

marquees. If there are a few sick or wounded, they are allowed to lie on an ordinary field stretcher, a horribly uncomfortable bed even when you are in robust health. Should there be a very considerable number, they lie on grass or straw. Some Colonial sick were treated in this way in one of the military field hospitals on the eastern border of the Cape Colony. The results were disastrous. The relations, poor ignorant Colonials, uneducated up to Imperial methods of housing sick, made a great stir. An unfortunate Army doctor was made a scapegoat and was moved to another station.

"It was not his fault at all; it was the system, the miserable cheese-paring regulations, which allow neither originality, unauthorised expenditure, nor enterprise on the part of officers who should be allowed to make any arrangements, be they costly or otherwise, for the welfare of their unhappy and long-suffering patients. Had the theatre of war been in the Crimea or the Phillipines, it is to be feared our sacrifices and sufferings would have been just as great as they were in 1854-5. Fortunately the South African climate has stood us in good stead and proved a faithful ally."

The first batch of sick and wounded Australian soldiers have now returned home, and their arrival is followed by the publication, in the Sydney *Morning Herald*, of serious charges against the Imperial authorities. An Australian correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* says that:—

"The Australian troops have received no pay for months, and that Australian sick and wounded were discharged when convalescent from various hospitals, and were transferred to Maitland Camp. They had no money and no means of raising any, and they were confronted at the outset by a regulation providing that men could draw no rations until they had been two days in camp. The result was that the recovering Australians had to live on food given them from the scanty store of others only one degree stronger than themselves, while at the same time they were compelled to perform fatigue work of ten and twelve hours a day. Against this treatment an Australian resident of Cape Town, Mr. McDonnell, has protested in a letter to Sir Alfred Milner, and the facts have not been disputed.

"Other Australians were shipped home direct from Woodstock Hospital. In their case the mode of procedure was simple, and it may surely be said, brutal. Two hours before the boat started a British official visited the beds of the sick and wounded Australians lying in Woodstock, and told them to get ready "quick and lively," as the vessel was just about to start. The men who were strongest protested that their fellows were unfit to be moved, and were told that orders were orders, and they would have to go. They said that they were penniless, and asked how those who could not walk were to get to the wharf. They were told that the hospital authorities were not there to answer questions, but that they would be expected to leave the building within two hours. Then the stronger men set out on a search for money to pay cab fares to the wharf, and luckily encountered a fellow-countryman in Mr. E. G. Geass, who provided them with sufficient money.

"After due investigation the Sydney Patriotic Fund considered the situation serious enough to cable £500 to Cape Town for the wants of other Australian sol-

diers, and the Queensland Government has addressed a communication on the subject to Mr. Chamberlain."

The Melbourne *Outpost*, which opposes the offer of Australian troops for China made by the Victorian Government, says:—

"The Empire has treated the men who came from its ends to preserve its unity worse than ancient nations were wont to treat the slaves that fought at their sides."

It is necessary that these statements should receive the fullest investigation.

In a letter dated from Pretoria, July 5th, from Mr. G. H. Makins, F.R.C.S., Consulting Surgeon with the Field Force in South Africa, to the *British Medical Journal*, the following reference to the late Miss Mary Kingsley occurs:—

"I must not close this note without paying a modest tribute to the memory of Miss Mary Kingsley, of whose sad death I have only yesterday become aware. Early in the year Miss Kingsley came to me with an introduction from Sir Lauder Brunton, although I had had the pleasure of her acquaintance in England. My wife, at that time nursing at Wynberg, took Miss Kingsley to the Surgeon-General, who offered her the post of nursing the sick Boer prisoners, at that time at Simon's Town. Miss Kingsley undertook this work with characteristic energy. She donned a Boer hat, provided herself with a stock of cigarettes of special composition, and battled with one of the most severe epidemics of enteric fever that has occurred out here. The difficulties to be overcome were great, but she overcame them all, working with untiring cheerfulness and success, infusing her own spirit and cheerfulness into those working with her, and gaining the hearts of the patients, depressed and unhappy in their captivity, and suspicious and fearful as to their disease. The most arduous part of her work may be said to have been over when she was struck down with the same disease herself. She bore her illness with the greatest fortitude, and when the fatal perforation took place she courageously grasped her last chance and underwent an operation by Mrs. Snowden. Much as the Surgeon dreads one of these operations, and confident as I am that she was in the best of hands, I cannot but feel a personal regret that I was too far distant to be able to fulfil her wish that I should undertake this for her. It was, perhaps, characteristic of Miss Kingsley, that all she asked was that "she should be allowed to die alone, and that she should be buried at sea." To so great a traveller and so ardent a lover of Nature, these desires seem both fitting and natural, and she has found her last resting place in the sea that she loved and among its denizens who formed her chief interest in the realm of Nature. I think we, as a profession, may all be proud that the daughter of one of our brethren did such noble and disinterested work out here, and met her death as a real heroine. Miss Kingsley's remains were accorded the rare if not unique honour for a woman of both a military and naval funeral. The military service having been performed on shore, the coffin was placed on board H.M.S. *Thrush*, and committed to the deep with naval honours some 20 miles from the shore."

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