

THE TRUTH ABOUT NURSE PITFIELD.

Nurse Pitfield desires me to ask the Editor to convey through the medium of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING her grateful and sincerest thanks to all those who so kindly signed and intended to sign the Petition for her release from Holloway Prison.

Those who were so kindly interested in Nurse Pitfield will be indeed sorry to hear of her terrible sufferings and what she had to endure in the Prison Infirmary. She was in a cell by herself the whole time (45 days), and with the exception of the officials saw no one, though she was twice allowed a professional visit from her lady doctor. The last two weeks she was, and still is, quite unable to turn in her bed without considerable assistance. Her pain is almost unbearable at times, yet when she fell on the floor whilst the wardress was making her bed, she was refused assistance, and it was denied she was suffering. Nurse Pitfield implored in the name of humanity that some other suffragist prisoner might be allowed to come to her aid. Finally a woman not a suffragist prisoner was called, and she was roughly dragged back to bed. The visiting magistrate was made aware that Nurse Pitfield was unable to move, and she implored him to allow her the necessary assistance, but this was entirely disregarded. Nurses will understand the misery and suffering of this terrible disease, and they can well imagine what this poor nurse must have endured through those long lone night hours crying aloud in continuous pain.

In reply to her prayers for assistance, she was told several times in one day that she would be set free at once if she would give an undertaking to abstain from militant protest. Her whole body cried out for release, yet her spirit was undaunted, and her reply to the Governor was: "I have suffered with them; if necessary I will die with them rather than give the undertaking! If you release me it must be unconditional, or I fear my release will come from higher hands than the Government." Nurse Pitfield was also told that the leaders of the movement had sent word she would be justified in giving an undertaking, but this she rightly refused to believe. Her courage and endurance were at last rewarded by an unconditional release on April 16th last, mainly owing, no doubt, to the publicity given to her case through THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

Nurse Pitfield is now quite happy in mind, and her sufferings are alleviated with all that skill and attention can devise.

(Signed) MATRON OF NURSING HOME.

It is to be hoped the Home Office and the responsible officials at Holloway Prison will be called to account for their inhuman treatment of this suffering woman. It is a public duty to protest against it by every means in our power.

LITTLE CUCKOO FLOWER.

CHAPTER I.

"Gee up, Dobbin," said a lazy lad, giving the patient old cart-horse a sly dig in the ribs.

Dobbin gee-ed up. He slowly planted his huge hoofs one step forward, lowered his head, strained at the traces, and the wheels of the waggon to which he was harnessed creaked round. Jesse Martin, who was standing on the wobbling load of hay he was pitchforking on to a stack, lurched forward, pitched on his head on the hard baked earth beneath—twitched once—and never moved again.

The men who were standing on the haystack slithered down, and called upon their companion, but he lay very still, huddled in an ungainly heap, and answered nothing.

Then these sturdy men went very white about the gills, and the vicious lad, known throughout the village as a "limb" (of his Satanic Majesty, no doubt), and whose mischievous act had caused the tragedy—forthwith began lashing the blameless beast.

"God a mercy, who'll tell Martha?" someone exclaimed. "Poor feller's brocken 'is neck."

"Let's fetch t'ode squoire."

"T'ode squoire" came—so did the whole village, and ultimately "parson's wife" broke the terrible news to Martha Martin that she was a widow.

The village approved the conduct of Martha. She came from the lonely cottage near the wood, carrying her only child, little Cuckoo Flower, pressed against her ample maternal bosom. Martha was one who always carried her head high, and stepped with dignity. The tragedy did not apparently shake her proverbial courage. The tears streamed down her pale face for sure, but her grief was very still, and they respected her the more for that—"A bellowing cow soonest forgets her calf" was a proverb in this country place fifty years ago—and was known for truth.

"Poor Jesse" was laid tenderly in the waggon on a bed of fragrant hay, and covered with a sheet. Martha sat beside him, with Cuckoo Flower on her knee—Dobbin, who loved the dead man, walked slow and sure through the village street—its inhabitants following after, and brought him to his cottage gate—and once within, he was reverently cared for throughout the distracting period during which all realised that "the Law mun 'ave its process."

Jesse, it was opined, "made a beautiful corpse." So he did. His marble features were—

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