

We are pleased to observe that help is being arranged for our wounded enemies. A fund has been started at the Cape on behalf of the wounded and widows on the Boer side by the Cape Dutch party. The appeal declares that the duty of Cape Afrikanders, as British subjects, forbids them to take up weapons and join in the warfare.

From Hamburg the news comes, that three ambulance trains are being organized for the sick and wounded Boers in the Transvaal by sympathisers in Hamburg, Antwerp, and Rotterdam. They will be sent out under the charge of Professor Esmarch, who is well known in Holland.

As a type of the nursing in the late Egyptian campaign, an officer relates that he was speared in the leg and went into hospital. The attendants cut the leg of his trouser off, removed his sword, and dressed the wound, but did not undress him for days, and he an officer! How about the men? This reminds one of Grecian methods, wounded soldiers having been seen in the military hospitals who had been *hors de combat* in bed for a month still wearing the clothes in which they had been shot down!

Appointments.

MATRÓN.

MRS. F. E. M. DAY has been appointed Matron of the Eastern Fever Hospital, Homerton. Mrs. Day was trained and certificated at the Lincoln County Hospital, a training school which, under the able superintendence of Miss Cassandra Beechcroft, reached a high standard of excellence. In 1892 she was appointed Night Superintendent at the Metropolitan Hospital, Kingsland Road, which was then nursed by St. John's House, Norfolk Street, and afterwards went to St. John's Maternity Home, Battersea, where she gained experience in midwifery, and passed the examination, and obtained the certificate, of the London Obstetrical Society. In 1893 she was appointed Assistant Matron at the South Western Fever Hospital, Stockwell, and later obtained the Matronship of the Hospital at Gore Farm, under the Metropolitan Asylums Board, which position she still holds.

Miss ALICE KING has been appointed Matron of the Infirmary, Peterborough. Miss King received her training at St. Thomas' Hospital, where she held the appointment of Staff Nurse for three years, when she was appointed Charge Nurse at the Great Northern Central Hospital, where she has held, successively, the posts of Night Superintendent and Assistant Matron.

LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

MISS MARY L. RANNIE has been appointed Lady Superintendent of the Hull Royal Infirmary. She received her training at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, in which institution she at present holds the position of Senior Night Superintendent.

"The Women who went to the field."*

BY MISS CLARA BARTON,
President of the American Red Cross Society.

The women who went to the field, you say,
The *women* who went to the field; and pray
What did they go for?—just to be in the way?
They'd not know the difference betwixt work and
play,
And what did they know about *war*, anyway?
What could they *do*? of what use could they be?
They would scream at the sight of a gun, don't you
see?
Just fancy them round where the bugle-notes play,
And the long roll is bidding us on to the fray.
Imagine their skirts 'mong artillery wheels,
And watch for their flutter as they flee 'cross the
fields
When the charge is rammed home and the fire
belches hot;
They never would wait for the answering shot.
They would faint at the first drop of blood in their
sight,
What fun for us boys (ere we enter the fight);
They might pick some lint, and tear up some sheets,
And make us some jellies, and send on their sweets,
And knit some soft socks for Uncle Sam's shoes,
And write us some letters, and tells us the news.
And thus it was settled, by common consent
Of husbands, or brothers, or whoever went,
That the place for the women was in their own
homes,
There to patiently wait until victory comes.
But later it chanced—just how, no one knew—
That the lines slipped a bit and some 'gan to crowd
through.
And they went—where did they go? Ah! where
did they not?
Show us the battle, the field, or the spot
Where the groans of the wounded rang out on the
air
That her ear caught it not and her hand was not
there.
Who wiped the death sweat from the cold, clammy
brow,
And sent home the message: "'Tis well with him
now" ?
Who watched in the tents whilst the fever fires
burned,
And the pain-tossing limbs in agony turned,
And wet the parched tongue, calmed delirium's
strife,
Till the dying lips murmured, "My mother," "My
wife" ?

* This poem, written by Miss Clara Barton, was first read by her in 1862, and again at the reception lately given at the Nurses' Home, Philadelphia, to the Army Nurses of the Civil War.

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