

In an Englishwoman's Diary from Maritzberg, published in the *Daily Telegraph*, she writes, on February 21st:—

"The 'Volunteer Aid' are sending twelve complete outfits for the nurses, poor things. We hear they have nearly all been ill, several of the doctors have succumbed, and the others are worked to death."

We are sorry to observe the deaths of so many poor fellows on the homeward bound transports—usually from pneumonia. Five soldiers died at sea on the passage home in the steamship *Avoca*.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh has raised a sum of £20,000 for the equipment and maintenance of the Edinburgh Hospital, which embarked for the Cape last Saturday, with Professor Cheyne as chief surgeon. £100 was given by Miss Florence Nightingale towards this fund.

We have received the very gratifying information from Melbourne, that the ten nurses selected for active service in South Africa on behalf of the Imperial authorities, were carefully chosen by a professional Committee, composed of the principal medical officer, Dr. Fetherston, Miss Farquharson, Lady Superintendent of the Melbourne Hospital, and Hon. Member of the Matrons' Council, and Miss Ayers, Lady Superintendent of the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne. This little Committee performed their duty in the most painstaking manner, selecting 20 out of the 300 applicants, from which ten of the most efficient for the special work were ultimately appointed.

In entrusting the selection of the military Sisters to the medical officer, and the heads of the two most important nurse training schools in the metropolis, Victoria "gives points" to the Home Government, which has given its sanction to society women assuming this most important professional duty; the excuse advanced for this indefensible proceeding being that all the nurses selected are members of the Army Nursing Service Reserve.

Now, it is a fact that the Committee of the Reserve has merely accepted the nurses chosen by the lay Committees, and, in several instances, without making any enquiry from the Superintendent of the Society to which they belong. Matrons also complain that this Committee has ignored their opinion of applicants for active service, and accepted them as members of the Army Nursing Service Reserve, although considered unsuitable for this special branch of nursing in the opinion of the Matron under whom they had been trained.

Lady Sarah Wilson, writing to the *Daily Mail* from Mafeking, says that the Sisters who, early in the siege, were dislodged by the Boer shells from the Convent, have been unceasing in their efforts to assist the over-taxed nursing staff of the hospital, and have earned everyone's affection by their cheerful and plucky conduct.

In letters from Kimberley we learn that Sister Henrietta and her nursing staff are taking a very active part in the nursing of the sick in that sad city. A nurse says:—"Yesterday I went out, the first time for four weeks, and found the town looking terribly neglected—shops empty, houses still barricaded with sacks of sand. Altogether, although we are relieved, things are not too terribly cheerful. Great numbers of patients pass through our hands, and are moved on as soon as possible to more salubrious surroundings; and as all come empty-handed, there is a tremendous drain on blankets, clothes and comforts, and very short supply. . . . The doctors have had a time of it during the siege, and all look 'wiser, sadder, older,' for their experience; indeed, the effects of overwork and anxiety don't disappear in a day, and they have passed through many sad scenes, and listened to many a tale of woe in the last three months. I enclose you photographs of the Conning Tower, the observatory from which a bugle sounded, giving us warning of the coming shells; after the bugle, then came the report, and then a whizzing like a magnified mosquito buzzing, and then the terrific explosion, making one feel as if one's brains were blown out. Nerves get taut—or smashed up in a siege."

Miss Mark, a nurse with General Buller's force, writes from the front to her brother at Northampton:—

"Out here toilet refinements are almost at a discount. My wash-stand and dressing-table combined is a patient's locker, my trunk my only seat, and a hand-glass, nailed on the tent-pole, my mirror. The carpet is Nature's own. We have a marquee as dining-room, but don't spend more time there than is absolutely necessary; indeed, from seven till ten we are hard at work in the camp. I always feel that the days are all too short for all one would do for these poor sufferers. Our wet-day get-up consists of Wellington rubber boots to our knees, dress tucked up to the same, and a short waterproof cloak with cape and storm collar."

The *Sunday Sun* says:—"Lady Ormonde is shortly going out to South Africa. Apart from her wish to be *dans le mouvement*, and to see many members of her family already there, Lady Ormonde is anxious to do a little nursing on her own account."

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