

Our Foreign Letter.

To the satisfaction of Bart's nurses, the Queen has recently bestowed upon Miss Lucy Harrison, a graduate of the hospital, and a member of the League of St. Bartholomew's Nurses, the Royal Red Cross for her services while serving with the troops in British Central Africa. Some of Miss Harrison's letters to friends at home, which give glimpses of her life while in Africa, will, we feel sure, be read with extreme interest by her colleagues at home and abroad.

JOTTINGS FROM LETTERS FROM BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

S.S. König,
Beira,

Jan. 24th, 1898.

ON THE VOYAGE OUT.

"Oh my dear, I would not have missed all this for worlds! I quite understand now what you mean by 'go fever,' and doubt if I could ever settle down in England again. I had no idea there was anything so beautiful as some of the places we have been to."

"We have been three days here at Beira. It is what I should imagine Johannesburg was when first you were there. Simply decimated by dysentery and fever, and yet there seem to be such a lot of awfully nice Englishmen here. They are terribly in want of nurses—the patients have to take their own food and medicine and generally look after themselves—unless they happen to have a particular pal of their own. The last week there has been an epidemic—ten or fourteen white men dead every day. Lots of people have come off to live here on board whilst the boat is in. If we were not bound by the old F. O. (Foreign Office) to go up to Zomba, we should stop here, anyhow for a month or so, and nurse. We went to the Portuguese hospital, but they seemed so awfully busy we did not like to go over it.

We move to-morrow into a tiny steamer that takes us to Chinde where my brother meets us."

Zomba, B.C.A., April 1st, 1898.

"I'm not at Zomba just now, but nursing a Mrs. — with her first baby. They are wealthy farmer

people from the South and have a very jolly house here about three miles from Blantyre, which is on the hill opposite. There are mountains wherever you look on the horizon, with most lovely dips and valleys between. When we first arrived at Zomba there was a man with blackwater fever that I took, and a carpenter's wife with a baby who had had a mismanaged miscarriage, that Miss S. took. My man did awfully well, and then when convalescent got meningitis and died. I was awfully cut up at losing my first case, especially as I had been nursing him the last ten days with fever myself, and felt very ill and "like to die" too. I had the most adventurous journey here

directly after, over an impossible road in a Cape cart with four mules and two horses. When I arrived I went to bed and remained there for a fortnight, and was most kindly nursed back to my normal good spirits.

October 13th, 1898.

Something interrupted me here when I began to write to you, and the next morning I was hustled out of bed early by the doctor, who wanted me to come over to Fort Lister at M'Langé mountains, forty miles from Zomba, to nurse the officer in charge. I started at 6 a.m. in a marhilla, and arrived here at 5 p.m., never stopping once. It was hot coming across the plain, and I was glad to get a warm bath and rub down, and then I went straight on duty for the night. He has blackwater fever, and dysentery, and bronchitis, and has nearly died several times. Dr. — stayed and helped me to nurse him for the first fortnight, then, when he began to mend, he left for Zomba and sent Miss S. over. She



MISS LUCY HARRISON, R.R.C.

takes day and I night. I sleep in a tent in the daytime away from the house. I have not told his mother that it is blackwater fever, only that he is coming home after more "fever." They get continuous vomiting and heart failure. They are most distressing cases to nurse at all times—he was especially so—as with his dysentery he could not be fed by enemata. He had almost total suppression for a week and continuous fomentations back, front and abdomen. He also has urticaria and a crop of boils to worry the poor boy, so that his sufferings have been very great.

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