

and with her daughter, is residing on Victoria Road. Mrs. J. A. Woodworth and daughter...

KENTVILLE. Kentville, April 28—Miss Mary Lyons, late of the Nova Scotia Hospital at Dartmouth...

AMHERST. Amherst, N. S., April 29—The home given by the Social Club in Moor's hall on Tuesday evening...

DIGBY. Digby, April 28—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. G. Lynch, who have been touring the southern and western States since last fall...

Deranged Nerves Weak Spells. Mr. R. H. Sampson, Sydney, N.S. Advertise to all Sufferers from Nervous Troubles. "GET A BOX OF WHEELER'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS."

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YOUNG SUSSEX LAD PLEADS GUILTY TO BURGLARY. Boy is Only Eleven Years Old, and Judge Wedderburn Will Think His Case Over.

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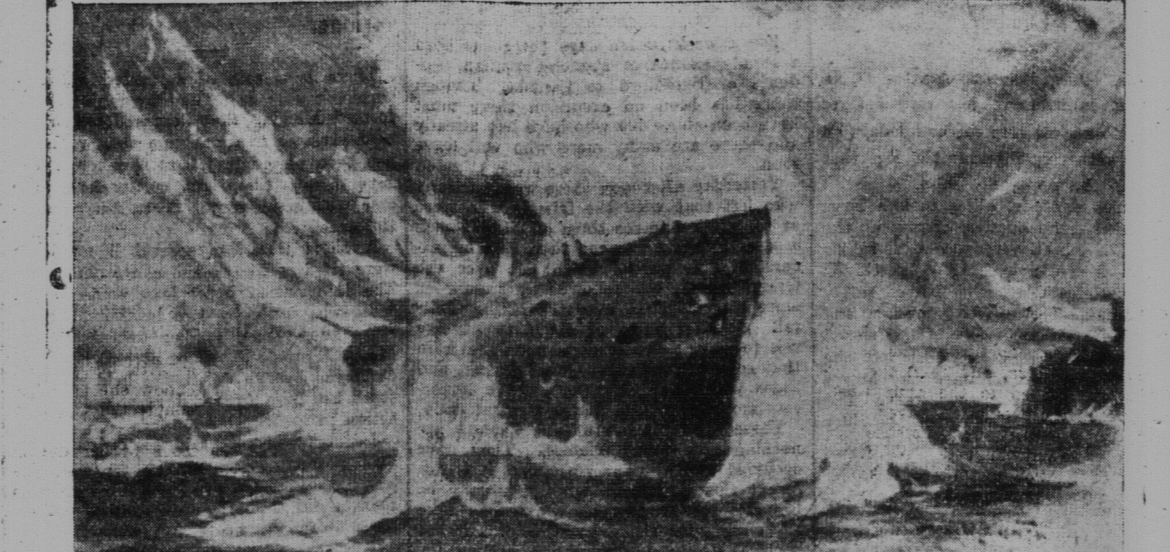
THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1904.

NEWSPAPERS TELL OF THE FIRST BATTLE OFF PORT ARTHUR.

New York Correspondent Was on British Ship Caught in Midst of the Fight.

Japs' First Stingy Blow Which Began Hostilities With the Russians—The Disabling of Some of the Czar's Finest Battleships in the Night Attack.

The first story by an eye-witness of the sea fight between the Japs and Russians off Port Arthur is here told. The narrator is Francis McCullagh, New York Herald correspondent. He was on the British merchant ship Columbia which happened to be quarantined just outside Port Arthur harbor when the battle was in progress. He writes:— On Monday, Monday, February 8, I was lying just outside the entrance of Port Arthur harbor in the British ship Columbia, Captain Anderson. The Columbia had come from Chefoo on Sunday morning, but was soon informed that she was to be quarantined for twenty-four hours. Accordingly I had a good deal of time to watch the Russian fleet and to write about the impossibility of the Japanese ever attacking Port Arthur. The weather was particularly fine, the sun shining brightly and the temperature being sufficiently warm to admit of me strolling about the deck without an overcoat. On Monday we heard that the Japanese consul at Chefoo was in the harbor on board a British steamer he had chartered with the object of taking all the Japanese away from Port Arthur. This news excited us somewhat, and we began to think that despite the fact that things generally seemed to be in exactly the same position as they had been in for months past, something serious must have occurred. By and by we noticed that the Russians partially cleared for action, and even sent ashore their boats in some cases. But as the day wore on and nothing more happened, we gradually got out about these ominous signs and wondered if we would really get out of our quarters next morning or get an additional twenty-four hours. Toward dusk the three torpedo boats that had been in the habit of patrolling outside the fleet passed us, coming from the shore and making a noise that reminded us of the provincial policeman's boots which give faint warning of evil-doers for scores of miles ahead of them. About 8 o'clock, just after we had finished dinner on board the Columbia, a sound of singing reached our ears, and, going outside, we heard the Russian sailors chanting their night prayers. The "Paternoster" in old Russian, the "Ave Maria" or a prayer in the Latin church, and finally a short prayer for the Lord. Softened by distance, the chants from the various ships blended together in one harmonious whole and sounded so romantic, so reminiscent of convent schools, of old Spain and of medievalism generally that even the chief engineer, a Scotchman of the unromantic name of Smith, was near being affected. The night was dark, and the numerous light twinkling on the Russian vessels marked the position of the Russian vessels. At 9 o'clock I set down to finish the article about which I have already spoken, in which I had laid it down as a fundamental proposition that the Japanese would never attack Port Arthur. Somehow or other I had become more convinced on this point after having heard the sailors say their night prayers. The Russians had evidently the fullest confidence in themselves or they could not pray so beautifully, and I felt as safe lying on the edge of that mighty fleet as I would have felt in the heart of London. What increased my feeling of confidence, though it ought not to have done so, was the fact that the Russians seemed to think it unnecessary to make any considerable use of their searchlights. Previously they used to annoy the officers of merchant steamers by the way in which they blinded them with the flashlight, either until they were out of sight on the way to Chefoo or until they had entered the inner harbor of Port Arthur. Flash of searchlight. At exactly 11:30 I was preparing to retire to bed for the night when I heard three muffled explosions, followed almost immediately by the discharge of small guns. Then arose from amid the blankets in an adjoining cabin the voice of Captain Anderson, the skipper of the Columbia: "War's declared!" were the words he uttered, and seldom have I heard words so brimful of bitter irony. A Scotchman, like the Russian vessels were now using their searchlights so that the sea around them shone like a sheet of silver. One or two searchlights carefully swept the shore, and especially the entrance to the inner harbor. One blazing eye glared at the Columbia for fully five minutes, making us all feel slightly uncomfortable,



The First Real Test of Modern Ironclads in Action; Battle of the Yalu River, 1894.

with perspiration. He seemed to be very much excited. I asked him if he could speak German, and he said he could, and then went on to speak to me in Russian. His words were: "His excellency the admiral has issued a decree ordering that no commercial ships leave or enter the harbor of Port Arthur." He repeated that twice, and then, apologizing for disturbing me, he turned abruptly and disappeared. I cannot say that I was in the least disturbed by this occurrence, for I saw nothing of any consequence in the matter. I was simply looking at the ships while the warships were engaged in a battle. There was now no firing, but the searchlights of the vessels were busy as they had been the night before. The position of some of the vessels had been changed, and, true enough, as the chief officer had already informed me, there were two big ironclads lying close to the mouth of the harbor, with all their lights burning and their flashlights playing around them. Breaking of the Day. The lighthouse lamp had gone out, thought it was still dark, but the guiding light was brightly lit. "I cannot for the life of me understand," said the mate, "what they mean by placing these warships in such a position. Most extraordinary position! Sure enough they must have got a bad scare last night." Then we tried to warm ourselves by walking up and down the deck. The moon was now shining. There was a light southerly breeze and a whitish mist lay on the horizon. The peacefulness of nature was in strong contrast to the agitation of the night. It was long after the day had dawned before the Russian vessels ceased their searchlights, and by that time the practiced eye of one of the officers of the Columbia had detected something that looked like a ping-pong ball, and several went flying far out in their quest of booty. They all disappeared very quickly, however, when the shells began to fall, but no shells fell just then, for the Japanese cruisers soon withdrew and the Russians at once followed them. This was at about 10 o'clock. Admiral Togo probably wanted to lure the Russians outside and to fight them in the open. He did not succeed. The Russian fleet returned at about 10 o'clock, and soon after six hundred Japanese vessels, five of them clearly battleships, appeared in a long line on the horizon. Things were becoming desperate for us on the Columbia, and our captain took down the quarantine flag and ran up the signal: "Will you give me permission to board a ship?" The Columbia hit. The soldiers we had on board got a little excited when they saw the quarantine flag taken down, and wanted an explanation. I tried to pacify them as best I could, and after saying something to the attention by pointing out to them the Japanese vessels on the horizon. They laughed at me and said they were only Russian vessels, but after a while a naval officer came on board and requested us to move. The captain wanted to know if he might move the Columbia, but the officer said, "No, he had better not leave Port Arthur until permission was signalled to him from the shore. He might, however, have the kindness to report some little out of the way, as a cruiser wanted to take up its position in the place the Columbia occupied." After saying something in a low tone to the soldiers, the naval officer left the ship. Then Captain Anderson gave orders to get under way, and while the necessary preparations were being made I noticed a bright flash from the side of one of the Japanese vessels, and calling out my watch, saw that it was exactly 11:15. The report came some seconds after, and I about the same time a big shell, which, I should say was a twelve-inch one, dropped into the small space of sea intervening between the torpedoed battleships and the group of frightened looking torpedo boat destroyers. By and by the sun rose, and, owing to the light mist that lay upon the water, it was very red and lay, looking for all the world like a red-hot cannon ball. "That's an ominous sign," I remarked (the rising sun being the flag of Japan), but nobody took any notice of this attempt at witicism. The sun revealed a strange sight, namely, four vessels lying about five miles off and apparently cruisers. These could not be Russians; what on earth were they? The ship's telescope soon conveyed to us the astounding information that they flew the flag of the Rising Sun. They were calmly lying there, probably trying to find out through their glasses the exact amount of damage that the torpedo boats had done. I became fully convinced, after a few moments' consideration, that these vessels could not be supported by a few prowlers that had come to do damage and then dash off. And apparently they had done damage, for it could no longer be doubted that it was the torpedo boats that accompanied them which had attacked the Russians the previous night. I was not Japanese, but I must confess that the audacity of this first terrific stroke fairly took away my breath. I turned to have another look at the torpedoed vessels, but they were already gone. They were gathered together with white, scared faces, on the deck. There seemed to be no captain, no officers and no order. The men were no longer important parts of a formidable fighting machine; they were a

Picture of the Destruction Which the Morning Sun Showed Yelow Men Had Wrought.

Attack on Ships and Port by Japanese Fleet Resumed With Daybreak—Fritter Passed Safe Through Lines of Death-daling Shells.

As I found it so hard to struggle against and which the Chinese so cheerfully obeyed. He repeated when all was over and we had almost lost sight of land, but neither he nor his companion caused us any further trouble. I shall go back, however, to my reaching the shelter of the forward set of cables. In the unpracticed space in front of them I found the captain and the rest of the officers grouped together, wild-eyed, pallid and silent. The quartermaster was at the wheel. The mate casually threw a rope end overboard with the object, as he afterwards told me, of having something to hold on to in case the ship was struck. At the same time I conceived the brilliant idea of throwing some woodwork overboard and jumping into the sea after it. How fine it would be to swim ashore—we were running very close to the shore—with the assistance of this woodwork. Shells Dropping Near. As my imagination dwelt on this flattering prospect a large shell dropped on the spot where I imagined myself to be swimming and I ceased to be so sanguine. I thought it best to run the Columbia ashore, but as the shells were bursting more thickly on the beach and on the face of the cliffs than on the line we were taking this plan was not adopted. As a matter of fact, we did the best thing we could under the circumstances. We ran between two lines of shells, the shells intended for the Russian fleet, which went too far, and the shells intended for the forts, which fell short. One of the shells knocked off a funnel of the Admiral, leaving that vessel with four funnels; another hit the Sevastopol at the base of one of the funnels, covering that vessel with a dense cloud of black smoke, from which, however, she seemed to emerge unimpaired. Several other Russian vessels were struck, but none seemed to sustain any serious damage. So much for the first line of Japanese shells. As for the second line—that intended for the forts—a good many shells fell short, as I have already remarked, many falling in the sea close to the shore and many striking the hillsides and raising clouds of yellow dust or smoke. Two or three burst on the very summit of Gold Hill fort, raising an enormous column of smoke. If I had been in a place of safety I should have admired their perfect respect for the distance between the forts and the hills, but the shells were scattered all over the quarter of Admiral Hoopoo participated in a night fight scattered them to the hills. A bridge across the main stream of the Yalu just above Wiju was completed at 5 o'clock Saturday night and the second Japanese division under the imperial command immediately began crossing. They advanced and occupied the hills back of Kosan, facing the Russian position on the right bank of the river. All through Saturday night soldiers after regiment of Japanese regiments poured across the bridge and at a late hour Saturday night General Karaki telegraphed to the general staff of the army: "I will attack the enemy on May 1 at dawn." General Karaki at daylight today centered his artillery on the Russian position between Chia Tien Cheng and Yomoko. To this fire the Russians made reply with all their batteries. At 7 o'clock in the morning the Russian boat at Yoshoko was silenced and half an hour later General Karaki ordered his line stretching for four miles, to attack the Japanese infantry on the word of command, charged across the bog, wading their stream breast deep and began storming the heights at 8:15. At 9 o'clock they had swept the Russian line back across the plain. No report has been received in Tokio concerning the losses sustained by the Japanese in the fighting of today. It is believed that these losses were heavy, particularly during the infantry charge. The reports of this fighting which have been received here do not indicate whether the Russians retired down the river or in the direction of Peng Kuan Cheng, on the road to Liao Yung. Annapolis Oddfellows Celebrate. Annapolis, N. S., May 1 (Special)—The members of Eastern Star Lodge of Oddfellows of this place, and some from Guiding Star Lodge, Granville Ferry, this afternoon celebrated the eighty-fifth anniversary of the introduction of Quakerism in America by marching in procession to St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, where an eloquent and appropriate discourse was delivered by Rev. J. A. Ramsey, of Annapolis. Coal has been found in Siberia, so that on part of the Trans-Siberian Railway, namely, between Irkutsk and Chelabinsk, the locomotives burn coal instead of wood. In the wintry weather in Sweden and Norway trunks are thrown and are tied to the lamp posts for the benefit of the birds.

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Ask your Grocer for WINDSON Salt. Best for Table Use.

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