnot to care when it ends.

For my part, I feel 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 2099 the New Zealander antiquarian, digging among the buried cities of Natal, will come upon

The Forgotten Town of Ladysmith. And he will find a hand ful of Rip Van Winkle Boers with white beards down to their knees, behind quaint, antique guns, shelling a cactusgrown ruin. Inside, sheltering in holes, he will find a few decrepit creatures, very, very old, the chi.dren 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 flag and bury them among the ruins of Mulberry-grove, that, after the excavations, the unnumbered readers of the Daily Mail may in the enlightened year 2100 know what a siege and a bombardment were like.

s I think the siege would be said the cap just as bad without the bombardment. | have some draught beer." In some ways it would be even worse; for the bombardment is something to noare out of date. In the days of Troy, to togebe besieged or besieger was the natural lot of man; to give ten years at a stretch stick. 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

life for A Year's Siege Now and Again,

But to the man of 1899-or by a lady, inclining to 1900-with five 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 are we with the enemy all round us, splashing melinite among us in lar blotches of hole-footprints of shell. 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 man. Nobody but a German atheist whom we must wait to get out of it. would have fired on us at breakfast, We wait and wonder, first expectant, lunch, and dinner the same Sunday. It presently apathetic, and feel ourselves got too hot when he put one ten yards grow old.

Furthermore, we are in prison. We know now what Dartmoor feels like. The practised vagabond tires in a fortnight of a European capital; of Lady. smith he sickens in three hours.

Even when we could ride out ten or little that was new, nothing that was in- and a Maxim thrust forth vigilant eyes. teresting. Now we lie in the Wottom of the saucer, and stare up at the pitiless ring of hills that bark death. Always the same staff, naked ridges, flatcapped with our entrenchments—always, grass, unabashed and rejoicing in the self-relying. Even as the constant blue always the same. As morning hardens to the brutal clearness of South African mid-day, they march in on you till Bul- cut, clean-shaven jaw and chin of the wan seems to tower lover 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. Clery 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.

ow now how a monk without a vocation feels. I know how a fly in a beerbottle 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 pinprick of interest to be had in Ladysmith. It is something novel to live in this town turned inside out.

Where people should be, the long, long day from dawn to daylight shows only a dead blank. Where business should be, the sleepy

shop blinds droop. But where no business should be along the crumbling ruts that round it dressed in dirty mustard-color. "Left-hand Gun Hill fired, sir," said lead no whither-clatters wagon after wag on, with curling whip lashes and piles of bread and hav. binoculars. Where no people should be-in the clefts

"At the balloons"-and presently we and Vancouver.

ringed with rocks, in over-grown ditches- saw the little puff of white below. all these you find alive with men and

The place that a month ago was only to pitch empty meat tins into is now less stable room; two squadrons or troop horses pack flank to flank inside its shelter. A scrub-entangled hole, which and of a couple of sappers. perhaps nobody save runaway Kaffirs ever set foot in before, is now the envied habirock heap below a perpendicular slope is

The Choicest of Town Lots.

The whole centre of gravity of Ladysmith is changed. Its belly lies no longer in the multifarious emporia 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 pecked hill. The riddled Royal hotel is its sccial centre no longer; it is to the trenchseamed Sailors' Camp or the wind-swept shoulders of Caesar's Camp that men go to hear and tell the news.

Poor Ladysmith! Deserted in its mar kets, repeopled in its wastes; here ripped rail-roofed, rock-walled caves; trampled thing can ever grow; skirts hemmed with

They have not hurt us much-and yet the easualties mount up. Three to-day, two wounded with one shell—they are nothing glass was clamped on the big yellow emat 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 dribbling bombardment can be appalling. I happened into the centre of the town one day when the two big guns were con

centrating a cross-fire upon it. First from one side the shell came tearing madly in, with a shrill, a blast. | A stones on iron roofs. Houses winced at the buffet. Men ran madly away from it. A mally. We have forgotten when the dog rushed out yelping-and on the yelp, siege began; and now we are beginning | from the other quarter, came the next shell. Along the broad straight street not a vehicle, not a white man was 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 outbuilding jumped and tumbled asunder. A horse streaked down the street with trailing halter. Round the corner scurried the niggers: the next was due from Pepworth's. Then the tearing scream: horror! it was

ming from Bulwan. Again the annihilating blast, and not ten yards away. A roof gaped and a house leaped to pieces. A black reeled over, then terror plucked him up again, Head down, hands over ears, they tore down the street, and from the other side swooped down the implacable, irresistible

You come out of the dust and the stench of melinite, not knowing where you were, hardly 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 endure. - G. W. Steevens in the London Daily Mail.

Ladysmith, Dec. 6, 1899. "There goes that stinker on Gun Hill,"

I did have some draught beer. tice and talk of, albeit languidly. But he does we'll go up into the conningthe siege is an unredeemed curse. Sieges tower, and have both guns in action

"Come on." he said. lined up trimly on either side. Trust in five weeks' beleaguered Ladysmith. Up a knee-loosening ladder of rock, and we came out on to the green hilltop, where they first had their camp. Among the orderly trenches, the sites of the deported tents, were rougher irregu-"That gunner," said the captain, waving his stick at Surprise Hill, "is a Ger-

from the cook. Anybody else we could have spared; then.

We Hall to Go." We come to what looks like a sandbag The sandbag plating of the conning-tower was six feet thick and shoulder-high; the rivets were red earth, loose but binding; on the parapets sprouted tufts of summer weather. Against the parapet leaned a couple of men with the cleannaval officer, and half-a-dozen bearded blue-jackets. They stared hard out of sun-puckered eyes over the billows of kopie and veldt.

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

Every outline was cut in adamant. The Helpmakaar Ridge, with its black ants a-crawl on their hill, was crushed flat beneath us.

A couple of vedettes racing over the pale green plain northward looked as if we could jump on to their heads. We could have tossed a biscuit over to Lombard's Kop. The great yellow emplace ment of their 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 loafing

at the river bank, in bald patches of veidt heard the weary pinions of the shell, and "Ring up Mr. Halsey," said the cap-

> Then I was aware of a sort of tarpaulin cupboard under the breastwork of creeping trails of wire on the ground

The corporal turned down his page of Harmsworth Magazine, laid it on the tation of the balloon. The most worthless parapet, and dived under the tarpaulin. Ting-a-ling-a-ling! buzzed the telephone

The gaunt up-towering mountains, the long, smooth, deadly guns-and the tele-

phone bell! The moutains 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 home-sickness. Where were we? What were we doing? "Right-hand Gun Hill fired, sir," came

the even voice of the blue-jacket. "At "Captain wants to speak to you, sir," came the voice of the sapper

From Under the Tarpaulin. Whistle and rattle and pop went the

shell in the valley below. "Give him a round both guns togethsaid the captain to the telephone. "Left-hand Gun Hill fired, sir," said the bluejacket to the captain, Nobody cared about left-hand Gun

"Right-hand Gun Hill is up, sir." Bang, coughs the forward gun below us; bang-g-g coughs the after gun overhead. Every glass clamped on the em-"What a time they take!" sighs a

ieutenant-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 epaule-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

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Down dives the sapper, and presently his face reappears, with "Headquarters to 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

It was all quite unimportant and probably quite ineffective. At first it staggers you to think that mountain-shaking bang can have no result; but after a little experience and thought you see it would be a miracle if it had. The emplacement is a small mountain in itself; the men have run out into holes. Once in a thousand shots you might hit the actual gun and destroy it-but shell is

being saved for Christmas If the natives and deserters are not lying, and the sailors really hit Pepworth's Long Tom, then that gumner may live on his exploit for the rest of his

"We trust we've killed a few men," "Wait and see if he fires again. If says the captain, cheerily; "but we can't

hope for much more." And yet, if they never hit a man, this handful of sailors have been the saving Boom! The captain picked up his of Ladysmith. You don't know, till you have tried it, what a worm you feel when the enemy is plugging shell into you and We got up out of the rocking-chairs, you can't possibly plug back. Even and went out past the swinging meat- though they spared their shell, it made a fast frigate arrived with the news of safe, under the big canvas of the ward all the world of difference to know that the next, a man still had leisure in his room, with its table piled with stuff to the sailors could reach the big guns if read. Trust the sailor to make himself they ever became unbearable. It makes at home. As we passed through the all the difference to the Boers, too, 1 camp the bluejackets rose to a man, and suspect; for as sure as Lady Ann or Bloody Mary gets on to them they shut the sailor to keep his self-respect, even up in a round or two. To have the very men among you makes the difference between rain-water and hrine

The other day they sent a 12-pounder up to Caesar's Camp under a boy who, if he were not commanding big round a big gun in a big war, might with luck be In the Fifth Form.

a high officer, who might just have been his grandfather. "All right, sir," said the child, serenely, 'we'll knock him out." He hasn't knocked him out yet, but he is going to next shot, which in a siege

is the next best thing. In the meantime he has had his gun's name, "Lady Ellen," neatly carved on a redoubt, but in the eyes of heaven is a stone and put up on his emplacement. conning-tower. On either side, from be Another gunpit bears the golden legend stone and put up on his emplacement. a dozen miles into the country, there was hind a sandbag epaulement a 12-pounder "Princess Victoria Battery," on a board elegant beyond the dreams of surburban preparatory schools. A regiment would have had no paint or gold-leaf; the sailors always have everything. They carry their home with them, self-subsisting,

> there floats from below ting-ting, tingting, ting. Five bells! The rock-rending double bang floats over you unheard; the hot iron hills swim Five bells-and you are on deck, swish-

jacket says, "Right Gun Hill up, sir,"

ing through cool blue water among whiteclad ladies in long chairs, going home. O Lord, how long? But the sailors have not seen home for two years, which is two less than their usual spell. This is their holiday. "Of course, we enjoy it," they say, al-

most apologising for saving us: "we so seldom get a chance." The Royal Navy is the salt of the sea and the salt of the earth also. G. W. Steevens in the London Daily Mail.

AN EDITOR FINDS A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

A. R. De Fluent, editor of the Journal. Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a crowd of people, said: constant companion of mine ever since a bluejacket, with his eyes glued to and it never fails." For sale by Hen-

## The Flight

French With Cavalry is in Pur-[suit--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 vesterday, 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 accepted before the war, in order to Buller, they tell us one day, is at yesterday, four dead or dying and seven Hill; he was only a 4.7 howitzer; every avoid it, are impossible after the war, with all the sacrifices it has entailed."

> THE RETREAT OF BOERS. Kruger Tried to Stop the Burghers-French in Pursuit.

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

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' Ceft, 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 foiled by the manoeuvring of the Boers. When last seen General French was pursuing the enemy vigorously. He was between them and Bloemfontein, about

eleven miles from the right wing. against a high mountain occupied by the Beggar's Wife and Kids." Members ing with typhoid. 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 tableaux. reach 14,000, all of whom are now in

Poplar Grove, Thursday, March 8 .-

Boer Tactics

London, March 9.-The following dis-Standard:

"The movement of the mounted men was somewhat too rapid for supporting infantry and as a result the Boer position was turned before the main body could strike effectually. 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

Cut Off From Bloemfontein. London, March 9.-The Boers appear "There's a 94-pounder up there," said cept that while in retreat they twice re- of the Snows," represented by Miss Jes- Northumberland Fusiliers, North Lanpulsed Gen. French's cavary with rifle sie Perry, was in the act of offering her cashire and the Yorkshire Light Infanfire. As no report has been made on sword to the Mother of Nations. the capture of prisoners the enemy probably got away with their entire force. Gen. French is still following them and keeping between them and Bloem- patriotic fervor.

tactics.'

The evacuation of the northern dis- dience came to a climax when "Our Lady and Buller's, pushed up through the tricts of Cape Colony is now nearly complete. The British are in possession of the river crossings.

GEN. WHITE INTERVIEWED. Could Have Held Out Until Beginning of April.

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

Kruger at Bloemfontein. Pretoria, March 6.-A special dispatch from Bloemfontein says that President Kruger, while addressing a

"Although God is testing our people derson Bros., wholesale agents, Victoria the test is nearly reached. If the people are sustained by faith in the time

of adversity, God will soon again turn the tide in our favor. If we have strong faith in God He will surely deliver us. The God of deliverance of the olden time is the same God now."

The speech of the venerable Presi-

dent brought tears to the eyes of men and women alike. The Free State Volkslied (national anthem) was then volkshed (national antilem) was the sung. The visit of President Kruger A Letter From the Times Cor. has cheered the despondents.

President Kruger more recently has been visiting the commandos south of Bloemfontein

Fighting is proceeding at Mafeking. All the outside forts except one have been taken by the Boers Much satisfaction is expressed (at the courtesies extended to Gen. Cronje by

the British. Pretoria, Tuesday, March 6.—(Via Lorenzo Marquez)—It is officially stated here that on Sunday last there was heavy fighting at Dordrecht, that the British were repulsed with great loss of life, and that the Federals captured three cannon.

Boers Short of Supplies. London, March 9.-Mr. Hallawell, the correspondent for the Daily News at Mafeking, who passed two months in prison in Pretoria, but escaped last

week, and was recaptured sixty miles from Pretoria, sends a dispatch to his paper, dated Pretoria, Gao!, March 2, via Lorenzo Marquez, describing the mismight have been gladly suggested, and leading news given the Boers by their officials regarding the course of the war. He adds that great dissatisfaction exists among the Boers, as their supplies of food, coffee, meat and sugar are very irregular, and many threaten to return

## Pay-Pay-Pay at Dawson

Very Successful Concert Given for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans' Fund.

Miner Hanged by His Sleigh Ropes Through an Acci-

The Yukon Sun of February 20th, received this morning, tells of a very successful patriotic concert in the Palace permit of his marching. Corp. Lohman Grand opera house at the Klondike capital, when showers of siver were thrown General Colville merely demonstrated on the stage for the "Absent-Minded has been taken to Orange River sufferof the Yukon Field Force contributed to the programme, doing physical drill with passed through this afternoon on their their rifles and taking part in other

The tableaux were superb, and showed Xmas number of the Canadian Magaan infinite amount of pains and artistic zine, and showed it to the B. C. boys. skill. The first represented a bivouc or They all had a good look at Savannah's skill. The first represented a bivouc or encampment of soldiers slowly waking photoghaph, and could not make out who the whiteshirt-fronted individual is President Kruger, who at present is far to life with the fevel.ie. The curtain standing behind between Lieut. Blanretreating Boers, who refused to stay. rose on the same scene, the dead lying chard and Sergt. Northcott. retreating Boers, who refused to stay.

The Bloemfontein police tried to stop the around, the Maxim, gun overthrown, the Personally I think we shall see the retreat of the Free Statens, but they de-wreck and ruln or battle, with the Indian canoe races up the Gorge next cleared they were not willing to fight stretcher bearers and the nurse moving any longer and they blamed President around the wounded. In the first scene the song, "Tenting To-night on the Old The Russian and Dutch military at- Camp Ground," and in the second taches arrived at the British camp yes- | "Florence Augntingate" were sung with

beautiful effect. The second tableau represented Britannia surrounded by her peoples, her so!patch from Poplar Grove appears in the diers and sailors. This was a masterpiece of splendid grouping and costuming. England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales. Canada, Australia, India and the isiands of the sea, regulars, volunteers, cavely, artillery, N. W. M. P., B. B. P., C. M. H., N. S. W. lancers, Sikhs, Ghourkas, West Indian regiment, scouts, Highlanders, sailors, all those units of friend, who I know will see that it 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 helm, armed with the sea power trident, was the cynosure of fight. He has been sent down to Orange to have made no stand whatever, ex- all eyes. In the second scene "Our Lady River. A company of each of the

> Both scenes raised a tempest of ap- morning for Orange River and De Aar. plause, and all present united in singing They have come from Modder River, and "Britannia" and the "Maple Leaf" with are going to join Gen. French's column.

when she waved her tambourine to em- week.

\$89 were thrown in silver on the stage, has from eight to ten thousand men with The sale of programmes brought over him. It is surprising how well informed \$150 more. The total receipts will come the Boers are of our movements. If a close up to \$1,500 in aid of the fund for column should go out at Modder River the widows and orphans of our soldiers. the enemy knows of it and his big guns On cast Wednesday, says the Sun, a keep pointing in its direction. His guns man named Swanson was killed a mile are placed on rails and are moved in and a half up the Cariboo trail from Do- whichever direction we may happen to minion. He was hauling wood down on be to the trail and had the rope attached to a sharp incline the rope must have

caught under the runners of the sled.

dragging him under and, literally speak-

ing, 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 Sun 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 firstclass 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, 1321/2 1301/2; Payne, 130, 129; Montreal & London, 40, 29; Republic, 101, 99, Sales -Payne, 500 at 128, 1,000 at 12816. my persona" opinion is that the limit of 7,000 at 129, 2,000 at 129%, 500 at 130; Montreal & London, 100 at 30; Republic, 1.500 at 99.

## With the Canadians

respondent 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, Bel. mont, S. A."

Belmont Camp, Jan. 21, 1900. "A" Company has marched out to-day 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.

Belmont Camp, 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. Tomorrow 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 veldt vanished. I saw him in the middle of Government street similarly attired and occupied. He was left in camp lowing to a scratched leg which had suppurated, and although improving was not sufficiently healed to is also here with a blistered foot. Very few of "A" Company are here. Our "Colored Bloke" (Color-Sergt. Holmes)

The second lot of the Black Watch way to Modder River. They had come straight from the steamer at Capetown. managed to borrow a copy of the

Queen's birthday celebration week. SEYMOUR HASTINGS O'DELL. Belmont Camp, Jan. 24.-Still no news of our boys. If anything here is known of their doings or whereabouts it is kept a profound secret. We are all very anxious, and as each day comes and goes and nothing official is given out we wonder and think, and expect the worst. Every day increases the power of the censor over telegrams, and it is whispered that any letters suspected to be sent to the press will be opened and read, and allowed to go through the mail only if they contain little or no news. I am sending this letter in the care of a trusty

reaches its proper destination. Jan. 25.—Our boys are expected back to-night or to-morrow morning from Richmond. One of the men from the Victoria Mounted Rifles was brought in wounded, but gave no details of the try were here yesterday, and left this They informed me that Magersfontein But the practical patriotism of the au- would be held and our troops, French's of the Snows" recited "The Absent- Orange Free State, and if possible attack Minded Beggar." Before she had well the Boers in the rear by way of Jacobsstarted into the first verse a few drops dal. Every day we expect to hear of the of a silver shower fell on the stage, but relief of Ladysmith. It should come this

phasize the "pay, pay," the re- Magersfontein, from all accounts, is imsponse came like an echo. Showers of pregnable, and is probably held by a coins dropped through the air. Some strong force of Boers. Lord Methuen

Yesterday we had the worst dust storm his sled around his neck. Coming down since we have been in South Africa, followed by heavy rain SEYMOUR HASTINGS O'DELL.

STEAMER SUNK.

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

AMERICAN LADY HONORED.

(Associated Press.) Berlin, 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.

HON, E. J. PHELPS'S CONDITION. (Associated Press.)

New Haven, Conn., March 9 .- The condition of Hon. E. J. Phelps, ex-minister to England, is unchanged, except that he is slowly sinking.

\$1.50

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London, Marc Roberts's actual ree\_State cap lelayed until to s die statement nforce General osition is bein outskirts of the tatement that t nas positions wl ion leaves no d will speedily be ondon critics British importa not of prisoners.

Boers Ma However the I ious resistance main army sho cavalry, whose en afforded th glory in first re The strategic aken to be the of the enemy's reated little e or days it had that Lord Robe oemfontein. Only a few bulletin bo nd there flags

the Free Staters Still The rumors o ecame more c they still lack while the Mafe 5th, published t the report that t evacuated the nad retired from

COMMANDS London, Marc raphs from clock this me "I directed G vas time befor way station at

ecure the rollin im that after had been able o the railway oemfontein. "A brother en made pris "The telegrap as been cut, "I am now cavalry brigade the 7th division day, and form orce the caval "The rest of

quickly as poss A Ro A refugee w hat bitterness stilities, exi rebels and the

cality. THE BI

London, Mar

received the

patch from Vleid, dated "Our march are now about "The cavalr railway six mi

"There were about 60 or 70 "Col. Umph Lieut. Pratt. was wounded "The wound ous than usr bullets which

MAFEKING London, Mar ed by a Sou

Boers."

dated Mafekir March 9th, still besieged. London, Ma Zimes from