

forget that night. It was a most pathetic sight to see one stretcher brought in after another, and the poor things as dirty and dust stained as the Tommies. Two or three of them are mere boys, just gazetted, and nearly all are to be sent back to England. We are never off duty just now. It is most pathetic to see the wards. No one has any idea of the number of bullets that are being extracted, and operations are going on all day long. The waste of life has been something terrible. Mr. Treves was round the wards to-day, and also Sir W. MacCormac. We have forgotten the taste of fresh milk in tea, and an egg is an unheard-of luxury. Every drop of milk is condensed, except what we can get for the very worst dysentery and typhoid cases. Still, I would not miss it for anything, as it is an experience one would get only once in a lifetime. We are expecting a big fight daily here, and everyone dreads it, as they seem to think it will be dreadful. The 66th Field Battery suffered terribly. Every officer almost was either killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. Mr. Churchill was here the other night. His escape was most marvellous, and he did not know a word of Kaffir. It was the oddest Christmas day, broiling hot, and not a sign of Christmas in anything. There was an air of depression about everything."

So that, while hundreds of qualified nurses both at home and in South Africa are eager to give their skilled services to our wounded men, we find four trained nurses attempting to deal with hundreds of sufferers, and having no rest to fit them to cope with their regular duties.

This Sister also tells of "one very interesting patient," a plucky little terrier that followed his master into one of the engagements, and got his paw shot, and also burnt his enquiring little nose sniffing at a hot shell. A large sum of money has been offered for this faithful little dog, but the men in the ward won't part with him at any price.

From Ladysmith we learn that, since the Cæsar's Hill fight, nurses have been much wanted for the hospitals, and the authorities at first invited the unemployed civilians to assist. Several responded, but these were too few for the requirements. As there were many civilians in town who were idle and drew rations, these were asked to go. This week the rations of those who declined to assist were stopped—a wise measure which has been followed by excellent results. No doubt the brave little band of trained nurses in the town must be terribly exhausted after all these weeks of waiting on the sick and dying. It is reported that "Dr. Jim" is wounded. The *Daily Mail* says:—"It has been known for some weeks past that Dr. Jameson was in the neutral hospital just outside Ladysmith, attending to Englishmen and Boers impartially. His noted surgical skill stands him in good stead."

We are glad to learn that a hospital has been completely equipped and established at Sterkstroom, for the reception of cases of enteric fever. As the war goes on, one of the saddest things is the long lists of deaths from enteric fever, dysentery, and pneumonia, which appear in the papers. Death on the battle-field is always glorious, but deaths from lingering diseases are not always regarded in the same light, and yet it is these which, after all, tax the endurance most, when, away from the excitement of war, our soldiers lay down their lives for their country, after many days of pain and weariness, the victims of the diseases which are its terrible aftermath.

Sir Alfred Milner and Lord Roberts took tea on the *Maine* when she was at Cape Town. She has been ordered to Durban, to bring down some of the wounded. We hear nothing of either of the five hospital ships coming home with wounded. Presumably, the men are not discharged from the Base Hospitals at Cape Town until they are sufficiently convalescent to return on ordinary steamers.

Pity the wounded! It is being borne in upon us that the Boer bullets will not occasion their greatest suffering. Read the following absurdity from the *Pall Mall*.

"Sir,—There will soon be a large influx of wounded from South Africa for whom accommodation will be provided by hospitals, public bodies, and private individuals. The great difficulty will be to provide efficient and sufficient nursing staff. Now is an opportunity offered to women of leisure and means to supply this need; only if they are to be useful they must begin at once to qualify themselves for the duties they will be called upon to undertake.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
E. P. W."

The following story is going the round of the press:—A most praiseworthy zeal for nursing the sick and wounded prevails among the ladies at the Cape—a zeal which now and then outruns discretion. "Now, tell me what I can do, doctor," said an enthusiastic amateur, looking vaguely round a hospital ward at Cape Town. "You should have learned that before you came," replied the doctor; "do anything that wants doing." The lady fixed upon a wounded soldier. "Now, won't you let me wash your face?" she asked. The hero turned in his bed. "All right, Miss, if you can 'urry up," he said. "I've 'ad me face washed sixteen times since breakfast, and there's two more ladies I promised. But I dessay I can get me snooze in before tea."

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