

# THE MAFEKING MAIL

SPECIAL SIEGE EDITION

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No. 8

Mafeking, November 10th, 1899.

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## The Mafeking Mail.

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MAFEKING, 10TH NOVEMBER, 1899.

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### "ON LYING."

[CONTRIBUTED.]

Every man is a liar at heart. Given opportunity and an audience, every man will lie. Some with difficulty, others with the acquired ease of long practice, but all will lie. Don't tell me there are exceptions. Your young Washington that you have known for years and with whom you have chatted on 1098 different subjects and has always talked with as strict a regard for veracity as the multiplication table, your young Washington, I say, will fall when he tackles some subject or other. Fish lead many moderately truthful people from the paths of veracity, and yet I have known men who never worry about fish but become 28-carat liars when they get on to dogs. Many men give their undivided attention to horses, others only lie in the shooting season or get off the track on the subject of parentage, and an honest grocer becomes a belted Earl when miles of ocean roll between himself and proof and a lick-lipping contest with a modest dressmaker becomes a liaison with a Duchess. South Africa breeds a

speciality in the "Horn" liar. When a man gets a sixpenny pair of Hartebeeste from a Kafir and a copy of Selous' book he is fully equipped for the fray. I have always been aware of the many frailties of our race and could always tell by the look of a man on what subjects he was not to be believed. But I have never known of a subject that breeds a liar of every man like a month's shelling. Even the truthful man of peaceful times has a record of the shells that have passed between his legs, and even a parson, paid to inculcate morality, has had a cigar knocked out of his mouth. Rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, all, all are more or less affected. This latent prevaricating "penchant" is rife all round us. The mild church-going youth of times of peace has blunted his hatchet in the competition. The old and settled father of a family has become a riotous romancer and the moderate prevaricator has developed into a lovely liar. The town liar of ordinary piping times of peace now gasps when he struggles with the vastness that the situation offers to his prowess. No one has been killed, hardly anyone has been wounded, but if the German artillerist on the other side knew what rough luck they had had, and could see the number of hairbreadth escapes worked up from every fragment of shrapnel, he would resign



his appointment, retire to the banks of the Rhine, preparing for Monte Carlo, and having calculated: if 1000 shells, each containing 1000 fragments of shrapnel, are fired into a town possessing 1000 people, result in 1,000,000,000 hair-breadth escapes, *i.e.*, 1 escape per man, per fragment having, I contend, brought the calculation to a definite conclusion, and further reduced it to the Nth. power of Z, could he then find how many reds would follow in succession if the black came after the Croupier had said "Faites vos jeux" for the 15th time on a Tuesday.

### MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMBS.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

Some called her Black Maria and some Creechy, but the name that we loved to call her by best was the sweet old name of Mary—Mary and her little lambs. They were christened lambs because they were always p-ping and jumping about somewhere—generally where they were least wanted—in such a playful manner. We rabbits used to humour them by dodging into our holes whenever we saw them coming, and then Mary would try to catch us by sending her little ones to quite another part, but our sharp little eyes were always too quick for her and we only laughed softly to ourselves at her dear old simple devices. And so her end drew nigh, and we who had listened lovingly to her cheerful voice, who had watched and waited for her from morn till night, and who had delighted in listening to her low melodious hum as she threw her little shells for the children and the orderlies to play with, we were sorry. Perhaps we hardly knew whether to be the more sorry or the more glad for her untimely end or glad for her approaching relief from pain. It seemed to us that her life had been wasted in some way and that she could have done so

much more with it than merely to have spent it in sending her little lambs to play among our rabbit holes, and so we watched and waited for her end.

### THE BANK.

Several esteemed residents who are suffering great inconvenience by the entire closing of the Bank have suggested that arrangement might be made for it to be opened a couple of hours on Sunday, as no shells are knocking about on that day. Deposits might or might not be received, but there does not seem to be any reason why the Standard Banking Company should not reduce their risks by paying out coin to those having accounts in credit.

### The Market Square Fatality.

A Field General Court Martial was assembled last evening in the Court House for the trial of Lieut. Kenneth Murchison. The construction of the Court Martial was as notified in the General Orders which appeared in these columns yesterday. Mr. J. W. de Kock, Attorney-at-law, was permitted to appear as counsel for the prisoner.

On being asked whether he objected to being tried by Court Martial or to any of the officers comprising the Court, prisoner replied in the negative.

Prisoner pleaded Not Guilty.

The prosecutor, Lieutenant Minchin, briefly sketched the history of the case, the details of which we have already made our readers familiar with. He also said he had been given to understand that prisoner or his counsel would ask for an adjournment to enable them to produce further evidence, but he understood it was now decided not to make such an application. The Judge Advocate, Lord E. Cecil, thought that in any case the Court should be adjourned for twenty-one days till further



evidence is produced. The Court, Lord Cecil said, had a right to adjourn and he therefore requested that to be done.

Mr. De Kock said: "The prisoner wished this Court to try the charge and he (Mr. De Kock) thought he has the right when once the Court is constituted and no objection raised its constitution or jurisdiction by the prisoner, he has the right to have the Court to try the Case. Keeping in view also the fact that a preliminary examination had been taken before the Magistrate. The Court was cleared to consider the matter and on re-admission of the public it was notified that the case would be proceeded with.

The witness, John Waterston, was then called and recapitulated the evidence given at the preliminary examination already published in these columns. The Court adjourned till to-day.

## 'ARRY ON SHELLS AND LIARS.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

Shells ain't no blooming picnic?

Afore I kime ter Maferking ive pliyed shell-out, and when I wus er guest at Roeland Street in Kipe Tahn ive shelled peas fer the bloomin' Gov'ner.

But ther shells as "Krutche" talks wiv is a bit orf the line. It isn't the damage ther blighters does, ser much as the noise as is mide in doing it.

But it's allus ther way, ther more noise yer mike the less beer yer drinks?

Ther Corporala sez as how ther bleeding gun was mide in Germany an at thats why ther shells is ther sim shipe as German sorsages.

The gunners is blighters who've done a voetzack from der Vaderland, sos ther Hemporer couldn't git an ther chests for a bit ov orlright soldiering on ther Rhine, for darned little rhino an do ther own fatigues.

They wears nice blue clobber wiv lots ov gold lice, an Oom Paul pays ther Mess bills, while orl ther little bits of Dutch skirt mike luv ter ther Mooi Staats Artillerie.

These blokes is called ther Staats Artillerie cos they allus keeps a long ways orf, so as we rushes 'em they've got a good staat for ther Pretoria Handicap.

Afore Crunge started his pop-guns I knew a chap in Maferking who wasn't er bad chap at orl, and I let him stan drinks when we wus hout.

But I'm dead orf him nah, he's an orfull liar. He's in, or wus in De Kock's Redan, an he wus sich an orfull twister that ther other chaps wanted ter subscribe for er ticket ter Kipe Tahn if he'd go on furlow.

'E hed a mawser bullet in his wiscoat poket, an er collection ov bits ov shells which 'E says ed just missed him. He'd been mopping a bit an his eyes wer bloodshot. 'E says it's sand in his peepers from a bursting shell which jist missed him after bursting jist in front of where 'e stood.

And as the Poet sez, 'E's now

"Lying in his shell-proof trench,  
Where all such liars lie."

Ther's many wiys of getting rid ov these shells. Crunge sends 'em ter our Hospital ter spite ther poor chaps as got 'it when we've been giving his Burghers beans. Some people sends 'em 'ome ter ther muvvers so she'll know as we're orl brave.

Anuvver good wy ter get rid of ther bits, now ther getting er bit ov 'er drug in ther marhet is fer the Heditor ter offer 'em as prizes for ther best liar in Maferking—open ter orl comers as ther c'rect card says.

My Chum Bill says as 'ow ther is no best in Maferking, ther're the worst liars wot 'E ever met, an he's bin in America. But he hasn't seen Crunge's dispatches—'E carnt read Crunge's Horders nor pull Crunge's leg like ther Kernel when 'E writes 'is reply.



As fer coolness under fire tike my kise. I wus hawking myself past Weil's ther other day—ther's sum nice gals ther as wears white bibs and tuchers an look sweet—and I wus chucfing a chest you bet, when suddenly I hears a swell bloke as wears specs sye "That's my powder magazine" wiv er sort of pride as one likes ter see when one want's yer ter shiver.

'E says, says 'E "Doant be alarmed" and thus cheered up I kept up till I got to my "rabbit hole" when I fainted—ther Corporla allus keeps er bottle ov brandy fer such kises.

Now I corls that self control, ther bloke wiv their glasses kept calm an calmed me like the sea ov Jerico.

Sum people I know never slept ther night ov that big explosion. I did you bet. But I'd hard luck for ther Cap'tun kime up an says I wus asleep on my post. An now I has to 'ang on ter wagon wheels orl day.

Orl the shells cum round my wagon and I'm getting some narrow shives. No thanks? I'm not going te give details. That chap at De Kock's has the belt.

## LIMERICKS.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

There was an old man at Pretoria  
Who decided to fight Queen Victoria,  
So he sent out his forces,  
Guns, men, and horses  
To Mafeking take,  
Like a breakfast beef steak,  
*Hic jacet Patria et Gloria.*

Round the snug little town Mafeking,  
The bullets did whistle and sing,  
But we cared not a hang  
And said let 'em go bang,  
But a bell for "Maria" we ring.

She was a great gun was "Maria,"  
Whenever she turned her nose hia  
We all went to earth  
For all we were wearth,  
And lay low while she plugged in her fia.

The Boer blows windows to bits,  
But seldom he anyone hits,  
Yet we hear a report  
That twice he's been caught  
By steel and by bullets from "Fitz."

## HEARD IN THE TRENCHES.

"Yes, they fire at me every time I go out. This morning the bullets whizzed past me so quickly that the draught they created has given me this bad cold in the head!"

Ex-Military man: "Bullets are nothing, Sir; we get used to them. A soldier's place is where the bullets are thickest." Voice from the dug-out: "Is that why you got into the ammunition wagon last week when the fighting was on?"

"B' G—d, Sir, I've had a narrow escape. I was going me rounds an' I thought I'd like a cigarette, an' b' dad I'd harredly stuck it in me mouth when a shell burst in front of me, and its true as gospel what I'm sayin', for the explosion lit me cigarette; so I've jyest run in t' tell ye."

## READ THIS.

Attention is called to our notice of yesterday offering a prize for the BEST YARN, not exceeding fifty words. It is proposed to arrange a LOTTERY in connection with the date of the arrival of Reinforcements, particulars of which will be published in tomorrow's edition. FOUR TICKETS (2s. 6d. each) in this lottery WILL BE GIVEN to the sender of the best yarn next week. Competitors are requested to write only on one side of the paper and address to the Sub-Editor, Dixon's Hotel.

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