

and North refrain from transgressing the social code, not because it would be wrong for him to break the seventh commandment, but because she could not bear social degradation, and he loves her too well to demand that sacrifice. He feels with justice that "anything short of marriage would be a failure." One feels confident that if their end could have been achieved by a sin, they would have sinned at once and boldly. It might be remarked in passing, how notable a thing is this decay of the moral sense which is creeping among us with the loss of faith. Those who argue—and they are many—that morality will continue to exist, apart from religion, should mark carefully the trend of such books as the one we are discussing.

Another problem is introduced in "Senator North"; the terrible one for Americans, of the white man or woman with the strain of black blood. To our thinking the argument of heredity is here strained almost to breaking point. Harriet Walker, whose mother was an octoroon, is represented as being in no sense responsible for her actions; as being as unable to control her own will as though she were a young tiger, or any other unreasonable creature. Against such a view we most strongly protest. The blue tinge under the beautiful girl's nails was a physical inheritance, and inevitable; but who tries to argue that her mental attributes were equally inevitable, destroys the whole idea of the dignity of man.

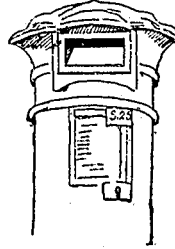
But the whole episode of Harriet lets in a flood of light upon a misery from which we in England are so free that it is to us almost incomprehensible. It shows how imperiously nature will have her own aristocracies. America may be the land of equality; but the young Southerner shoots himself because he finds that his lovely and beloved wife has black blood in her. The whole picture is a terrible one. On the whole, I am inclined to consider this book as the best piece of writing we have had from an author who is always strenuous, but often most unpleasant, and whose taste almost always leaves much to be desired. G. M. R.

### What to Read.

- "Fabianism and the Empire: A Manifesto by the Fabian Society." Edited by Bernard Shaw.
- "Love's Argument and other Poems." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
- "The Stickit Minister's Wooing, and other Galloway Stories." By S. R. Crockett.
- "The Courtesy Dame." By R. Murray Gilchrist.
- "Quisanté." By Anthony Hope.
- "The Silent Gate: A Voyage into Prison." By Tighe Hopkins.

### Coming Events.

- October 18th.—Meeting of Executive Committee Matrons' Council, Matron's House, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 4 p.m.
- October 23rd to 26th.—Annual meeting of the National Union of Women Workers. (The National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland) at Brighton in the Dome and Pavilion. President the Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttleton.
- Devotional Meeting 10 a.m. In the Rest Room. Sessions Meetings 10.30 to 1. 2.30 to 4.30. 8 to 10 p.m.



## Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES, &c.

*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*

"WHY CERTAINLY."

Long Island Com.-Poor House,  
Lochmaddy, N.B.

Sept. 26th, 1900.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM,—I am sending you for publication an extract from a letter received from a N.C.O. who is with the eighth division in the Orange River Colony, and who has been in hospital with a mild attack of enteric. He says, "Mr. Burdett-Coutts' picture is not overdrawn. If he had been with the eighth divisional Field Hospitals, he would have had much more to say. At Senekal, the new Dutch Church, a building which cost £11,500, was converted into a hospital and could have been made a model one. But what are the facts? This hospital (a pestiferous den it was) contained 60 beds of all sorts and sizes with a mixture of dirty mattresses mostly hard straw, commandeered in the town, and supplemented with the regulation blankets and waterproof sheets, taken in by the men from the field.

The simplest forms of sanitary precautions were neglected. Enteric and other patients huddled together and the same utensils used by all indiscriminately.

The orderlies were untrained, belonging to different regiments, some of whom could neither read nor write, and the stimulant was diluted to make up for what they drank as soon as the doctor's back was turned.

The only lavatory accommodation was an outside angle of the building, this was so insufficiently screened with sheets of corrugated iron, that we used it in full view of the windows of the surrounding houses. A little chloride of lime was sprinkled on the floor in the morning, but none to use in the buckets, and the soil carried away in an open cart about 10 a.m. daily. Besides all this, the patients were swarming with vermin.

We travelled from Senekal to Winburg—some in ambulance waggons, others in open bullock waggons. We were three days under canvas at Winburg, ten men in a tent, on five hard biscuits a day, a bit of badly cooked meat and a little tea or coffee, while there were tons of good bakery bread and medical comforts in the supply depot close by. We were then sent to one of the town hospitals. Let me draw a picture of this place. It was the Masonic Hall, previously used as a Dutch Ragged School, and infested with vermin, to add to the complement of those that we unfortunates had along with us. There were no beds; we had to lie on the bare floor, with our regulation blankets and sheet; 52 N.C.O. and men, all recovering from wounds or severe illness, slept in this fashion at Winburg on the 14th August. The lavatory accommodation was

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