# THE MAFEKING MAIL SPECIAL SIEGE SLIP.

ISSUED DAILY, SHELLS PERMITTING.

TERMS: ONE SHILLING PER WEEK, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

No. 46 (No. 45 cancelled)

Friday, January 5th, 1900. 86th Day of Siege.

Reprints of Nos. 1, 2 and 3

Oh Mafeking Mail

## "GENTLE ANNIE" TO THE

Last evening our pups set on to the enemy's boar hound and worried it considerably. No sooner had the brute began its usual afternoon barking than our seven-pound terriers yelped. One of them bit it. "Gentle Annie" sprang at it, at first too far, then getting the distance better, took a piece out of the Boers' front works. The whole crowd were so alarmed, they evidently thought our men were coming at The whole crowd were so alarmed, they evidently thought our men were coming at them again, for they swarmed up to reinforce the big gun fort. Impossible as it might have appeared our small artillery stopped the noise of their one-pound maxim and Greitje was quiet last night and all this morning. We hear, but do not vouch for its truth, that there was a funeral by the big gun fort this morning. Whether or big gun fort this morning. Whether or not, much credit is due to Major Panzera and his men for the manner in which they manipulated their guns. They have evidently given the enemy a shock.

give security to guns and men. During the day yesterday the enemy had evidently no knowledge of their presence, and the Artillery duel on the western face in the morning tended to allay any suspicion. Consequently when, at 5 p.m., our hidden guns guddenly opened a concentrated fire guns suddenly opened a concentrated fire on the enemy's main battery at 2,300 yards, it came as a surprise to them. Their guns replied with great accuracy at first, but, under the continuous fire of our unable to continue firing, being evidently damaged in her elevating gear. The one-pounder Maxim was silenced, and the 9-pounder Krupp was withdrawn. Our guns continued the fire up till dark but

their eastern and western laagers, but these did not venture within range; had they done so they would have met with a warm reception from the "Bechuanaland Rifles" and a troop of the Protectorate Regiment, who had been brought up as

## Mafeking Garrison. GENERAL ORDERS.

Trial of Military Offenders.—All cases of crime occurring in enlisted Corps will be brought before a Field General Court Martial, and not before the Court of Summary Jurisdiction.

## ASSESSMENT OF PROPERTY.

List of names of owners whose property will probably be assessed on Sunday next,

Appelbe, H. Noach, G. Riesle, E. C. Wright, D. E. McConnell, O. Fodisch, Rev. Hudson, Messrs. J. W. de Kock, R. H. Martin, and Mafeking Club.

## OUR HOPE-OMETER.

#### Mercury still Firm.

By the courtesy of Mr. Ben Weil we reproduce the following from a wire he received, through Bulawayo, from Mr. Julius Weil, M.L.A., now at Capetown. The date of the original would be now about a month old. After explaining some garrison is now reported to have joined hands with the Relief Column. [It will be noticed that the time agrees with and corroborates former accounts to hand]. Continuing, Mr. Weil says: Our troops in Natal are also pushing the Boers hard and

## FROM THE "NATAL MERCURY."

"Nothing takes courage out of men more easily than failure. The news that the late fights with the Boers have disheartened the enemy, and caused many of them to bitterly regret their absence from their farms, and to wish themselves back again, does not come as a surprise. They have had a taste of British metal, and British metal, and British metals, too, which has come as a great mettle, too, which has come as a great surprise to them. Doubtless the Boers

#### POETS CORNER.

They have laid me a mine by a culvert,
They have loosened a bolt by a curve,
But thrice tested still is my muscle,
And thrice tested brass is my nerve.
A curse for their bungling folly,
A laugh for the death-trap that fails,

A cheer—and I pull from the township
To spy out the enemy's line;
A plunge—and I rush into darkness
As reckless of wreckage as mine.
And what if a rail had been lifted?
And what if a river's unspanned?
I fail, but I know in the failing
I strove at the Empire's command.

And a man is the man at the throttle,

And a man is the man on the truck Undismayed I may go to destruction,
For I know at the end I may feel
I die with the men on the footplate,

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