

# THE MAFEKING MAIL

## SPECIAL SIEGE SLIP.

ISSUED DAILY, SHELLS PERMITTING

ONLY TERMS: ONE SHILLING PER WEEK, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

No 2

Mafeking, November 2nd, 1899.

If the public desire the continuance of these slips we hope that desire will be signified by a sufficiency of subscriptions. Personally we are quite willing to do our share towards their maintenance without any remuneration. We have our duty to the public to remember and that the subscription will not allow us to discontinue the series, if thereby loss is sustained. We have made the subscription low so as to be within the reach of all and hope that having called attention to our position, subscribers enough will respond; so as to enable us to continue the publication

### The Mafeking Mail.

MAFEKING, 2ND NOVEMBER, 1899.

#### WARNING.

It may not be universally known that an order from the Colonel Commanding was issued to the effect that the blowing of a horn in the market place signifies that a big gun is directed on the town and that everyone must immediately take shelter. The order at the lookout on the 1st is to denote that shells are directed towards the Women's Barracks. It is to be feared that continued impunity has made us careless, and unless proper shelter is at once sought more casualties may happen. Now, although anyone may risk his own life, if he pleases, it must be remembered that every rifle is of value to the whole community, therefore, it is essential, in the interests of others, that the warning be promptly obeyed, and everybody must be sure that he does not by foolhardiness take an unnecessary risk.

#### RABBITS AND THEIR HABITS.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

In England somehow one disassociates the indulging in the harmless pastime of pyrotechnical displays with the month of October. However, in different quarters of the globe different habits prevail. Our friends, the enemy, have here provided us with quite a pretty show and promise us more—so good of them. Well, let us hope that we may return the compli-

ment and that the 5th of November may be our little party and Oom Paul be in future associated with that other harmless bogey, Guy Fawkes, on that fast decaying national festival. In his time Kruger has played many parts, and if, as his retiring part, he manages to tinge up Guy Fawkes, his advent on the political stage will not have been in vain. As I said before, customs change and traditions alter. In my early youth a rabbit was regarded as a pet, replete with all animal virtues and a love for green meat. As life wore on I regarded him as a lewd, immoral animal, with a faculty for disappearing underground when I had depended on adding him to somebody else's dinner (for with all my faults I cannot eat a rabbit). I see the error of my ways and so indeed do most of my fellow-beleaguerees. With stern determination we have emulated the disappearing bunny and hope that our burrows may prove as successful a retreat to us as I can swear it has many a time to our furred colleague. I hereby propose a vote of thanks to the Arch-rabbit, whoever he was and in whatever locality.

#### GENERAL ORDERS.

The officer commanding issued the following last evening:—

*Promotions and Appointments.*—The following promotions have been approved by Colonel Baden-Powell in recognition of the gallantry of the B.S.A.P., pending further authorisation: Lieutenant S. W. J. Scholefield to be Captain, vice Captain the Hon. Douglas Henry Marsham killed in action, to date from the 1st November. Corporal Adrien Hope to be Lieutenant, vice Scholefield promoted, to date from 1st November.

*Medal Rolls.*—Forms of Medal Rolls will be sent round to all unit commanders to be filled in and returned direct to Captain Wilson, A.D.C.

*Damage by Shell Fire.*—Reference to orders of the 30th October, when sending in notifications as to damage sustained by enemy's shell fire, a detailed list of the damage together with an approximate estimate showing value should accompany each application. Forms for this purpose may be obtained from Captain Ryan at Dixon's Hotel.

#### SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

In the Market Square,

Last Night.

Special Correspondent Dead.

Last night Mr. Ernest G. Parslow, the special correspondent of the London Chronicle and the South African News, was killed by a revolver shot while standing in the lobby of Dixon's Hotel.

Lieutenant Kenneth Murchison, whose name it will be remembered was mentioned in Colonel Baden-Powell's General Orders of Tuesday last, as having so ably assisted in compelling the Boers to retire; by shots from a 7-pounder taken out at Ellis's corner, has been arrested on the capital charge. The event has caused a most profound sensation as both the accused and the deceased were greatly esteemed. The deceased, who has been but a year or two in the country, was, soon after the establishment of the South African News appointed sub-editor in place of Mr. St. Aubyn. Acting under Mr. Albert Cartwright, for whom he had the greatest regard, his cheerful disposition and kindly manner made him many friends, all of whom were most warm in their congratulations on his appointment as war correspondent. He leaves a wife, who is now in Capetown, to mourn this sad fatality.

#### THE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

This morning Lieutenant Kenneth Murchison was charged before C. G. H. Bell, Esq., C.C.&R.M., with the murder of Ernest G. Parslow. The prisoner, who stands 6 feet 4 ins, in height was brought up in custody of Sergt. P. Stuart. In reply to the Resident Magistrate he said his name was Kenneth Murchison and his rank in the Regular Army is Major, but he was till yesterday holding the rank of Lieutenant in the Protectorate Regiment. The first witness called was John Waterson who said he was a Trooper in the Royal Horse Guards, and at present valet to Capt. Wilson, R.H.S., now of Col. Baden-Powell's staff. He deposed that he was at Dixon's Hotel last night about 10 o'clock. He saw the accused there and the

been drinking.

This finished witness's evidence. The accused said he had no questions to ask.

Mr. De Kock here entered, having been instructed by Colonel Baden-Powell to defend the prisoner.

William Forsyth, Staff Clerk to Colonel Baden-Powell, was the next witness examined. He proved being at Dixon's Hotel last night. He saw the accused and deceased come into the Hotel together. He heard them talking loudly as they came towards the Hotel. It was 9-30 or 10 o'clock Lieut. Murchison asked him for a copy of the day's General Orders which he gave him. He (witness) returned along the passage, fastened his dispatch box and was proceeding home when he came upon accused in the lobby reading the orders. He did not see the deceased. The accused said something reflecting on deceased, who came up at the moment, denied being whatever it was that accused had said, and added that if he, accused, were a gentleman or a

Wilson he  
Kenneth Murchi-  
son. One of the arrest,  
accused sitting in the hall of  
the hotel. He was very quiet,  
appeared dazed and seemed very  
depressed. On putting on the  
handcuff prisoner asked: "What  
have I done, what's this for?"  
Witness replied that he was charged  
with shooting a man. Accused  
said: "That's right, old boy" and  
didn't speak again till after arriv-  
ing at the jail, when he said he had  
never fired the revolver. The Resi-  
dent Magistrate remanded him  
till to-morrow, by when the District  
Surgeon will have made a post  
mortem examination.

### SOME DELAYED TELEGRAMS.

London, Oct. 13th, Reuter to  
"Mail": How's Mafeking?

Mafeking, Oct. 13th, "Mail"  
to Reuter: First-class, everything  
ready.

Capetown, Oct. 14th, Reuter to  
"Mail": You are surrounded  
with 'em. They are coming to  
breakfast to-morrow.

Mafeking, Oct. 14th, "Mail" to  
Reuter: Breakfast prepared.

and 3,000  
River coming steadily to your  
assistance. More on way from  
Capetown.

Mafeking, Oct. 30th, Mafeking  
to Reuter: Don't interrupt again  
unless something interesting. You  
almost made us revoke.

### WHAT THE "JONGEJES" THINK OF SHELLS.

Last week while the shelling  
business was at its liveliest three  
small youths were seen to issue  
from the town. "Here! here!  
where are you going? shouted  
Sentinel Pumpkin. "Please Sir,  
we're goin' fishin'" was the reply  
as he haul'd them back again.

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