

# THE MAFEKING MAIL

## SPECIAL SIEGE SLIP.

ISSUED DAILY, SHELLS PERMITTING

ONLY TERMS ONE SHILLING PER WEEK, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

No. 5

Mafeking, November 6th, 1899.

### The Mafeking Mail.

MAFEKING, 6TH NOVEMBER, 1899.

We should esteem it a favour if any of our friends who have subscribed for this series of slips and not yet received copies up to No 5, will at once send us word. Where possible we should prefer all the names in one Fort or Redan being sent on the same paper. *No. 1 is out of print.*

#### GUY FAWKES DAY.

There is no doubt that when, the Sunday before last, Commandant Cronje heard the band playing he must have wondered what it was all about. Probably it caused a deal of consternation in the Boer camp. If one field glass operator can be relied on, the burghers hurriedly stood to arms when the first strains of the music were heard. But yesterday's display of rockets and coloured fires must have sorely puzzled poor Oom Piet. We are sorry that it was not convenient to allot him his proper share in the exhibition and chaired him about the town according to time-honoured custom, but we reserve that distinction for him till later; his case being still *sub judice*. Nevertheless he may rest assured that although we dispensed with the public representation, we have in our hearts duly regarded him as the hero of this fifth of November entitled to fill that prominent and warm position usually occupied by the log-headed figure with collapsed unmentionables. Getting tired of his artillery practice from the South side he removed some guns to the Eastern front. Wise men came from the East many years ago. Although Cronje followed their example in coming from that quarter his wisdom has still to be demonstrated. If you could again find yourself whence you came wouldn't you be happy, Commandant? Only a few more days and we will help you back.

#### BOER SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Nothing like Cheek.

We knew a man once, a most industrious fellow, who was very particular about not working on

Sunday. He would stick to it till Saturday mid-night, but directly on the stroke of twelve he left his business and went to bed, and took his nine hours' sleep. In the afternoon he took a nap. Immediately on retiring from evening service, off to bed he went rising at half-past eleven so as to start work promptly at twelve o'clock. We thought that was sharp practice, but the Boer goes one better. Yesterday, as usual on Sunday, the enemy stopped firing, presumably to fumble over the bible, but the arch-hypocrite employed the day in building a protection with our bricks in our Brickfields, from which to begin firing on us as soon as dawn broke this morning. We said "he employed the day so building" this is not quite correct, he would have done had not our Colonel Commanding sent him word—we don't know what—but it was enough to make him leave off brick arranging and hurry back to his bible and dop.

This morning when Mr. Boer did his early yawn a Maxim volley caused him incontinently to retire to his trench; and so disturbed his serenity that he has not troubled us with so much "sniping" to-day.

#### TAKE NOTE.

On Saturday the Boers shot a woman in the Laager. Remember this, fellowmen, when you have an opportunity to shoot.

#### HEARD IN THE TRENCHES.

Johnnie, picking up big bit of shell. "If you had come into contract with this, it would have spoiled your supper."

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

ENQUIRATOR.—No! "Keating's" will not get rid of them. Another application of *bolus powelli* and *armor trainum pungentum* will probably drive them all away. Had a good stock of preventatives been procured earlier they would not have become a nuisance, the smell of the powder would have been enough to keep them away. As it now is, you had better get the place clear of the vermin as

quickly as you can and in future watch all corners closely. It will then be easy to keep them under.

PRETORIAN.—You are much mistaken, "Providence" is not a Limited Liability nor Joint Stock Concern in which Mr. Kruger holds all the shares. Britain holds some, probably Founders, which rank for dividend in priority.

#### POETS CORNER.

The following has been sent to us and we print it on account of its appropriateness, but we should remind our esteemed—although anonymous—contributor that the rule, which requires the name of the writer to be given, not necessarily for publication, is not abrogated by the introduction of martial law.

#### THE PREVARICATING SHELL-DODGER.

Air: "THE AMOROUS GOLDFISH."

A liar sat in a shell-proof trench  
As most of us liars do,  
As he thought of some lie that would petrify  
During Sunday's spell when free from shell

And he thought of a big one too.  
Just then a shell ('twas the first that day)

Came cheerfully bursting a mile away,  
And on this shockingly mild pretext,  
That liar built for himself a text.

And he cried they can pelt-pelt-pelter  
While 'Im safe in this shell-shell-shelter  
And his lies I must state if you judge by the weight  
Were up to a welt-welt-welter.

He scattered some dust on his shoulders broad

And splashed up his face with gore,  
For a tickey, he bought from a kafir who brought

Some fragments of shell, and the lie he would tell:

These pieces had o'er him tore.  
When Sunday came he wandered round

And told this lie to all he found,  
But even some men, far gone in boose,

Could see that his fragments were horses' shoes.

And with all his try-try-trying  
He failed in his ly-ly-lying  
So he climbed in his trench  
And he sat on his bench  
For the "Mauser" started flying.

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