

THE MAFEKING MAIL

SPECIAL SIEGE EDITION.

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No. 19

Monday, November 27th, 1899.

WE CHANGE COLOUR.

We are sorry that we can no longer appear in white, so suitably emblematic of our purity, but we have heard so many things since the Siege which have caused us to turn red that now even the very paper blushes in sympathy.

The Mafeking Mail.

MONDAY, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1899.

LATEST NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 29th (Reuter).—Major General Carvill and the Grenadier Guards have sailed from Gibraltar for South Africa.

LONDON, 31st.—The surrender of the Gloster Regiment and the Royal Irish Fusiliers has produced a great shock; the papers suspend judgment awaiting details. The loss will not affect the issue as Great Britain is resolved to effect her object.

CAPETOWN, November 2nd.—The Free State Boers crossed the bridge at Norvals Pont, seized the Railway Station and subsequently occupied Colesberg, but the bridge was intact in the afternoon.

CAPETOWN, 4th.—From Kimberley, dated 1st, Boers investing town, are 4,000 with several nine-pounders. Attack expected daily.

ESTCOURT, Nov. 2nd.—The Colenso camp is broken up and troops falling back on Estcourt.

LADYSMITH, Nov. 2nd.—The Tugela Division has been proclaimed Free State territory. No troops there, no fighting.

A fund for the widows and orphans has been opened in London and amounted on October 30th to £50,000.

PRETORIA, November 5th.—600 Boers have crossed the Bethulie Bridge and torn up the rails. 300 more Boers are going to join them.

PRETORIA, Nov. 5th.—The Burghers on November 1st were within 250 yards of Mafeking.

BEIRA, Nov. 9th.—Official reports state that the number of our force, under Carleton, was 843, of whom 100 returned to camp, Col. Carleton, Major Tann Kincaid, and Bryant, Capt. Burrowes, two Surgeons, two Interpreters, and a Special Correspondent, and a lot of other officers were taken prisoners.

AFTER FORTY DAYS.

Shells may fly all the week but when Sunday comes and the Boer knocks off sniping Mafeking promptly resumes its enjoyment of life as if there wasn't a seven-pounder within a thousand miles, let alone an "Oud Grietje" over the way. Nobody would have believed on seeing the light-hearted and prosperous looking crowd who were present at the successful Promenade Concert given yesterday afternoon by the Railway Division, that we were undergoing the horrors of a siege. A Polo match, a Football ditto, and the just mentioned function, without taking into consideration the various other gatherings for "spiritual" enjoyment at Church and Hotel was not a bad day for a town to put in after forty days' bombardment. Lieutenant More is to be congratulated upon the arrangements for the comfort of visitors to the Railway Camp and for the manner in which the whole was carried out. A band stand, gaily decorated with the Railway colours and provided with an awning over the performer, was rigged up in the middle of the road at the north end of the avenue. Plenty of chairs and seats were placed round about, and cups of tea by the hundred, were carried to the company. The Orchestral Society and vocalists, in spite of the disadvantages of open air and absence of acoustic accessories, gave a very creditable performance, which was thoroughly appreciated by an audience of over three hundred, among which it was quite delightful to see so many of the fair sex. The programme, as rendered, was as follows: "Orinthia" gavotte, and "Tom Noddy" waltz, by the Orchestral Society; The Irish Jubilee song by Mr. Adams; "The Lads in Red," and an encore, by Mr. E. J. Layton: Song, "They could not take the two of us," by Mr. Ingham. Some excellent Ventriloquism by Mr. Lees, the topical humour of which was much enjoyed. "The Promised Land" and an encore, by Mr. Cooper; "He like a Soldier fell," by Mr. Crittenden, and another selection by the Orchestral Society.

As mentioned above a Polo scratch game was organised and several chukkers played by Major Godley, Col. Walford, Capt. Lord C. Bentinck, Captain Fitz-Clarence, Lieut. Tracey, Major Baillie, Captain Singleton, Captain Marsh, Captain Sandford, Lieutenant Moncrieffe, Lieutenant Mackenzie, Lieutenant Dunlop Smith. The ground was awfully rough, but considering the ponies were taken from the compara-

tively peaceful occupation of scampering about under shell fire, to face the dangers of polo play, a very good game was enjoyed.

The Football match was between the Protectorate Regiment and the Town, and those present thoroughly enjoyed the game. As we have before mentioned no apology is necessary for this and other games being played on Sunday, at a time like the present. Considering our loyal defenders are for six days in the week confined in trenches, it is of the greatest importance, for hygienic reasons, that they should have some active recreation on this the only available day. The game throughout was conspicuous by the absence of any rough play or shady tactics. The P.R. were unfortunately unable to place their full team in the field, but substitutes were found in the town ranks and all gave a good account of themselves. The Town team won by five goals to nothing. Mr. C. Bullied refereed to the satisfaction of everybody. The following were the teams:—

TOWN TEAM.

Goal: Daniels; Back: A. N. Other, H. Gash; Halves: Gradie, Bunbary, Cooke; Forwards: Hazelrigg, Jenkins, Merry, Ashton and Bray.

P. R. TEAM.

Goal: Nichols; Backs: Newton, Tugwood; Halves: Jackson, Taylor, Low; Forwards: McArthur, Hogan, Metcalfe, Moore, Carr.

Mr. Fraser, to whom the organisation and, mainly, the success of the affair is due, deserves congratulation.

Yesterday was the last Sunday of the Christian year. The Rev. W. H. Weekes held three services, although there was nothing unusual about that as he has, with scarce an exception, done so all through the siege.

At Dixon's and Riesle's Hotels the following menus were provided by chefs G. Masini and Beavis respectively. We hesitate somewhat in printing them lest by doing so we enable our enemies, the Boers, to gloat over the terrible privations they have reduced us to.

DIXON'S HOTEL.

Soup.

Gravy.

Entrees.

Fillet of Beef. Braized Ox Tongue.

Poultry.

Roast Fowl and Bread Sauce.

Stuffed Roast Duck.

Joints.

Roast Beef. Roast Mutton.
Roast Lamb and Mint Sauce. Roast Veal.
Corned Beef and Carrots.

Vegetables.

Baked and Boiled Potatoes. Green Peas.

Sweets.

Currant Pudding, Custard.

Tea. Cheese. Coffee.

RIESLE'S HOTEL.

Brunois Soup.

Entrees.

Lobster Croquettes and Anchovy Butter.

Compote of GIBLETS and Mushrooms.

Force Ox Heart.

York Ham and Peas.

Poultry.

Roast Fowl and Ham.

Joints.

Roast Sirloin of Beef and Yorkshire Pudding.

Roast Leg of Mutton.

Roast Pork.

Corned Brisket.

Side of Lamb and Green Peas.

Vegetables.

Green Peas, New Potatoes, Vegetable Marrow.

Sweets.

Plum Pudding and Brandy Sauce.

Tea. Cheese. Coffee.

A LETTER FROM GWELO.

Mr. H. H. Bradley has received a communication from his brother, Mr. Arthur Bradley, of Gwelo, dated 12th inst., in which the following occurs:—

"We are very anxious about you all and trust and hope that you will be able to hold out. You little know how pleased the public here are of your (Mafeking) pluck, and although we are cut off from you, our hearts are with you all, in your plucky deeds. Should this reach you kindly remember us to all friends. Wishing you all success and that you will soon be relieved. Send us news if possible.

POETS CORNER.

FROM THE TRENCHES.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

There was a cocky commandant in district
Potheftstroom,

For his military genius he really had no
room;

When war broke out, he chortled loud, said
he it's just the thing,

I'll increase my reputation, and I'll mop up
Mafeking.

So I'll just collect some thousands of my gay
and festive Boers

And canter o'er to Mafeking and loot the
pubs and stores,

Seize stocks and horses, cattle—kill or drive
the men away,

And extend our great Republic, 'cos there's
none dare say me nay.

He got his Boers together, and they were a
wondrous sight,

But oh! they funk'd it awful when they
found they had to fight,

For every time they made a start to scoop up
Maf-king's riches

They met such a reception that they cleared
like sons of—witches.

This made the commandant's heart sore, full
grieved was he, I ween,

Said he, this is the hottest shop that I have
ever seen;

His one "zakdoek" is worn out and he's
using a bath towel

To mop away the salt tears caused by naughty
Baden-Powell.

Go back, Cronje, you juggins, and take your
damphool Boers,

We've other things to think of than those
useless shells of yours,

And when you get the blues again and failure
makes you howl

I would recommend another dose, from Doctor
Baden-Powell.

For the medicine he administers is sure to
cure—or kill,

He's got a large supply on hand, so you can
have your fill;

The merry Maxims mete it out, and this is
what they sing

"We still mean you to keep outside the town
of Mafeking."

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