British & Boer
(No. 3.)

OUR THREE VICTORIES.
&c., &c.

Paardeberg!
Colenso!!
Ladysmith!!!

ON THE
ANNIVERSARY OF MAJUBA,
27th FEBRUARY, 1900.

BY
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Printed and Published for the Author by Mitchley & Sinclair, Strand Street,
PORT ELIZABETH, S.A.

1900
Paardeberg.

February 27th 1900.

Anniversary of Majuba Day, 1881.

Vengeance is mine, so said the Lord,
And nineteen years he sheathed His sword;
Then Cronje's fate has showed His power—
The Nemesis, the certain dower.

A dower of blood for Cronje's act,
Dower, inevitable, intact;
Complete subjection with his men,
Four hundred multiplied by ten.

At early morn he surrenders,
And with his men at last
Asks for kind treatment—remembers
His dastard acts of past.

Now Cronje waits judgment upon
The Doris battleship prison,
He now can think and contemplate
His future well-deserved fate.

LEO.

Bravo Colenso and Ladysmith!

February 28th, 1900.

Relieved! the men cry from the trench,
Here's Buller follerin' of French;
"Come in old man, jolly beggar,
The Boers now know well where 'e are."

"They scooted Tom, just down that schantz,
They cleared while they have got a chance;
Hurray, brave Buller, shake my hand,
We want you badly, oh, it's grand!"

"It's grand you say, it's more, nor that,
It's spick and spicy, that's a fact;
We've given them beans, my word, 'twas hot
Engineering through their shot."
“Let’s have a liquor, what’s yours Jim?”
But he replied with face so grim:
“No liquor in this darned old town,
’Cept for sick boys and such that’s down.”

“How did you make them scoot and hop?
How did you get past Spion Kop?”
“We went for Pieter’s Hill instead,
A road of blood! wounded and dead.”

“How did you shape at Colenso?”
“How did we, if you want to know:
We wiped out our first lost attacks,
And when we charged, they soon made tracks.”

“Poor devil you are winged, now come,
But better that than be like some.”
The Hospital takes him in charge,
The price of war is very large.

* * * * * * * * *

And brave stern Buller stands austere,
Collected, cool, he has no fear;
His actions do this day portray
His genius, his grand display.

What man but one of great renown
Could ever force, relieve this town?
Though mountains honey-combed with guns,
Belch forth their shot in scores of tons.

He’s borne the brunt of the campaign,
He’s fought the foe again, again;
He’s won his spurs and there’s no doubt.
At last he’s made them face about.

* * * * * * * * *

“Grand old Buller, there’s my fist,
Shake it heartily, and jist
Give then fits, scatter them far,
Again we’ll wipe out Majuba.”

“And White, what will we say of him.
Of brave and seasoned soldier fame?
He’s all right, now ain’t he Jim!
For he’s held out, that’s made his name.”

Patriot.
Colenso.

An incident before the occupation of British troops under General Buller, March 1st, 1900.

Extracted from the Eastern Province Herald, March 14th, 1900.

A pathetic story of brotherly affection is told in a letter written to the Daily Mail by Mrs. Hughes, of Briton Ferry, Glamorganshire. Mrs. Hughes has had three soldier brothers fighting in South Africa. One is with the 1st Devons in Ladysmith, the others Sergeant W. P. Mitchell and Pvt. S. S. Mitchell were in the 2nd Devons, with Gen. Buller's army. The two brothers, sergeant and private, before starting for the Colenso engagement, which was to be their baptism of fire, grasped hands and kissed each other, a token of affection which brought tears to the eyes of their comrades. In the engagement Private Mitchell had his thigh shattered, while his brother was severely wounded in the side. Both were taken to hospital, where, after amputation, Private Mitchell died in his brother's arms. The lad did not know that the brother who was offering words of tenderness and comfort to him in his closing moments was himself suffering from a severe wound.

THE FIGHT.

A grim and resolute array
   Face entrenched schanzes all that day,
They fight as British men can fight,
   Until the shadows of dark night.

They fear no shot, decision deep
   Sits on their brows, while climbing steep
And rugged hills, which deadly pour
   The Mauser bullets, cannons roar.

The 2nd Devons rush headlong
   With many others; treat with scorn
The fiery avalanche of flame
   That belches forth to kill and maim.

THE INCIDENT.

Two brothers in that gallant corps
   Recognising what's in store;
For of the brave and noble men,
   Some must fall, say one in ten.
Had wished each other fond adieu
   In case that either fell, and true
Each brother grasped the other’s hand
   And kissed, ah, we can understand.

The battle left its penalty,
   Both brothers suffered in the fray
With shattered thigh one brother died,
   The other, wounded in the side.

He died while in his brother’s arms,
   His fight is over, war’s alarms
Are ended now, next bugle call
   Will be the last trump, last roll call.

Port Elizabeth, S.A.

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Excerpts from Pretoria Press.

British Lies. The Moonshine in the Wind—re Leyds

with comments by our (British) Editor.

It is not true that our dear friend Dr. Leyds was lately suffering from titillation of the skin, caused by the visitation of—well—some verdampfte Rooinek, who applied a canstigation to him. (That’s his last. Ed.)

Neither can it be true that the said reported whipping—because it is only reported by a Britisher—reminded the worthy doctor of his infantile days, when his preceptors plied the cane. (Serve him right, Ed.)

It is positively untrue that a chemist in Brussels sold out all his available diachylon plaster on the exact day Dr. Leyds is said to have got his quietus, and that the said sale was on account of the Transvaal Government in view of further operations of similar nature on our friend Leyds’ cuticle. (A wise precaution. Ed.)

PRETORIA TRUTHS.

It is a fact, however, that Dr. Leyds is going to be raised from his exalted position of Plenipotentiary—extraordinary (very much, so we think. Ed) to a seat on the Presidential stoep, where he will be able to stretch his legs (Lies. Ed.) and sip coffee with his Excellency Paul Kruger, and annihilate our enemies at leisure. (Ha! Ha! Ed.)

This step (not stoep) will be taken in consequence of the extraordinary amount of exertion required while engaged in Emperor and King hunting by our extraordinary Plenipo-
tentiary’s unprecedented exertions to stop British grab, and capitalist machinations—being most valued by his country. (Poor fellow, you had better put him in a glass case. Ed.)

It is true that, as a roving commission was given to Dr. Leyds in Europe, his remuneration is not roving. On the contrary, it does not depend on results, it is a fat round sum duly paid by our dear lost friends the Uitlanders. (Good job they are lost. Ed.)

It is true that, for some reason not known (but suspected. Ed.), Dr. Leyds is bound (with diachylon plaster. Ed.) to leave off pressing the Emperor of Germany again on the subject of putting down British grab-all. It is generally supposed that our worthy Pleinpo. is affected by stiffness of the joints resulting from rheumatism. (Whipping probably. Ed.)

It is with regret that we have to report that Dr. Leyds failed to grant letters of marque to anyone, with one exception to wit—the captain of a coal barge—who was fully authorised to sink British commerce. (Indeed! Ed.)

BRITISH LIES AGAIN.

From the Pretoria Press.

It is even stated in the Colonial rags that our worthy President (may his shadow grow less. Ed.) acted in a most unbecoming fashion in the retreat of our force from Osfontein. He is said to have arrived on the scene when they were flying from the enemy, and that our dear President had a large book on a pack mule whence he exhorted the Burghers to tarry awhile until he had dilated on the overthrow of the Philistines by the Children of Israel. The wicked Colonial rag reported the wild though vain gesticulations of our dear Oom Paul; but it added, they (the Burghers) “were not taking any.” (Not likely. Ed.)

Another statement we notice unblushingly printed is that, we treat Colonial prisoners very badly, much worse than their Tommies. Now nothing could be further from the truth, we do not put them in jail or treat them like criminals, oh no—how could we—heaven forbid. (Amen. Ed.) We give them plenty of coffee and tea, and they can see their friends any day; we do not search them as if they were felons, and they can talk as much as they like together. Not only that, but we allow free intercourse with the American Consul. We are too good to them. (All my eye. Ed.)

PRETORIA TRUTHS.

We have retreated from Ladysmith in consequence of a mistake of a certain Commandant without reason, and respecting Kimberley, we resolved to abandon the territory, it was not worth holding. (True, oh Oracle! but your “retreat” from both places was hastened through unpleasant circumstances. Ed.)

To show the deadly fire of our burghers, the British
required eight ambulance wagons to carry their dead and wounded at the attack on the Ermelo-Middelburg men stationed at Hooglaager on the north bank of the Tugela River. "No one was killed on our side, though some were wounded." (They must be Gods. Ed.)

The Pathos of War!

_extract from the Eastern Province Herald, Port Elizabeth, March 17, 1900_

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Friday 16th, 1900.

One of the saddest incidents of the siege occurred this morning, when little May Nesbitt, daughter of Captain Nesbitt, who made a gallant fight in his armoured train, died of typhoid fever. Mrs. Nesbitt, who was with her at the time, had accompanied her husband to this place (Mafeking), never imagining that it would be besieged. Captain Nesbitt and his son were both wounded and are now in Pretoria and anything more pitiful than the death of his daughter, under such circumstances it would be difficult to imagine.

The enemy were shelling heavily during the morning, chiefly upon our outposts under the command of Lieutenant McKenzie. There were, however, no casualties.

Only those who have lost a little one know what it is to lose!

Oh, mother, must I leave you here,
    Oh, where is papa, brother dear?
They're well, my darling, far away,
    Now rest dear child while I will pray.

Our Heavenly Father grant that we
    Be soon relieved, be soon set free;
Assuage the fever, make it mild,
    Restore to us our darling child.

But if it be Thy will to take,
    Thy will be done, though our hearts break;
Oh, help us bear this awful blow,
Great God in heaven, Thou dost know!

Oh, mother dear, I hear them sing,
    I hear the bells of heaven ring.
Oh, hush my child, God help me bear,
    My darling's mind is wandering, where?

The roar of guns goes on awhile
    The child passes, and with a smile
She enters heaven—she's gone, she's dead;
    Thy will be done, the mother said.