

fair-skinned, blue-eyed, and rather stout women of lymphatic temperament generally long for a bracing air, and like to go North and to the sea-side; other women, again, of nervous, sensitive temperament long for sunshine and warmth, and will prefer to go South. To send the former to, say, Bournemouth, and the latter to Filey, would not be altogether wise, and yet I have known women sent off in that headlong sort of way for change of air, and wonder why they are no better for it! It is subversive of discipline, I admit, but I should always hesitate to send a patient to a spot she did *not* like, though it might be thought good for her, for in my opinion (I am no disciplinarian) the best way to get a woman well is to make her happy.

There is another point about this going away that I think we are all apt to overlook—that convalescence is not merely “getting over” confinement, but “getting over” the long and weary strain of gestation, for most women are really more or less invalids for the whole time, besides the two or three weeks (at the best) after delivery. It is the reaction from the strain, mental and physical, upon the system, that in my judgment sometimes leads to those little breakdowns we have just described. There has been a drain upon the vital powers, and nature demands repayment, and happy they who can satisfy her.

I may possibly in the latter portion of my subject devote a chapter to the health of pregnant women so far as it lies within the confines of Obstetric Nursing. My next chapter will conclude the first part of my programme (Maternal), and treat of certain deviations from normal convalescence and the nursing duties they require.

(To be continued.)

CAMP AND STUDIO.

IN Mr. Irving Montagu's dainty and clever book, under the above title, recently issued by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., Waterloo Place, in the midst of the thrilling and marvellous experiences the genial and talented war correspondent has undergone, we find the following two “opposites” in respect to Nurses. First, the Nurse in action—this is what Mr. Montagu says about her:

“There is a certain martial freemasonry about heroes which at such supreme moments as the foregoing eclipses altogether the comparatively petty rivalry of nations, an admiration springing up which banishes the elation of victory, a feeling of true hero-worship existing apart from creed or nationality.

“By the way, talking of ties of friendship brings one to the solicitude expressed by the gentler sex in war time for ‘those who fighting fall.’ I have been myself much with the Red Cross Doctors and Nurses, to say nothing of those of the Red Crescent, and think I never saw in any campaign such unostentatious devotion displayed as by the women of the many Russian ambulance corps which followed in the wake of the armies before Plevna. For her voluntary aid to the sick and wounded in war generally, England is, I think, *facile princeps*; but as far as patriotic devotion was concerned, the women of Russia during that great siege certainly held their own. Though little at the time was heard of them, and their glories were unsung, they were far from sighing for that bubble reputation which is too often the mainspring of good deeds. They came, saw, and conquered, as far as the hearts of men were concerned, women, in many cases of the highest rank, accustomed to all the luxuries which wealth and station supply, devoting themselves during that bitter winter not only to their husbands, brothers and lovers, but still extending tender care to those amongst the Turkish wounded who were from time to time brought into the Hospitals at Sistova, Zimnitza and elsewhere. Such women, however, have no nationality; they rise to the occasion whenever great events touch the human heart. Indeed, I may say—

‘To the poet's assurance we all of us bow,
That when sorrow or anguish be-wrinkle the brow,
Those fair ones who, when we are living at ease,
Are fickle and coy and *not* easy to please,
Will be—'t was e'en so since the great world began—
Like angels of sweet ministration to man;
And I think, had you seen them as I have, when night
Spreads her canopy o'er the arena of fight,
On the blood-soddened field, midst the unburied slain,
As they listen for welcome old voices in vain,
You would say that when soldiers for fatherland bleed,
Suoh women are merciful angels indeed!

‘Pray follow me closely; I haven't yet said
That the Holy Red Cross idly grieve for their dead.
While with womanly sorrow they mourn for the brave,
Their primary mission, of course, is to save—
To succour the wounded, to tend them with care,
To touch them with pity, support them by prayer,
To help to restore the maimed heroes who fall,
That again they may answer the clarion's call;
Or if, in their agonies gasping for breath,
They but wait to obey the grim bugle of Death,
With gentle solicitude, mingled with tears,
They soften their passage to happier spheres.

‘Yes; woman in trouble, in sorrow, in woe,
Is angelic indeed; and this most of us know.
But yet, on the other hand, woman can be
A Pluto in petticoats—frightful to see!
Apart from those saints who, regardless of self,
Come to succour and heal, some come only for pelf;
Their mission is money, and watches, and gold,
Which is cut off the uniforms, melted, and sold.

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