

ment, to be taunted by the leader of the House with the statement, "The Hon. Member hasn't many friends, and they are noisy ones." It is hard to bear, so hard that nothing but a strong sense of duty,—of duty to humanity, stronger than that to Party—could inspire a man to endure it. But the knowledge of the goodness of the Cause he advocated carried him through all this and more besides; the personal attacks from obviously interested and from anonymous quarters. Of such he writes, "None of these were, in my opinion, worth answering. They follow the track of reformers like so many black beetles crawling out of dusty old departments, and dark holes of prejudice, with an insistence which no one who ventures to disturb the latest forces of vested interests and organised bureaucracy can hope altogether to escape. I think I have had rather more than my fair share of them."

Two points force themselves upon our attention as we read this book. The first, a feeling of bitter shame for our own profession. Amongst all the hundreds of nurses out there was there not one to come forward to tell the plain truth, and to sign her name to an account of the needless horrors, sufferings and death that she saw? It might—it no doubt would—mean that she would risk her professional advancement, her chance of medals, the incurrance of Royal displeasure, but had the interests of the sick and wounded no claims upon her? Alas, all has been silence, complaisance, acquiescence.

What determined Mr. Burdett-Coutts to publish an account of what he had seen in South Africa? Listen to him. "There was not a suspicion allowed to reach the public mind that anything was otherwise than perfect. And what was that public mind that it was so treated? It was not only a mind, but a heart—a heart that would have sprung to action and poured out its thousands and hundreds of thousands if it had known what was really happening to its brave soldiers? Then we come to that unfortunate Reform Club banquet where Lord Rosebery stated 'our medical and hospital system was absolutely perfect.' And he was followed by the two consultants, of whom I do not wish to say anything harsh, but who spoke words which unfortunately were applied to things which the speakers did not know and places which they had not seen, and who stated, the one that 'he did not believe it would be possible to have anything more complete or better arranged,' and the other, that he endorsed what the first had said." The next morning nearly every paper in England rang with satisfaction and approval at the medical arrangements—the one bright spot in the war!

It was on his arrival at Cape Town Mr. Burdett-Coutts tells us that "I opened the papers, and read, almost with stupefaction, the statements about perfection, I have just quoted to you. Not till then did I realize the fool's paradise in which you were living here, or how complete and universal was your belief in what you had been told.

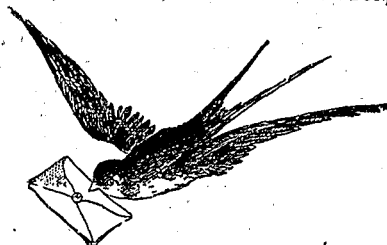
For a little time I felt helpless. Who was I, or what could I do in my individual capacity against the powerful influences and authorities which I should have to face in this matter? Then, as in a flash, I realized that I had but one friend, and that friend was the public. And the one way to reach the heart of that friend and to rouse his hand to action, was to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

(To be continued.)

Our Foreign Letter.

FROM THE FRONT.

STANDERTON, TRANSVAAL.



I haven't written lately, as there is so little news to write about. Being a fixture here now, one day after another is just the same, but the enterics are coming in

at such a rate we have to keep enlarging the hospital. At first when we came it was only to be a small one of 300 beds, but had to be increased very soon to 400. Now we are 500, and still adding beds weekly, and yet never have a spare bed, in spite of ambulance trains constantly coming to take some of our patients, able to be moved, down to other hospitals further down the line. They may take 80 to 90 patients away one day, and the next we are filled up again.

26th December.

I started my letter to you last week and have never been able to finish it, being on night duty and very busy. I have over 200 patients (Tommies), the Officer's Marquees, and four or five tents full of Kaffirs, some of whom are very ill. You no sooner get round everywhere than you have to begin again, and some nights hardly ever sit down from 9 p.m. to 8.30 a.m. On bright starlight nights it is very pleasant work going from tent to tent with your lantern, and so cool after the roasting hot days we are having at present, the bell tents in which we sleep were over 110 deg. the other afternoon, there is not much sleep for us then, but when we get a wet night, rain as it can rain in Africa, and we wade about in gun boots and mackintoshes and come off duty wet through and covered with mud, then we don't think quite so much of night duty. Yesterday we had five very badly wounded cases in from near Heidelberg, one such a dear boy, only 19, and so brave. He is shot in three places, one through the lung, and once in the night, although he could hardly speak, and was suffering dreadfully, he smiled and said, "This has not been a good Xmas for me." The man next him has four bullet wounds, explosive bullets too, but is not so bad. I hope with all my heart that boy will pull through. Some of those lung cases do, and some don't. It was just this time last year we were receiving the wounded in by hundreds, and we have a fair amount of them now. My work at present is amongst the surgical and medical, anything not enteric, which is all on the other side, B division. One of the Kaffirs is rather an interesting case. He was one of our scouts, The Boers came across him, shot his horse and made him run while they fired at him, and he is wounded in 18 places (and was one mass of dressings), twice through the neck, which became so swollen he had to have tracheotomy performed, after trying for some time to save his leg, that had to be amputated he was having hæmorrhage so often from it. He is now hobbling about on crutches, they say no white man could have stood what he did and still live. He has a small son of a few weeks old, and as he was always talking of his "Big Boss Buller" (General Buller) of whom he is very proud, we proposed he

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