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A DOCTOR IN KHAKI

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FRONTISPIECE, PLATE I.

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AN OPERATION IN KHAKI.

Hospital-theatre at Wynberg. Case of gunshot wound of elbow about to be explored under chloroform. Lieut.-Colonel of R.A.M.C., the responsible officer, in background. Operator and assistant, civil-surgeons, in sterilised over-alls, waiting for permission of anaesthetist to proceed.

IMPRESSIONS OF

A DOCTOR IN KHAKI

BY

FRANCIS E. FREMANTLE

M.A., M.B., B.Ch.(Oxon.), M.R.C.P.

LATE CIVIL SURGEON TO H.M. FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA

"Je le pansay, Dieu le guarit"

AMBROISE PARÉ

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, 50 ALBEMARLE STREET

1901

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IN MEMORIAM

MATRIS

DEDICATUR

PREFACE.

An apology is due for any addition to the formidable array of literature produced by the present war. Indeed, even with an excuse, a writer may well be afraid to enter into competition with the many authors whose position has entitled them to criticise, and whose gifts ensure their criticisms being read with pleasure. But young doctors do not often trouble the reviewers; and I have therefore been strongly urged to add this contribution, and so represent a side view of the war that might otherwise pass without record—the view of a junior civil surgeon. A junior surgeon sees the working of the medical service from the same level as the majority of other workers; and a civilian is at liberty to say what he has seen. In both capacities I, moreover, have lived on intimate terms with combatant officers, and seen something of the soldier's life and work from the invaluable standpoint of an ignoramus.

Few civilian medical officers in the present campaign can have had the good fortune to see so

many departments of the medical work as are recorded in the following pages:—Transports and Base Hospital, Hospital Ships, Field Hospital outside Bloemfontein at the beginning of the typhoid epidemic, section of a Field Hospital in the general advance to Pretoria, Sick Convoys, Bearer Company, and stationary camps on the railway. Let this be some excuse for the book.

It is a description of personal experiences and impressions, and in no sense a professional treatise, like the admirable books of Mr. Makins, and the staff of the Portland Hospital. But it claims, like them, to break new ground, and hopes to be of some interest and value both to the medical and general public.

Much is said by the public about the shortcomings of the army in general, and the medical and other departments in particular; but such criticisms are frequently, one might almost say usually, based on only a partial conception of the facts, or, if soundly based, unsoundly developed. It is hoped that this volume may help the public to realise the conditions under which the incidents so freely discussed have taken place. I am in some ways in a better position than any well-known surgeon or officer, to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and, as a result, I may state my belief that many criticisms have been groundless, or to have exag-

gerated the shortcomings incidental to everything human. Nevertheless, I desire to remain a narrator rather than descend to the level of an apologist.

The narrative, therefore, is told as it was written, with the actual reflections recorded at the time, in a journal kept almost daily throughout the campaign. It was a pastime often pursued in night-attire under the verandahs of Wynberg, often in the cabin of a rolling ship; now on the floor of a railway van, now before the mess-tent of a Field Hospital; on the tail-board of a buck-waggon, on the Antiseptic Case or Fracture-box, in the freezing dawn, sweltering mid-day, or velvety black of night. Those four little note-books in American cloth are to me the life of twelve months in brief.

The first parts of the Conclusion were written many months ago as a result of the experiences recorded in this book; but the third part represents the views, developed, rather than modified, by two months' experience as Assistant Secretary to the Army Medical Reorganization Committee, which sat at the War Office during July with Mr. Brodrick himself in the chair, and evolved a scheme which seems destined to make the R.A.M.C. into a corps worthy of the most splendid military and medical traditions.

I desire to express my hearty thanks, amongst

others, to those of my own family, who have read through manuscript and proofs, and given invaluable help and advice; to Dr. E. Cooper Perry, and to Mr. C. Gordon Watson, for similar help; to Mr. Hosking of Bruton's Studio at Cape Town, who has lent photographs; to Mr. Henry Catling, for the loan of skiagrams; and to Mr. George S. Watson, who has given much time to the drawings to be found throughout the book; and not least are my acknowledgments due to Mr. John Murray and Mr. Hallam Murray, for without their consistent courtesy and friendly assistance the book would never have been written.

F. E. F.

June, 1901.

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CHAPTER I.

THE DOCTOR IS HIRED.

Saturday, October 21st, 1899. Scene—The saloon of the Roslin Castle, Her Majesty's Transport No. 26. Seated at one table are three officers, with difficulty composing letters to be posted at Las Palmas. Opposite them the writer, with legs spread out for support, trying to look as unconcerned as if the blood of one of Nelson's Captains still ran in his veins. Enter a burly, jovial major, obviously not a scribe by trade, with a brand-new Letts' diary for '99, given him by his wife under a promise of its being used. But even our inspiriting send-off proves a barren topic. "What is there to say?" he asks; "Embarked on board Roslin Castle yesterday at noon; am sharing a beastly cabin with Davison; only 360 knots by four o'clock"; and after ten minutes the diary disappears, probably for ever.

To the young civil-surgeon, on the other hand, everything is wonderful. The ship and its ways are wonderful; the military are wonderful; the troops, the sea, the occasion, all are wonderful. He is now, for the first time in his life, compelled to live a life of most delightful luxury and idleness; and in return for these services a grateful taxpayer provides him with food and a free passage and gives him £1 per diem. This is sheer wealth. No practitioner would pay as well for an assistant; and no partnership or practice of this value could be bought for less than a year's purchase, some £400 down. And if, as a well-earned holiday after his years of hard work and rough living, the young doctor were to undertake a sea-trip or continental tour in charge of an incipient drunkard or madman, it would do little more than pay his expenses.

As a fact most of the civil-surgeons here on board were probably ready to go out as unpaid volunteers; we offered our services because the war seemed imminent, and the unfortunate R.A.M.C. (Royal Army Medical Corps) could hardly manage a big war without help. Our motives, apart from the purely professional, were, for the most part, a love of adventure and fresh air; to some extent also the desire to wave the flag. It was on September 11th, a month before war broke out, that I wrote to an acquaintance in

the War Office to ask if any civilian doctors were likely to be wanted; on his advice I wrote to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, received an acknowledgment the next day, and on September 30th, twelve days before the declaration of war, received a printed paper offering terms and accepting my services accordingly. This shows that the R.A.M.C. at any rate do not intend to be caught napping.[1]

The exact form of the contract ran as follows:

To Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the War Department.

I,————of ——Hospital,——, being qualified to practise medicine and surgery, and being registered under the Medical Act now in force in the United Kingdom, hereby offer to serve as a Surgeon to Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa on the following conditions:

1. The period of my service hereunder shall commence as from the day on which I shall embark from England, and shall continue until the expiration of twelve calendar months thereafter, or until my services are no longer required, whichever shall first happen.

2. My pay shall (subject as hereinafter ap-

[1] The authority for employment of twenty civil-surgeons was granted on September 11. War was declared on October 11.

pears) be twenty shillings a day for the said period.

3. In addition to such pay, I shall receive a free passage from England to South Africa, and (subject as hereinafter appears) a similar free passage from South Africa to England at the end of the said period; and so long as I am on active service hereunder, I shall receive the field allowance of a Captain in the Army, the use of a Government horse, and a soldier or civilian servant, and rations while in the field.

4. During the said period I will devote my whole time and professional skill to my service hereunder, and will obey all orders given to me by commissioned military or naval officers, or by the permanent medical officers of either of those services.

5. In case I shall complete my service hereunder to your satisfaction in all respects, I shall receive at the end of the said period a gratuity of two months' full pay, at the rate hereinbefore specified; but in case I shall in any manner misconduct myself, or shall be (otherwise than through illness or unavoidable accident) unfit in any respect for service hereunder, of which misconduct or unfitness you shall be sole judge, you shall be at liberty from and immediately after such misconduct or unfitness to discharge me from further service hereunder, and thereupon

all pay and allowances hereunder shall cease, and I shall not be entitled to any free passage home or gratuity.

Dated this —— day of ——, 1899.

——— ———

Witness to the signature of the said —— ——

———————

———————

On behalf of the Secretary of State, I accept the foregoing offer.

J. JAMESON,
Director-General, Army Medical Department.

It is rather amusing that by paragraph 4 we shall have to black the boots of any stripling officer who tells us to do so. The pay conditions seem rather complicated, but the field allowance will apparently work out at three shillings a day, with one and sixpence a day extra as colonial allowance on account of the expensiveness of everything colonial.[1] They say that in the Zulu war forty civil-surgeons were employed at the rate of £2 a day without allowances; but our terms, if not too much to compensate men in practice, are riches to the young bachelor of no occupation.

[1] The colonial allowance was subsequently refused; but field allowance was given at the rate of 3s. 6d. a day, that of a Captain in Staff employment.

On October 14th, when the war was three days old, we got our sailing orders for the 20th. Now, here is a curious point. As early as the 4th they told me at the Army Medical offices that two hundred men had applied, and twenty had been selected; and on the 14th that fifty-six had been appointed out of some four or five hundred applications. But they had made no public announcement on the subject and were trusting simply to chance applications (although they had definitely advertised for civil-surgeons to fill the places at home of the R.A.M.C. officers, three-quarters of whom are under orders for the Cape—seventeen, for instance, out of the twenty officers in the Woolwich mess). Thus many an excellent man, such as X. Z., who would have given his eyes for the job, and would have done it well, simply did not apply; and now he will be too late. It seems an unbusinesslike way of doing things. Perhaps the R.A.M.C. do not want the public to know that they require fifty-six officers to complete the equipment even for one Army Corps; our names do not seem to have been published in any of the lists of medical officers supplied to the press. But there really is nothing to be ashamed of. It would be absurd to keep up the R.A.M.C. at war strength in time of peace. It is far better for them to have only sufficient officers to do the work of Bearer

Companies and Field-Hospitals at the front, the work requiring their own special training; while trusting to young civil-surgeons, fresh from resident duties at big London and provincial hospitals, to do the more purely technical work of the base hospitals, under the necessary management of a few magnates of the Corps. There will certainly be no lack of volunteers for the work; and this seems to be the method they are in fact adopting.

It was unfortunately impossible to manage much special training for this job; a special demonstration of skiagraphic work and apparatus and a run over the course of operative surgery at Greenwich (at the "Dreadnought") had to be given up. However, reading for the Fellowship examination in November and Public Health Diploma next April will have been useful; and I had a week's good work in the Front Surgery at Guy's again in September. Finally, after my heavy luggage went off, I put in four riding lessons on Wednesday and Thursday in the Gunners' riding school at Woolwich, and am horribly stiff and sore in consequence. It is difficult to see why they undertake in the Contract to provide everyone of us with a Government horse. What a cavalcade we shall be!

By our embarkation order we are actually allowed seventy cubic feet of luggage. Taking

the ordinary packing-case at 2 × 2 × 1¾ ft., this will allow of ten boxes of that size—about three times as much as we can possibly want—bicycle, camp furniture, and all sorts of luxuries included. Of course this order only guarantees it as far as Cape Town, where we may have to store most of it, and the reason is that there is any amount of room in the hold of a ship which is built to carry, in ordinary times, a good deal of cargo. The cargo is now only represented by the regimental waggons and Maxim, water-carts and kit; and weight has to be made up by ballast. It has been possible, therefore, to take out everything that may conceivably be wanted, either for existence at the front or for a fairly civilised life in Cape Town—several text-books and instruments, bicycling, photographic, lawn-tennis and cricket gear, dress clothes, change clothes, and duplicates of everything necessary. An admirable suggestion, which would be most useful to all kinds of travellers, is the use of saddle-boxes, of which I have two. They are tin-lined wooden boxes, measuring about six or seven cubic feet; the lids fasten down by hinge, lock and key, and six screws, and they only cost 15s. 6d. each at the Stores. They would be to a large extent dust-proof, water-proof, ant-proof, and proof against petty larceny. Besides these, the Stores sent my

Wolseley valise, camp bed, and other camp furniture, packed in a large case, straight down to the docks, c/o Embarking Staff Officer, and I assume that and my boxes are in the hold, together with a cheap but strong second-hand Rudge-Whitworth bicycle in crate. In my cabin are a large kit bag, Gladstone, bundle of wraps (including a most unmilitary-looking umbrella), and my dear old helmet case dating back from Eton days.[1]

It was a terrible job getting all these things, packing them, making all sorts of arrangements for an absence of three to a possible twelve months, and taking a last taste of civilisation. On the 14th I lunched with the R.A.M.C. mess at Woolwich, and got some most kind and useful advice as to the requirements and possibilities of clothing, which may be anything from top-hats down to sleeping-caps, and from dress-clothes down to nothing. The War Office sent round a circular "recommending" (not ordering) certain main articles of khaki wear; but they expressly state this is not to be a uniform, since we are civilians pure and simple, and several of my colleagues here intend to work entirely in ordinary clothes. Most of my days were spent in the Stores, where the barrack-furniture room was an absolute pandemonium. In fact, one

[1] See Appendix C. for list of outfit.

man told me he could not possibly get the camp furniture recommended by the War Office in time for the boat. However, I went and had tea on the strength of this disastrous news, and returning to the attack found one in authority, who in a splendid way undertook to do the whole thing for me and in good time. The Ocean Company has insured the whole for the voyage to the value of £100—some of which must be moral and intellectual, as Krüger would say.

Finally, on the last evening, I had to fulfil a three months' promise and review a book about Claude Bernard for the *Guy's Gazette*, and after writing innumerable letters, only began to pack my cabin luggage at five A.M. Then a rapid wash; changed and had breakfast, and drove off to Waterloo for the usual 9.30 express to Southampton. The boat was only due to start at 2.30, but it would have been too risky to trust to a later train; and, as the troops were coming from the Aldershot district, there were no specials from London. The first-class carriages were fairly full of officers, mostly in uniform, with characteristic luggage, and characteristic groups of friends to see them off. I am glad to say none of my family found it convenient to come down to Southampton, but three of them reached the platform at Waterloo, rather a good performance

for a raw morning in October. I felt a regular walking pedlar, in a huge ulster and soft felt hat, with field glasses slung over one shoulder, and a large Kodak over the other, and wraps, bags, and literature loose. It was a memorable scene in its way, though there were no masses of men in uniform or masses of cheering mob; only a few individuals in khaki, each with a little knot of friends firing off their final *bon-mots* at him; and one felt in the grey, misty, chilly, unromantic morning that there were so many romances in the making, of which the world would never hear.

At Southampton a gimcrack carriage drove us through acres of dock-land to the wharf, where the "Roslin Castle" was soon found, and on her my berth, No. 70, on the main deck just for'ard of the saloon. It is an inner cabin with but little light or ventilation; but a doctor who was to share it with me has fortunately found his way into someone else's cabin, where he reigns supreme and happy. The troops were embarking, and it was difficult to find any authorities on the landing-stage or in the sheds, and quite hopeless to find luggage or parcels; so one took it for granted that everything was on board, and that if not, it was no use bothering about it. In the saloon, amongst some scores of telegrams, some of us looked eagerly every now and then

for wires from friends and family; and it is well to state that, if people want to do a kindness to soldiers just off for the war, they will telegraph or write to them on their ships, so as to bid them God-speed in the most enduring and least embarrassing way.

One felt a general sense of excitement and bustle increasing as the time went on. The first thing I did at mid-day was prosaically to retire to my cabin and shave; then to lunch; then to produce the camera and, with a maiden effort, to snap-shot Lord Wolseley and his staff, who came down to inspect us. At last it was two o'clock, and Her Majesty's troopship "Yorkshire," of the P. and O. Company, cast off her moorings and was towed past us, the first of the thirty ships leaving England these four or five days, transporting the Army Corps to South Africa,—the first, that is, of the biggest military expedition that has ever been fitted out to cross the seas. At least so they say. Presumably Darius' effort doesn't come under that heading.[1] It was a stirring sight; the decks and rigging piled up high with living masses of scarlet and khaki, shouting and hooraying to their friends and to us, who answered with interest.

[1] It was thought a great thing to send out a complete Army Corps, 28,000 men. The equivalent of eight Army Corps have since then been engaged in South Africa.

The band on shore played "God Save the Queen" and the inevitable "Soldiers of the Queen," in which we all joined, a bar or two late; the crowd on shore made a mass of waving hats and handkerchiefs; and every boat in the place, full to the brim of hallooing passengers, whistled and shrieked for all it was worth. The next to start was the "Manila," a Bibby liner, and then three Castle liners, headed by our own boat, a fifteen-year-old mailer, which is said to do fifteen knots easily and the trip in seventeen days.

At last we were off, at three o'clock, third of the transport fleet. We were accompanied by trippers half-way down Southampton Water, glided past Netley—a palatial building—swung out into the Solent, leaving the shore at six o'clock, and grimly faced the Channel and the Atlantic. We passed the "Manila" during dinner-time, and at nine I turned in with a vague sense of mystery and excitement.

CHAPTER II.

"ROSLIN CASTLE" WINS.

Saturday, October 21st. Called, with coffee, at 6.30, and up soon after for a good bath and blow before breakfast at 8.30. Lunch is at one, tea at four, dinner at 6.30. Helped a bit in the morning in the medical inspection of the troops for contagious diseases,—a very necessary process. Thirty-seven cases were found, despite a thorough weeding out before they left Aldershot.

We have a fine Major-General on board, going out with his staff to command a brigade; and the troops, 1086 in all with 70 officers, are the (14th) West Yorkshire regiment with various odds and ends. Most of the day spent in chatter and reading Lord Grey's *Life of Hubert Harvey*, an old Etonian administrator in Rhodesia, a fine man, with scholarship and wit, and large Imperial sentiments.

Sunday, October 22nd. A very busy day, heaving out ballast from the hold, and getting

out from the nether regions, sorting and storing away again, all the men's kits. These seem to have been put in anyhow; and as all the 1086 valises looked exactly alike, and were all different, it took an immense time before they were re-arranged and returned to the hold in good order.

Church parade at eleven, with an impressive little address at the end from the General about the last Boer war and Boer methods of warfare; moral—hit them and don't get hit yourself. The sergeant-major parading the men was magnificent. "Church of Hingland, they goes 'ere, down the passage; Roman Catholics, they goes 'ere, what yer calls starb'd side; hother denominations, they goes wher' they can." So the Church paraded on the promenade deck aft, and the service was read by the General, while T. Atkins sat down on the deck, and, as he couldn't hear, thought of home and country and the Boers. But the band played and sang all they knew in the hymns, and when it came to "O God, our help in ages past," we all joined in with a will, ending, of course, with "The Queen."

At table I have fallen amongst the Army Pay Department, all good friends and interesting in various ways; but, being for the most part married and elderly, they look on this trip as a most unpleasant duty, and for the sake of their families wish they were bachelors. One on my right

is an ardent gardener, whose chrysanthemums are competing for a prize at the present moment; another, who sits opposite, is one of those amateur photographers who knows too much to talk about it. And on my left is the ship's doctor in uniform, a good man at his work and a good football-player, who was compelled to travel for his health, and so has been to India and Rangoon two or three times in the Bibby line, besides a previous trip in this to the Cape.

Monday, October 23rd. There are nine of us civil-surgeons, all but one having held resident appointments in the chief London hospitals. The exception is A. L. Wynter, a Bart's man, who went through the Cuban war at his own expense, a most energetic fellow, whose energy actually rouses him to do four hours in the stoke-hole before breakfast every morning, after which he leaves a marked impression on the white stone-ware bath. Gordon Watson and R. W. Jameson were respectively house-surgeon and house-physician at Bart's, the latter having also been house-surgeon at Addenbroke's at Cambridge and done plague-work in India. Wanklyn Thomas of Christ's, Cambridge, and George's, after doing the usual round of house-appointments, was also eighteen months in India on plague-duty. He rowed in the trial-eights at Cambridge, is an accompanist, a good whist-

player, and now of course devoted to Bridge. George's also sends W. F. Tyndale, who hopes to do a little correspondence for the *British Medical Journal*, and Dr. Gerard Carré, a Brussels M.D., who spent two years in Uganda as doctor with the relief force and as Principal Medical Officer of Colonel Martyr's expeditionary force, which was intended to work its way down the Nile and join hands with Lord Kitchener at Fashoda or Lado. Carré now spends his days working interminably in the saloon, and we suspect him of being connected with the press. Middlesex sends Reissmann, who was a choral scholar at St. John's, Cambridge, and appears to have attained greatness at his hospital as the founder and editor, amongst other things, of their good little quarterly journal. He is bringing out a clever bit of scientific apparatus for recording continual variations in temperature of patients to a small fraction of a degree for twenty-four hours. Finally, we have an Edinburgh M.D., George Thornton, who plays cricket for Middlesex when he can, and has been six years under the Metropolitan Asylum's Board in a large fever-hospital, of which he is now senior Assistant Medical Officer.

Tuesday, October 24th. On duty as Orderly Medical Officer for the day, which means apparently that you wear someone else's haver-

sack, and may, if you like, accompany the Captain of the ship, the Colonel of the regiment, and the rest of the official procession in their daily tour round the vessel. The R.A.M.C. batch on board also say they would have accepted my services in the inspection of thirty pairs of sore feet after lunch; but I never heard of it till afterwards. No wonder the men get sore feet. They are drilling hard in batches, morning and afternoon, from seven till four, and all in bare feet except for musketry-drill. They march, and they double, they stand on tiptoe, they wave their arms about, they lie down flat on their backs and wave their legs about, they turn over and wave their whole selves about, and in the end, like the elegant Lady Catherine in the Vicar of Wakefield, they are "all a muck o' sweat." (Plate 2.) A hundred dummy wooden rifles add considerably to the excitement; and seeing that this regiment at Aldershot was under five hundred strong, one hundred and fifty of whom were weeded out from age or sickness, and the strength raised to 1086 by reservists, there is plenty of need for physical drill. But they ought to make a fine working battalion, as they are all seasoned men and in the prime of life. The staff of officers has similarly had to be augmented; there are seven subalterns of four months' service or less and a V.C. hero has been imported for the time being from

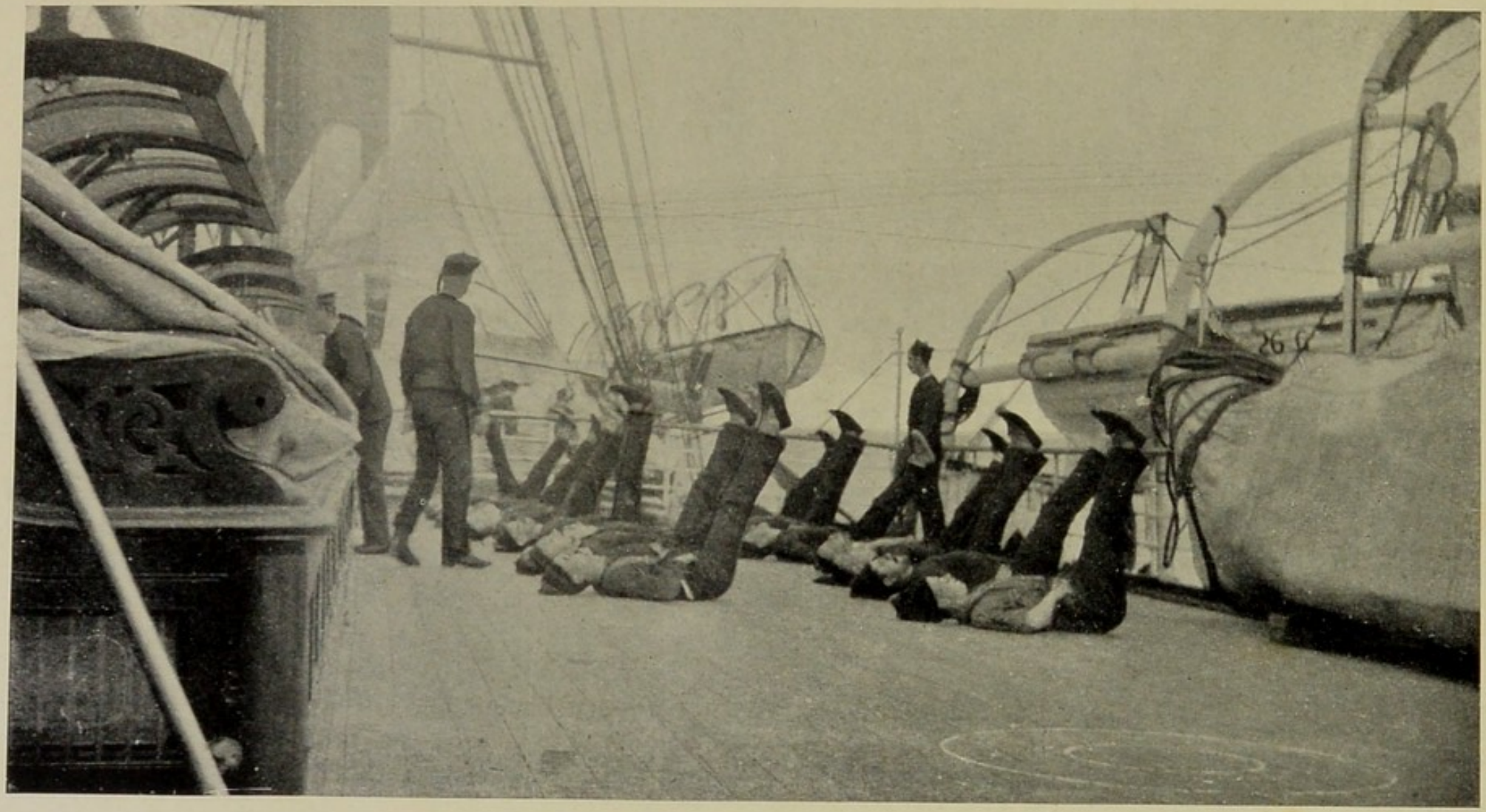


PLATE 2, p. 18.

Nov. 7, 1899

GOOD EXERCISE—IN THE OPINION OF THE SPECTATORS.

Daily physical drill, said, by all but the private soldier, to have been a great success.

another regiment. They seem good fellows and very keen.

Wednesday, October 25th. "Six o'clock, sir; just getting in to Las Palmas." So up I went on deck in pyjamas and watched the gradual approach of land; first a bleak, brown row of low mountains; then one of them becoming brighter and brighter in the rising sun, which lit up all the houses on its side to a dazzling white; then a town appeared at the foot of the hills, and the two dark towers of a cathedral above the town; and as we drew near to land, we passed the town on our left and found our way into a fairly spacious harbour. It was a glorious summer morning. The little boats danced on the waves; ships of all nations slumbered peacefully all round us; even the ocean-tramps looked moderately clean and happy. There were two little torpedo boats with German and Brazilian flags; a white French paddle-steamer from the West Coast; and close at hand, a giant among dwarfs, was a fine British cruiser, "H.M.S. Niobe," on guard over the Trooping Squadron, that is us. We were at once infested with banana-boats, cigar-boats, and boats with diving boys, with beautiful limbs and sleek, swarthy skins, who dived splendidly for either silver or coppers. Then came the boats with port-officials and a steam-tug from the "Niobe," and lastly, a long,

black procession of coal-barges, headed by a dirty little tug, winding its way in and out all round the harbour in its search for us. It was a brilliant sight.

After breakfast, eighteen of us, including the General, were rowed ashore by four ruffians, splendid ruffians too, who refused to land us until we had paid the uttermost farthing. We refused; they put out a few yards; and there was Her Majesty's army in a fix, neither daring to risk its dignity by giving way, nor to take the law into its own hands and win the day. We were finally relieved by the Agent of the Castle line; and paid our eighteen shillings after landing.

We spent four delightful hours in the town, driving there in rickety little vehicles and back by electric tram, which went at breakneck speed along the road. We were in the tropics without a doubt, with palms, cactuses, and oceans of brown sand; and we were with equal certainty in Spanish country, with pariah dogs, and numberless versions of Don Quixote, splendid ruffians again, riding huge packs on mule-back with their legs splayed at right angles. The "sights of the town" were chiefly English shops and tobacconists selling "Three Castles" cigarettes; but the view of the town on the hillside from the Museum was pretty (Plate 4); the fruit market was pictur-

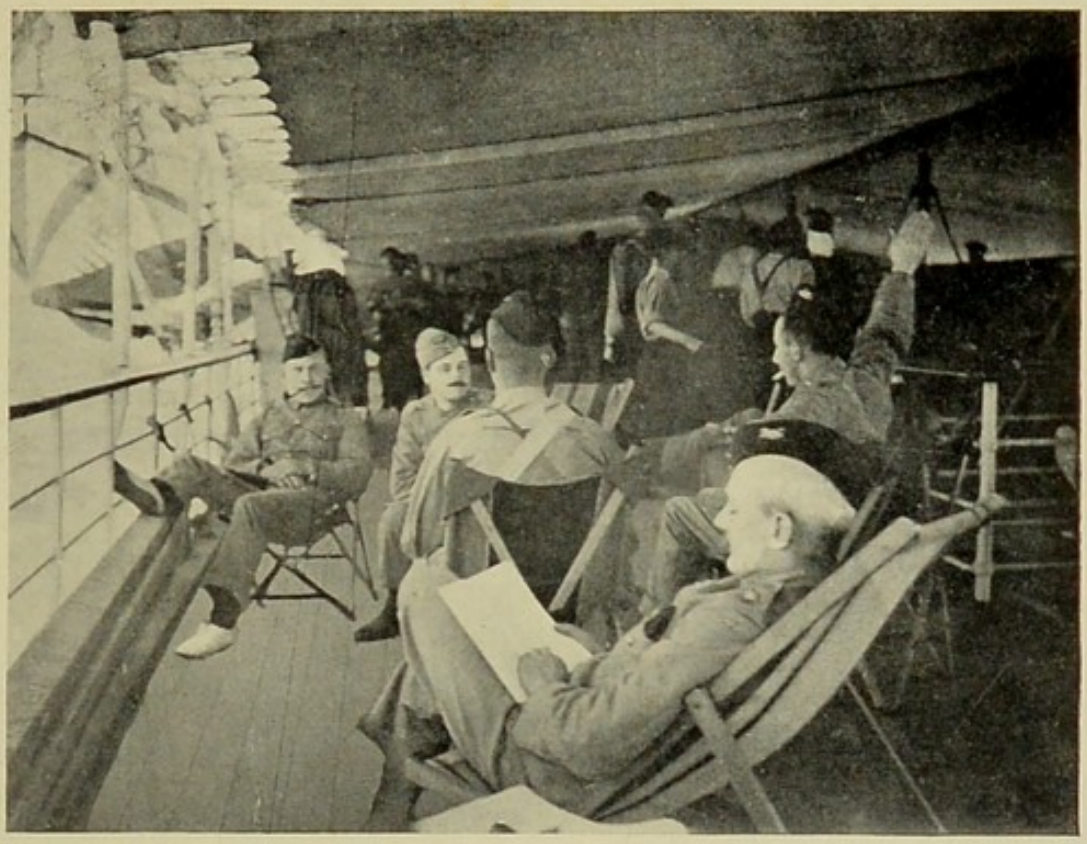


PLATE 3. October 28, 1899.

Life on a Troop-ship.

Officers practising semaphore-signalling and reading—let us say—tactics. Tommies doubling round the deck in the back-ground.



PLATE 4. p. 20. October 25, 1899.

Las Palmas.

Dazzling white houses, or frontages to dwellings cut out of the rock. Hill otherwise brown and barren. Banana grove in middle distance.

esque and smelly; and, being in the Canary Islands, especially in Grand Canary, we were rather pleasantly surprised to find Canary-birds hanging on the house-walls, and to sip a glass of Canary wine, rather a good hybrid between port and sherry. Our conversation was in English and by signs. We tried what we thought ought to be Spanish, judging from our smatterings of French, German, or Italian, but English was far more useful and expressive; and they took English money, and doubtless made a handsome profit on it. Everything was quite up to expectations and formed a delightful first taste of the tropics.

We were off at four, the "Niobe" giving us a send-off with bands playing our old friend, the "Soldiers of the Queen," and the rigging manned and cheering. We were the first ship passing to the war. But, unfortunately, the drama was spoiled, for just outside the harbour our steering jammed, and we gradually drifted dangerously close to the shore. However, the hour's delay enabled us by means of the Castle Agency's tug to receive an answer to a wire we had sent in the morning to the Sandhurst porter asking for war-news. This told us of a biggish fight at Glencoe in Natal and General Penn-Symons' death, a severe loss to some on board, who knew him well.

At last we were off; but the sun was hidden,

the landscape was grey and sombre, and, unfortunately, the Peak of Teneriffe was hidden in cloud. We steamed away merrily for a time, but, after dinner, things again became mysterious. All lights on board were put out at 8.30; we shifted our course and dodged about in a most extraordinary way; and the watch on deck were actually armed and ammunition brought up from below. It is said that a suspicious-looking torpedo-boat, made in Germany, and supposed to be bound for Chili, had been lying up for a long time for no obvious reason in Las Palmas harbour, and was overcrowded with so-called workmen; that the Captain of the "Niobe," thinking it just conceivable that she might be in the pay of Mr. Krüger, told us to go out of the ordinary course; and that perhaps the "Niobe" herself will accompany the next trooper along the usual track. Meanwhile there is considerable complaint amongst the married and elderly—(1) that they cannot see to get to bed; (2) that if the Captain of the "Niobe" had any doubts at all, he should never have allowed us to leave the harbour; (3) that it is a public scandal and a national disgrace for a ship belonging to the "Mistress of the Seas" to be skulking about these seas in fear of Mr. Krüger's navy.

Thursday, October 26th. Lights out again today; we are said to be some miles inside our natural course. Have made friends with three

subalterns who are going out on special signalling duty with the divisional staffs, and style themselves Captain and wear red tabs on the collars accordingly. Red tabs are apparently the sign of greatness, being worn by everybody who is not doing the humdrum, and therefore inferior, work of a regiment or corps. One of these three considers himself especially lucky, having only spent four years in the service, and only just begun his two years' course at the Staff College. He, however, does not yet consider himself very great, despite the red tabs.

Friday, October 27th. Fell into conversation this evening with an officer from a well-known public school, who explained an old conundrum as to how it was possible to live in the Army on a small allowance and yet go in for sport. He does it by giving up all tobacco and alcohol of every kind, and is thereby able to get a good month with the stag-hounds at Dulverton and other west country hunts every year. This ideal of a good soldier and good sportsman commends itself forcibly to the town-body, whose own ideal is generally all mind and no body. The community really needs both ; but the more perfect man is certainly not the latter.

Another officer tells me he heard Sir Redvers Buller say in a London club before starting that within a month of the Army-Corps' landing in

South Africa the English flag would be flying at Pretoria. If so, the war should be over with the old year.

It is rumoured that the Dundee mines in Natal have stopped working, and that we were ordered in consequence to take on board as much and to use as little coal as possible. We are certainly going slower now, only 230 instead of 340 knots, although well out of the water.

Saturday, October 28th. Very hot still, especially in my cabin, which has no port-hole, being situated between an outer cabin and the passage. It is lit only by one small skylight, on the top of which Mr. Thomas Atkins stands most of the day. However, most of us sleep on deck now, which is delightful, except when they come and turn the hose on to us at one A.M., or sweep us off at six. The best time of the day is from 6 to 7.30 A.M., during which you drink your coffee and perform various gymnastic feats in pyjamas, doing a mile round and round the slippery decks, or pulling in a tug-of-war. Then a good bath and dress and you are more than ready for a sumptuous breakfast by half-past eight. The men, who are allowed to sleep on deck if they like, start the day with "sail-bath parade" from 4 to 6.30, which they like but moderately.

Sunday, October 29th. Church parade and

another little address from the General. Text—The Battle of Glencoe. A lovely day with a fine breeze and shoals of porpoises jumping right out of the water and performing all sorts of acrobatic feats. This evening J. and I have been sea-gazing in the dark. We shudder to think of the possibilities of a man overboard, and decide that we should not jump after him at night, although we might, and certainly ought to do so, in daylight. It is rather eerie looking out on the blank, black ocean at night, as we plough through it faster than a cyclist can scorch along a road, with the phosphor-lights close by like electric lamps in the water, and never a sound except the rushing, swishing music of our own progress.

Monday, October 30th. At mid-day opposite Sierra Leone, 5° N., having passed Cape Verde without getting within sight of it. We passed the Union liner "Gaul," bound for home, but have had no further news of Mr. Krüger's navy, lights being allowed again last night. Nothing more was heard of the mysterious torpedo-boat, which is presumed to have been as she described herself.

After tea there were some good boxing competitions amongst the men on our hurricane deck under officers' supervision, Mr. Atkins, who for the most part did not seem anxious himself to enter the lists, being wildly excited on his friends'

behalf. After dinner the men gave a variety entertainment on our deck, a most curious medley of patriotic, foul, and sentimental songs, half to the accompaniment of the pioneer-sergeant's concertina,—rather a dreary performance. After all, an army represents fairly well the scum of the earth at its very best; and it is because it gives the scum its chance of getting to its very best and becoming no longer scum, that the army is perhaps the greatest philanthropic institution in the nation. Their concerts represent both their pure brute-nature (in some really terrible songs) and their instinctive striving for better things, as in the corporal's recitation of a domestic tragedy, which metaphorically brought down the awning, and the fat steward's rendering of "My old Dutch." Crossed the line at four P.M.

Tuesday, October 31st. Made several interesting acquaintances. A Pay-Major talks of archaeology and liberal theology, and is bringing out his seventh novel, which should be amusing as well as interesting. A Major, in the Army Service Corps, worked his way up from the ranks of the Marines, and has been A.D.C. in Malta and elsewhere,—a strange kind of job in peace time, apparently, where his chief duties seem to be those of valet and daughter-of-the-house combined. A senior subaltern, whom I found studying Dutch, confessed it would probably be useless

at the Cape, but that he did it as much for his own pleasure as for the chance of its being useful. He is a good linguist, a picture-lover, and a devotee of Italy, with the manners and charming petty conceits of a gentleman who has moved in the elect circles of diplomatic society in Florence and Vienna. Needless to say he also plays Bridge.

Wednesday, November 1st. It was so horribly cold on deck last night, despite the Equator, that I certainly shall not sleep there again. My bed was on the top of a skylight, head foremost, so that the wind blew straight down between me and my sheets, filling them out like a balloon. Colonel Walter Kitchener, on the seat below, was reading a novel in bed under the electric light as if he were in his bed at home. At 4 A.M. I made up my mind to turn the bed round the other way on—a sportive proceeding on the top of a skylight, in the face of a strong wind with a heavy roll, and the Colonel just below. Finally, I took up my bed and walked off altogether, like the palsied man in the Gospels, leaving the Colonel sleeping peaceably in sole and undisputed possession of the deck.

Good chat with Colonel C.D., whom J. and I think to be the strongest man on board. He reminds us of Napoleon, looking as if trivialities were not for him, and that if he once made up

his mind that something great should be done, it would be done, blood and thunder notwithstanding. He tells me he has tramped three thousand miles on foot in Uganda and those parts during the last eighteen months, and he certainly looks uncommonly fit. He has, of course, had considerable experience of things medical and surgical on his expeditions; he once diagnosed a pneumo-haemo-thorax and treated it with a bit of gutta-percha tissue over the wound, the man living ten days; and another time he extracted a bullet from deep down in a man's groin; in all, a kind of Warren Hastings or Cecil Rhodes,—men with strong unorthodox codes of their own, according to which they are scrupulously strict, and by means of which they make the Empire. He was asked about the reports one hears of cruelty in discipline as necessary for the management of savages; and he declared that the Swahilis would be unmanageable without flogging, but that with most native tribes it was quite unnecessary.

Thursday, November 2nd. Some revolver-practice this afternoon,—pretty good fun for us and poor fun for the bottles, which were hung out on the end of a spar. One or two officers have the quaint-looking but most ingenious Mauser pistol, which fits on the end of the wooden case out of which you take it, and

makes a carbine, the case forming the butt. It is easily filled by a single movement, as the cartridges are all fixed on to clips, five on each. The sceptics can only say that the whole thing is so ingenious and intricate that it is bound to go wrong.

The combatant officers say much against the R.A.M.C., protesting often in a rather embarrassing way their delight at the employment of civil-surgeons for the war. The Corps is represented on board by a Major and three subalterns for one of the Bearer Companies, and the Major of a Field-Hospital.

Friday, November 3rd. We are right in the trade-winds, with a current against us, and so—(1) are very cold again, (2) are only doing 300 to 310 knots a day, and (3) are tossing and pitching so much that at each pitch the screw jars right through the boat and makes writing most difficult. 12½° S. by noon.

Saturday, November 4th. Have finished Colonel Stevenson's book on military surgery, dated 1897, but now quite out of date, as it takes no account of the Röntgen rays, which must have revolutionised methods in all cases of bullet-extraction and fractures, and it is full of statistics from the Franco-Prussian and other wars to show the advantage of antiseptic treatment, which is of course a truism. The author is Professor of Sur-

gery at Netley, and this book is the only modern English work on the subject; but it is to be presumed that the R.A.M.C. officers have reached further than this in their subject. The day divides itself naturally into mornings for serious reading, except when some conversational person comes along; afternoons for semi-serious reading, such as Bryce's book on South Africa; after-tea-time for quoits or deck cricket or a constitutional; and evenings for flippant reading, music, or other diversions. Five or six of my colleagues dress for dinner; but the military have no dress clothes, and so make shift with red coats, tennis-shirts, black bows, and red cummerbunds. My dress clothes being in the hold, I wear a dark flannel suit always, with a linen shirt and black bow in the evening instead of flannel and colours.

Talked for an hour or so with one of the senior officers, walking up and down the deck in pyjamas before breakfast; we often meet so. He is as hard as nails himself; used to double with his troops for 1½ or 2 hours every day last summer, according to his subalterns. He thinks his men are as podgy as can be, and will require three weeks or more before they are fit.[1] To-day he was talking of the journalists he had met in the Soudan and elsewhere, and words were not

[1] They had four days, and did well nevertheless.

strong enough to express his detestation of modern journalism and its effects on the public mind. It is perhaps rather typical of the military mind to get hold of a good idea and run it to an extreme. This officer went so far as to declare that the press was freely bought all round, and was entirely responsible for the war; that its representatives were habitual tipplers, ill-bred, over-educated board-school children; and that G. W. Steevens, the *Daily Mail* correspondent, if an exception as a quiet gentleman, was the greatest offender of them all, in manufacturing not only theories but actual news itself. He detested Steevens and Kipling and all their works.

Sunday, November 5th. Service to-day read by the ship's Captain in the saloon, the General striking because it was too blustery on deck, and he had done his share by officiating on two previous Sundays. He was talking this evening about military education, on which he is one of the chief authorities. He finds fault with Eton in the insufficient amount of work done, in the wretched board and lodging given for the hundred guineas, and in the criminal want of a gymnasium. However, he agrees that "College" is good and the army class well managed. He is very keen on university candidates, as having by far the widest views of any officers, and says that with the necessary amount of energy and determination

they invariably come to the front. Admitting that officers as a rule do not read in the army, he attributes the fault to the fact that they have never been taught to read. But obviously the best education of all is this war, which will in many ways be a blessing in disguise to the service, as well as the nation.

Monday, November 6th. Day after day passes without a glimpse of anything but water and sky outside the ship; insomuch that we were interested to-day for at least two hours of our valueless time in passing a tramp, bound for Aden from New York,—as we learnt by flags at the mast-head,—and pitching and tossing horribly. Compared with other sea-voyages, this route must be quite one of the least interesting. However, with a fairly good library on board as well as one's technical books, J. and I find life very pleasant in a mild way. I have never been so lazy nor able to read so quietly in my life before. He made me read *The Cloister and the Hearth*, which gives in Denys a delightful sketch of the professional soldier of the middle ages, a strange contrast to the modern soldier, when war is an occasional game and played under fixed rules.

Wednesday, November 8th. No hope, unfortunately, of getting to Cape Town in time for the homeward mail, which leaves at 4 P.M. It is interesting to talk to these subalterns and try

to appreciate the relative value of their educations. One of the best was unable to get into Sandhurst, and so ran away from home to enlist in a line regiment. What he does not know about the private soldier is not worth knowing. His father bought him out after a year, and he got his commission through the militia; but he finds it rather strange living now with a few officers of his old regiment, who happen to be on board here. Another youngster, a bright but quiet fellow, left Sandhurst in June, and was hoping against hope for a commission in his county regiment. The commission actually reached him together with his sailing orders the day before we started. He was then at Exeter, arrived in town after the shops were shut, started his shopping in a cab at 9.15 on the 20th, and caught the 11.15 from Waterloo. His out-fit is naturally of a somewhat heterogeneous kind.

Betting is about even that the war will be practically over by the time we land. Those who make the offer say the Boers are too shrewd to face the music when they see we are in earnest and have actually despatched the complete Army Corps. I hope this may be so; but it looks uncommonly as if they were in earnest in their proud boast made by Krüger "to drive the British into the sea" and make South Africa a Dutch confederacy. It is not for nothing that

they have collected, as it is said, half a million modern rifles in the country.

It will be a hard wrench to part from all these new friends and acquaintances; but one longs for activity, and the play of which this interminable voyage is only the drop-scene.

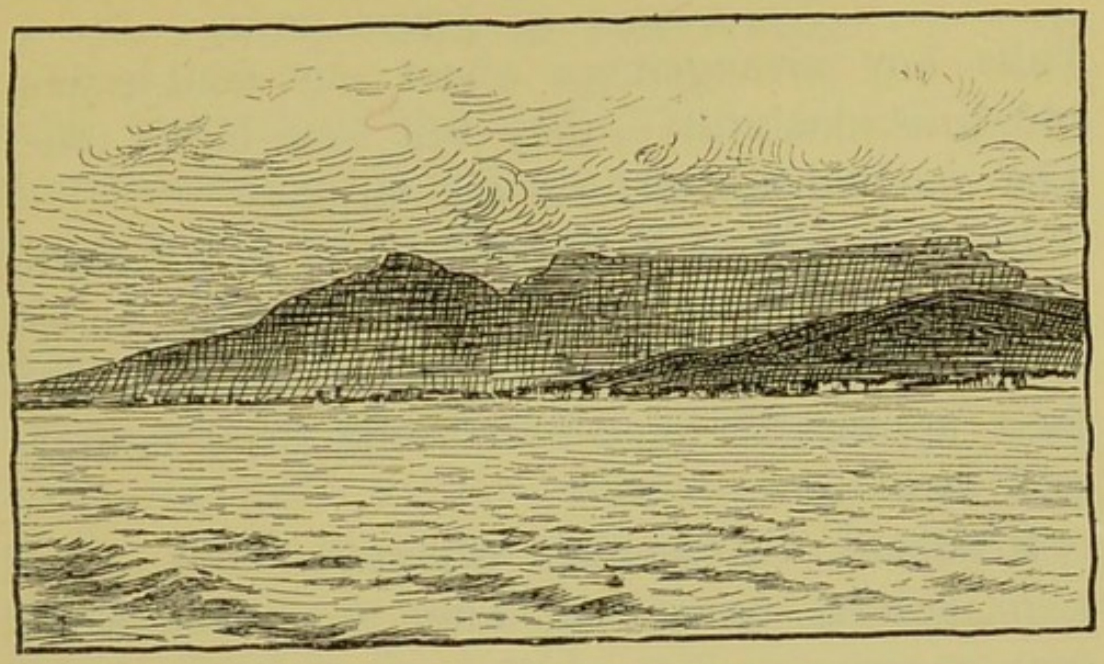


TABLE MOUNTAIN AND DEVIL'S PEAK FROM THE BAY.

CHAPTER III.

CAPE TOWN IS DISCOVERED.

In the Bay. *Wednesday, November 8th*, 10 P.M. We have just reached Table Bay and taken up our moorings for the night, rolling about considerably more than at any time during the voyage. But we have only had the fiddles on the tables two nights, and so cannot complain; and, considering our flight from the alleged Boer cruiser, nineteen days and a few hours is not a bad run. The mail-boat has not yet gone, being delayed till to-morrow for the Natal mails, which now have to come by sea; it is a fine sight, close by, all lit up with electric light. But when the port officials came off to us, our adjutant forgot to

make any arrangement about our mail-letters, and it is doubtful if they will now be in time. The married and elderly are furious.

It is rumoured that the boat is to go on to Natal, but that we "details" are to be landed here. The war is not over; on the contrary, there appears to have been some sharp fighting in Natal.

Rosebank. *Thursday, November 9th.* We were getting up at six, when some authorities sent round word that all except the regiment were to be off the boat in ten minutes,—the silly jackanapes! We dressed and packed without very great hurry and found our way into the three holds of the ship, where all was chaos and confusion. No arrangement whatsoever was being made to get the luggage up, and it had all been stowed away anyhow at Southampton—regimental luggage, mess and provisions; supply waggons; Pay Department, Army Service, and Army Medical stores and kit being all mixed up. There could surely have been an officer detailed at Southampton to group and register the luggage as it was put on board. As it is, three civil-surgeons have had to land with only half their luggage. The rest goes on at the bottom of the hold to Natal, if indeed it was ever shipped on board by the Embarking Staff Officer at home, to whom by order it was addressed in good time.

The Colonel at the docks here in charge of disembarkation is quite unsympathetic. The luggage may be coming on in another transport, and he says our only chance is to send down a man to watch every box unloaded from every transport; otherwise it will go off with some regiment to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the most piteous part is that the military look on all this discord as the most natural thing in the world. "It always was so," they say.

Table Bay was a splendid sight. It was quite a disappointment (see Map, p. 41) to one who, as an old public school boy, knows no geography, to find that it looked north, and that the real cape is some twenty miles further south. Table Mountain, however, is a most satisfactory bit of geography, rising up almost vertically from the shore, with an unmistakable table-top, a hard straight line over a mile long. To the East—the left as we faced it from the ship—it is supported by the Devil's Peak; on the West it is bolstered up by Signal Hill which slopes down to the shore. Behind us on our right we had passed Robben Island, the home of lepers and the noble Father Damien, of dogs in quarantine, and other awkward customers. On our left was the whole continent, shut off from our view by a fine range of mountains some forty

to fifty miles off, called Hottentot's Holland. Facing Table Mountain again we saw the docks on our right hand, while the town stretched, a loose straggling band of white, along the shore between the sea and the foot of the mountain; and out to the left, where it lost itself in foliage at the foot of the Devil's Peak.

We breakfasted as usual four hours after receiving the ten minutes' order. A tug puffed us "details" into the docks, and in a skirmish to have the honour of being the first of the Army Corps to set foot in South Africa, this vile earth won by a fifth of a second.

On landing we were greeted by a strange medley of brown skins and white, civilians and military, loafers and busybodies. The policemen in blue had white helmets and brown faces; the cab-drivers were also of the Kaffir variety; and the cabs were parodies of the London hansom, painted white and almost squatting on the ground. We drove to the Post Office, and just managed to stamp and post our mails by eleven o'clock. The railway station, the Post Office, and the Standard Bank are situated, most conveniently for the new-comer, side by side in Adderley Street, the fine, broad, main street which leads straight up from the sea, about a mile from the docks; and the Post Office and Bank are fine buildings in white stone.

The Dutch language is highly entertaining. The High Commissioner's Proclamation greets one at every corner of the street and on every station platform, side by side with an English crib, and helps to pass the time in waiting for a train. The High Commissioner's titles alone are sufficiently striking. It begins thus:

PROCLAMATIE
DOOR ZIJNE EXCELLENTIE SIR ALFRED MILNER

Ridder Groot-Kruis van de Hoogst Aanzienlijke Orde van St. Michael en St. George, Ridder Commandeur van de Hoogst-Edele Bad-Orde, Gouverneur en Opperbevelhebber[1] van Harer Majesteit's Kolonie de Kaap de Goede Hoop, in Zuid Afrika, en van de Grondgebieden[2] en de Aanhoorigheden[3] daarvan, en Harer Majesteit's Hoogen Commissaris, enz. enz. enz.

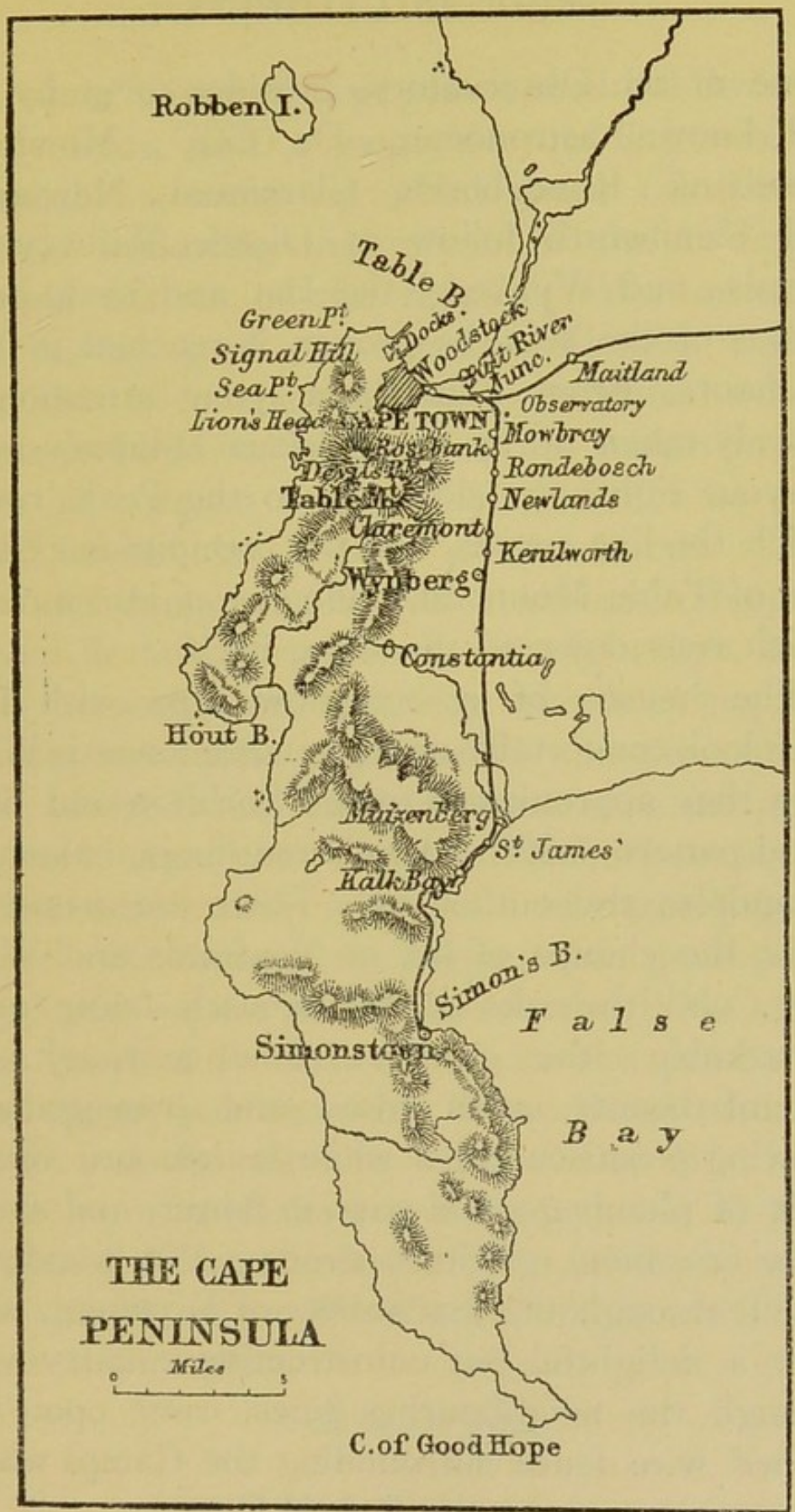
And it ends with GOD BEHOEDE DE KONINGIN!

The streets in Cape Town and suburbs remind one more of Germany than any other country,—plain, unpretentious, stucco and plaster buildings, built with a view to moderate heat, and obviously rather of the gimcrack order; with electric trams and lights, telegraph and telephone wires everywhere. But the crowd, which in white men and women, if you may say so, resembles that of a German town, with few well-dressed people or

[1] Commander-in-Chief. [2] Territories. [3] Dependencies.

refined faces, is mottled by a coloured majority of all tints and types of feature, Malay and Kaffir, Negro and Hindu, with every conceivable cross between these varieties and the Europeans. At first one does not readily distinguish the Dutch factor.

The nine of us reported ourselves at medical head-quarters at the Woodstock Hospital, and were given tickets for Wynberg, where we are to be quartered. We sent our luggage out there by an agent, lunched in Cape Town, and dribbled out ourselves by twos and threes, Thomas and I arriving at the hospital at six o'clock, the last of our batch. Wynberg is on an interesting branch line (see Map 1), which turns round the foot of the Devil's Peak, and runs about twenty miles due south from Cape Town, cutting straight across the neck of the Cape Peninsula to False Bay, of which Simon's Bay is an inlet. Wynberg is half way to Simon's Town. Puffing along the sea-shore we noticed the ramparted Dutch Castle, now Army Head-quarters, and an old Dutch fort with guns green from age. Passing Woodstock, where is the permanent hospital of the garrison, and Salt River Junction, where we branched away southwards from the main line, the houses began to thin out from the potential slums of an east end into increasingly prosperous suburbs. From Observatory Road you see the



MAP. 1. ——o——=RAILWAY; MAIN LINE AND BRANCH TO SIMON'S TOWN.

dome of the Observatory, presided over by the well-known astronomer, Dr. Gill. Mowbray, Rosebank, Rondebosch, Claremont, Newlands, and Kenilworth follow at District-Railway intervals; and Wynberg, the last and most prosperous of the suburbs proper, is reached in half an hour. From Salt River your attention is entirely taken up by the glorious mountain-mass on your right, the slope up to the Peak, round which the line curves, and the precipitous eastern side of Table Mountain, tailing away into a range which runs down to the Cape itself.

The houses of a bungalow type with iron roofs look comfortable enough, while towards Wynberg they approximate to the Surbiton and Norwood pattern, with two or three floors, balconies, verandahs, and outhouses. There are masses of trees, the clumps of firs at Newlands and Wynberg, and the oaks at Rondebosch being quite remarkable; the gardens show a rough but natural beauty, with roses and pomegranates growing promiscuously; while hedges are simply built of plumbago and passion-flower, and arum-lilies are mere glorious weeds. We wandered up-hill through the few streets of Wynberg, and, after a delightful but uninstructive country walk through the neighbouring lanes, came upon the barbed wire fence surrounding the Camp, which is now given up to the R.A.M.C.

A broad and well-kept gravel road led through the grounds, past a long, low building with a verandah in front, on which were the letters P.M.O., indicating the offices of the Principal Medical Officer of the hospital. We entered, and, having paid our respects, Thomas and I were allotted for the time being to medical wards, the early birds having secured the worms in the shape of surgical work, which most of us preferred under the present circumstances. The staff and equipment of No. 1 General Hospital arrived at Wynberg only a fortnight ago, and, being presented unexpectedly with four hundred patients, are quite topsy-turvy. So the officers have to feed, and most of them also sleep, at the very expensive Cogill's Hotel, close to the station, where they gave us a moderately good dinner. As most of my luggage has gone on to Natal and we are under canvas, the P.M.O. has most courteously allowed me for the present to take up my quarters with B.[1] at Rosebank, and go to and fro for the work. The B.'s have given me a most hearty welcome, and in their delightfully domestic house I am in clover, while the colleagues at Wynberg are in dust and general discomfort.

[1] An old Oxford friend.

CHAPTER IV.

A GENERAL HOSPITAL IS INTRODUCED.

Friday, November 10th. No. 1 General Hospital at Wynberg is a quarter of an hour's walk uphill from the station; and that station is half an hour's journey from Cape Town, with Rosebank halfway between them. The train service, which belongs to the Government, is excellent; the trains are punctual to the minute, and they give a soldier's ticket first-class return from Rosebank to Wynberg for a week for 1s. 9d., a rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles for a penny. Everybody travels first-class here. Tommy is the exception and travels second. The third is relegated to the coloured tribes. I took the 8.20 train; walked up to camp; donned khaki for the first time, and reported myself to the P.M.O. at 9 o'clock.

The hospital is really first-rate. It stands in the middle, as it were, of a well-wooded English park (Plate 5), and consists of row upon

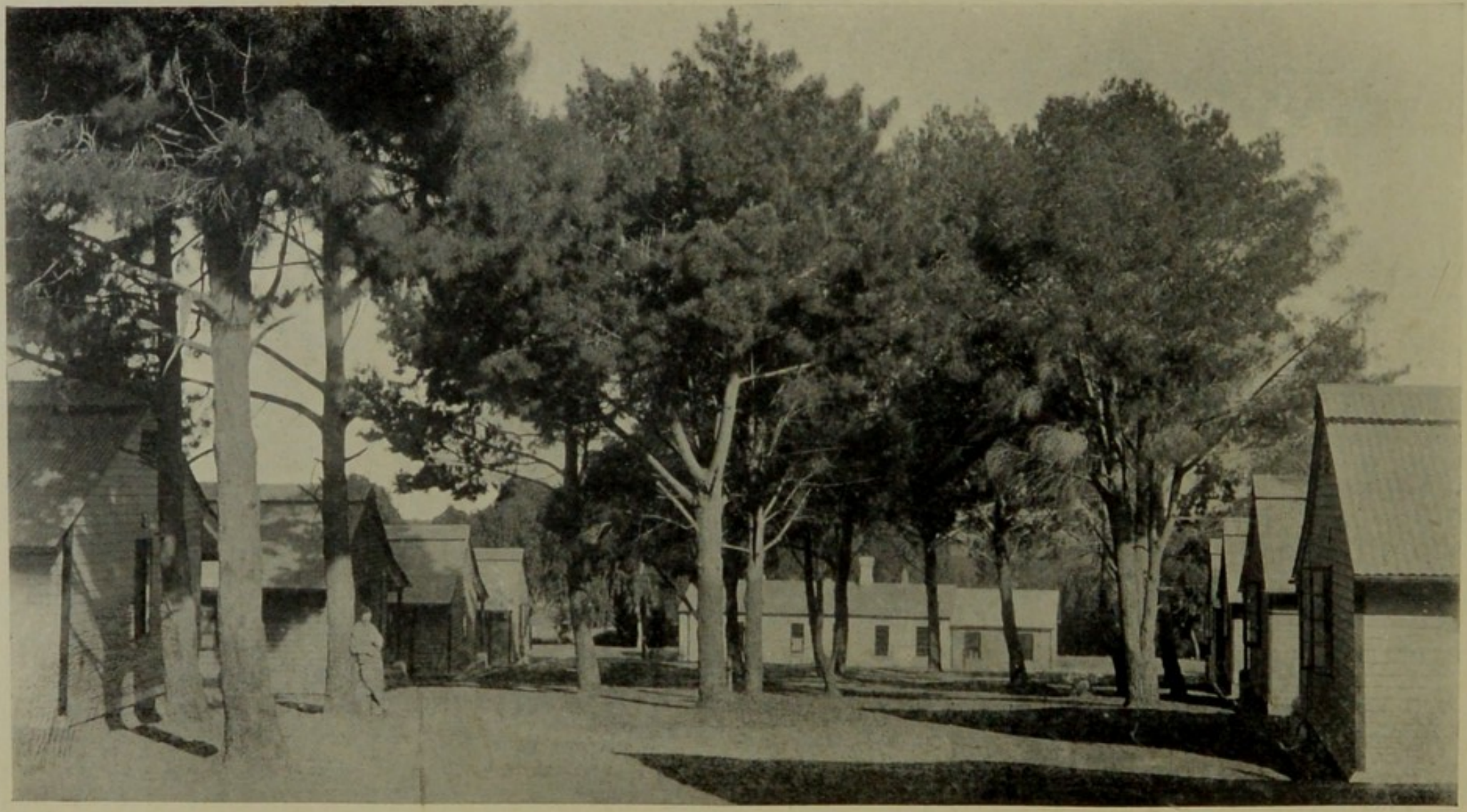


PLATE 5. p. 45.

Alf. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

OUR HOSPITAL AT WYNBERG.

Looking down between two rows of huts—formerly barracks, now wards—towards military gaol.

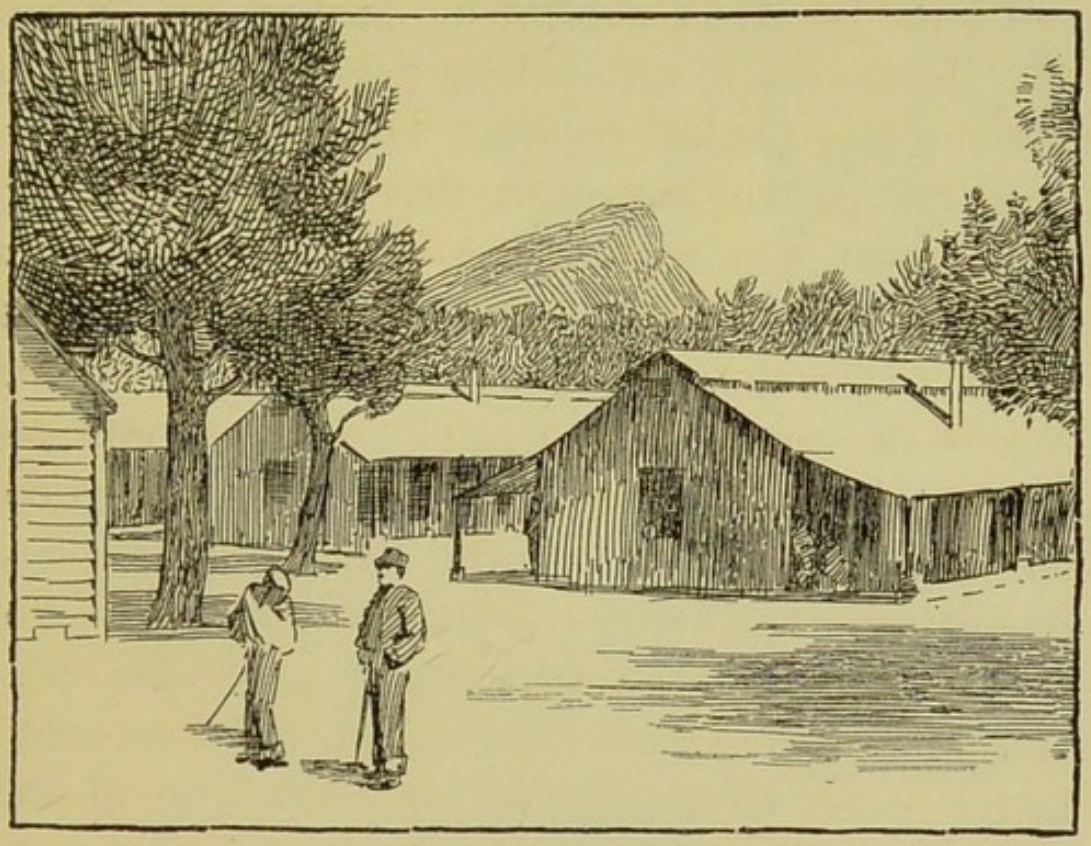
row of barn-shaped wooden huts about a hundred feet long, running north and south, with iron roofs and verandahs along the eastern side. These huts were originally built as barracks, and are arranged one behind the other in three columns of companies so to speak, on the western slope of the "Wine Mountain," the Permanent Hospital of the barracks being behind and above them all. This site was chosen, it is said, by the Iron Duke, who stopped at the Cape on his way to India, and after whom several roads, squares, and avenues at Wynberg are named. From each verandah you look out over the roof of the hut below right across a stretch of dull green "flats" to Hottentot's Holland, the fine range of mountains forty miles off to the east. At the foot of the huts runs the central road of the camp, north-eastwards, past the Engineers' and Army Service Corps' shops and cottages, into the public road, and to the south-west past the P.M.O.'s offices, where a sentry salutes you and a red cross flag flies at the top of a long and crooked pole, up to the officers' mess. This is a fine building, one of the best in any foreign station in the service they say, and has been converted into a most comfortable officers' hospital. Beyond this is a row of huts for the Nursing Sisters, who, in their light grey uniforms with scarlet Netley capes and parasols,

make an additional feature in the landscape; and from here there is a splendid view S.S.W. over the flats to False Bay. The monotonous olive-green colour of the flats is relieved here and there by white houses and bright white sand-hills, and the whole is framed in by the end of the distant mountains on the left, and the Hen and Chickens —the Table Mountain range—on the right.

Then, right about turn; and if you find an interval in the pine-trees which fill in all the empty spaces of the hospital, you look up inland, north-west, over the huts, over the crest of the Wynberg, to the back of Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak. Here they are hardly less imposing than from the Bay, with the same hard outline, rugged blue-grey sides, and a bank of white cloud on the top forming its canopy. This cloud is characteristic. From the side of the Bay, with Cape Town stretched out like bread crumbs at the table's foot, the white table-cloth, as it is familiarly called, falls gently and gracefully over the edge above, and droops down towards the town, often in marked contrast to a perfectly cloudless and limpid blue sky.

Major Barnes, R.A.M.C., is in charge of the Medical Division, which has been divided up between three of us, the last to report ourselves yesterday. The Major showed me round my twenty-four cases, mostly convalescents from

Natal, waiting to go home by the first available trooper.[1] I struggled with the diet sheets, which strike terror into the heart of the new-comer.[2] The Medical Officer has to order exactly what a man is to have on the following day, chicken



A CORNER OF THE HOSPITAL.

(roast or boiled), joint, chop, steak, roast (varied), stewed (varied), or convalescent diet, milk (that is slops), or plain milk; and each diet but the last two includes so many ounces of meat and bread, tea and milk, with one-twentieth of an ounce of mustard and one-fiftieth of an ounce of pepper. That being so, one-fiftieth of an

[1] See Plate 6, p. 48.

[2] See Appendix B for diet-table and diet-sheet.

ounce of pepper that patient must have, and not ·001 oz. more or less. I wonder what happens to the pepper when a man doesn't want it! Perhaps I ought to call for a return of pepper unused, and send it up to various authorities in turn, to be filed and never looked at. Then the doctor may order lime-juice as an extra without any further trouble; but if he wishes to give the patient porridge, fish or eggs, brandy, soda-water, extra milk or plain puddings, in addition to the above diets, there is no end of bother. Each thing must be ordered by the ounce or pint in a separate column, some for the same day, some for a day in advance; figures are not allowed; and so the day's order for any one man runs as follows :—Roast (varied),—, Two, two, one, —, eight, four, —, half, —, —, one, two. If required, the whole process must be repeated in full every day, and this for every one of the fifty patients; and no such order is valid until a professional account of the case is written out in the Case-Book. This last rule is to prevent squandering of the nation's property; but, conversely, it may deprive the patients of extras, because the Case-Book cannot be kept up.[1] And yet with all this minute daily record of diets for each patient, there is no record of the medicines given to any particular patient, except in the

[1] A month later this rule was accordingly rescinded.

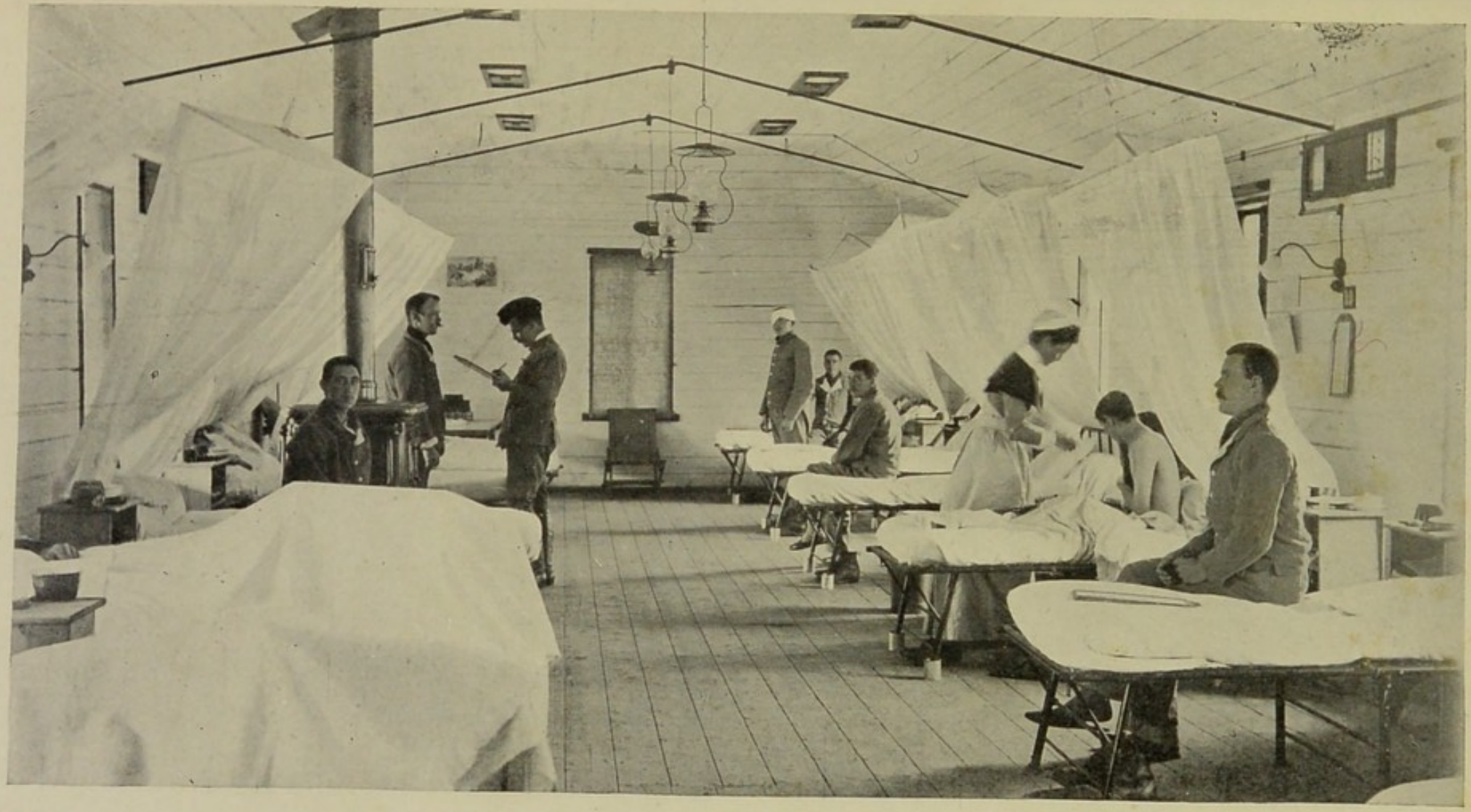


PLATE 6, p. 48.

Alf. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

INSIDE ONE OF THE HUTS.

Medical officer struggling with diet-sheets in his morning round. Sister finishing off a dressing on right. End of bed on left contains a "cradle" over a fractured leg, extended by a bag of earth. Note mosquito-curtains; and legs of beds in cigarette-tins.

daily prescription-book common to the whole ward, through the whole of which you have to hunt to find what drugs Private Smith or Corporal M'Alister has been taking.

Of course this red tape as to diets is designed in order to prevent dishonesty on the part of the contractors and orderlies; but the whole system seems overdone. It should be easy to revise and just lay down a few simple diets,—milk, farinaceous, fish or eggs, chicken, and full diet, the order for which would hold good until countermanded. The responsibility for the choice between chop, steak, and joint, could surely be laid on some other shoulders than those of the doctor. In civil hospitals it is the Sister of the ward who is responsible, and who, by a judicious varying of the diet within the prescribed order, is often able to pacify discontented patients. Happy thought,—she could also save the pepper!

Our hours at present are from nine to one and three to five, with an evening visit somewhere between five and eight, and a hard twenty-four hours' work as Orderly Medical Officer every tenth day. But my work at present cannot conceivably take more than two hours a day. These and other things are explained to us by the R.A.M.C. men over us, and by an amiable colleague who came out a week ahead of us, one Fox-Symons of St. Thomas', who was

through the Greco-Turkish war with the *Daily Chronicle* expedition. He has, of course, got the pickings in the way of work, and looks after officers together with Major Barnes.

Friday, November 10th. There is the semblance of a parade in one's visits to the wards, which is most confusing. On the doctor's entrance, the corporal or orderly of the R.A.M.C. who is in charge of the hut shouts "Stand," and all the patients who are able to do so stand to attention; and those in bed lie to attention, unless they can pretend to be asleep. It is most irritating to think that while you are examining a man's chest, the others are all cursing you for not going round the ward at the double, as the 'major doctors' seem to do. You would like to tell them all to sit down, but you don't like as a new-comer to infringe the rules of the service and let discipline go to the dogs.[1] Three of us went 'into town,' as they say, to visit the P.M.O. Base, and inquire as to our chances of getting up to the front, which appear for the present to be nil. We hear from a red-tabbed officer that the whole plan of campaign is changed; that instead of the Army Corps operating from the south-west of the enemy's country independently of the Natal force, a good

[1] We soon found that it was quite allowable to tell them all to sit down on entrance, but it was not always done. (See Plate 6, p. 48).

proportion is to go on, as the "Roslin Castle" has gone, to Natal, that the paper-made Divisions are to be split into Brigades,[1] and that four more regiments have been ordered out from home on account of the Natal difficulties. It appears that Sir George White has had his work cut out for him at Ladysmith, which is now completely invested by the Boers, and these may easily march down upon Maritzburg and Durban.

War was declared on October 11. On October 30, apparently, the day we sailed from Southampton, Penn-Symons won a splendid victory at Talana Hill, near Glencoe, an inverted edition of Majuba, and the next day White won again at Elandslaagte. General Yule, vice Penn-

[1] Table of Infantry measure: 1000 men = 1 battalion or regiment; 4 battalions = 1 brigade; 2 brigades = 1 division; 3 divisions = 1 Army Corps. Table of Cavalry measure: 500 men = 1 regiment; 3 regiments = 1 brigade; 2 brigades = 1 division. Table of Artillery measure: 6 guns = 1 battery; 3 batteries, field, or 2 horse = 1 brigade division. Contents of complete Army Corps: 3 Infantry divisions; 1 Cavalry division; and Corps troops, *i.e.* 5000 extra troops. Total of all arms: 36,259, to be precise.

Each cavalry division contains, beside cavalry: 1200 mounted infantry, 2 horse batteries, 2 ammunition columns, 2 supply columns, 1 troop R.E., 2 field hospitals and 2 bearer companies. Each infantry division contains, besides infantry: 1 brigade-division of field artillery, 1 ammunition column, 1 Co. R.E., 1 squadron cavalry, and medical (1 field-hospital and 1 bearer-company) and supply units for each brigade and for the divisional troops just enumerated.

Symons, who was mortally wounded, found it nevertheless advisable to withdraw from Glencoe and the Dundee mines upon Ladysmith, forty miles off, a most difficult march through a narrow defile in the Biggarsberg, which could easily have been held by fifty men. The retreat, however, was splendidly managed by Colonel Dartnell, of the Natal police, without the Boers knowing of it, and White kept the enemy off by beating them at Rietfontein on the 24th, Yule's column joining him the next day. On our side, however, Penn-Symons died; a squad of the 18th Hussars was cut off and captured after Glencoe; and, on the 30th, half the Gloucesters and Royal Irish Fusiliers, some 1100 men, lost their ammunition through the stampeding of the mules at Nicholson's Nek, and, not being relieved from Ladysmith, were compelled to surrender. The list of casualties in these engagements is about 500, one in seven being officers, who number in the regiment only one in thirty-five. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the Boers have lost far more heavily,[1] and some 300 or so have been made prisoners. We have scored especially in artillery, as our gunners have made splendid practice, while the Boer shells, although usually well directed, have been intrinsically at fault and have never

[1] This and other entirely erroneous statements are retained for the sake of their interest.

exploded,—*Deo gratias!* They say it is no wonder that Penn-Symons was hit, as he rode on horseback with his staff right along behind the firing line, and was, of course, picked off.

Saturday, November 11th. Twenty-six of my patients are discharged to sail for England, and so there are but four left. Nevertheless I am obliged to stay in as usual during the regulation hours. There is much grumbling; for civil-surgeons, who have been accustomed to work according to the needs of their patients rather than by rule, naturally resent this nursery despotism. But one must allow that, as the authorities have at present no knowledge of us, or of the work before us, they must only relax the conditions by degrees; and rules will probably become correspondingly more pliable and more sensible.

Ten thousand more men are to be called out at home.

Sunday, November 12th. Arrival of the "Gascon" and the Guards, who left just after us on the 21st. Attended a good Cathedral service in town with a terrible sermon from one of the Chapter. A few officers were so annoyed with the fulsome eulogies on their virtues, that they rose and left the Cathedral. It is a plain, rectangular building; but they hope soon to build a fine metropolitan church, for which the designs by Mr. Baker,—Mr. Rhodes' own architect,—are already to be seen; a good

blend of classical and decorated, a combination not generally attractive. The singing was surprisingly good.

Monday, November 13th. Wind, dust, and idleness all day.

Tuesday, November 14th. Smart bit of work by General Hildyard and the West Yorks, who reached Estcourt yesterday, having only landed at Durban in the morning.

Good operation by Col. Stevenson, R.A.M.C., on W.'s case of traumatic aneurysm of the third part of the axillary artery, cutting down on it and tying the ends. There was much murmuring that an officer from without should intrude in the treatment of our cases, except as a consultant. The best way to get good work out of men you can trust is to trust them. But Colonel Stevenson, who professes surgery at Netley, may have considered W. insufficiently experienced for so important an operation, in which case it is of course right that the patient should have the benefit of the best operator; while, from a military point of view, Colonel Stevenson is P.M.O. of the lines of communication, including ourselves, and is therefore paramount.

Went into town to the General Post Office. The officer in charge of the military department told us they had received 90,000 letters and 40 bags of papers by this mail, and expected half

a million letters before long. No wonder our letters only dribble out to Wynberg gradually after a mail.

Splendid fight at Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell is more than holding his own.

Wednesday, November 15th. Have been given the "Serious Medical Ward," and once again revel in enterics, dysenteries, tubercular pleurisies, and rheumatic and malarial complications. The men from Ladysmith are very interesting. "It's not the fighting a man minds, Sir," said one, "it's the 'ardships." Poor fellow; he was a Lancer and had been frequently forgotten when on out-post duty, one week getting only two breakfasts, and being nearly cut off from the main body; and finally he was for twenty-five consecutive hours on duty, twenty in the saddle, in drenching rain without a coat, and had to sleep in his wet clothes ready for duty at a moment's notice. No wonder he had a recurrence of old rheumatism.

Thursday, November 16th. The foolish after-noon-rule has been rescinded. For the future the only medical officers obliged, apart from the needs of their cases, to stay in after one, are the Orderly Medical Officer for the day, and the next two for duty. This leaves enough doctors at hand to tackle any emergency; and if sick arrive in the afternoon, special warning is given that all Medical Officers concerned must stay in.

Friday, November 17th. From what I hear of the sick and wounded Boer prisoners in No. 1 hut, I gather that the Field-Cornet Pretorius is a rabid Anglophobe and that the rest are in heart probably the same, whatever they say in the ward as to having been commandeered to fight against their will. At the same time B. tells me that one of the Dutch pupils at the S. African College here was commandeered to fight for the Boers, and recently sent to his relatives in Cape Town the delightful telegram: "Hooray, am taken prisoner." Pretorius, it appears, is a deeply religious man. When one looks in there of a morning, he is generally smoking his nauseous Magaliesburg 'baccy over a copy of the Bible. He tries hard to convert Jan Botha, who is an atheist and as good a type of the young Johannesburg Boer as Pretorius is of the old up-country farmer. Botha listens respectfully (respect is part of their creed), but he does not agree. (Plate 7.)

Oom Carl, or whatever they may call him, is just what one expects a Boer field-cornet to be, a rough, sturdy-looking man, of vast weight, and with a large brown beard, jovial and friendly with us now, but properly suspicious of everything ordered for him. As a fact, the authorities in Cape Town have given special orders for the Boers to be treated luxuriously, and, as a



PLATE 7, p. 56.

Alf. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

FIELD-CORNET C. J. PRETORIUS AND OUR BOER WARD.

Pretorius as seen after amputation (p. 122). One of Boers on seat was completely blinded by gunshot-wound, but recovered use of one eye. Boers in windows with fractured jaw and fore-arm respectively. Good R.A.M.C. orderly in centre.

result, they are given the very choicest diet, and every conceivable extra that the hospital can produce, with free tobacco and cigars, fruit, flowers, basket-chairs, cushions, and newspapers of all opinions. In fact they, our prisoners, get a considerably better time of it than our own soldiers and N.C.O.'s who have bled for the right cause.

Saturday, November 18th. It speaks well for civilisation and the Post Office that I have to-day been reading an account in the *Weekly Times* from home of our splendid victories at Glencoe and Elandslaagte, fought only four weeks ago. Our Boer prisoners here were mostly taken at Elandslaagte, Pretorius being shot through the knee, which is now nearly well. As Field-Cornet he had command of 250 men, a Commandant being in charge of four such companies. He says they are arranged territorially ; but if the Boshof company is short and the Jacobsdal company over-full, men may be drafted from one to the other at the last moment, and so not be accounted for in the casualty lists.

The Cape boasts such south-east winds as would knock the English March winds silly, blowing this horrid yellow, sandy dust into every crack and crevice of one's clothes, boxes, and person. Pech! Pt-tu! Otherwise the sun is very hot and everyone's neck is already sore and

scarlet. In fact the climate is a mixture of March and July. At one moment you may be fearfully hot and at the next you shiver with wind from the south pole.

Sunday, November 19th. Sudden appearance of an old Guy's friend, now a Lieutenant in the R.A.M.C., with the staff of the 4th Stationary Hospital on their way to Natal.[1] Stationary Hospitals act as the connecting link between the Field-Hospitals at the front and the General Hospitals at the base. They have one hundred beds and four Medical Officers apiece, and can be moved up to an advanced base immediately on its occupation. General Hospitals, of course, with 520 beds, take longer to move. The Guy's friend looks very fit after his six weeks' training at Aldershot and three weeks on the sea. He is immensely keen on the service,—after two months in it.

Mess opened with one of the Majors as president, another as secretary; and strawberries and cream included in the menu.

An interesting local doctor of large experience was talking to us this afternoon. He believes half the Boers will trek north and give trouble in Matabeleland, and that the rest will fight even to a siege of Pretoria. Most Englishmen hardly

[1] This is the hospital to which Mr. Treves was attached. See his book, *Tale of a Field-Hospital.*

believe this. But then we English folk have greatly underrated the fighting powers and desires of the Dutch. This is no simple fight of honour. It is a struggle for complete supremacy in South Africa, towards which the Dutch have been organising their forces and other assets in every direction for several years; and, according to Hare's pamphlet, it is even believed that the Kaiser, with dreams of his own, was giving them every support, until he realised the hopelessness of their case. This is, of course, very doubtful; but it is humorous to read that he is now paying a visit to the Queen, and that Mr. Chamberlain talks freely of an active understanding between Great Britain, Germany, and the United States.

Monday, November 20th, 10 P.M. Am now on duty for twenty-four hours, from nine to nine, in the special bedroom provided for the use of the Orderly Medical Officer in the permanent hospital. I walk at racing speed in the track of the Assistant Day Ward-Master, a corporal of the Corps, round some forty wards at each of the three meals, up and down the hill, and up and down again,—fine exercise for us both. "Stand; Orderly Officer," shouts the ward-master through one of the windows. I come panting up, some yards behind. "Any complaints, men?" "None, Sir," the men answer in chorus, as if they were letting off a volley; rather like the Head's order at Eton that

at the end of the Queen's visit "The boys will cheer." It was amusing to vary the formula once or twice. "Is the tea all right, men?" I asked, and the result was a most dishevelled volley, or rather independent firing. The dinners in the kitchen looked and tasted superb, each in a neat little tin dish, beautifully clean, and the gallons of broth and soup smelt most delicious. We inspect also the earth-latrines, which are well kept by native labourers, who do the scavenging in the camp; the stoves; the night-orderlies' parade; and the raw meat, fish, and fowls, over which, knowing nothing of such things, I grow wonderfully wise. Finally, I fill in a report of the day for the P.M.O., and am cheered at finding six things to report or suggest.

Arrival of the mail in driblets, beginning with a single missive by the first post, a tailor's bill for £12—rather a humorous mail for a home-sick youth. Our lost boxes have, to our great joy, returned from their trip to Natal, looking none the worse.

Surgeon-General Wilson visited the hospital to-day, as Sir Alfred Milner, General Forestier-Walker, and he not infrequently do. They all eschew the medical wards; and the Surgeon-General, although a non-combatant in things professional, as we understand them, is a fierce combatant in things disciplinary, which we do not

understand. In consequence of our having been told at home we were to have no "uniform," one of my colleagues wears grey flannel trousers and a felt hat with his khaki coat, a comic sight; and another came out to-day in his uniform of the Bechuanaland rifles. The Surgeon-General was flabbergasted; and of course gave orders without entering into the rights of the case.

Tuesday, November 21st. Was hauled out of bed at midnight to sew up a deep cut in the lip of a Colonial trooper from Rosebank, resulting from a bottle thrown at someone else in a public-house. It took us, the Sergeant Compounder and myself, 1½ hours to do, even in the Surgery; the Sergeant knew no more than I where needle and silk were kept; and when we found them, the silk refused to be threaded. In Guy's Surgery such a job would take five minutes; but the comparison is unfair.

Poor old Pretorius slipped down on the verandah this morning and broke open his knee-cap again, giving rise to a large haematoma outside the joint. He is sorry now that he broke medical orders in standing on the wounded leg.

Sir William MacCormac and Mr. Makins of St. Thomas' Hospital came round some of our wards this morning. They and Mr. Treves of the London Hospital have been hired, it is said, at the rate of £400 a month; but this does not

approach the sum a fashionable surgeon would make in private practice at home. We civilians are delighted at the appointment of such first-rate consulting surgeons; and this morning the competition for Mr. Makins to see our cases and give his advice was considerable. Hitherto the only consulting surgeon available has been Colonel Stevenson, R.A.M.C., a kindly and well-spoken officer, who, as P.M.O. of the lines of communications, has of course too much to do. He has certainly arranged to see a great many of the cases in our hospital; and, as author of the only approximately modern English book on military surgery, must, of course, be considered one of the chief authorities on the subject. But my colleagues cannot fall in with the apparently careless and dogmatic manner of giving an opinion which seems to be inseparable from military dignity; and the mere squash felt hat of Mr. Makins is a bond of sympathy. It is a pity that we are not directly responsible to some such man for our work. It would avoid many difficulties.

Wednesday, November 22nd. The staff of officers in this hospital consists of seventeen medical officers, one quartermaster, and a skiagraphist.[1] In a General Hospital there are supposed to be twenty medical officers, but even with only seventeen we have a very easy time

[1] An X-ray or Röntgen-ray expert.



PLATE 8, p. 62.

Fyne, Cape Town.

Our Staff.

Central row, R.A.M.C., viz.:—One Colonel, two Lieutenant-Colonels, three Majors, and a Quarter-Master, all but one occupied in the administration of the hospital. Top row—Skiagraphist and six Civil-Surgeons. Ground-floor—Sergeant-Major and four Civil-Surgeons, one being absent.

of it. Of the medical officers six belong to the R.A.M.C., while eleven, as well as the skiagraphist, are civilians. The P.M.O. is a full Colonel. His duties appear to be to sit in an office and interview such persons and sign such documents as he is allowed to by his secretary. The Registrar and Secretary is a Lieutenant-Colonel, whose duty it is to interview persons and prepare or refuse documents intended for the P.M.O. Another Lieutenant-Colonel is in charge of the Surgical Division, a Major of the Medical Division, and another Major of the officers' wards. Their duties appear to be to curse orderlies, to pacify and admonish the one major and eleven civil surgeons working under them, to see that patients catch the train, and to perambulate the wards lest any luckless man may have put his boots in the wrong place. The Quartermaster does the housekeeping. On the whole we get on fairly well together. (See Plate 8.)

CHAPTER V.

WYNBERG ROLLS UP ITS SHIRT-SLEEVES.

Saturday, November 25th. Big battle on Thursday at Belmont, a station on the line about sixty miles south of Kimberley, with 8000 Boers in between. We are getting tired here of troopship-invalids and third-hand cases from Ladysmith, so shall welcome a little real work amongst the 226 British casualties,—poor fellows.

Sunday, November 26th. Work begins in earnest. At six this morning there arrived a sad trainful of wounded. The battle was fought on Thursday; the train took its patients straight off the field, leaving at ten on Friday night, and by Sunday morning at eight they were here in bed. (Plate 9.)

The hospital-train consists of about four or five converted ordinary carriages without compartments, and with two tiers of bunks ranged down either side across windows and doors the whole length of the train, leaving a passage



PLATE 9, p. 64.

Alf. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

RECEPTION OF HOSPITAL-TRAIN FROM THE FRONT.

Station-yard at Wynberg. Train in special siding in left back-ground. Ambulance-waggons backed against platform, two mules to each. Some wounded on box-seats. Two Cape-carts in centre. Mixed crowd on right.

about three feet wide between them. Theoretically it should have been easy to get at and look after each of the wounded as often as was necessary; but, in fact, as many patients were put into the train as the train could conceivably hold, and the passage was littered up with men in stretchers or sitting about or lying on the floor. It was, therefore, absolutely hopeless for the R.A.M.C. captain, the civil-surgeon, and the two Nursing Sisters to interfere in any way with the wounds. It was as much as they could do to administer nourishment and stimulants, and to keep the dust off the patients' faces.

The line all along was cleared for the hospital-train, and thus the 591 miles, with four or five stoppages, were accomplished in thirty-two hours. But, admitting the merits of this organisation, one must also be deeply impressed with the terrors and dangers that these thirty-two hours on the railway must have imposed upon the 103 wounded travellers. The 103, with certain exceptions, were the most severely wounded that had survived and were considered capable of being further treated; compound fractures of the thigh of the most horrible description, bullet-wounds of the skull with extensive fracture of vault or base, perforated lungs, fractured pelves, and even bullet wounds of the abdomen with perforation of the intestine. Is it justifiable, we keep asking

ourselves, to subject these terribly serious cases to the strain of such a journey? Of course the answer to this is strategical rather than surgical; otherwise one would say with the grumblers, who are many, that we ought to have been stationed at De Aar instead of Wynberg. Perhaps No. 4 General Hospital may go up there; but No. 3, after a week's encampment by the sea near Cape Town waiting for its kit, is probably to be pitched in these parts; and No. 2 has established itself here at our feet.

However, this is the arrangement now made; and to-morrow we expect two trains with the poor fellows from Graspan, where Lord Methuen gained another hardly-won victory yesterday, and on Friday a hospital-ship from Durban,—some 500 more patients in all. There will be ample room for them in our two hospitals, Nos. 1 and 2, with 300 beds to spare. The blue-jackets, who have suffered heavily, go on to the naval hospital at Simon's Town.

Monday, November 27th. Of the 103 men shipped aboard the hospital-train from Belmont, three died on the journey, one body being put out at a station on the way, while those of B—— of the Coldstreams and a sergeant in the Grenadiers came on here, and have been buried with full military honours. I had the opportunity of examining both bodies. The former had two

small bullet marks on the left side of his head and a fracture between them, the hinder mark obviously the exit-wound, half as big as the other. Death had probably been caused by haemorrhage from the ruptured artery within the skull. The other poor fellow had been shot clean through from ear to ear. And yet these are merciful deaths, quick, glorious, painless, such as a soldier may well wish for.

My own share of this trainful consists officially of only two slight medical cases ; but besides doing the two post-mortem examinations, I gave chloroform yesterday for a bullet in the foot, a trephine, and two explorations of the thigh, and have seen another thigh case and a trephine.

The wounds are terrific. Not that they look very bad externally. Just a splash or two of dark red on the khaki ; a clean little quarter-inch wound at entrance ; a clean half-inch wound at exit, unless the skin is lacerated by fragments of bone blown outwards. But when we come to examine them, we soon find what terrible injuries the Mauser can inflict, injuries which in the Crimea must certainly have led to suppuration, blood-poisoning, prolonged agony, and death.[1] Thank God there is none of that here, and it is on this account that Lord Lister and his anti-

[1] Mortality in Crimea for gunshot fracture of thigh, 73 per cent; in South Africa, about 10.

septics may claim to have saved the country more lives and the wounded more pain than any one else in this war. Here there is merely a sense of discomfort and weakness, and this is more than swallowed up by the immense delight of a comfortable bed and freedom from all duty, care, or worry. You may imagine Tommy expressing himself on the subject.

The fearful wounds we meet with in the thigh look as if they must positively have been the results of explosive bullets, and accusations are made against the Boers accordingly. But this accusation is probably quite false. Our soldiers took the kopjes at Belmont by the most gallant charges in the face of a withering fire ; and with the tremendous muzzle-velocity of a Mauser or Lee-Metford, even the hardest-coated bullets on striking a bone, especially the dense shaft of a long bone, will cause the most extensive shattering, and, driving the fragments through, will give rise to horrible lacerations at the site of exit. It is only the long-range shots, with the force of the bullet almost spent, that will drill a bone neatly, or get lodged without causing much damage.

The shattered thighs were for the most part opened up at once on arrival, under chloroform. Chloroform, by the way, is practically our only anaesthetic here, as it is almost impossible to transport large quantities of the volatile and

expansive ether to these parts; and we are finding chloroform very satisfactory in many ways, when carefully given.

Of course we have the usual list of prodigies. One man has a small entrance-wound in his right side, with exit in his left arm-pit. The wound is doing perfectly well, but there is paralysis of the lower half of the body, and the spinal cord must be severed about a third of the way down the back. In another case the bullet has gone straight through the right side of the chest without causing damage; in another the bullet passed through the neck from side to side, apparently between the wind-pipe and the gullet, causing difficulty in swallowing, but few other signs; while a third conundrum is a case in which the bullet has passed through the neck and out in the opposite arm-pit, producing wrist-drop on both sides.

There have been several shattered arms, and these are best treated by continuous immersion, splint and all, in boracic baths. Especial sympathy is felt for Mr. E. F. Knight, of the *Morning Post*, who was severely wounded in the right humerus by a shot from the top of a kopje, on which the white flag was already waving. They say the white flag was not of much use to the Boers after that.

I met Dr. Darley Hartley, of South African

League fame, to-day, with a *Guy's Gazette* sticking out of his pocket. At present he is amongst the medical war-correspondents. Lieut.-Colonel Hodson, R.A.M.C., also an old Guy's man, is in charge of our surgical division here, and, like the other officials over us, is most considerate in his supervision. My colleagues (see Frontispiece) do all the work for their own cases themselves, and I must say that their operative work has been extremely good, both skilful and well-judged, although Colonel Stevenson, our consulting surgeon, has to be consulted before operation, and has occasionally vetoed it. But the aseptic Pharisee naturally finds some of the methods of procedure hardly to his liking.

Tuesday, November 28th. Most of the cases are better, but two or three will die. Tyndale did another trephine yesterday, and to-day an amputation through the thigh. In the latter case the knee was found full of pus, and the patient died within a few hours. With the majority of patients we have found it best to leave them alone as much as possible at first, while they are picking up their strength, and simply to await developments. But, of course, some cases, like fractures of the skull with paralysis from bits of bone projecting into the brain, have to be operated on at once; and one such man, with a horrible gash at the top of his head, was sitting

up and smoking to-day, two days after the operation.

I have lost an enteric case, a gunner who came down as servant to a subaltern wounded in Natal. Three days later the servant developed typhoid fever,[1] and a fierce fight ensued between typhoid and me. Typhoid unfortunately won; while the subaltern goes back to England practically well.

Wednesday, November 29th. Orderly duty, whereof I did nothing, being fully occupied with two trains of the less severe cases from Belmont and Graspan. They arrived at five a.m. and at noon respectively, nineteen cases coming into my third hut, 7B. Injuries, for the most part, not nearly so severe as those that came in on Sunday; but I have one badly shattered thigh,—Stewart, of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, whom I put under chloroform at once. The prospect for his limb is bad; for his life, good.[2]

Mr. Makins, of St. Thomas', is operating in the stationary hospital at Orange River, and we suppose they are filtering off all the more seriously wounded. We hear of three operations on abdominal cases, one of whom was found after death to have no fewer than thirty-two perforations of the gut from a single bullet. This strengthens our belief that abdominal cases are the last that should be operated on, when, as usually happens at

[1] *Alias* enteric fever. The terms are identical. [2] See pp. 90, 98.

the front, there are many other wounded waiting for operative treatment, which in their case is likely to be really serviceable.

As to the nursing, I can only say that the whole system here at Wynberg appears to be entirely inadequate, and that for no reason, since there are a thousand civilian nurses in England and at the Cape willing and thirsting for the work; and surely there are few things for which the tax-payer would so willingly pay. Hitherto there have been seven Sisters on day duty, and two on at night for the whole of our six hundred beds, spread out over a space at least a quarter of a mile in diameter each way, and on the side of a hill. Practically the whole nursing is meant to be done by orderlies, two to each hut of twenty-five beds; and these orderlies have to go round with the officer each day; help in the dressings; take the orders for the meals and fetch them from the cook house; scrub the ward and the furniture and appliances; fetch the medicines from the dispensary; and, in addition, do the nursing. But, as if this were not enough, the unfortunate orderlies have to be on night-duty every other night as well as their twelve hours every day. Night-duty with them means two hours on and two off alternately through the night. The duty-hours are spent, as a rule, in visiting each of the huts in turn; the off-hours in attempts to sleep on tables

or benches, or on the ground, round the guard-tent.

Naturally this kind of life leads to festivity, as an antidote, whenever the orderlies get a free evening, resulting of course in confinement to barracks or cells for a few days, and in no little discontent. Thus I went into one of my huts on Sunday and found that my head-nurse, so to speak, was confined to cells for being drunk on the previous night; and the one remaining orderly said that was nothing, as he had had eleven days not long ago, and lost his corporal's stripes after fourteen years' service. "It ain't no game this job, it ain't," he continued; "I'm goin' to chuck it, sir, when I gets 'ome; try some other trade. Eightpence a day! Lorbloimy!" And the orderlies curse the patients for not helping them; and the patients curse the orderlies for making *them* do all the work. What can one expect under such conditions? Little wonder if we get bed-sores. Of course, with a good orderly, and patients able and willing to help, as in one of my huts, all goes fairly well; but even so the staff is quite inadequate. We ought to have one Nursing-Sister and four orderlies or nurses on for each hut, and then all would be well, even allowing for an occasional night in the cells, which I suppose is a necessity. But "No," replied Red-Tape last October, when the matron of Guy's

wrote and offered the services of half the Guy's nurses; "It is not anticipated that the services of any nurses, other than those of the Army Nursing Service or Army Nursing Service Reserve, will, under any circumstances, be required."[1]

The whole system is bad; and is primarily due not to the exigencies of war, but to the exigencies of a slowly-grown, iron-bound, almost mathematical system, clogged with petty trivialities, and hampered at every turn by an excess of officials, official returns, and all the paraphernalia of red-tape. The R.A.M.C. officers feel this as much as ourselves; indeed, it is a main cause of their discontent. Obviously it must all be changed, although now is not the time to change it. We must make the best of existing conditions during the war, and hope afterwards for a thorough, an impartial, and yet a kindly investigation into the whole subject. This is the opinion, I believe, not of one, but of all the civil-surgeons working here.

Thursday, November 30th. Fearful accounts of the battlefield from these nurses on the hospital train, to be taken of course with a pinch of salt. They actually breakfasted on the field of Belmont, and say that the Field-Hospital is a veritable

[1] This was logically true throughout, for the nurses hastily engaged after these letters appeared in print were all impressed into the paper "Reserve."

shambles, and Lord Methuen's force is terribly cut up. Yesterday there were further reports, which are confirmed to-day, of a loss of 2000 at Modder River on Tuesday.[1]

Mr. E. F. Knight had his arm amputated this morning (by Spence's method), Fox-Symons operating with the distinguished help of Mr. Treves and Colonel Stevenson. Watson also did a 'Stephen Smith' amputation at the knee on a young second lieutenant of the Blues who had only seen six months' service, poor fellow, and now only longs to get home. On the other hand there are several, like N——, the adjutant of the Manchesters, who are quite well again and anxious to be back at their work. N—— had a large hole made in his shoulder, he says, by an elephant gun, and he is loud in praise of our magnificent air at Wynberg, which has quite set him up again. That seems to be a general opinion.

In operating on a case of septicaemia from amputation of the finger which has just been transferred to me, I was helped by the surgeon of the "Penelope," who told me some lively tales of the Boer prisoners on board in general, and of Captain Schiel in particular. Schiel, who is very spick and span and excellent company, says the Boers would never have made war unless they

[1] Total casualties were 461, including 70 killed.

had felt sure that by hitting early they would score, and that some foreign power would intervene. As to the white-flag incidents, he says the decision whether to continue the fight, to retreat, or to surrender, either in the war in general or on any particular occasion, depends mostly on the individual judgment of each burgher; and this would account for most of their so-called treacheries. He admits that many of his fellow-prisoners are glad to have escaped from commando; perhaps he is of the number.

My naval friend tells me that on one of the mail-boats recently coming out to this country, there was a man known to three officers on board to be a Boer spy. These three resolved to tell no-one else, but between them undertook to watch him day and night during the whole voyage, for fear of his trying to blow up their store of ammunition or play some other game. Unfortunately for them their labours were completely successful, and there was no thrilling episode to make them for ever famous. The anxious three are said to have gone off their heads on the termination of their anxiety; but others say they spent a joyful evening at the Mount Nelson. The critics favour the latter view.

Friday, December 1st. Hard work at diets and dressings from nine to one, and two to five,

including an hour over an autopsy on a case I lost from General Paralysis. At six we were landed with a cargo of 108 from the hospital-ship "Spartan," 62 of whom came into my huts, including many of the West Yorks who came out with us on the "Roslin"; mostly healed or nearly so, but some with very weird bullet tracks. Private Clay had a bullet through his right shoulder and out again, after which it entered his neck, paid a visit into his mouth on the way and came out just below his left eye; last of all the helmet was pierced also, and he is little the worse. Private Ottaway was shot through the chest from behind and below the left shoulder, and the bullet is lying quietly just under the skin on the front of his chest a little above his heart. Private Lovatt is shot clean through the loins just below the waist, and has hardly been damaged at all. Several cases have survived being shot through the chest, and a few even through the head; and two men surprised me more than any of the others by saying they had bayonet-wounds. We hadn't heard of Boers using the bayonet, but there could be no mistaking the wounds. It turned out that in a night attack not far from Estcourt, some of our men were mistaken by another half-battalion for Boers, and in the confusion a few suffered. These wounds, however, seem slight, and are healing up cleanly.

Little wonder then that I did not dine till nine, after the only hard day's work since landing in the country.

Saturday, December 2nd. One hundred and sixty more in from Modder River, mostly slight. Hut 3 has now been put into my charge again, giving me huts 2, 3, and 7, containing twenty-five men apiece; and quite enough too, especially when the poor fellow with a fractured thigh has to be dressed under chloroform daily. It would indeed be enough to have to do the precise dieting, the reporting, the dressing, and the treatment of each case; but when in addition the nursing staff is mainly drunk, things begin to get oppressive.

Was in town this afternoon and read at the Civil Service Club that the Boers admit the loss of a thousand at Modder River, and that if beaten at Spytfontein, where they are preparing to make a stand, the Freestaters will probably sue for peace. Good!

I like seeing the train for De Aar and beyond leave Cape Town at 9.5 in the evenings. To-night there was the inspiring sight of a General and Staff off for the front.

Advent Sunday, December 3rd, but precious little Sunday about it; still less Advent,—until 6.30 service in the Cathedral, with "Comfort Ye" for the anthem. The singing is always excellent.



PLATE 10, p. 79 see also Plate 16, p. 144).

Alt. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

A Typical General Hospital.

No. 2, our rival, at Wynberg. Ten rows of marquees, like this. Patients in blue flannel suits with white lining ; trousers turned up according to length required. Native scavengers in back-ground.

No. 2 has opened over the way with one hundred bad cases from Modder River, our hospital being full up with six hundred cases and more. They are to have seventy marquees, each to contain six beds, or at a stretch eight, which would be a tight fit. The floor is of wood or tarpaulin, and it all looks neat and comfortable, although a bit dark for surgical work. (Plate 10.)

Four Canadian Nursing-Sisters came out the other day with the Canadian contingent of a thousand, and met of course with a wildly enthusiastic reception. They have come to work in No. 1, and one of them, up to the mark and keen, is looking after my hut 3. The Sister now looking after my other huts, 2 and 7, is a first-rate nurse, who comes from the Royal Free, and has had to join the Army Nursing Reserve —a paper-made affair—before coming out here. She is really therefore a civilian nurse, and, coming fresh to the work, she works like a horse, and the men love her. It is impossible not to feel a certain contrast with the Army nurse of some years' service, who was with me in these huts until the other day,—a good nurse, mind you, as to knowledge and energy, but hard, hard as a flint-stone, and with a contralto voice to match, and a devil-may-care spirit of independence, which seems to be fostered by

the army-life. It is a rough life for these army nurses, poor souls. Little wonder if they sometimes reflect a bit of the barrack-room in their manner.

We continue to hear the most thrilling tales of heroism in these recent battles; every engagement seems full of immortal gallantry, and the naval brigade at Graspan behaved no less magnificently than the very best soldiers. The officers have lost out of all proportion to the men; and we are very glad to hear that they are now to be allowed to act sensibly. They strip off shoulder and collar badges, leave their swords at the base, cover their bright buttons up by a strip of khaki down the front of the coat, wear the same coloured puttees, and carry the same bottle, rifle, and knapsack as the private, with whom they march in line at five yards' interval. In this way it is hoped the officers will be less conspicuous targets; but even so British officers always will lead their men and always will be reckless in doing it.

A friend tells me two good tales about Krüger. Captain Schiel went to Pretoria to see the old President on urgent business. On arrival he was unable to see the President, who was engaged. "With whom?" he inquired. "With a burgher, who has had a dream, and the President is much interested in dreams." "Plague take the dreams," said the captain; "I'll wait—an hour if needs be."

Needs were. It was nine hours before Oom Paul emerged with the dreamer.

On another occasion the President was invoked to decide on the division of an estate between an elder and a younger brother. The judgment was worthy of Solomon. "Let the younger divide the property," said the old wise-acre; "and let the elder have his choice."

Monday, December 4th. Removed a bullet from the front of a man's chest, only an inch above the heart and right in front of all the great blood-vessels. It had entered behind the left shoulder and caused him at the time to bring up large quantities of blood from the lung; so that how on earth it had got to where it did without killing its victim is a sheer mystery. But there it was, a neat little Mauser bullet, 1½ inches long and shiny; and there was the man, an hour later, sitting up (against orders) and enjoying his tea.

Another miraculous escape is that of Private Tottle of the Devons, who was shot through the head from the left eye to behind the left ear, where you look down a neat little hole and see an artery beating on the surface of the brain. Another eighth of an inch to the right and Private Tottle would have been in the other section of the casualty list. As it is, he walks about the ward, as he expresses it, "nearly quite better."

One of my men goes home to-morrow on the

"Orient." He is a Mounted Infant, and was riding along at the gallop at the battle of Belmont with the reins in his left hand, when his squadron met with a cross-fire from either side, and a bullet went into him behind the left shoulder. It is difficult to see how it can have got there; but there is the mark, healed up; and there is the patient without another mark on him and the bullet obviously inside. He is none the worse except that he feels very sore lower down on the left side of the chest, without any sign of the bullet. Probably this soreness will clear off on the voyage.

Of course we ought to turn the X-rays on to him, but it has taken a long time to get our magnificent skiagraphic room fitted up. We were just starting yesterday on a few of my cases, when Fox-Symons, who is doing the skiagraphic work for the present, was suddenly called off to a case of secondary haemorrhage, and had to bolt like a hare. He was in time for that job; but my patients, who had been waiting a long time for "them bloomin' rays," had to stump or be stretchered down hill again to the wards and wait for another day.

Besides the skiagraphic room, which has been admirably fitted up with a Mackenzie-Davidson localising apparatus, proper couch, spacious dark room, sinks, and all other necessary

paraphernalia, they have just built and most thoroughly equipped for us a magnificent operating theatre, at a cost of nearly £1000. It was designed, I believe, by Major Simpson, R.A.M.C., my chief here, a learned man and a laborious worker. It has good top and side light, electric light, and white enamelled zinc walls; and with a marble floor, glass table and instrument cases, fixed basins and pedal taps, it would do credit to the most advanced of our hospitals at home. (See Frontispiece.)

We certainly have nothing to complain of in the list of appliances; we only grumble at there being no-one who knows where they all are. But with dressings it is different. The military authorities have the old ideas of antiseptic dressings, in which they want us to economise. My civilian colleagues, of course, believe in using clean bandages and dressings without stint, and supplies are said therefore to be running out. Our Quartermaster requisitioned the other day for 20,000 bandages, and was given 500. As a fact, we have been far more economical than we ever are in civil hospitals at home, where every penny-bandage has to be paid for by charity; and it simply means that these authorities cannot adapt themselves to the requirements of modern surgery, as they have had plenty of time to look ahead and get fresh stock out from

home. Of course, taken literally, their suggestions as to washing, sterilising, and again using old bandages are highly sensible; but we fear they imply an accusation of useless extravagance, which really means a deficient sense of what is needful on their part. We have, of course, made urgent representations on the subject, and if the dressings run out we shall make a great row.[1]

Tuesday, December 5th. Mrs. B——r, sister of an old Eton friend and wife of a Standard Banker in Cape Town, came up to gather hints as to how the Cape ladies might help the Wynberg patients. We went accordingly and had tea with Colonel Grier, the Secretary of this hospital, at his quarters. I suggested a daily band and a weekly concert, besides tobacco, chairs, and the usual delicacies; but Colonel Grier pooh-poohed most of these things, pleasantly but decidedly, and was only struck with Mrs. B——r's offer of board and lodging for a convalescent officer. He thinks the Government will have to arrange for some large convalescent establishment for this purpose, just as at home they have the right to commandeer the Gordon Hotels and others in case of invasion. Mrs. B——r, however,

[1] The dressings never actually gave out, but an order for economy was issued; see January 18th.

quite falls in with the idea of concerts and a band for the men; and, curiously enough, the first thing one of them said to me on going into hut 3 to tuck them up for the night was that they "wished they could have a little music," a wish in which most seem to concur. The poor fellows really have nothing to do or think of all day. Mrs. Dick Chamberlain[1] has certainly provided an excellent little library of fiction for them in every ward; but they grow tired of reading; there are no friends of their own class to come and see them; they are not allowed outside the grounds; and Dan Leno or "General" Booth or a band would be a godsend. "My dear fellow," says the army doctor, "when you know Tommy as I do, you will know that he is a mere log; a mere log, who wants to sleep all day long if he gets the chance." Mrs. B——r hopes to try the effect of a preliminary concert on the Mere Logs in a week's time.

Wednesday, December 6th. Six good sets of Lawn-tennis on one of the gravel courts which we have rigged up. We found three fine courts altogether, one at the back of the sergeants' mess and two in the jolly garden in front of the officers'

[1] Widow of the late Mr. Richard Chamberlain, who was brother to the Colonial Secretary, and died in 1899. From November onwards she devoted herself to No. 1, and was indefatigable in distributing comforts and doing kindnesses both amongst officers and men.

mess-house, now an officers' hospital. We get some good games with civilians from No. 2 and Col. Duke, their P.M.O., who is the only regular to join us; and some of the convalescent officers are there occasionally as jealous spectators. It seems strange on active service to change into flannels and play tennis every other afternoon; but at the Base we see a very mongrel sort of active service.

Thursday, December 7th. Two most excellent R.A.M.C. Majors came in to tea to-day, belonging to No. 9 Bearer Company. They were wrecked in the transport "Ismore" off Dassent Island within a few miles of Cape Town, and lost all but half a dozen horses and their cabin luggage. One sick officer was just at the crisis of acute pneumonia at the time, but has survived nevertheless; and the account of how the boats went off with their first load and those who were left wondered if the "Ismore" would hold together till their return, was thrilling.

It is encouraging to find that the army can produce keen doctors, despite the conditions of the R.A.M.C. After eleven years' service one of their officers, although a married man with a family, and although unable to get study leave, decided to try for his Fellowship of the College of Surgeons, went up and was ploughed in anatomy. Nothing daunted, he sent his family away, and,

while carrying on all his ordinary work, read hard for six months, went up and was ploughed in physiology. Those are the kind of men who should be encouraged. And yet a man with an L.S.A.[1] qualification, who enters the service six months ahead of him, remains ahead of him, and, if they meet on duty, is his commanding officer to his dying day. How can good work and energy be expected under such conditions?

The result is that we are on all sides warned against joining the corps.

Friday, December 8th. As there is only room for thirty officers in our hospital, the authorities have chartered the Claremont Sanatarium, three miles nearer Cape Town than this, with handsome accommodation for 150 convalescents. The spelling, like the proprietorship of this institution, is American. Major Barnes from here is to be in charge.

The war hangs fire, but it is only the lull before the storm. Sir Redvers Buller does not want to do more than is necessary before all his troops, which are still arriving, are in position for a general advance, which will not be for two or three weeks at least. But meanwhile Kimberley, Mafeking, and Ladysmith must be relieved, and we expect big fights at each of

[1] Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, the most easily obtained medical qualification.

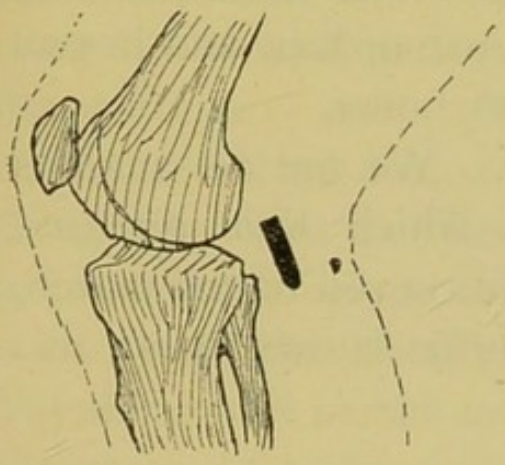
those three places, especially at Spytfontein, this side of Kimberley. Lord Methuen was wounded at Modder River, but is in command again, and his division is recruiting its strength just north of the river. It is surprising how the Boers still believe in their ultimate success.

Saturday, December 9th. It is an astonishing thing that, with all the returns and records we are obliged to keep, there is none to record the exact treatment of any case. Thus I was called at one last night to a very serious and complicated chest-case of Tyndale's[1] who had already had opium, but was still in pain and unable to sleep. The night-sister believed he had had so many drops of laudanum, but was not sure. There was no bed-letter to show what he had had. The prescription book must have been out of the ward at the time the draught was given, for there was no entry in it. It would seem obvious to have a simple sheet over each bed for treatment, diet, and notes on the case; and so save the trouble of diet-sheet, prescription-book, and case-book, which at present are all separate. The record would then be more useful; it would be easily kept and scientifically more complete. We propose these things occasionally, but the authorities never seem to

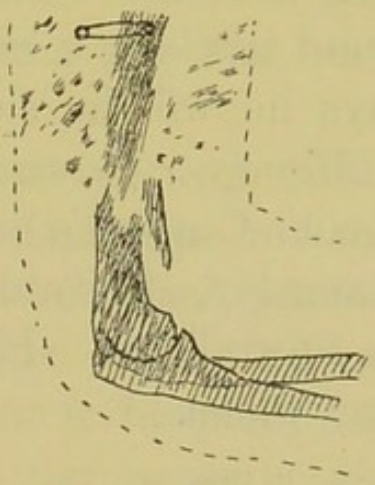
[1] A traumatic pneumothorax and aneurysm from gun-shot wound.

take any notice of our proposals, however courteously they may listen to them.[1]

The Röntgen-ray department is now in full swing, and is perfectly invaluable. The skiagraphic work for both General Hospitals has been taken over by Henry Catling, who, although a junior student, does most of the skiagraphic work at St. Thomas' and has been sent out expressly for this work. His results



Skiagram of bullet retained behind knee-joint. Note spot of lead placed on skin as an indicator. Bullet removed. Recovered.



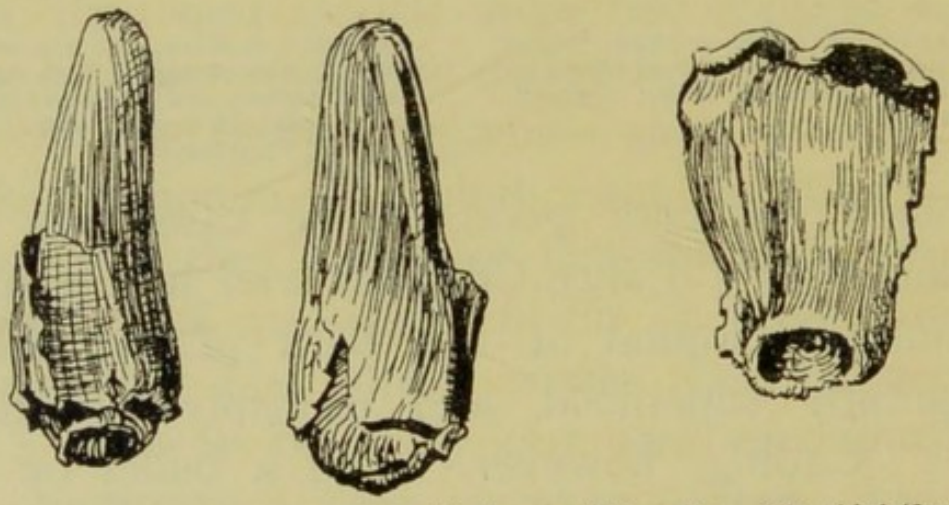
Skiagram of elbow, with arm severely broken. Note wedge of bone from Y-shaped fracture, and fragments of bone scattered through tissues. Safety-pin in dressings. Recovered.

certainly are very good. The case may be instanced of a Lance-Corporal who had a small granulating wound at the back of the thigh, apparently superficial, and probably due to a shell. Catling, however, found a bullet by the screen and localised it by a skiagram yesterday.

[1] A form of this nature was eventually issued, but its use was still optional, and the case-book, the prescription-book, and the diet-sheet were still retained.

It was 74 mm., or three and a half inches, from the posterior surface of the limb, its nose an inch from the bone ; and from its shape he felt sure it was a Martini-Henry bullet. To-day I made a two-inch incision on the back of the limb, and at the full length of my finger found a Mauser bullet flattened out from side to side, with its nickel-casing split down the middle. It must have glanced off a stone and ricochetted into the man's thigh. An hour later he was found smoking a cigar against orders, and in two days he will be shipped off home.

Monday, December 11th. We are all anxious about Gatacre's division, which was repulsed yesterday, after a tremendous seven hours' march, at Stormberg. Heaven only knows what this may mean.



RICOCHET BULLETS.—Two on left picked up at Spion Kop. The third (from Mr. Makins' book) is flattened out lead core only, nickel case having been torn off.

Spent the morning amputating a finger and dressing Stewart's thigh under chloroform. Poor

fellow, he goes steadily down hill and, through the absence of water-beds and the defective nursing, the inevitable bed-sores are making their appearance. Fortunately, he grows proportionately indifferent to pain, and there is no reason to stint the morphia.

At lunch we had one of the surgeons who has come over with the New South Wales medical contingent of 150. He described to us graphically the enthusiasm of the New South Welsh to join them. Colonial patriotism in this war has been magnificent.

Our work at No. 1 has been getting easier every day since we filled up ten days ago; and the greater part of it is now little more than out-patient work, with the double advantage of the air at Wynberg and of the confinement to hospital, and therefore to supervision, until the patients are absolutely fit for duty, or are discharged and sent off to England as being unlikely to be fit within two months. The rapidity of healing has been quite marvellous.

I find myself still able to sleep at Rosebank except on my Orderly days, although the evening visit prevents my getting back there in time for dinner at seven, and of course I have to leave at eight in the morning. There is generally some work to do, as well as the evening visit, to keep me at Wynberg after lunch; but it is all light work.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN BULL RECEIVES THREE HARD BLOWS.

Tuesday, December 12th, 1899. This mail leaves the Cape in a state of great anxiety at the rumour of seven hundred lost in the Stormberg disaster, and of a fruitless twelve hours' fight at Spytfontein.[1] We are so surrounded here by Dutch sympathisers on the one hand and military censors on the other, that it is almost impossible to say whether the news that filters through has been grossly exaggerated by the disloyals or minimised by the censor. In any case we have to wait for our weekly papers from home before we can get any really credible summary of events. At present No. 2 General Hospital is expecting a trainful to arrive at any moment, containing the convalescents and other contents of the Field and Stationary Hospitals, probably not a very interesting lot. But after this reported

[1] Seven miles north of Magersfontein, where the fight actually was.

battle outside Kimberley, there should be enough acute cases to fill all the empty beds in No. 1, and to open No. 3 as well. No. 3 General Hospital is to be opened at Rondebosch, half-way between here and town, under canvas, of course, like No. 2; and No. 4 only arrived yesterday, and still awaits orders.

Wednesday, December 13th. There is no doubt now that both Gatacre's defeat at Stormberg[1] and Methuen's at Magersfontein[2] were terrible disasters. Methuen lost sixty-five officers and six or seven hundred men; and of course, as usual, they tell us the Boers lost twice that number. *Credat Judaeus!*

General Wauchope, in command of the Highland Brigade, by whom he was idolised, after having been wounded on four previous occasions, has been killed; and Lord Methuen has retired again to Modder River. However, we pin our faith on Natal, where Sir Redvers Buller has a really adequate force and has been able to make adequate dispositions. Most of us have a supreme faith in the Commander-in-Chief and the authorities in general, and believe that these are only the necessary checks while we are getting our rusty war-apparatus into working order.

[1] Half way from East London to Bloemfontein, about 160 miles from each.

[2] Eighteen miles south of Kimberley, four north of Modder River, and about 640 from Cape Town.

This process, however, developes a good deal of friction; and there is much heated argument, for instance, over Colonel Gough being appointed military Governor of Stellenbosch, *i.e.* being removed from his command of the 9th Lancers for refusing to charge at Belmont, so it is said, when his horses were too tired. Whatever his reason, he at any rate cannot be accused of lack of courage.[1]

We expect two hospital trains to-morrow, and other shiploads and trainfuls before the end of the week, and to this end we are clearing as many patients out of hospital as possible, some to go home and others to be transferred to the Rest Camp at Green Point.[2] The establishment of a rest camp, which might well have been arranged from the first, will relieve the hospitals of half their patients, who hitherto, under the Army Medical system, have been obliged quite needlessly to occupy beds in hospital until actually fit for duty.

Met an interesting ex-judge of the Free State this evening at dinner, one M'G——, an old Oriel man and once President of the Oxford Union. What a wretched lot of officials the Transvaal has

[1] The English language, in consequence, has been enriched by the verb "to Stellenbosch," to cause to retire from command of troops at the front with or without adequate reason.

[2] A western sea-side suburb of Cape Town.



PLATE II, p. 95.

Alf. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

STRAIGHT FROM MAGERSFONTEIN.

Wounded being transferred from No. 3 hospital-train to ambulance-waggons at Wynberg station. Corporal on right has surgical companion slung over right shoulder. Waggons on left have tail-pieces resting on platform, so that stretchers, which are on wheels, may be run straight in, two to each waggon.

got as compared with these first-rate men in the sister Colony!

Thursday, December 14th. I was down at the station this morning to help in detraining the first batch of wounded from Magersfontein. (Plate 11.) The battle was on Monday; the first of two hospital trains left on Tuesday evening at ten; on Thursday at 1 p.m. it was at Wynberg; and by three the wounded were comfortably ensconced in their beds here. Our good people at home, and the bad ones too, think no doubt of the horrors of a trainful of wounded fresh from the battle-field; and the laity of course draw lurid pictures to themselves of the maimed figures and the pools of blood. But as a fact, there is nothing of the sort. At the worst there are a few coats splashed with dark red; a few arms in slings; a few heads and faces bandaged up; and a few cripples who can just hobble across the platform to their seats in the ambulance waggons. But as a general rule the fractures have been thoroughly well put up in splints; the wounds have not yet at least had time to develope much uncomfortable suppuration; and the men have been revelling in the comfort of their bunks on board the train, and would be only too glad to continue their comfortable journey, lying in their bunks, smoking, sleeping, chattering, and regaled with milk and soda, tobacco and other comforts,

which good ladies would thrust upon them at every conceivable opportunity throughout the journey. Here, for instance, our medical Transport Officer gave two ladies leave to come on the platform and administer their harmless drinks; whereupon all the good ladies of Wynberg and the vicinity seemed to swarm round us and had to be repulsed.

The train is certainly very well designed. Colonel Supple, P.M.O. Base, is responsible for it, and he tells me it is practically built on the lines recommended by Sir Thomas Longmore twenty-five years ago. It consists of a series of eight carriages, one of which is fitted up with dispensary and kitchen; while a second is an ordinary corridor-carriage, with separate sitting and sleeping compartments for the major of the R.A.M.C., the two nurses, and the civilian surgeon, who live on the train. The remaining carriages are post-vans, luggage-vans, and a third-class saloon, in which the patients lie in bunks with their heads towards the engine, or facing the engine, in two tiers, one above the other, one about a foot off the ground and the other about the level of a man's chest. Thus every patient can be properly attended to on the voyage, and can easily be transferred on to a stretcher at the end of it.

The stretchers run on wheels when on the

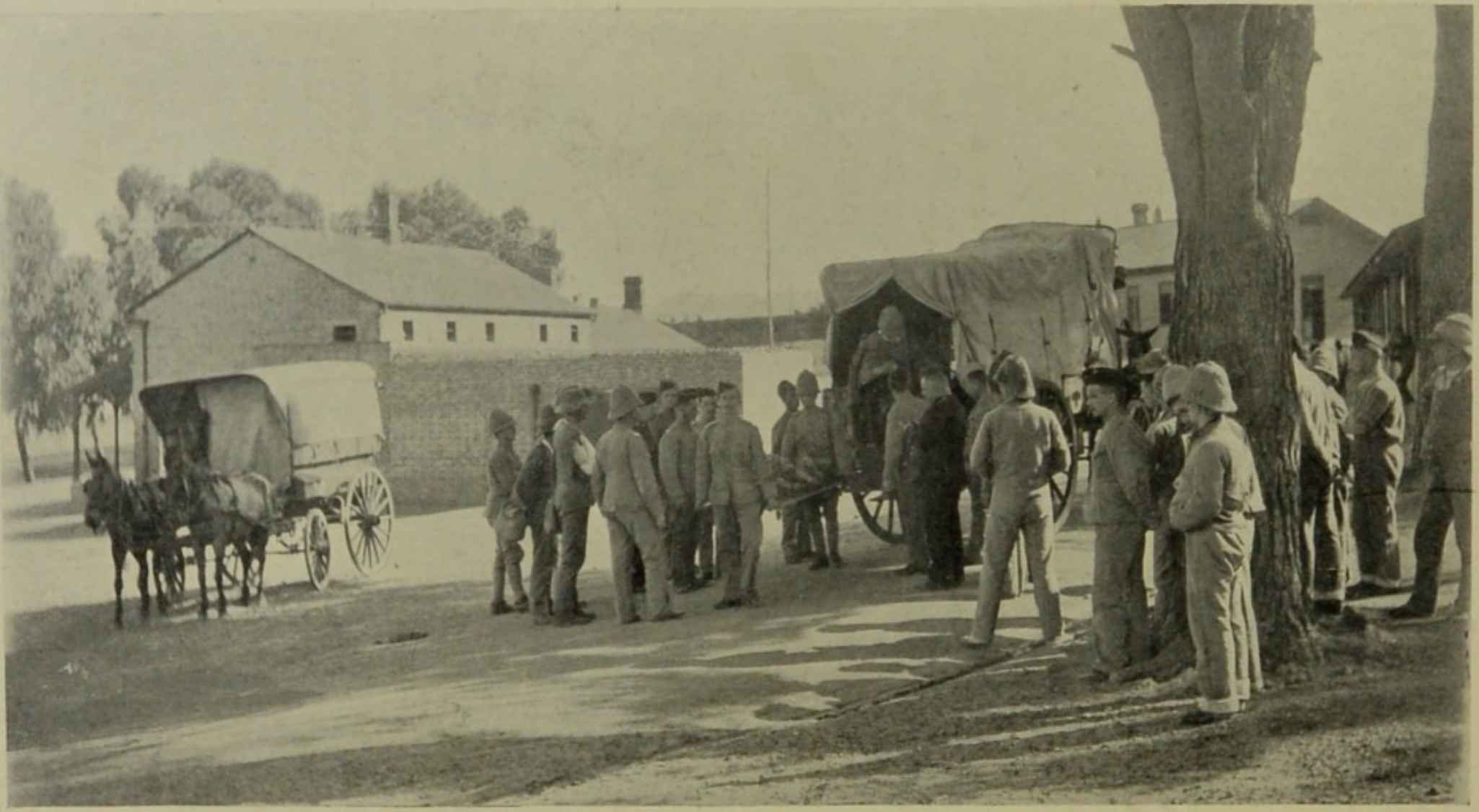


PLATE 12, p. 97.

Alf. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED AT THE HOSPITAL.

Squads of orderlies, acting under orders of robust staff-sergeant in serge suit. Warm welcome from interested crowd of convalescent patients.

ground, and make quite comfortable couches in themselves. The ambulance-waggons are backed against the railway platform, their floor being at the same level as the platform, and the stretchers are then run into the waggons, two to each waggon, side by side, with two sitting-up cases on seats at the end, two more such cases on the box, and an orderly behind as conductor. The black driver is bidden in emphatic language to move off; he starts his pair of formidable mules with a flick of his long whip; and at a slow walk the caravan makes its way a mile up-hill to the hospital. Here squads of orderlies are in readiness to carry the patients up to the wards, where "convalescent diet" is in waiting for them. The head ward-orderly comes in from the store and brings the hospital kit,—comfortable, loose, blue flannelette coat and trousers of enormous and uniform length, which generally have to be turned up five inches showing the white lining at the bottom, and a flannel shirt apiece; the old blood-stained and tattered khaki, with such equipment as survives, is packed off to the store, and in an hour the ward is ready for the services of the Medical Officer. (See Plates 9, 10, 11, 12, pp. 64, 79, 95, 96.)

Then comes a field-day for the doctor, the Nursing-Sister—if available—and the orderlies. Very few of the dressings have been changed on

the way down, and several are dressed only with the field dressing,—a bit of gauze or lint soaked in carbolic oil, with jaconette and a bandage,—hurriedly applied under fire by a comrade. The wounds, in consequence, are like those of the Psalmist—or Philoctetes—and every case ought to be dressed the first night. On this occasion the men in my wards were not in bed till 4 p.m.; they had to be left an hour to have tea and settle down; and my staff and I, with the help of some half-dozen convalescents, then had five hours' hard work, from 5 p.m. to 10 straight on end, before I could leave the place with a clear conscience.

In the way of dressing wounds on board the train, things are better now that the train staff has settled down to its duties and that the worst cases are left at De Aar or Orange River. In this lot, twenty-eight have thus been left behind *en route*. But in the first batch from Belmont the medical staff were unable to do anything more than attend to urgent requirements. This may account for our mortality in fractured thighs, practically all our cases of fracture in the upper half having proved fatal. My poor fellow, Stewart of the Grenadiers, died yesterday afternoon rather suddenly, just after I had left, really rather a merciful release for him. Mr. Makins, however, who was down here again this morning, says they have now got half-a-



PLATE 13, p. 99.

Alf. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

Dressing a Fractured Humerus.

Private in Black Watch, wounded in shoulder at Magersfontein; doctor syringing out wound. Sister (with grey dress, white apron and cap, and scarlet "Netley cape") and orderly (both excellent) in attendance. This patient had an unfortunate habit of making humorous remarks in the middle of the process, so that steadiness of the hand was a difficulty. Note good type of folding iron bed, all brought

dozen of the worst fractured thighs on Hodgen's splints at De Aar, and they are doing well despite dust and heat, which there runs up to 107° in a double fly tent for at least three hours every day.

Mr. Makins' book, which we hope he will write, should be intensely interesting.[1] He flies about at his own will from the front to the base, sees the best of everything, takes incessant notes, and is welcomed by everyone, not least by ourselves, who are only too glad of a sound and kindly opinion on our more difficult cases. No doubt Mr. Treves is doing the same, but as he is in Natal we have only once seen him here.

Friday, December 15th. "Admirable," was the comment of one of the wounded officers on the subject of the hospital train, "perfect bliss after jolting four hours in a waggon." Officers[2] and serious cases are sent down first; the rest of the wounded then take their chance. My share of patients yesterday came to sixteen medical and twelve surgical cases, including three of fractured humerus and two of abdominal wound, not urgent as yet. (Plate 13.) A fractured arm is a severe wound, because of the difficulty and extreme importance of getting good union; but it is not nearly so dangerous to life as a fractured

[1] "Surgical Experiences in South Africa," April, 1901.

[2] Military value of regimental officer is 38·8 times that of a man.

thigh. All our 'thighs' so far have died, I believe, and not one of our 'arms.' As to the simple flesh-wounds, the Sisters work away splendidly at hot fomentations, and, with a few minor operations, we ought soon to get the foul cases clean and do all that will be necessary for them. The rest can be safely left to nature. They say the work at the Field Hospitals and at Orange River is simply terrific, going on night and day, with men lying out on stretchers or simply on blankets; in the middle of it the doctors suddenly get a wire preparing them for 500 more casualties within six hours. My fellows are in good spirits and look wonderfully well. There was no deathly pallor about these men, such as the public gloats over in Christmas numbers: they were tanned various shades up to deep copper colour; and on active service, speaking medically, your patients are picked men to begin with.

This Magersfontein affair was a terrible slaughter: 700 lost on our side and at least 1500 on theirs; but I am glad to say the men all praise their officers unstintingly, except in the matter of strategy.

Saturday, December 16th. In making up my notes of cases, I have had a good opportunity of realising the story of the wounded on the field of battle. In the battle of Magersfontein,

on the 11th December, the regiments that suffered the most were the 2nd Black Watch, the 2nd Seaforths, the 1st Coldstreams, the 1st Gordons, the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and the 1st Highland Light Infantry. The battle began before daybreak, and, so soon as light appeared, several companies found themselves close up to the Boer forces, who were pouring a deadly fire into them. Some companies were ordered to advance, and, advancing, got right up to the first line of entrenchments, but, being almost decimated, were obliged to retire. Others retired to advance again, while a large proportion lay down flat on the ground and let the fire mainly pass over their heads. Indeed, the companies who lay down, even within two hundred yards of the enemy, were in far greater safety than those who retired, or others who took what cover they could get from the bushes on the veld, which were simply riddled with the enemy's fire. In lying down, however, many suffered somewhat severely from being trampled on by the regiments in front retiring. This danger past, the men had to take their chance, and if they stirred but a finger they were liable to draw down on themselves a hail of bullets. A private in the Black Watch lay with his arm under him for five hours straight on end, and towards the end was made the mark of a particular Boer rifle two

hundred yards off. At last, as his arm was severely cramped, he took advantage of a bullet splashing up the ground close by to roll over on his back, throw up his arms, and feign death. The succession of bullets ceased, but he had to lie unmoved, with his face exposed to a brilliant sun, for the rest of the afternoon, and he escaped with only a ·303 inch sporting-bullet in the thigh, from which it was easily extracted. Another fellow was shot in the knee, but not daring to move again, even in order to look at it, stayed till evening with his wound untouched, and then found himself lying in a pool of blood. This is only one of many similar instances.

A sergeant of ten years' service, who has been recommended for gallantry, was shot in the side. The shot only felt like something hot striking him, and he noticed nothing more at the time. But meanwhile the wound bled so profusely that his kilt was soaked and had to be thrown away. He went on superintending his men, lying flat on the ground, but when he found it advisable for them to retire, and tried to raise himself, he found his thigh fractured. He had to lie where he was, without any treatment, until night-fall. During the night many Boers came out on to the field and gave water to several of our men as well as their own wounded. Knowing a little German, he hailed one, "Hoch, Camarade," and "Cama-

rade" proved to be General Cronje, who said he could not take the wounded English into his camp, as he had not the ambulance or surgical arrangements necessary for them. The next day at noon the Cape Volunteer Ambulance came along, and after a miserable journey to Modder River Hospital, the sergeant's leg was tied up with splints and dressings, thirty-six hours after he had received the wounds. But most men were treated more rapidly. A comrade generally applied the field-dressing, and after waiting two or three hours for the fire to slacken, they crawled back from cover to cover as best they could, or were helped back on stretchers to the Field Hospital. Many lay out behind the artillery as they fired, and stayed there during the night. Others were promptly treated and removed to Modder River Hospital, and thence the next day to Orange River or De Aar.

The Medical Officers appear to have worked splendidly; but their gallantry was not an unmixed blessing to the men they attended, as they drew down on themselves and their surroundings a storm of bullets wherever they went. One man, wounded in the shoulder and side, did not notice that he was shot through both legs also, until he arrived at the Field-Hospital and found his trousers soaked. "Didn't you notice the bleeding as you went?" was the natural

question. "Lor' bless yer, Sir," he replied, "me legs was allers behind me, and I couldn't turn round to look at 'em." One man, while lying down behind a comrade, was shot in the face by a bullet which had passed through the comrade's shoulder. Another was hit in four places, the fourth bullet having landed just below the heart and lost itself there without doing any harm. But the record is held by Private M'Inroy of the Black Watch, who was hit in the left wrist and right shoulder at 4 a.m., and, after lying flat for safety till noon, received two shots in the back, and one which has broken the right arm; and this is his most serious injury. As one of the shots only grazed the skin, he has only nine holes in him, two from each of the other bullets. Private Bruce, a grizzled reservist, complains of seven, one bullet (a shrapnel shot) having lodged under the skin. He says it is a bit rough on a married man with a shop and a family, when he had actually drawn his last pay and discharge for October 12th, and on October 9th was called out with the Reserve. I tell him, on the contrary, he has every reason to be thankful to Providence for having given him such wounds as will not permanently injure him, but will ensure his being sent home.

Of course several men went for twelve or twenty-four hours, or even more, before receiving

any treatment at the hands of the surgeons. But the surprising thing is not the length, but the shortness of time that elapsed in most cases before they were properly treated. I have a record against my cases of "hours before treatment," and the following is taken from a page at random:—"1, 2, 60, 5, 5, 14, 8, 1, 30, 10, 3, 3, 5." This does not take into account the field-dressing, which was usually applied by a comrade within two or three hours, and the 60 and 30 are cases which obviously appeared to be slight, and so could be left alone until the rush of work was over. Considering the heaviness of the fire, the lack of cover, the fact that the forces for the most part were retreating, and that the resources of the hospital were taxed to the uttermost, the record is decidedly good. This list also, of course, does not include the most serious cases, many now dead, and the rest left at Orange River, who would naturally receive first attention. Of these, wounds of the skull would take a prominent place. Mr. Makins, by the way, was saying the other day that the dust at De Aar, which gets between the dressing and the wound if it is uncovered for only a minute or two, was harmless so long as the camp was frequently moved and the dust was unpolluted; but it was, of course, a fearful trouble to shift the hospital bodily,

and at De Aar this has only been done once as yet.

We hear of further difficulties, this time in Natal. The whole of the 66th battery has been lost, and General Hildyard alone of the four generals under Clery, who was in command for this occasion, has crossed the Tugela at Colenso. This news, if true, is a severe blow. We have hitherto had every confidence in the Natal army.

Sunday, December 17th. As Orderly Medical Officer yesterday, had to give some attention to some of the officer-patients, who are very pleasant to talk to, although their doctors stigmatise them, in comparison with the N.C.O.s and men, as horribly fussy, several of them calling out incessantly day and night for morphia, when they are in very little pain. Their chief trouble is insomnia, which again is partly due to their own temperament, but partly to the parasites which frequent these walls. The Surgeon-General, who, of course, wishes to make them as comfortable as possible, gave drastic orders to the effect that each of the six legs of each bed should stand in a (potted meat or cigarette) tin filled with kerosene to repel the enemy and invader. But as the enemy generally descends like the Paralytic from the roof, and inasmuch as kerosene is highly dangerous in the neighbourhood of smokers, the

order has not been carried out with the usual military despatch.

We have had to open three large wards of the Permanent Hospital—seventy beds in all—for officers, in addition to the thirty-six beds in the old mess-house. Normally, of course, a General Hospital only takes twenty officers and five hundred others. Amongst these we have a Gordon of the Gordons,[1] a subaltern Wauchope of the Black Watch, badly hit about the legs;[2] Macleod of the West Ridings, and Douglas, an R.A.M.C. doctor of a few months' standing, who has been recommended for the V.C. for some extraordinary daring, which ended by his being badly wounded in the cheek.[3] An ingenious reason given for the Magersfontein disaster is, that the field-balloon did not arrive till Sunday, and could only go up when the fight was already half over. Otherwise Lord Methuen would have known that there were trenches at the foot of the hills two miles in front of those at their top, which he had laboriously shelled on Sunday. The quarter-column formation, which the man in the street has so strongly condemned in regard to both this and the Stormberg disaster, is apparently a necessity for a night attack; for, in the darkness, an extended line is soon broken by the least irregularity in the ground; even if

[1] Now V.C. [2] Now D.S.O. [3] Now V.C. and D.S.O.

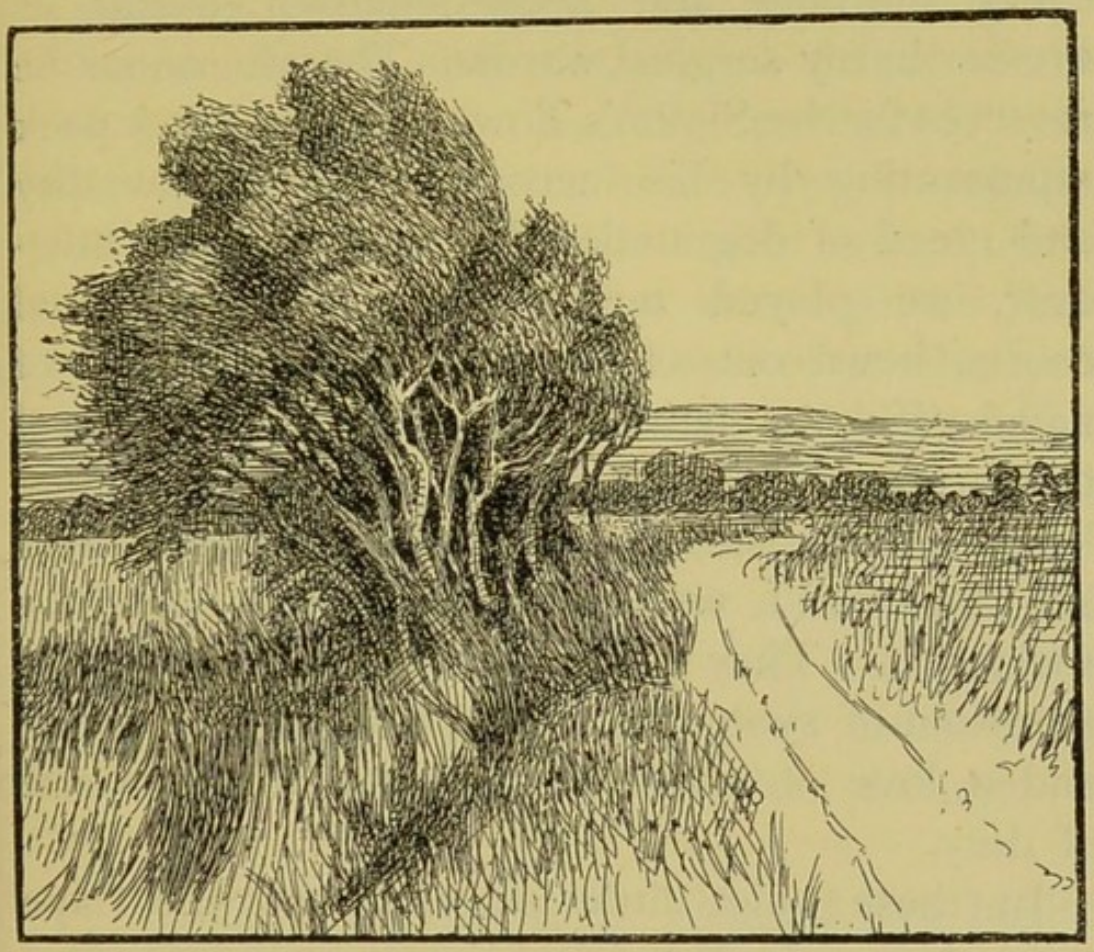
it is not actually broken, as my informant declared it would be, by men dropping out unseen behind stones and ant-heaps for cover.

As Orderly Medical Officer yesterday, had nothing exciting except a secondary haemorrhage of Major Elderton's, to which I was called in the middle of breakfast. Called the Major and gave chloroform, while the Major tackled him with success.[1] Later on gave chloroform for poor Pretorius, whose knee is going to the bad; and for a smashed arm of Major Elderton's.

To-day dressed two of my fractured arms and a few other cases, changed into mufti and took the 12.53 train to Simon's Town. For six miles the line runs across the flats, with trees bending in their stunted growth away from the prevailing winds, and an open scenery which allows of large effects in light and shade. For the rest of the way it passes along a glorious bit of sea-coast, not unlike some of the Yorkshire scenery between Saltburn and Scarborough, done in more vivid colours. It touches the sea at Muizenberg, the fashionable watering-place for Cape Town; and, skirting along the western side of False Bay, crossing an inlet of dazzling white dry sand, it takes a few bold sweeps, till suddenly you find

[1] Fractured femur, with external circumflex gone, apparently. Under chloroform we found the bleeding point too deep for ligature, and so left the forceps on. Case progressed favourably.

yourself at one corner of Simon's Bay, a recess out of False Bay, and you look out at the "Doris" flagship, at the "Niobe," "Powerful," "Rambler," and the Boer-crammed hulk of the



THE FLATS.
Between Wynberg and False Bay. Trees distorted in their growth by wind.

"Penelope"; you look at a sea chopped up by a south-easter into patches of white and blue; at the town nestling in the hollow of the bay; at the sharp-lined mountains, and at the little solid patch of cloud which caps them, a solitary beauty-spot in an otherwise cloudless sky.

Tea with the Admiral, who in Crete last

year, and now in charge of all naval arrangements in this war, has had good work to do. His son, an unqualified St. Mary's man, who is out here for his health, comes into Wynberg every morning and makes himself useful as dresser in my surgical wards. The afternoons he reserves for the Simon's Town draghounds, a pack representing by his account every nationality and creed of dog under the sun. To-day, however, we played tennis instead on the naval courts, hewn out of the rock, in the society of naval officers, relations, and friends. The naval people are rather amused with this war. They look on it as the army's gladiatorial show, with all the world and Her Majesty's navy for spectators. They will gladly give their help, but more out of sympathy with a hard pressed friend and a love of active service than from a sense of duty.

In these quiet little places round the Cape there is much that is of interest, sad interest as a rule, in the temporary sojourners who represent the fringe of war: rich and poor Uitlanders from the Rand, many of them bitterly struggling in secret for the mere existence of their families; plucky little wives, with a husband caged in Kimberley or busy in the relieving force, doing their utmost for the men of the husband's regiment at Wynberg; families who

have lent men to the colonial forces; families of mixed descent and divided sympathies; families who have lost on both sides—God help them!

Monday, December 18th. The news of Friday's defeat in Natal, and that, too, a defeat of our Commander-in-Chief, is fully confirmed, constituting the third disaster in six days, a veritable Black Week. The colonists are in mortal terror of a Dutch rising, but that seems *primâ facie* really impossible, at least to those of us who have a strong faith in the cause of a rational Imperialism and in the wisdom, energy, and power of the High Commissioner. Nevertheless the campaign does seem, for the time being, to be at a deadlock; and with the Commander-in-Chief fully occupied in Natal, there may be some more disasters in store for us before we blunder through to Pretoria.

Tuesday, December 19th. Bagged four bullets yesterday from their human lodgings; and to-day got one which we had spied with the skiagraph-screen right at the back of the cheek-bone under the eye, where it was causing only a little headache and dimness of vision.

Another anaesthetic for Tyndale to work his wicked will on poor Pretorius' knee. Most of the Boers have now been moved to Simon's Town; but of the four left here, one comes from

Notting-hill and has a brother in the Diamond-fields' Horse, who was mentioned in despatches; while another has an uncle a captain in the R.H.A.

Mrs. B——r has arranged for the most welcome loan of Mr. Rhodes' private band to play here on Thursdays and for concerts every Saturday.

Wednesday, December 20th. The staff of No. 1 has turned into the three long rows of huts which in grim irony are called married quarters. These have been empty since their recent occupants were sent home a month ago; at least not quite empty; mine are a zoological garden in miniature.

The mess has appropriately taken possession of the Infants' School and started a piano. Being on the southern slope of the hill, we get a glorious view through trees and across the flats to the Hen and Chickens—the Cape end of the Table Mountain range.

While in the middle of twenty fresh cases from Magersfontein, I was called off to give chloroform again to Pretorius, who was to have his leg off at last. However, he was let off with a certain amount of manipulation, poor old fellow.

Was taken by B. to call on the S.'s at Rose-bank. Mr. H. S. is a tower of strength, both

morally and physically, to the British cause—a furious Imperialist. He is a giant farmer, having owned at one time or another a good bit of what is now known as the Rand and the greater part of the country from Colenso to Ladysmith, including Grobler's Kloof. What he does not know about South Africa cannot be worth knowing. For a long time he lived outside Pretoria, and often talked straight to Krüger—Kreeger, as he pronounces it. He was talking to him once after the battle of Omdurman. "Do you mean to say," said the President, "that the Khalifa was defeated by British troops?" "Certainly." "Well, he must have a wretched lot of soldiers to be beaten by the English."

Mr. S. has always held that the only places to be defended satisfactorily in Natal were Laing's Nek and, I think he said, Chieveley[1] and Highlands[2]; certainly not Estcourt and Ladysmith, which are in pepper-pots. But Sir William Butler found it impossible to change the arrangements he found already in existence. Mr. S. gives the Boers full credit for their military value as a nation, and is naturally very anxious about the near future, being convinced that the enemy have not lost heavily as yet or they would have given in.

Thursday, December 20th. The poor hospital

[1] 8 miles south of Colenso. [2] 10 miles south of Estcourt.

trains are being worked hard. Captain Fleming, in command of one, has had three busy nights on the journey down, with no sleep, except for an hour last night.

They say that dysentery is getting very bad at the front. It is strange that the Army Medical Department, in sending out so many first-rate consulting surgeons, should have sent out no physicians. With the record of an enteric epidemic at Ladysmith last year, it is most probable that, on relieving that gallant little town, we shall find abundance of purely medical cases. And the other Divisions are likely to follow suit, for all we know.[1]

To everyone's immense delight, Lord Roberts, from Ireland, and Lord Kitchener, from Egypt, are coming out at once to take over supreme command. Our Black Week has had its effect; the Empire has learnt a much-needed lesson, that the war is a big one and the Boer a formidable foe. We have been far too boastful of our power, and, despite Kipling, we *did* forget. Now we start afresh.

[1] The official reason for not sending out consulting-physicians was that officers of the R.A.M.C. have constant experience of dysentery and enteric fever in India and elsewhere during peace-time. Nevertheless, it was generally felt that a few of the best physicians at home would have given valuable advice from an independent standpoint, and one Consulting Physician, Dr. J. W. Washbourn, was appointed in September, 1900.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MACHINE SEEMS IN NEED OF REPAIR.

Friday, December 22nd. Have finally left Rosebank to settle in here like my colleagues in the hospital. Although the law allows us as a rule to be off at one, we are generally working till tea-time, and often till much later; and with the very unsatisfactory system of nursing which prevails in military hospitals, it is hardly proper to leave serious cases to get through the night as best they can, with the assistance of an occasional visit from a strange orderly, who may not care to wake up the Orderly Medical Officer.

The whole system of female nursing in the army appears to have been clumsily grafted on to the old system of nursing by orderlies, purely out of deference to public opinion and Miss Florence Nightingale. The graft has never taken root. The Nursing-Sisters, as they are called, have no fixed position in the service. The orderlies often refuse to recognise their authority; and their

numbers are so small that they really play only a minor part in the drama of a General Hospital. The nursing practically depends on the orderlies. Now, the orderlies may, or may not, be good; for instance, in one of my wards I have a reservist of ten years' service, in private life a mechanical dentist, a most faithful man, and as trustworthy as a fairly good dresser at Guy's. But most of those we have here are common soldiers, who might as well be in the Army Service Corps or a line regiment, for all the nursing qualities they exhibit.[1] They are kindly for the most part; they are fairly disciplined; but they are men, not women; they are coarse and not refined. They must needs go over to the canteen every now and again to get a drink; they must go off duty punctually at five p.m., although the Sister does not come on till six; and their time is largely taken up with fetching and carrying meals from the cook-house, running messages, and scrubbing the wards—not to mention stretcher duty, whenever patients are arriving at the station, or are being transferred from hospital to a ship at the docks.

I believe my civilian colleagues unanimously agree that the nursing should be taken entirely out of the hands of orderlies, who should act only as porters, bathmen, scrubbers, and mes-

[1] Cf. p. 252 for an appreciation of the work done by orderlies at the front.

sengers. In addition to the present staff of orderlies, every hut of twenty-five beds should have a Sister, and one day and one night nurse. There are numberless nurses who would be only too glad to be employed in this way; and, no doubt, the public would not only be glad to pay the piper, but will be very angry that the tune has not been called. The Sisters, moreover, would manage diets, and they and the nurses would do all the simple dressings, as in all but the educational hospitals at home—that is all but those with an adequate number of unpaid assistants to do the work. Finally, it is my own opinion that, owing to the natural chivalry of the common soldier and the natural conscientiousness of a woman, the work would be far better done and the discipline far better maintained than at present.

It is to be devoutly hoped that this may be taken to heart as one of the lessons of the campaign, and that in a year's time we may have a properly constituted Commission inquiring into the whole subject of our medical arrangements in the army. Just think of it! I have two poor fellows with fractured thighs in one ward, who were not even visited by an orderly from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m. one night; and when I indignantly remonstrated, I was told we were so understaffed that already the orderlies had to be on duty every other night as well as

every day, and that the authorities, therefore, would be much obliged if I could dispense with even a visiting orderly for that ward.

And in my Serious Medical Ward, where everything may go wrong at any moment, and where there is a round dozen of dysentery cases requiring constant attention, there is only a visiting orderly paying occasional visits to the hut at intervals through the night.

Saturday, December 23rd. Two fractured thighs and a few dysenteries in to-day; latter getting bad at the front, and we are getting sub-acute attacks ourselves here.

B. and his wife came up to tea and the weekly concert in the barrack school-room, in which they performed duets and solos, including "The Roast Beef of Old England," with two topical verses as follows:

"There's a wily old gentleman in the Transvaal,
Who says that Great Britain must go to the wall,
And he'll kill us, and cook us, and eat us and all!
Oh-h-h! The Roast Beef of Old England,
And oh-h-h! The Old English Roast Beef.

"But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip;
And ere we're quite turned into jellies and flip
I trust we shall make that old gentleman skip!
Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England,
And oh! The Old English Roast Beef."

There were about two hundred of the Army doctor's "mere logs" present,[1] and to hear men

[1] See chapter V., p 85.

shout the chorus of "The Old Brigade," or stamp their feet to Mrs. O'B.'s Highland reel on the fiddle, did one's heart good. Two officers' wives came over on their weekly visit for concert purposes from Simon's Town; there were two or three other performers, as well as the founders of the concerts; and finally, Mrs. B——r is always able to draw on local talent amongst the men, one of whom had a really rich, refined tenor voice, while others were intensely amusing. The thing went with a splendid swing; and with the men in their loose blue flannel kit—sick and sound, blind, crippled and maimed, with crutches and bandages, splints and slings, all wreathed in clouds of tobacco smoke—it was an ideal picture of the less seamy side of war. "What a pity," said the B.'s, "that Herkomer was not there to paint it."

Sunday, Christmas Eve. A fearfully hot day again. A few V.C.'s ought to be given round to those who write up diet-sheets on such a day. With seventy-eight patients, this senseless clerical work takes me two hours every morning, before it is possible properly to examine or dress a case; and, since we are not wanted in the wards till half-past nine and the patients have their dinner at half-past twelve, there are difficulties in getting the work done in the time. This difficulty is increased by the natural wish

of the skiagraphist to have his afternoons free for developing his plates; and the wish of the R.A.M.C. officers to have all operations done in the morning so as to give them their afternoons free. There is a temptation, therefore, to shirk operations and skiagraphy more than is right.

Spent this as many afternoons in talking to men and taking notes about their wounds. Thomas Atkins likes sleeping after his dinner; but if awake, he is ready enough to talk about the one event of his life. One man was shot through both lungs and his spinal column only thirteen days ago, and is now practically well again. At the time it just felt like a blow from the butt-end of a rifle. A drummer-boy was hit while shooting with a rifle taken off a wounded soldier and rounds off a dead man; he lay where he was all night, and declares he could hear the Boers singing and praying in their trenches. But T. A.'s tales lose nothing in the telling.

Christmas Day, Monday. A splendid, sweltering summer's day. Most of us arranged to give the men the double pleasure of seeing as little as possible of their doctors, and of over-eating and smoking themselves to their heart's content. Poor old Pretorius had to have chloroform again; but otherwise we simply sauntered round the

wards to see that the men were comfortable and that they were more than well provided for with their pint of beer apiece, their geese and turkeys, preserved fruits and fresh fruit, cakes and biscuits, their Christmas cards, stamped envelopes, paper and pencils for home letters, and last, but not least, pipes, tobacco, and cigarettes up to four ounces per man. Needless to say there were few men who got through their four ounces in the day, and many who couldn't touch it. The difficulty was to know when to leave it to the good sense of a man to stop, and whether to allow food to a patient who ought not to have it, but would doubtless get it from some sympathetic friend, whether you allowed him or no. This is the result of deficient nursing and nursing by men. If a nurse caught a man eating against orders and chaffed him a bit before the whole ward, that man would never hear the last of it. As it is, he doesn't care a straw if the orderly does find it out; and the penalties which the doctor can inflict on a sick man unable to eat are trivial.

Mr. Rice-Thomas, the military chaplain who has been at the Cape some twenty years and more, spent a long time going round the wards with his wife and a bag of tobacco; and the nine Sisters did what they could in distributing the good things sent out for the men; but it

was a horribly dull Christmas for them, "mere logs" though they be. No band, no music; and the only service one of a military description in the little bare camp chapel, far from the huts, to which few men felt inclined to go. An itinerant preacher in the wards with a harmonium would have done them all a lot of good; but the military don't seem to favour chaplains beyond the official minimum.

There were a good many officers, from a General downwards, at a quiet little early service at Rondebosch, with a congregation of some two hundred and fifty. It seems a scandal to have passed through Christmas-time without hearing a single carol, or one performance of "Hark, the herald." But how could you sing "Hark, the herald" in the intervals of eating ices? So the B.'s and I drank to absent friends and Lord Roberts, and resolved that he should reach the outside of Pretoria by March 1, and the inside a month later.

Boxing Day, Tuesday. Pretorius, poor fellow, has at last, with much pleasure, said good-bye for ever to his leg, Mr. Makins helping him off with it this morning. (See Plate 7, p. 56.)

Wednesday, December 27th. Met one of B.'s protégés, a colonial boy of eighteen in Rimington's Guides, who is down here on short leave from the front, like most other officers apparently

of Lord Methuen's force. He had enlisted conscientiously, in opposition to the wishes of his people, a quiet lawyer and his wife, because he felt, like many of his friends, that the war was primarily a South African, and only secondarily an Imperial affair; and that South Africans should, therefore, do everything they could to help.[1] Would that they all thought the same!

Thursday, December 28th. Reports of a doubtful fight at Mafeking on Tuesday.[2] Three officers killed and fifty casualties. But everyone has faith in the genius of Baden-Powell.

Some really good people at home have sent me £4 for my men; but how to spend it puzzles me, since you can now get most things from the Red-Cross people if you apply and wait long enough. I think of experimenting in wheeled chairs.

Went this afternoon, under B.'s wing, to call at Government House, it being one of Mrs. Hanbury Williams' At Home days. Mrs. Hanbury Williams acts hostess for the High Commissioner, to whom Colonel Hanbury Williams is military secretary. It was just a large English country house in the middle of

[1] He returned to the front, and eventually left his corps just in time to sail for England and matriculate at Oxford in October.

[2] Action of Game Tree, an unsuccessful sortie of 80 men, of whom 25 were killed.

Cape Town, opening on to the public gardens, with English servants and portraits and furniture and English refreshments, and a considerable proportion of Germans and Jews amongst the guests. Sir Alfred Milner did not appear. They say he seldom does, unless for a very few minutes.

A lady pillar of society told me a lot of horrors about No. 1 General Hospital at Wynberg; and declared it was very badly spoken of in the town. Many of her allegations were nonsensical; but such truth as there was, may be due firstly, perhaps, to the lamentably irritating manner of some of the hospital officials; and, secondly, to the exaggerations of officer-patients, some of whom will complain whatever you give or do for them. This lady had a fine tale about an officer bleeding to death untended on the floor of the ward. Watson happens to have been in charge of the case—a septic smashed leg, which had been amputated—and had a special orderly on duty over him throughout; a secondary haemorrhage occurred, the officer never left his bed, and he died some hours later, during the whole of which time one or two surgeons were with him.

Friday, December 29th. The people at home are sending me a large package of things for my patients every fortnight, and for the most

part they are extremely useful. There is room here for any number of soft, downy pillows with washable covers, square pillows for the head, little pillows to go under the small of the back, and short, cylindrical pillows to support the bend of a knee or the back of a foot. Rubber air-pillows, circular or square, hot-water bottles and old linen are always useful; and as the men are allowed no money or valuables on them in hospital, benevolent people may safely send them playing-cards and other games; while books and magazines are most acceptable, especially if obviously comic. Went a lovely ride with two of the R.A.M.C. officers by the Newlands Road and along the upper way above Groot Schuur, Mr. Rhodes' house.[1] We saw several of his animals—zebras, weird-looking cattle, emus, ostriches, and gazelles; each group in a small paddock of its own; and the house was bathed in a glorious blaze of lavender-grey hydrangeas, with a mass of deep red and orange cannas on one side, and the dark firs and oaks of the avenues as a background. The views of the mountain towering right above you, immense, imminent, supreme, command your

[1] The name means Great Barn, being on the site of a former state granary of huge size. The present house was built in 1890 by Mr. Baker, in the delightful Dutch style, with gables and heavy verandah, which remains in several of the old farms round about the Cape, and which Mr. Baker is doing his best to preserve.

attention; while across the roofs of Groot Schuur and Rondebosch you have as a contrast the endless open plain of "Flats," with the trees and tents of No. 3 on the camp ground, and in the distance the pink shimmer of sunset on the mountain-range which shuts us out from the war. No wonder Mr. Rhodes sits in his own seat under the trees, and worships his God in the open air.

Saturday, December 30th. Tropical rain for four hours this morning, soaking through khaki in two minutes, and followed by a lovely sunny afternoon. The weekly concert at five was preceded by a Christmas-tea, given by Mrs. Chamberlain to the wives and children of men at the front, who were formerly in garrison here—a very pretty idea, and most generously carried out. Concert most successful, as usual, for wives, children, and soldiers, many of whom were crowded out.

Sunday, December 31st, 1899. A glorious day up the mountain, five of us lunching in the Ranger's hut three thousand feet up, but only three of us enduring to the end, another thousand feet.[1] The Ranger gave us an interesting account of snake-bites, which are not uncommon in these parts, and showed us a bottle of anti-venenin serum, from the Pasteur Institute, and a hypodermic syringe with which the Government

[1] Plate 18, p. 230.

supply him. The poison, as a rule, is very rapid in its action. A general oedema seems to set in, with utter collapse, and death takes place in three or four hours, of which he gave us a few instances. Not long ago this forester found a native who had been poisoned one-and-a-half hours before and was moribund. He injected 10 c.c. of the serum and the man rapidly came to, was removed the next day to the Somerset hospital, and in a few days was discharged. He had saved a dog's life in the same way. He also showed us a good pustule on the arm of his child, whom he had vaccinated four days previously. Such is the reach of science at the end of the 19th century. The plateau on Table Mountain is quite a country by itself, without a soul to be seen. Climbing about through boulders of strange shape you suddenly come upon a Doone Valley with precipitous green sides covered with trees and shrubs and with water trickling and cascading down the rough course far below. In this desolate land we found the reservoir made by a huge stone dam thrown across the Doone Valley; and on it, a desolate Uitlander, enlisted to guard the reservoir against the hosts of the enemy, laden with chemicals, who are reputed to be desirous of poisoning Cape Town. He hasn't seen any yet. But he told us of the flight from Johannes-

burg in a graphic "'Jack,' says 'e; 'Yuss,' says I" style, which lent colour to his experience of Grand Hotels in the company of his friend the engine-driver.

The flowers on the top and on the way up were gorgeous, a flaming red mountain gladiolus, masses of rich dark red heather with blossoms an inch long, and patches of pretty little white everlastings. But it was very rocky, with no trees and a vertical sun; and at half-past four we were glad to crawl under the slender shadow of the cairn at the top and go to sleep.

The outlook was magnificent. Southward our hummocky plateau tapered away to the Cape itself, to be sprayed with Atlantic on three sides. At our feet were dotted in the huts and villas of Wynberg. Beyond them the flats, the pink mountains, the unknown world. To the north, at the Table's foot, the "bread-crumbs" which make up Cape Town, a few black spots in the Bay, Robben Island beyond, and the African coast-line stretching out into the horizon.

We rambled down a bit, and up to the Devil's Peak; and saw "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" spread out before us. The story of the Temptation seemed extraordinarily vivid.

At last we found a little gorge in the face of the mountain, and rushing, jumping, shouting,

singing, like a bubbling torrent, we tumbled into the town at dusk and drank the health of absent friends and the old year, before retiring to Wynberg and rest.

New Year's Day, 1900; *Monday*. We celebrated the day with a tea-party outside our mess to the Nursing-Sisters and a few other ladies about the place, Mrs. Chamberlain amongst the number; tea and chocolate, music, snap-shots, and chatter, as might be expected.

An awkward incident occurred this morning in dressing a badly smashed femur under chloroform. There was a difficult point to settle as to the details of some small but necessary operation. The Major, under whom I now serve, examined the wound, and at once gave a decided answer, which seemed to me utterly wrong. He had brought with him two German army-doctors, Medical Attachés, obviously smart men with sound judgment. I asked them to examine the wound, and with difficulty elicited their opinion, which was contrary to that of the Major. On this I acted, and events showed that this was right. The Major was furious, and sent for me afterwards. "Whatever you think of my opinion," said he, "I am in charge, and you have to take my decision."

This I wholly deny; although for the sake of peace I said nothing at the time. The Major is

in general charge of a third of the hospital and responsible for seeing that the four medical officers under him do their work conscientiously. But that we should be compelled to bow to his surgical opinion at the expense of our patients is obviously absurd. Yet that would be the logical conclusion of the military system of doctoring, and it would be easy to multiply instances of this *reductio ad absurdum.*

Tuesday, January 2nd. The two German army-doctors came to lunch at our mess and were most interesting. They are the only Medical Attachés with our army, and have done four weeks' work at De Aar and the front, where they helped personally in the work of the Field Hospitals. Our system, with which they appear genuinely to have been very favourably impressed, does not differ much from their own, which of course they have never seen put to the test. (Plate 15, p. 136.) One of these officers talks excellent English; the other speaks volubly, when drawn, in his native tongue. They are given only general orders by their government, and almost *carte blanche* here to see what they like. On their return they will have to make a confidential report, which will not be published.

Wednesday, January 3rd. Things are quieting down here a bit, as it is three weeks since the last battle was fought, and the hospitals near

the front are almost empty. We have just sent off a batch of forty-one N.C.O.'s and men and two officers for England, and are busy making up another list for shipment in a week's time or so. Three thousand patients have now passed through the six hundred odd beds of this hospital in two months.

At nine this evening we spied a bush-fire in the far distance, and four of us went off across country, over barbed wire and through an unknown forest, to look at it. We rushed down the road through the burning line and watched it from some stones to windward—a splendid fire-giant, rollicking through the country, licking up bushes, saplings, and trees with a smack of the lips that sounded defiance to the little group of dancing, shouting, singing Kaffir boys, half-stripped, with pick and shovel, who tried in vain to stop the advance of the fire-fiend. Suddenly the breeze veered round to the south-east, blowing the fire back on its own charred track; and in a few minutes the fire was dead, and we, cold and lonely, were four miles from our beds. We groped our way wearily back by midnight.

Friday, January 5th. Another incident. As O.M.O.[1] yesterday one of the sisters called my attention to the fact that the officers' soup was taken out plate by plate from the kitchen to the

[1] Orderly Medical Officer

ward and to the marquee in front of the hospital, where convalescent officers have their meals. It would, therefore, save trouble and would be pleasanter for the patients if they could have the soup served up in a couple of tureens. I made a suggestion to this effect in my O.M.O. report to the authorities this morning. This evening came the following letter from the injured Major in charge of the officers' wards:

"Cogill's Hotel, 5.1.00,
"Wynberg, Cape Town, S.A.

"Dear F——,

"Whilst thanking you for pointing out the sad defects that exist in my division, as embodied in your Orderly Officer's report for this day—would you kindly bear in mind that it is no part of an Orderly Officer's duty to visit *officers' wards* and report complaints. I am in charge of the Officers' Division (I dare say unworthily), but please remember that I am perfectly capable of running my own show.

"Yours truly,

"* * * *

"*Major R.A.M.C.*, i/c Officers' Division,
"No. 1 General Hospital."

My reply was:

"Dear Major ——

"You will not mind my saying that you entirely misunderstand my position in regard to

the suggestion made in to-day's O.M.O. report. The second rule for the O.M.O. is, 'Visit all wards at meal times . . . and ascertain if there are any complaints.' No exception is made as to officers' wards.

"Yours sincerely,

"F. E. F——, *Civil-Surgeon.*"[1]

To Simon's Town again; found the Admiral and company shooting fish, as well as fishing for them, on his quaint little pier.

Saturday, January 6th. Everything is quiet; and Lord Methuen appears to be resting his force on the Modder until the arrival of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. Everyone denounces at least his frontal attack at Magersfontein, when an attack on the Boers' stores at Jacobsdal close by would have been almost certainly successful. "Well, Sir, if you see a big house between you and your dinner," a prominent colonist is reported to have answered Methuen, who had asked his opinion, "you don't generally climb up the house to get at it." Gatacre at Stormberg marks time. The Press-Censor in Natal is so strict that we presume Buller is making for a big move to cut off the Boers from the Free State. Only French, with his serviceable division of cavalry and horse-

[1] Nothing further occurred in this incident. I believe soup-tureens were procured some weeks later.

artillery, gains a minor advantage occasionally from Arundel along the southern frontier of the Free State. The three beleaguered towns are doing well, although Ladysmith is reported short of rations. Kimberley seems to be well looked after by Mr. Rhodes, who is there in person to represent De Beers.

But the work here is always interesting. I have three broken arms which refuse to join up; there are suppurating limbs that require amputation—like Pretorius, who is doing splendidly—cases of chest-wound that gradually sink and die with various fluids in their chest—cases where the nerve is involved in a scar, or where the divided ends have been sewed together and we are waiting for communication between muscles and brain to be re-established. There are bullets and bits of dead bone to be removed; plaster and silicate splints to be made; cases to be skiagraphed; anaesthetics to be given; innumerable returns to be made; reports of cases to be written out; improvements to be arranged for, if possible, often involving visits to town—and, of course, the inevitable diet-sheets to be filled in. In hut 7 I can safely entrust all but one dressing to my dresser, Harris, and to Sister Lowe, and in hut 3 to my excellent orderly Wiltshire; but even they have to be officially supervised.

The private hospital sent out by the Duke

of Portland has arrived, with Messrs. Bowlby, Tooth, and Calverley of Bart's, Wallace of Thomas', and Surg.-Maj. Kilkelly of the Guards, as their medical officers. They are to be established at Rondebosch by the side of No. 3.

Sunday, January 7th. Dinner at the Civil Service Club in town, and a good chat with Major X of the Pay Department. He, who at home has never been allowed to sign a cheque for £100 without consulting the War Office, has now, with his chief, sole authority to spend nearly a million a month, and with one stroke of the pen to dash off a cheque to the Cape Government Railways for £180,000. The railways are said to be in a good way to earn £100,000 a month so long as the war lasts.

A company of the Suffolks who are under French has been lost in the ordinary way, the enemy getting private information of an intended attack. However, I suppose we oughtn't to grumble. The Spaniards did the same by us in the Peninsula, although the French did very differently by them in return.

Monday, January 8th. Good news from Ladysmith, where a desperate attack by the Boers on Saturday was beaten off with loss.[1] It is

[1] Waggon Hill and Caesar's Camp, three times taken and retaken that day: our loss 420 (150 dead), their's probably 700 (79 dead within our lines).

most extraordinary that the Boers should have tried the novel tactics of assaulting any position. Is it their final attempt to take the place before withdrawing from Natal?

Spent the afternoon in Cape town in seeing about getting wheeled chairs and clocks for the wards. The Rev. A. P. Bender, Jewish Rabbi and Professor of Hebrew here, promises the help of the Good Hope Society, of whose council he is a most energetic member. Trained out with the General's A.D.C., talking on non-warlike subjects. In military circles war topics are barred.

Wednesday, January 10th. Arrival of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. Enthusiasm damped by torrents of rain, quite wrong for the Cape in January. Compensation, the opportunity of wearing my eighteen-shilling rubber top-boots, which are the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Thursday, January 11th. As a diversion at our mess to-day have had two violent controversies; (1) *re* the good offices of Mrs. Chamberlain; (2) *re* the friendly winkings of our Major-President at our evasion of rules which we consider ridiculous. Feeling runs high on both matters. No violence as yet.

Friday, January 12th. Official visit by unprecedented array of celebrities; (1) over and above all Lord Roberts, astonishingly sprightly



PLATE 14, p. 136. Jan 12, 1900.

LORD ROBERTS INSPECTING THE HOSPITAL.

Conducted by the Medical Officer in charge.



PLATE 15, see p. 130. Jan. 2, 1900.

THE GERMAN MEDICAL ATTACHÉS.

Outside our mess at Wynberg, after lunch.

for a man sixty-eight years of age, suffering under the personal losses of the war, and the heavy weight of his responsibilities; (2) Lord Kitchener, looking every inch of him the strict, smart, relentless soldier; (3) Sir William MacCormac, looming enormous, with a helmet like a parasol shading his shoulders; (4) General Forestier-Walker; (5) Colonel Young, the Red Cross Commissioner; (6) Colonel Stevenson, Colonel Hanbury Williams, and a cloud of minor dignitaries. Four of us ambushed them successfully with cameras. Lord Roberts took a delightfully sympathetic interest in everyone's woes and sorrows; and the universality of the respect and feeling for him is quite remarkable. (Plate 15.)

Saturday, January 13th. Hear privately that Warren has crossed the Tugela with 10,000 men,[1] and that Buller is fighting to-day.

Sunday, January 14th. A trainful of sick and wounded came down to-day from De Aar, just the sweepings of the Orange River and De Aar hospitals, which have, of course, to be ready for any emergency. These cases will mostly go straight home next week. My own include half a dozen of synovitis of the knee, mostly from loose cartilages, a dozen of sub-acute rheumatism,

[1] Forward movement was resumed January 10th; Potgieter's Drift seized by Dundonald, January 13th; crossing of Tugela commenced January 16th.

and half a dozen of acute catarrhal dysentery, as Osler calls them, on the way to recovery; together with two of hernia, one of enteric (who was not inoculated), a tubercular pleurisy, an epileptic, and a man with malarial cachexia; a flesh-wound of the calf, another of the arm with injury to the musculo-spiral nerve gradually clearing up, and a fractured, dislocated jaw with a lodged bullet. One of them sprained his knee playing football after the battle of Magersfontein. A good combination this, football and battle. It is like the three hundred Greeks, holding their sports before Thermopylae.

We hear Ladysmith is relieved.[1]

Monday, January 15th. As a test case, I sent in application to Remount Depôt for a horse, to which, whether necessary or not, my contract entitles me. The answer to-day says I can only have one if certified as necessary for my work, in which case I am to say whether "a very confidential beast is wanted or otherwise."[2]

Tuesday, January 16th. One of our troubles with the R.A.M.C. officers is the necessity for exact diagnoses. We have never been accustomed to give exact diagnoses at home except in obvious cases. Here we are allowed to temporise

[1] This eventually occurred February 28th.

[2] Horses were afterwards served out, according to the contract, to all civil-surgeons.

with the letters N.Y.D. (Not Yet Diagnosed), but within a few days are expected to give a diagnosis according to the classification of the College of Physicians. Scientifically this is valueless, for the conditions do not favour scientific accuracy of diagnosis. Politically it is valueless, for the taxpayer would quite as soon pay for one hundred cases of "rupture" as for fifty cases of "inguinal hernia," say, and fifty of "femoral hernia." By this falsely accurate system you cannot have sciatica nor a fracture of the pelvis; and if a man is run down after malaria, the Major labels him anaemia.

Then if the diagnosis is wrong and has to be amended in any way for the sake of official peace or of accuracy, you must fill in a special yellow form headed "change of disease." Thus I had to fill up one form to "change the disease" from *G.S.W.* (gunshot wound) of *R. calf* to *G.S.W.* of *R. leg*; another from *R. arm and wrist* to *R. hand.* One man had been wrongly labelled up at the front *G.S.W.*, *R. thigh*, when he had been shot through the left thigh. It was necessary to get a yellow form and declare that on this day he had changed his disease from *G.S.W.*, *R. thigh*, to *G.S.W.*, *L. thigh.* One of my men had a swelling of the leg, and I couldn't remember the proper term — Lymphangitis. "Call it sprained leg, Sir," said the excellent

orderly; "that's the official disease"; and I did so.

For purposes of official returns you only want a very simple, broad classification of cases. For the future good of the patient you want the exact opinion of the doctor written down on his health-sheet, unfettered by any system, except that of medical education.

We discuss these things frequently at the mess, and propose reforms. "My dear Sir," said one of the R.A.M.C. to-day, "if fifty men enter the corps every year, they all think the same as you. There are probably five hundred men in the service who agree with you, and yet no one alters it. No one can, no one ever will be able to, alter it."

We suggest an inquiry into the whole thing when the war is over; civil-surgeons at least would be able to give their opinions. "Do you think that anyone will pay any attention to the opinion of civil-surgeons?" was the hopeless reply.

The obvious conclusion is that the Corps is fallen into a Slough of Despond, and it is by friends and neighbours that it must be dragged out. It is hopelessly fixed where it is. The wheels are at deadlock.

Wednesday, January 17th. A colleague took me down to the docks to-day to see over the

"Princess of Wales" Hospital Ship. She is, of course, most beautifully fitted up, with four wards on the main deck and on the troop deck underneath. These contain cots for 180 men and special swinging cots for four officers; an "aseptic operating room," containing a skiagraphic apparatus (without localising arrangement, and therefore without much chance of being used, if indeed it were wanted, as is hardly conceivable), and, in fact, everything on a most sumptuous scale. But when a private yacht has worked privately for some time, and then travelled under the auspices of a tourist-agency for a long time to Norway and the Mediterranean, one cannot expect, in the third stage of its existence, that it will be as perfect as it may originally have been. In fact, the breakdown at Gravesend just after starting, and the twenty-eight days' voyage out, corroborate this view.

Of course, the man in the street makes the obvious reflection—What is the good of hospital ships that take twenty-eight days over the voyage, when there are splendid transports like the "Majestic" that do it in fourteen, and when you don't ship home any but convalescents? The answer, I suppose, is that the sea-voyage is in itself good treatment for most of the wounded and many of the sick. The hospital ships are also being used as stationary hospitals;

but this seems rather an expensive way of supplying hospital accommodation.

Thursday, January 18th. Mail in; *The British Medical Journal* announcing and many friends congratulating me on the announcement that I am appointed pathologist to this hospital, "a very commendable step,"—which was never taken. The fact is, that six weeks ago I asked the authorities here if I could be given the work of assistant-registrar and pathologist, so as to organise reports and results with a view to publication, since much valuable and unique scientific material was slipping away; and meanwhile it was not right, as at present, for men employed in surgical work to be doing post-mortems. The representative of authority replied that it was an excellent plan; it might be done fifty years hence; it could not possibly be done now.

It is extraordinary that some people at home can still hold the idea that Mr. Chamberlain forced on the war. From what one sees in this country it is obvious that the Dutch were determined, some by war, some through a strong Dutch ministry at the Cape, to free themselves. Indeed, it does not seem that in the present state of humanity, war is a thing to be wholly deplored. War's losses are deplorable; war is inconsistent with the ideal state; but for the mass of the army, who will get into all kinds of mischief at

home, war is the refiner's fire. It disciplines many of us who can only stand and wait; it gives the necessary fillip, without which a civilised nation would at present go steadily down-hill.

We see death-beds here; but I do not believe a single man dies "with a bitter vengeful feeling at his heart," as one of my lady friends imagines. They die like men, full of admiration, if they are conscious, for the pluck of the Boers who have killed them. And ninety per cent. of them die far more fitted for another world than if they died in peace time. Arbitrate, by all means, when other things permit of it; but don't patch. In this case it would have been a mere bit of patchwork; arbitration was impossible; and sound surgery said "operate."

Friday, January 19th. Lord Roberts here again to-day. (Plate 16.) It does one good to look at him going round, even when he finds himself by mistake in the Boer ward. An outside Colonel acts as showman, and of course does not know details of most of the cases. "What's up with this patient?" asks the Chief sympathetically. "Oh, just a simple wound," replies the showman, making sure of a safe answer. "Asthma and bronchitis, Sir," says Tyndale, not hearing the showman's reply. It is noticeable that on these occasions only have our P.M.O. and the Secretary ever been known to put their faces inside a ward.

It's not their fault, I suppose. It's the system. But of what earthly use then are their official reports?

The following order has been circulated, and has made us very angry:

"No. 1 General Hospital, Wynberg, S.A.;
"No. 319, 13.1.00.

"1. Officers and Civil Surgeons desiring any particular article or supplies to be procured, to enhance the comfort and well-being of the patients under their charge, will invariably submit requisitions for the same through the officers in charge of their respective divisions, who will, if considered necessary, recommend and forward them to the officer in charge, No. 1 General Hospital, for his approval.

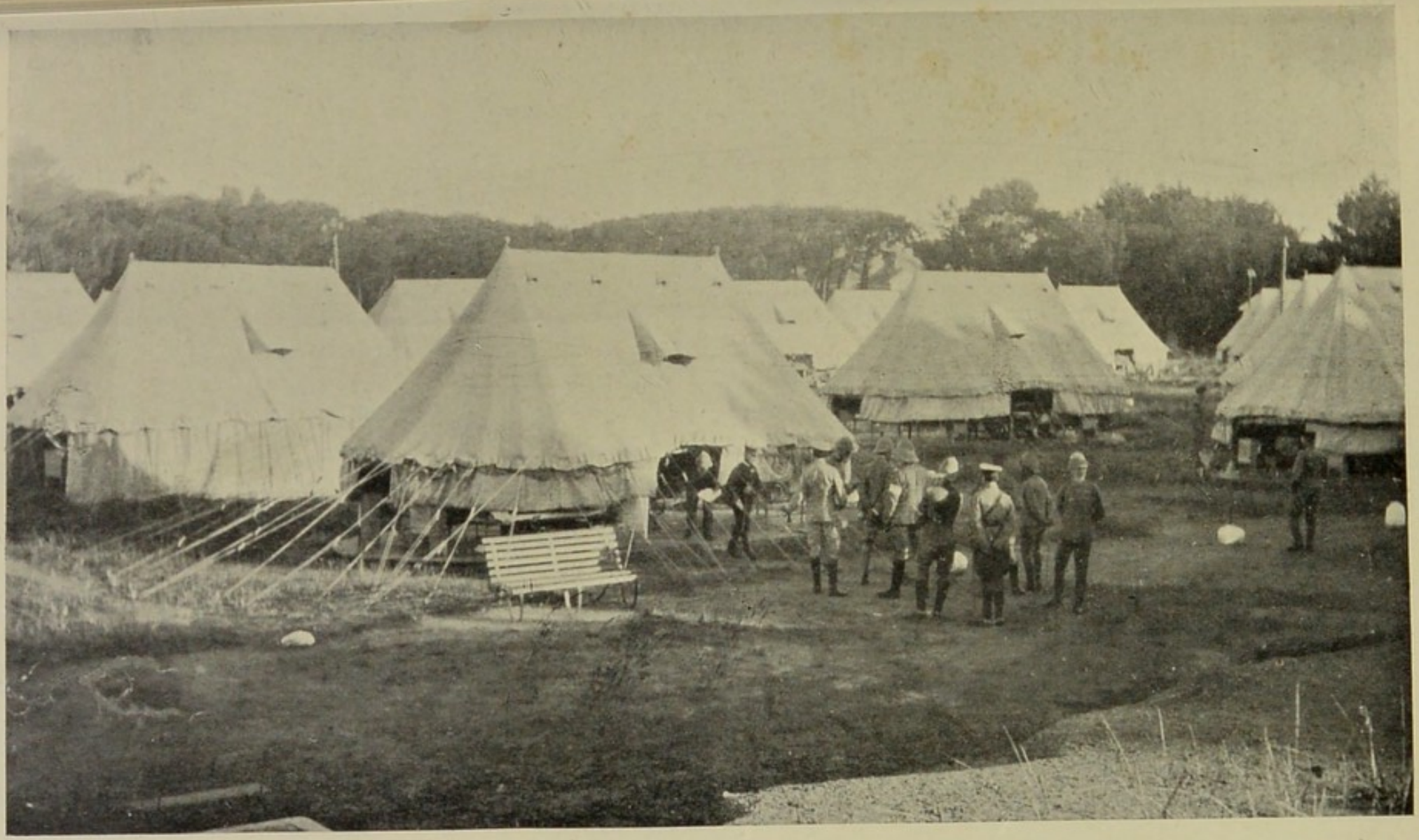
"2. Under no circumstances should personal requests be made to the Red Cross or any other societies, committees, or individuals for such supplies, etc., as they will, if approved, be obtained through the proper channel.

"3. The above to be noted, signed as having been seen, and finally returned to this office.

"* * * *

"*Colonel R.A.M.C.*"

The result of this order is seen in a case now at issue between the Colonel and myself, which ended in a most unsatisfactory interview this



Jan. 12, 1900.

PLATE 16, p. 144.

LORD ROBERTS AND STAFF AT NO. 2.

Lord Roberts coming out of marquee towards group. Lord Kitchener on left; Sir W. MacCormac in centre, with red cross brassard on left arm; Colonel Young, Red Cross Commissioner, on right. Tents looped up for ventilation.

morning. My colleagues and I all agree that it would be both useful and pleasant for each ward to have a simple clock. The day before yesterday Professor Bender promised to get the order for four dozen such clocks passed at to-day's meeting of the Good Hope Society. We go to Myers' and find exactly what is wanted. Good Hope pleased, clocks ready, patients and civil-surgeons thankful in anticipation. But my Major has to be applied to; he thinks it a useless luxury. Even if he puts his feelings in his pocket, which is hardly conceivable, he has to get request made out by Secretary, this passed on to Colonel, who sends it to Colonel Young, as official agent of the Red Cross and all kindred agencies; and Colonel Young may, if he thinks fit, pass it on to the Professor, and so reach the ears of the Society. The order, perhaps, is thus passed without full details, and, with a few days' delay at each stage, the request trickles back to me for elucidation. By the time the clocks arrive, Pretoria will have fallen.

But the Colonel, instructed by the Majors, sees no need for the clocks. "You never see one in a military hospital," he plaintively remarks. He sees no need for wheeled couches and chairs for men with fractured limbs or convalescents from typhoid. If they can walk, they can walk out—with assistance; if they can't, they

can stay in bed. Besides, there is no room for them in the huts.

Poor Colonel! He doesn't remember the accident-wards of his old hospital at home. He doesn't realise that charity sometimes suggests our doing more for patients than they actually and physically need. He can't see that here he has doctors under him willing to do the whole business of managing the comfort of their respective patients; and hundreds of people living close by, longing to know what they may do for the men, if he will but say the word. But he won't. The red tape holds him fast.[1]

At Guy's, as House Physician, I went straight to the Superintendent; and, if the request were approved, saw myself that the order was executed. If a friend offered a couch, or clock, I should not have dared to trouble the Superintendent. I should have accepted it straight off. And yet here are the people longing to give, and not allowed to give. In fact, it was from these private friends that Tyndale and I, in three days, got some sand-bags—most necessary, most simple to get or make—which we were unable to get officially; and it was through Harris putting the matter in the hands of a carpenter at the naval dockyard that we got some simple wooden splints

[1] *N.B.*—At the War Office red tape is abolished; "pink tape" is now used.

made in a day, which, through a break in the chain of red tape, our carpenter here took a month to make.

Two of the Portland staff very kindly came and gave me their advice on some of my patients to-day. They remark that the poor fellows in the R.A.M.C. *will* give themselves three times as much work as is necessary; and anyone conversant with the working of a civil hospital will agree that the whole thing could be managed to perfection by a single, sensible Superintendent with capable clerks under him. "Poof!" says red tape. "Look at the returns we have to make in connexion with our Corps, the sudden variations of pressure, the necessity for discipline." We have looked at these points; and we do not see that the returns in a London hospital are one whit less precise or complete, or that the other points are of any importance in the comparison. Indeed, the whole business of finance, with committees and personal supervision, is, in the Army, taken out of the Colonel's hands, and he is able to get at least part of his afternoons as well as his evenings free. At Guy's, it may be further remarked, the Superintendent is also Physician, Lecturer, and Curator of the Museum, without in any way impairing the excellent administration of the hospital.

With one administrator, then, not necessarily a medical man, and with the surgeons entirely

responsible for the professional work under a consultant surgeon and a consultant physician whom they can trust, the whole machine would run on oiled wheels. (*See Conclusion, Part II.*)

Some of us went over yesterday to the fine Newlands cricket ground, to see the Bar beaten by the Navy. They play on matting, the turf, although delightfully green, being very coarse. The ground belongs to the Western Province C.C., for whom Frank Hearne used to be pro. You see his board up on a tree outside a cottage close by. Major Poore is amongst the cricketers out here, and F. G. Tait, the golfer, who is a subaltern in the Black Watch, has just been discharged from this hospital for duty.[1] We met a few friends on the ground, *e.g.* A. R. H——, now a peripatetic parson under the Archbishop of Cape Town, picking up cricket where he can. He is just fresh from Walfisch Bay, lives in Wynberg, and is about to go up to De Aar; lucky man!

Saturday, January 20th. For three days we had endless worry and amusement out of a poor lunatic officer, who, except for his delusions of grandeur, came down to us in rude health. He was a Vanderbilt-Robinson, owned all the Rand, and would make any of us millionaires if we liked. Thomas, whose case he has been,

[1] Killed at Koodoosberg, near Kimberley, February 7th.

was to telegraph to his father to buy him a place in Mayfair; to build a Roman Catholic Cathedral and engage the best Italian artists to decorate it; to hire a fleet of transports to bring out the Queen and Royal Family and Kaiser to see the war—new idea, quite his own, wondered no one had thought of it. He wandered about in a red tunic with a banjo and a huge bouquet of fourteen kinds of flowers for a buttonhole. Yesterday, when Lord Roberts stood still to be photographed with his staff outside the officers' hospital, this poor fellow sat down with an inane smile, banjo, bouquet, and all, at his side. That half of the plate will have to be officially dealt with.

Except for occasional threats to brain the orderlies, he was harmless enough, until a Major locked him into his room after lunch. He then woke from his siesta and appeared through the door, with the mangled remains of a stool, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against his enemies outside. He was pacified, but in the evening he conceived a sudden friendship for the Night-Sister, and there ensued in the middle of last night an exciting chase down the road: (1) Sister, sprinting for all she was worth; (2) lunatic; (3) at a discreet distance, a long line of orderlies; (4) Carré, as Orderly Medical Officer for the night, in process of pulling

on his trousers. The poor clown was collared and thrown; and, forgetting all else, was loud in his praise of the orderly who had collared him, declaring he was worth an international cap. Finally, to-day the Colonel ordered up an ambulance waggon and ten orderlies to transport him to the Valkenberg Asylum. Fortunately for the ten, Thomas and Watson induced the patient instead to go for a country drive with them in a Cape cart, which he did in the spirit of a Bank holiday, to the surprise of passers by, and he is now safe and comfortable at Valkenberg, near Mowbray.

Our nursing staff has been reinforced by some Sisters from St. Bartholomew's, the London, and Dublin. It is an immense comfort to work with Sisters from London hospitals again. Our staff of orderlies has also fortunately been increased by a dozen or more St. John's Ambulance men; our staff of officers by Gairdner, a Glasgow man and surgical registrar to the Leeds Infirmary, and Hunt, an Irish international, who was through the Chitral campaign as a layman.

Thursday, January 25th. A fine company to lunch, including two of the Portland staff and four of the new consultants—Sir William Stokes, Messrs. Watson-Cheyne and Cheatle of King's, and Mr. Kendal Franks of Dublin and Johannesburg. It is difficult to understand the exact

purpose of sending out these nine consultants, except as a sedative to the public. If they were attached one to each General Hospital, their advice and help would be of the greatest value, but these casual visits can be of very little use to us.[1]

The wife and sister-in-law of one of the Bond ministers came to tea this afternoon, and were very good company, although they did reflect with sighs on the iniquity of the capitalists who had entirely caused the war. The Bond ministers, as a fact, are far more open to suspicion than the capitalists of the Rand, and there is no doubt of thousands of Colonial Dutch having actually joined the enemy—fifteen thousand, it is said, from the Western Province alone.

Friday, January 26th. News of splendid fighting in Natal, where they crossed the Tugela a week ago, and have now taken Spion Kop, an almost impregnable position fifteen miles west of Ladysmith. They took it silently by night, but apparently had a very hard day to hold it on Wednesday.

Saturday, January 27th. Went to see Refugees *v.* W.P.C.C.[2] on the Newlands ground. A quiet match like this in the middle of war is

[1] The consultants were soon given definite spheres of work, and then were of the greatest value.

[2] Western Province Cricket Club.

like the theatres in the French Revolution, when, as Carlyle puts it, the French nobility were going to the guillotine, and all the while the "fiddlers were tweedle-deeing on melodious catgut." But as a fact, the Cape players feel the situation very strongly, and Bisset, the secretary of the club, says that quite apart from the absence of Sinclair and other prominent cricketers at the front, it would be impossible to get up the proposed South African team to visit England—"the fellows wouldn't go!"

Sunday, January 28th. Most of my patients now are Highlanders from Magersfontein, an infinitely finer and more loveable set of men than the Guards who came down from Belmont. If they say they are unable to do "light hospital duty," you know it is true; and a few, at least there is one authentic case, really do want to get back to the front and sniff the powder again; none of the former did. With the Reservists this is perhaps natural; they have other fish to fry at home; but when they are still with the colours, this feature is rather disappointing after the common tales at home of the soldier's heroic ardour for his country's cause.[1]

Monday, January 29th. A doctor friend, who has just finished three voyages between London

[1] Cf. entry for Friday, February 2nd, p. 155.

and Delagoa Bay, tells me they brought with them in the beginning of December a farmer who lived near Aliwal North and knew all the country about Stormberg. He declared Gatacre had got the rottenest lot of guides he could possibly have found; and that they need not be surprised if there were serious trouble accordingly. The next day they reached Cape Town and heard of the Stormberg disaster.

Tuesday, January 30th. Mafeking said to have been relieved by Colonel Plumer from the north—good news, if true.[1]

Found Pretorius looking very fit this morning. His stump is practically healed; he is in the pink of health; and he has just heard that Lord Roberts will let him go home, as he cannot be of any further use to the enemy.[2]

B. was lunching to-day with Merriman, the Treasurer of the Cape Government, who is anathema to B. in the matter of history-teaching on the University Council. The Cape University is modelled largely on London lines, and has three teaching colleges,—the South African in Cape Town, the Diocesan at Rondebosch (Anglican), and a college, which is mainly Dutch, at Stellenbosch. The Dutch politicians, especially Sauer and Merriman, seem to take

[1] This eventually occurred on May 18th.

[2] See Chapter XVI., p. 361.

far more interest in educational matters than the present Opposition; but Cecil Rhodes, as in all South African matters, appears to have the widest and most statesmanlike schemes for local education. Merriman takes the typical pro-Boer and anti-capitalist view of the war, but appears to be a stout-hearted, honest, and sociable gentleman, despite the abuse of the *Cape Times* and many Imperialistic Colonials.

Thursday, February 1st. A crippled captain in the censor's office tells me the first telegram sent through the western cable, after its recent repair, was from the *Cape Argus* to London for more war news! It is a curious result of the strict press-censorship here; and, since even so the Boers always get news of our movements in advance, many say the censorship, being un-English, is bad policy.

A Cape Town friend took me off on a bicycle to see Rhodes' fine poultry and Friesland bulls at his farm on the flats, one of his many experiments with a view to the future of South Africa. On the way we passed some jinrickshas, which have just migrated to Cape Town from Durban and Johannesburg, drawn by fine-looking Zulus, wearing cows' horns and other strange ornaments.

Friday, February 2nd. Lunched at the Portland Hospital at Rondebosch, a delightful mess,

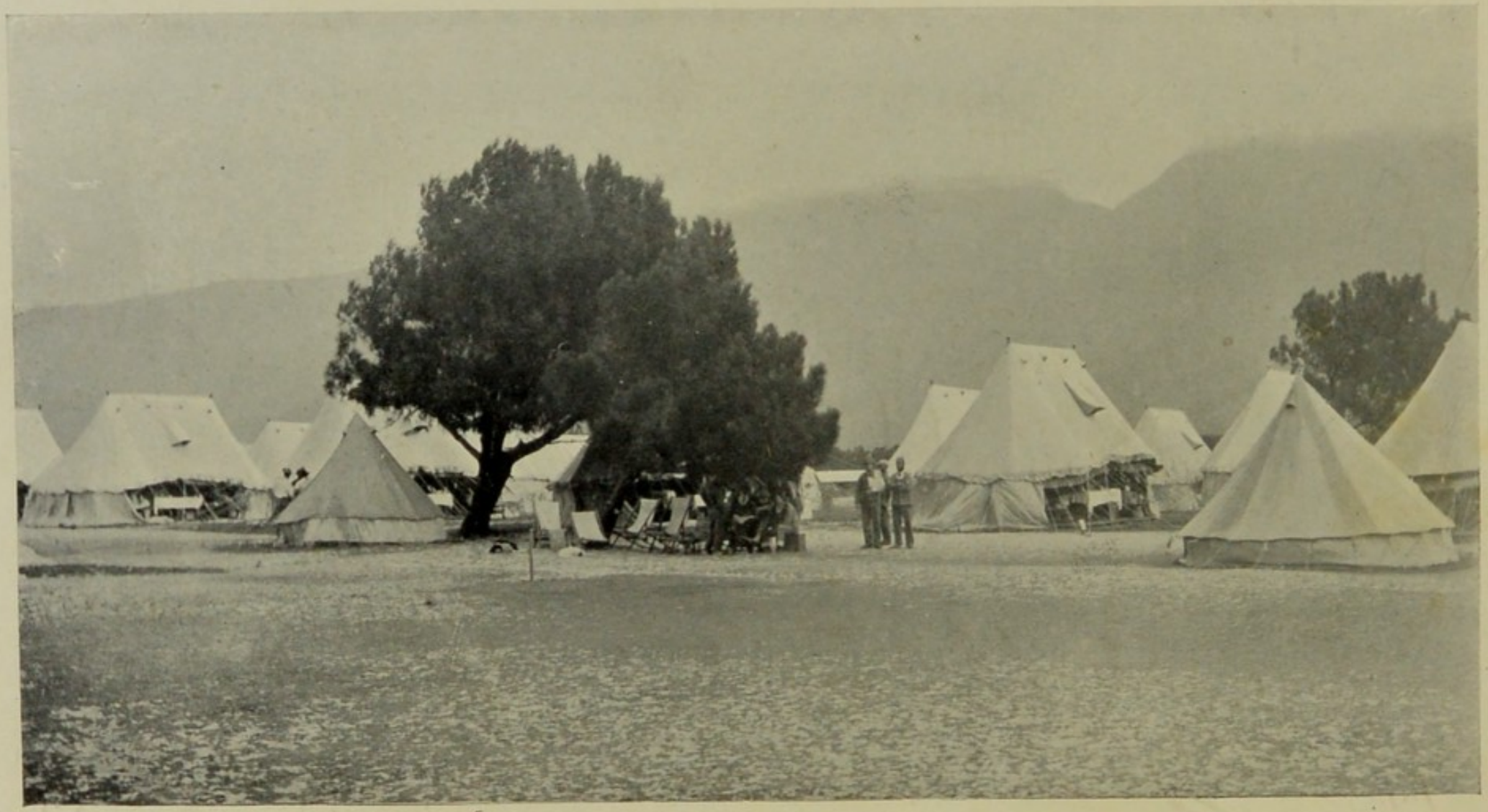


PLATE 17, p. 155.

Alf. Hosking, Bruton's Studio, Cape Town.

No. 3, RONDEBOSCH, FROM THE PORTLAND HOSPITAL.

Looking west towards Table Mountain. Tree used as shelter for convalescents.

including convalescent officers and two ladies—a considerable social luxury.

It is a comfortable little hospital of one hundred and fifty beds and full of cunning devices. Instead of the service marquees, weighing five hundred pounds each, which take only six beds, or eight at a stretch, it has the green flat-topped tortoise-tents, measuring twenty feet by forty, weighing only three hundred pounds and taking eight beds easily, and ten at a stretch.

No. 3 is next to them, a splendidly-managed hospital; and their view of Table Mountain, especially on a cloudy day, is as fine as ours. (Plate 17.)

It is interesting to find that their patients, coming from French's successful force, are all as keen as can be on returning to the front, whereas after Magersfontein hardly one of our men at Wynberg is keen to get back to the fighting.

The Portland works excellently with four purely civilian doctors and Surgeon-Major Kilkelly to manage the necessary returns and discipline. (The Guards' doctors still retain the composite title.) It is an interesting experiment for the R.A.M.C., and, if it succeeds, will make a very good basis for reform of our war-hospitals.[1]

They are fortunately preserved from the extreme rigours of the military system of doctoring.

[1] See "A Civilian War Hospital," by the Portland staff, June, 1901.

Here at No. 1 is Major Elderton, who for some weeks has been managing the Medical Division most successfully. To-day there joins us a Major Burton, his senior by a year or two. It would be impossible for a senior to work under a junior; and so, perhaps only for a few days, we have to have an entirely new senior officer; and at the end of it to change back again. Is it worth preserving the military system at so great an expense?

Sunday, February 4th. A fine seventeen-mile ride to Simon's Town and back. I found Mr. S. terribly down-hearted at the war prospects. Having once owned Grobler's Kloof himself, he knows that part and Spion Kop intimately. We lost sixteen hundred out of six thousand men engaged;[1] the Boers perhaps a few hundred; and he does not see how we can get to Ladysmith without another difficult series of actions.[2]

But, on the other hand, we hear Lord Kitchener is to invade the Free State from Orange River;[3] that a considerable part of French's force has been detached to join in the invasion; and that twenty trains have gone north to bring down the seven thousand Boers

[1] British casualties Jan. 17-24 were 1653, 315 being killed and 59 dying of wounds.

[2] The further actions to the relief of Ladysmith cost 2333 casualties, including 396 deaths.

[3] Note that this was eight days before the movement was begun.

surrounded at Colesberg.[1] This all seems very probable and excellent; except that it is inconceivable for seven thousand Boers to be unable to find some way of escape through our lines. They don't walk about in quarter column, nor allow people to hang about their camps and tell us their movements.

Mr. S., at my suggestion, has been trying to send a supply of fish to Wynberg. From his account, there is no end of fine soles and other fish to be had at all times two or three miles out; but the Malay fishermen won't leave the Bay, and the Government trawler, which supplies fish to anyone it likes, is now at Mossel Bay. I want our P.M.O. to make some definite arrangements about it; but he is sure to "find it impossible." For convalescent cases of dysentery and gastritis it really is wanted very badly, even though serious cases are rightly kept up at the front, and we see only mild cases here. Our first death from dysentery occurred last week, and there has been very little enteric so far.

A young horse-gunner and an officer of the Coldstreams have been talking with wisdom in our mess. They hope the war will teach fond parents that the army is a profession and not a pastime; but they are much annoyed with the people who deduce from the war the uselessness

[1] This expected surrender never took place.

of discipline. It is just the discipline on our side and the lack of it on the Boers' that has saved our retreating troops from annihilation; and in any of our big battles hitherto we should have been simply wiped out by a continental artillery and cavalry, properly under discipline.

This gunner has had a wonderful recovery. He was shot in the chest at Magersfontein; his lung became collapsed and useless; and he all but died on the operating table a fortnight ago, when the bullet was extracted. To-day he went up Table Mountain, he says, without turning a hair.

Monday, February 5th. At four o'clock the civil surgeons and nurses were invited to receive tea and the Queen's chocolate[1] by Mrs. R. Chamberlain. Why by Mrs. Chamberlain we do not know; but we were amused and went. She is not fond of our R.A.M.C. officials and there is always a little trouble between them, in which they say she plays no very peaceful rôle. But she certainly has done excellent work with her library of sixty good books in every hut, chairs, pillows, and pretty drapery in the officers' hospital, and tea-parties, clothing,

[1] A box was sent by Queen Victoria herself to every man of the Field-force for New Year's Day; and not only the box but even the chocolate was held sacred by many men, especially by the Colonials, who were the extreme loyalists in South Africa.

and comforts of all sorts for the ordinary patients.

We hear Thomas Atkins made a good remark when a cloud of locusts passed over a troop-ship in Table Bay: "Whoi, blessed if even the bloomin' butterflies in this 'ere blighted country ain't a-wearin' khaki."

Tuesday, February 6th. The plan of invasion seems to be settled all right; and it is said that the Boer losses have been seven thousand hitherto, that the Free Staters are willing at any time to cave in, and that the war is to be over in two months.

On the other hand, Carré has it on reliable authority that the relief of Ladysmith is to be abandoned, as not worth the eight thousand lives it would cost to relieve the eight thousand garrison. These rumours are all wild, but it looks as if the former contained a substratum of truth.

A further sign of activity "on this side" is that we have been ordered to clear the General Hospitals as far as possible; and I confess it is an immense relief to get rid of the chronic dysenteries, rheumatisms, and dyspepsias, which have been making life a burden to us and, perhaps, them for a month or two. Perhaps, I say, because in our own, as in every army, there is a riff-raff which does not mind being con-

sidered heroic and receiving the Queen's chocolate, but is totally unheroic in spirit. Such men do not usually feign disease from the first; they wait until they get a ducking and perhaps a slight chill or a little rheumatism; but they take care never to get well—unless they get into the hands of a brutal doctor like myself, who uses the cautery. They then get well amazingly quick. I, for my sins, have charge of a hutful of this riff-raff.

I overheard them grumbling the other day, and one of them made no secret of his tricks. I called the orderly and asked who it was. "Well, sir, to tell you the truth there ain't not one of them men, sir, as ain't fit to go out." That was a libel on the ward, as at least two have temperatures from 100° to 103° every day. But the gist of his report seemed correct; and I called in the chief grumbler, told him in plain language that he had made a fool of himself, to which he entirely agreed, and sent him back without further punishment to the ward. Since then many men have recovered in a remarkable way, and the rest are considerably improved in their behaviour.

Our nursing staff is being reinforced from home. Some of the earlier comers are able, therefore, to be moved to the front; and it is good news indeed that two of the Army Sisters,

who left here a fortnight ago, are now working at Orange River, and that one leaves to-night to join two others at Modder River within a few miles of the Boer entrenchments. From the first it has seemed to the civilian mind quite feasible, and if feasible then most certainly desirable, that the nursing even in the Stationary hospitals up country should be directed by trained women nurses; and this is all the more the case, now that enteric and dysentery have made their appearance in some force. The only question was whether proper arrangements could be made for the accommodation of Sisters near the front without impeding the military authorities, and this was a question for the staff to decide, a question which they have now decided in the affirmative.

Indeed, the whole experience of the war will go far to show that military nursing should be, like civil nursing, largely left to women, and the orderlies set free to do the heavy work, and to help the surgeon in the less serious cases as dressers. The chief objection raised by the officers of the R.A.M.C. is that the orderlies must be trained for duty at the front; but if the men are properly trained, as they appear to be, in peace time, they will be fit for work at the front in war; bedded (Stationary and General) hospitals can be staffed by reservists who have already had their

experience. A full nursing staff, consisting of a Sister, two nurses, and two orderlies to each hut of twenty-five beds, would relieve the surgeons of most of the dieting and a good deal of the minor dressings, which at present take up half their time. The medical staff could therefore be reduced, and the nursing carried out to perfection.

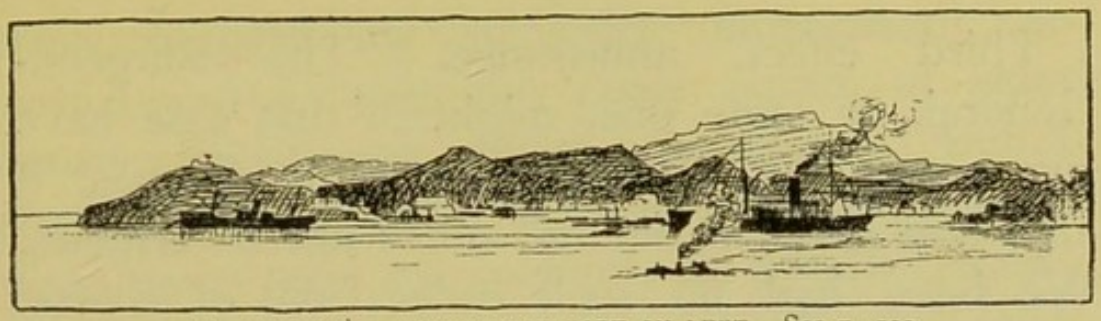
A number of the *Hospital* has arrived with an extract from a letter I wrote to *Guy's Gazette* on this subject of nursing deficiencies. It has created a storm in our tea-cup, the Army Sisters resenting what they consider an implied insult. But the Reserve Sisters, coming straight from civil hospitals, are unanimous in their approval of the criticism. No blame is attached to the Army Nursing Sisters, who fill a very difficult and ill-defined position with commendable patience and courage. But there is no reason why their sphere of work should be thus limited, and since our staff of seven nurses has been augmented by first-rate civilian nurses to twenty, I will vouch for the fact that the treatment is already more thorough, the wards more comfortable and home-like, and the patients distinctly happier.

Again, until a few days ago, every orderly in the place had to be on night duty every third night in addition to his daily work; that is, on every third night he had to visit some half-dozen or a dozen wards, to which he was an absolute

stranger, during two watches of two hours each, and get such sleep as he could in the "duty-tent" in the intervals. In this way the orderlies had a poor time of it, and the patients were being attended by a different man every other hour, so that the orderlies never knew their cases. Now, by the arrival of a detachment of St. John's Ambulance men, who can at least do the rougher work, it has been found possible to arrange for a proper system of night orderlies to sleep in the day time. Of these there are twelve, six to visit wards, three to be on duty with special cases, two to act as police for the camp, and one to act in the duty-tent. Even so, and allowing for the fact that a large number of our patients here are convalescent and require little or no attention, the arrangements are insufficient for nursing from an ideal point of view, a fact that would become only too apparent if half the beds were to be filled with cases of enteric fever and dysentery, as may well happen before the war is over.

In this, as in many matters here, to men used to work in the best civil hospitals in the United Kingdom, the arrangements would seem to fall considerably short of the ideal. But it must be borne in mind that, in the first place, these hospitals have been brought out six thousand miles from home, and, in the second, that in former

wars, in any country you please, except perhaps Cuba, there has been no approach to a medical system in war half so complete as that now established in South Africa. The system is growing up, it has improved immensely on all previous efforts, and the authorities are desirous of making further improvement. There is no stinting of instruments or apparatus of any kind. A fine stock has been brought out from home, and if anything further is wanted and can be got from Messrs. Mayer & Meltzer's good shop in Cape Town, it is got sooner or later. The chief objection is the number of channels through which any request has to pass before it can be put into effect.



ST. VINCENT'S. PORTUGUESE FORT ON LEFT. See p. 190.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOSPITAL-SHIP "AVOCA" MAKES HER FIRST TRIP.

Thursday, February 8th; 34° South, 18° East; Hospital-ship Avoca, *en route* for England. It's a strange world. Yesterday at 1.30 p.m. there came a sudden order to our P.M.O. at Wynberg from P.M.O. Army: "Please warn Civil-Surgeon F—— to be in readiness to proceed to England on board H.-S. Avoca in charge of invalids; must embark not later than five this afternoon."

The first effect of this order was to take my breath away; the second to arouse speculation. Am I 'Stellenbosched'? It looks as if there were some connection between this order and those notes on the bad nursing system, which, written solely for the Guy's public, were copied by the *Daily Mail* and *Hospital*, and arrived here in print last week.

Third effect, annoyance. The Surgeon-General, or some one, might in that case have summoned the offender, heard his defence, if any, and given a definite order not to criticise. We have had no such order; or, of course, should have been bound to obey it.

Fourth effect, action. Two courses were open: (1) to refuse to obey, on the ground that my contract was "to serve in South Africa" and not on the high seas; in which case, if they did anything, they could only dismiss me, and so let me loose to criticise at will; (2) to protest, but undertake to obey, if reasonable time—for instance, till this morning—were given me in which to obey. Col. Grier advised me to obey as best I could without any reservation, but my colleagues, who were most sympathetic, supported me in the protest; and, as a result, I was given eighteen hours' grace.

Contrary to Colonel Grier's advice to "pick up enough things for the voyage and go," I decided to take everything, except the old bicycle, which went for £5—it only cost £7. Spent the rest of the day in last visits to club, to Rosebank, to the pay-wallahs in Cape Town; and most of the night in tobacco with colleagues, concerting plans of action with a view to diplomatic relations with the Director-General of the R.A.M.C. at home. Some of

them suggest my resigning immediately on arrival and fighting the many points at issue between civil and military medicine. But I don't see the good of fighting them at present when more good can probably be done by peaceable explanations. It will probably end in a wigging from the Director-General, and my return to wave the flag by preference in Pretoria, instead of Wynberg. At the same time, for all the theories, I feel I must have made an uncommon fool of myself to be checkmated in this way—sent home instead of seeing the thing out at the front, and torn away from the warm friendships of the last four months.

This morning I went round snap-shotting my friends in pyjamas, and drove off with a couple of them amidst tumultuous cheers from the mess-room. The B.'s came off with me in the tug, and we had lunch, a siesta, and tea, before the last recruit came on board in the form of a Nursing Sister, and they had to leave—they, very jealous of me for going home, and I of them for staying.

We had an interesting cruise through the bay to reach this ship. The bay presents a very different appearance to that we saw on landing; so full now of ships that this "Avoca" is anchored actually outside, and she is rolling horribly in consequence. To reach her we passed the "War-

rigal," crowded with Australian troops, who were being drilled on board; then a mastless steamer with mules from South America; our old friend the "Roslin Castle," now fitted up as a yacht for Lord Roberts if he wants to go round to Natal; and a whole fleet of sail-rigged coaling vessels and of transports from all parts of the world.

We were eventually off before five, and got fine views of the "Twelve Apostles,"[1] rapidly vanishing in the distance, until the sun set at seven.

It appears that the ship was filled with sick at Durban, and that one of the five doctors on board was only fresh out from England and had no wish to go back home so soon, when by his contract he had only undertaken to serve in South Africa. Moreover, he was ill on the voyage, which is usually rather rough from the Cape round to Natal; and so, coming back from Natal to Cape Town, he was again ill, and represented to the P.M.O. at Cape Town the serious prospects of his breaking down on the voyage if he were sent home on the "Avoca." The P.M.O. had, therefore, to get hold of a man suddenly, and that was why I was given so short notice.

The invalids are all, therefore, from the Natal

[1] The mountains along the western shore of the Cape Peninsula from Table Mountain down to the Cape.

army—twelve officers and three hundred and twenty-five men. One of the officers came and made himself friendly before dinner. He was through this last fight at Spion Kop, but broke down and fainted so frequently that he had to be invalided home, although he has but general weakness to show for it. His is, of course, as genuine a disease as typhoid (and of the two I would rather have typhoid), one of the interesting class of nervous disorders occurring on active service, which are grouped together in the "scientific classification" as debility.[1] He is loud in praise of Hildyard's Brigade—the best handled brigade, except perhaps Lyttleton's, in the whole force. Of course Hildyard has the same brigade as he had under him at Aldershot—the Queen's, East Surrey, West Yorks, and Devons—so they understand each other. But they say he understands also the proper rôle of a General Officer, staying behind where he can be found at all times, instead of rushing about the firing line, as most Generals appear to do. He is held responsible for not having captured a large force of Boers at Willow Grange on November 23rd, but his work at Colenso is historic.

[1] This loss of nerve has nothing to do with cowardice. It was not uncommon, especially in enteric cases, as a result of the severe strain of a battle, prolonged military operations, a threatened attack, or even a heavy thunderstorm on the open veld.

Friday, February 9th; 31° South. Work dull, but considerable in quantity, taking three and a half hours this morning, chiefly in signing up diet-sheets. Everything is of course done on the military plan, with even greater rigour than at Wynberg; detailed reports, for instance, to be written out in the case-book, of every case requiring some extra article of diet, whether pudding, porridge, extra milk, or stimulant. Here on board ship this is no irksome duty, since there is endless time for the purpose, and it necessitates a detailed acquaintance with the history of each case, which proves interesting, if not actually useful for the slight treatment required by a convalescent. But another factor steps in to make the toils of red tape bearable on board this ship, in that our S.M.O. (Senior Medical Officer) is most courteous and genial in the execution of his duties. After all, that makes the main difference in the success of authority all the world over; and that was probably the root of our troubles at Wynberg, where we resented many orders which might otherwise have appeared in some degree reasonable.

There are thirteen sick and wounded who are travelling first-class, twelve being officers and one a colonial trooper, who has special leave to travel in luxury. Some of these are in a delightfully cheerful and airy officers' ward with six swinging

cots, which has been cut out of one quarter of the saloon. The rest are in separate cabins in ordinary bunks. Besides the S.M.O., who is himself being invalided home and only does administrative work, there are three doctors and myself. One, who is also ship's doctor, looks after the officers and fifty men in C ward, a ward for the most part of dysentery and rheumatism, for'ard of the saloon on the level of an orlop-deck below water. To reach this you have to go down a broad stair-way, through B, a mixed convalescent ward, with another fifty cots on the main deck just over C. This is in charge of an elderly civilian colleague, who has also charge of a little ward, labelled F, with a dozen cases, mostly surgical, right aft over the screw on the upper deck, cool and pleasant, except for the constant grinding scrunch of the screw just underneath.

Another senior civilian colleague has charge of the convalescent ward A, in the fo'c's'le on the main deck, where some hundred and thirty four men sleep in hammocks, or, if they prefer it, as most of them do, on the bare boards. As the hammocks are stowed away for the day-time, these men do not require much space, and at night they are packed like herrings in a barrel. I have the wards D and E abaft the saloon on the main deck, with about eighty patients in cots, although

all are convalescent. The serious cases are grouped together into B and C wards, as it would be inconvenient for the one Nursing Sister on duty at night to have to attend to cases at both ends of the ship.

Our nursing staff consists of six civilian nurses and one Nursing Superintendent of the Army Nursing Service. Of these six nurses one, changing every few days, is on night duty; one, a trained masseuse, is detailed off for massage and electric treatment, and, incidentally, as Theatre-Sister; the remaining four are in charge of the four large wards, one apiece. The Nursing Superintendent looks after the sick and wounded officers; and the convalescent ward, containing amongst others the specific cases, looks after itself, with the help of an orderly. As most of the cases are practically convalescent, the nurses for the most part get an easy time, and the medical officers an easier; but if the nurses were all fully trained masseuses, they might, without a doubt, have their hands full.

Wiled away an hour or two after tea with the racing game, six leaden horses pulled along the deck irregularly by turning the handle of a box. Two youngsters of irrepressible spirits, who did not seem much the worse for their wounds, acted as bookies and kept us very much alive, laying 2, 4, or 6 to 1 against the whole lot, and we

staked our counters on our respective favourites. As a rule the firm declared that they were ruined, and as a fact scored heavily.

Saturday, February 10th; 27° South. This ship is served by Indian natives, a vast improvement on the old "Roslin Castle." They always look clean and cool with their white flowing clothes and turbans; they slip about noiselessly with bare feet, and they watch your plate at dinner as if fascinated, whipping it out of sight before the last mouthful has reached its destination. They never speak unless to answer a question; and then it is only with an officer who talks Hindostani. They are the nearest approach to mere machines that humanity could possibly show. The punkah-wallah sits pulling his string like clockwork for hours on end; the table-stewards automatically hand you an order-card for a drink if they ever see you without one at any hour of the day; and the first thing you invariably open your eyes on, from your bunk, is your boy squatting across you in silence and screwing up your ports so as to prevent the entrance of deck-washings.

The "Avoca" is one of the British-India boats which had been used as a transport for some months before the war, and is registered as No. 6 of Her Majesty's transport fleet. It was decided in November that the two hospital-ships—"Trojan"

and "Spartan"—originally sent out from home should be reinforced by fitting out other ships at Durban for the purpose, and thus the "Lismore Castle" was fitted up by the first week of December, the "Nubia" a month later, and the "Avoca" by January 31st.[1] The fitting of the "Avoca" cost about £6000. She can take two hundred cases in cots and bunks, mostly swinging cots, and one hundred and fifty in hammocks; and is certainly very well equipped for the purpose, considering that the "Spartan" and "Trojan," of about the same tonnage, 3100, only held one hundred and thirty-nine patients apiece, half that accommodation being for convalescents.

Dr. M., who sits next me in the saloon, is quite an interesting man as a citizen, although rather rusty in the arts of our profession. He practised formerly in the early days at Kimberley, when Jameson and Rhodes were in quite a small way of business; and one of the present millionaires of the Rand was his assistant at £500 a year. Dr. M. migrated with the rush to Johannesburg, where he has taken up the Uitlander claims strongly; has sat as member in the Cape Parliament; and has lectured at the Chicago Exhibition. Some of his political

[1] Besides these there were further fitted out the "Orcana" in March, "Simla" in April, "Dunera" in May, and there were the private hospital-ships "Princess of Wales" and "Maine."

pamphlets are well worth reading, straight to the point and unflinchingly bold, like most of the Uitlanders' literature. In a review of Fitzpatrick's book[1] he completely refutes the capitalist-theory of the origin of the war, still firmly held even by friends on the Continent, and from his own experience he gives several most striking instances of Boer villany, not sparing one of our most popular Boer prisoners—an arch-villain by his account.

Sunday, February 11th; 23° South. To-day we mourned for the brave that are no more,—for an Irish Fusilier, who died last night of dysentery. We gave him a funeral service with full military honours, and slid him gently from under a Union Jack into the arms of Mother Ocean. It was a most stately little ceremony,—with the canvas-shrouded dead lying under the flag on deck, a little knot of khaki and navy-blue round it, the captain bare-headed in frock-coat and gold lace reading the prayer of committal; and always the blue overhead, the bare, endless sea all around, the roar of the engines, the swirl of the water. The engines stop; the swirl dies down; the ship comes to rest in mid-sea. A few seconds pass in silence, as long as minutes in common life. And then

[1] *The Transvaal from Within*, a mine of information on Transvaal politics.

—just a splash in the swell to port, and one of Her Majesty's gallant men is born again into the vast and silent mystery of another world. "We therefore commit his body to the deep," drones the voice, "looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead." There is a subdued sigh from the little knot of men; the gap in the ship's side, by which the Irishman was slid from this world, is closed again; the engines start their bustle; and the good ship goes on her way unmoved.

Fraternised this afternoon with two D.S.O.'s,[1] one of Egyptian and the other of West African fame, both splendid types of the ideal soldier, keen on their work, keen on their men, keen athletes, good readers, such as no gutter-press could possibly condemn. There was an amusing altercation between a Captain in the 60th and our S.M.O., who dressed his broken arm under a galling fire at Colenso. Our S.M.O., by the way, is rather deaf. "How on earth you managed to escape yourself," says the patient to the Major-doctor, "is a miracle." "I took cover too well," replied the Major. "That you didn't," says the patient; "the

[1] Distinguished Service Order, given to officers for distinguished service in the field, not necessarily for gallantry. Non-commissioned officers and men are given a D.S. Medal under similar circumstances.

orderly had to hold your head down as the shells came along." "I am awfully deaf," pleads the Major; "I couldn't hear them in time." "Nonsense," thinks the soldier, who declares that the medico ought to have the V.C.

Monday, February 12th; 18° South at noon. 316 knots in the last twenty-four hours. It is getting tremendously hot and, working in the afternoons either in my wards or cabin, I usually fall asleep till tea-time.

The day begins officially with breakfast at half-past eight; but the boy comes to call you at half-past six—and if he finds your cabin empty, he pursues you relentlessly to the uttermost parts of the deck—where you and your bed may have sought safety from the scrubbers—with your "chota hazri," coffee, figs, or bananas, and hot-buttered toast, delicious stuff that scrunches under your teeth. Then follow five minutes' luxury; and you get up to paddle about on the deck with pyjamas rolled up to the knee, while your boy bundles up your bed and takes it down below. The ship's doctor runs you a sprint down the deck; or the captain comes up and takes you for a walk; and after a good shower-bath—in an interval when the bath is not occupied by a cripple—breakfast is more than welcome.

The nurses feed with us in the saloon; but

as they don't smoke, at least in public, they give doctors time for a cigarette while they go down to the wards and make necessary preparations. Here of course, as at Wynberg, the Nursing Sisters have an ill-defined status in the wards; the orderlies, who are mostly civilians, being under the control of the R.A.M.C. ward-masters, who do not consider themselves bound by the authority of any Nursing Sister. However, I hold the Nursing Sister of each ward responsible for the nursing, and insist on the patients and orderlies obeying her; and, except with refractory men or a tactless Sister, this answers fairly well.

Every man lies in his cot or stands by it till the medical visit is over. If he is not there, he is deprived of the two half-bottles of beer he gets every day as a tonic and is given medicine instead,—our only practical way of punishing men for any sort of irregularity. With each patient we have to fill up "R. Ck.[1]—two, three, one"—or whatever it may be, on the wretched diet-sheet, ask them vaguely if they are going on all right, order their medicines in the prescription book, and systematically inspect a few thoroughly every day, so that every man, however well he feels, shall be properly examined at intervals. At the end of the round there are perhaps

[1] Roast Chicken. See Appendix B.

half-a-dozen cases to be dressed; a few who require special examination of eye or throat or chest; and then an hour before lunch to write up cases in the official book. After lunch and a pipe I again try to take notes of cases or to read up obscure technical points in the text-books, but sleep usually intervenes after a time, and then tea. The boys bring tea up on the saloon-deck, where it can be properly enjoyed in deck-chairs and under awnings, with at least a slight breeze made by the ship in going; and then is the time for active exercise till dinner at 7.30, so far as it is possible to take active exercise without being too aggressively healthy in the presence of the sick and wounded.

After a good dinner—the feeding is excellent—we may have music or cards, a turn up and down the deck, a discussion on some khaki topic, a variety entertainment by the two lively subalterns with some unwilling assistant, or a quiet evening's reading. Before ten the party has broken up; saloon lights are turned out, the bar closed, and most are reading in their bunks.

We had another death to-day from dysentery, and a funeral service as before.

Tuesday, February 13th; 14° South. The ship's doctor lives in the cabin opposite mine, and I find that he did six months with anaesthetics at St. Mary's, has been a sprinter of merit, and is

a pleasant fellow to talk to. We discuss a doctor I know well and do not like, who went on board a ship to which he was appointed for the homeward voyage in such a state of mind and body from recent potations that he was entirely unfit for duty for three days. Scandalous, certainly; but only a reflexion of the beastly habits of society in these mushroom-towns where gold flows freely. Dr. M. says that in Johannesburg you can't meet a man in the street without retiring with him for an interchange of hospitality in a liquid shape. It is a most oppressive and poisonous custom.

One of our officer-patients is a gunner who was with the ammunition of one of the unfortunate batteries at Colenso. Although his duties kept him four hundred yards behind the guns, he was under a hot fire, and has a bullet in his backbone, where it gives him a good deal of pain at times, and makes sleep difficult without morphia. He has just discovered a second bullet lying under the skin between his shoulders, having obviously entered at a mark which was taken for a superficial shell-wound. Poor fellow! When he got back to hospital after the battle, in great physical pain and with the double disappointment of the disaster to his battery and to the army, he was greeted with the news of his brother's death at Magersfontein!

He says the enemy's shells exploded properly for the first time at Spion Kop, and concludes that the Boers were using our captured guns and ammunition there. The failure of their shell-fire hitherto he attributes, in the first place, to their putting an excess of powder, whereas we only put in just sufficient (1¼ ounces) to open the shell and liberate the shrapnel; and, in the second, to their firing at too long a range, so that, when the shells reach their mark and explode, their momentum, and that of the contents after explosion, are too slight for them to do much harm. We apparently use both time and percussion fuses in the same shell, so that percussion acts if the time has been overestimated, and time if the shell has been fired too high.

The trooper in the Imperial Light Horse, who lives with us in the saloon, describes graphically, in the language of a big-game hunter, the battle of Colenso, in which he was maimed for life. He has shot every kind of game in the last five years from the Cape to the Zambesi, but confesses that he had never felt such an intense glow of satisfaction, even in shooting a lion, as when he shot his man at Colenso and saw him drop. It sounds barbaric; it is the animal nature asserting itself, as it must do when the animal is at bay; but it apparently does not prevent the man from being a most kindly and

genial fellow, whose next impulse after having shot his man would doubtless have been to help him.

Wednesday, February 14th; 10° South. First, probably last and only, appearance of the Avocian bi-weekly gazette, containing a good deal of cheap wit at everyone's expense, editors not excluded. The one and only copy, after being read at sixpence a look, has been raffled for shilling subscriptions, and the "Aged Merchant and Seamen's" box has scored considerably.

Thursday, February 15th; 6° South. 317 knots last twenty-four hours. One of my men—a cheery Thorneycroft's Infant, who lost his leg from the knee downward as the result of gangrene after a flesh-wound at Colenso—has been troubled for five weeks with severe pain, which he feels in the toes that are gone. He had to have morphia every night, and it was supposed the ends of the cut nerves were involved in the scar and would have to be freed. Now, for no obvious reason, the pain has entirely cleared away.

The accounts of the work done by the doctors and by the Colonial and Indian stretcher-bearers at Colenso, speak volumes for their heroism, discipline, and organisation. Eight hundred were wounded, and yet everyone was carried off the field and attended to the same night. Dr. M.

was amongst the refugees who volunteered to go up from Durban with the "body-snatchers," as they were chaffingly called.

These officers say they are quite able to appreciate the humours of war even under the hottest fire. One of them says that at Elandslaagte he remembers the gruesomely comic sight of a shell exploding just in front of a battery and throwing down the gun and all the horses, standing side by side, as if they were a row of tin-soldiers, poor beasts! He himself shows a bare patch on his head, which is the only sign that he was shot through the skull in October and trephined a month later. His recovery seems complete, and he hopes to start out again immediately on his arrival.[1]

Friday, February 16th; 2° South. We are just crossing the line, and shall be very glad to get out of this terrible heat. Our wards on the main-deck have their port-holes only just a few feet above the water, and these must be shut whenever there is the least bit of a swell on. The roof, however, is to a large extent open, although, if we get any stormy weather, we shall have to batten the hatches down. The wards are further ventilated by wind-sails, large canvas chimneys,

[1] After two months' holiday this officer accepted work at Aldershot, suddenly fell ill, and died in June from further developments of the wound.

four feet in diameter, hanging down into the ward, with their open mouths swallowing the wind at about the level of the promenade-deck. The air in the wards is kept in constant motion by electric fans; and it is something to be able to say that the wards are cooler than the decks, and never in the least degree close.

We doctors take it in turns to be Orderly Medical Officer for twenty-four hours, to inspect the sanitation and cooking, to be called up at night, if necessary, and to visit wards at meal-times for the ventilation of complaints. Everything goes very well, and the arrangements are, on the whole, excellent. The wards are fitted with refrigerators, with lavatories and water-flushed latrines, and with hand-lifts, by which bed-ridden cases can be taken up on deck for a few hours at a time. The cooking-galleys, wash-house and latrines for common use, with a special wash-house for specific cases, the mortuary and the operating theatre, all consist of wooden sheds erected on the upper deck, and are thus freely ventilated. It is hoped that we shall not encounter any very severe weather; otherwise these sheds may be in danger.

Saturday, February 17th; 1½° North. Had a wretched night on the saloon sky-light with fellows talking till midnight, the wind blowing hurricanes, and finally a tropical rain soaking

through the awning on to me and my bed. We fled into the saloon to be stifled by the windows being closed by order, and after a couple of winks, sleepless officers came up with their chota hazri and talked about their legs and pains and bad nights. But it was worth while joining the merry party, if only to see the sunrise on a glorious morning — a real English summer's day before breakfast, with the addition of flying-fish shooting in and out of the water; and two large whales half a mile away, looking like the tops of two sunken hulks.

Sunday, February 18th; 5½° North. A very quiet, Sunday-like day with a very thinly attended church parade, and many yarns in a lazy sea-voyaging kind of way. A junior officer in a cavalry regiment was lent to Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry for one day. That one day was the battle of Colenso, and he was shot clean through the right side of his head from front to back. He was only unconscious for half an hour, but was absolutely powerless on the left side of his body until he was trephined. Since then he has recovered amazingly, can walk down the deck, and has not even a head-ache. We have had several cases of recovery after bullet-wounds from side to side of the head, but this is the first I have known of recovery

after a fore-and-aft shot, which at Wynberg we considered essentially fatal.

Some of the wounded have very definite views on Colenso, which lose nothing in the telling. Early on that morning, and eight miles from Colenso, they declare the Irish Brigade were given brigade-manoeuvres so as to keep them cool, forsooth. Their General refused to divulge his plan of attack until he should get to the Tugela —300 yards, that is, from the Boer trenches; he would not say where the drift was, which he alone knew; and finally he tried to cross the river in quarter-column. Needless to say he never got them into the water. The London papers say otherwise.

It is inexplicable to us men in the street why our armies should always be attracted towards strongly entrenched positions, like moths to a candle, instead of going round the corner and making the Boers fight us on ground of our choosing. Now, if anyone should know facts about battles it is an officer on a General's staff, living with his General day and night and galloping about the units of his command all day; and here is one such officer from the Natal Field Force declaring that when we were at first beaten back at Spion Kop, if we had pushed on boldly and General Buller had at the same time attacked from Colenso, we should have succeeded

perfectly well. But we pushed away north-west instead, to Venter's Spruit, which we couldn't cross, had to come back and take Spion Kop, and then were unable to hold it because it made too narrow a front.[1]

Monday, February, 19th; 10° N. Spent most of the morning in a post-mortem on one of M.'s cases, a man who was invalided as suffering from sunstroke, never seemed seriously ill till Saturday, when his temperature rose to 101°; and finally died last night from heart-failure. We were unable to find any condition, post-mortem, to account for it.

Having finished notes on my own cases to date, have begun taking notes of my colleagues' cases, hoping in the end to have a surface diagnosis of all the 346 on board, and be able to examine in detail those that promise to be of interest. We generally consult over each other's serious cases. It is a somewhat unique opportunity for studying the broader effects of war from the doctor's standpoint.[2]

An R.A.M.C. officer with whom I have made friends talked to me at length this evening over the reforms required by the corps.[3] He should be

[1] Compare Conan Doyle's book, *The Great Boer War*, p. 252, line 22—"For some reason which is inexplicable . . . two invaluable days were wasted"; and p. 257—"In many places the possible front was not more than a hundred yards wide."

[2] See Appendix A. [3] See Conclusion, Part III., p. 474.

a good judge, for he is a true gentleman, modest, refined and intelligent; a man of good repute both as soldier and doctor. I am glad to find he supports the following suggestions: (1) Fixity of station for at least three years at a time, without which comfort and civil practice are impossible;[1] (2) shorter periods of foreign service, he, for instance, having now had over five years at a stretch; (3) study-leave;[2] (4) some recognition of professional merit and degrees; (5) specialist appointments, surgical, sanitary, bacteriological, clerical, and the like; (6) a modified regimental system, with the doctor to rank acccording to his proper seniority, and not after the most junior combatant officer; (7) conditional nomination of candidates for R.A.M.C. instead of examination, which often selects unsuitable men and frightens away desirables. To these I further add (8) the direct responsibility of each medical officer for the professional treatment of cases under his care, without the intervention of senior officers; but with a professional court-martial in cases of doubtful and fatal treatment; and (9) a broadcast reform of red tape and diminution of office-wallahs, on the lines of the Metropolitan Asylums

[1] Civil practice is at present allowed abroad, but not at home.

[2] One Major told me he was actually put in charge of a military women and children's hospital ten years after he had left St. Thomas', or seen any diseases but those of men; he naturally applied for study-leave, but was refused it.

Board, where returns are accurate and full enough to satisfy every little busybody who has the municipal franchise.

The first three of the above headings mean more doctors in the service; and Mr. Bowlby of the Portland Hospital says this is mainly a matter of money. But no amount of money would make my Wynberg colleagues, for instance, enter the service. In the first place we should be permanently damned because we are twenty-eight years old or more, and have spent at least six years in the higher medical education of residential posts, foreign work, and university degrees; to our dying day we should be junior to the men we have taught in hospital. Secondly, we should be fettered in the treatment of our cases, and bustled to and fro at the whim of the authorities. Thirdly, there would be practically no incentive to keep up a high standard of work.

As to the regimental system, my friend here has been through Glencoe, Lombard's Kop, and Colenso as doctor to a regiment, and sees the possibilities of continuing the system in peace; and he does not see the financial objections which some consider to have caused the downfall of the regimental plan in old days.

In the matter of responsibility, it is curious that our S.M.O. goes so far in his fear of a possible death under chloroform, even with a

good anaesthetist on board, that he virtually, though most genially, insisted on my using cocaine only for removing a wen from a man's head, and fortunately this was sufficient for the occasion. Of course most officers of the R.A.M.C. have had but little experience of surgical work until the war broke out, and so may well be shy of the use of chloroform. But it is scandalous to hear that in a case at Aldershot, where a death ensued and no blame was imputed professionally to anyone, two officers were induced or compelled to resign their commissions.

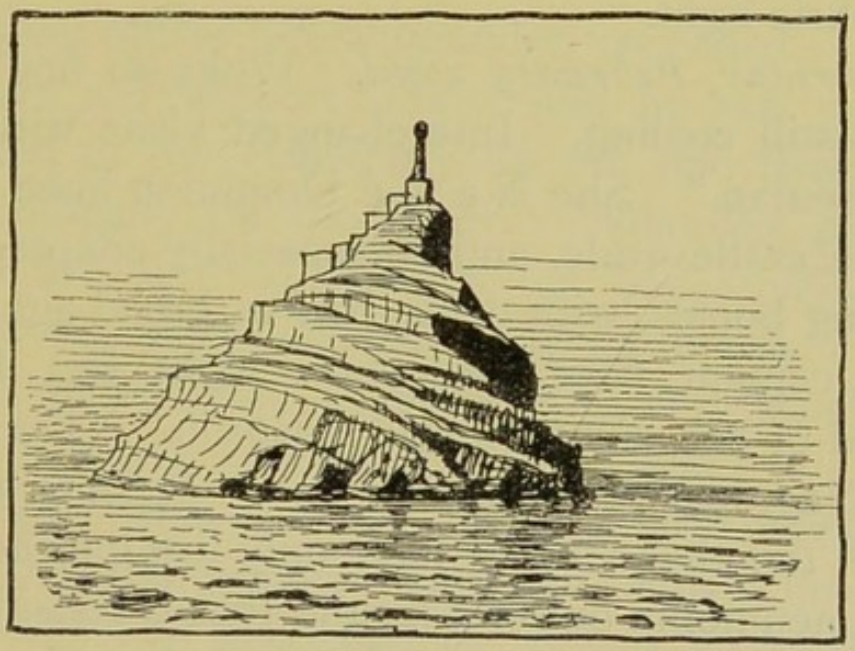
Tuesday, February 20th; 13° N. M.'s case died at nine this morning, conscious almost to the last. Why don't hospital ships carry parsons? They should.

Wednesday, February 21; 17° N. St. Vincent's;[1] coaling hard. Most exciting news. French with three brigades of cavalry has slipped past Cronje's force into Kimberley, so ending Colonel Kekewich's siege after four months. Cronje in retreating on Bloemfontein has been cut off by Lord Roberts, and is sandwiched between him and French. Knowing that Boers were flocking to his assistance from all parts of the country, he asked for an armistice, in return for which he was

[1] One of the Cape Verde Islands 17° N.; Portuguese property; but used as our chief coaling-station during the war. (See head-piece, p. 165.)

offered a choice of unconditional surrender or death; preferring death, he was greeted with a blaze of lyddite. In stiff fighting we have lost eighteen officers killed and sixty wounded; but we are relieving Mafeking; and Buller, according to a wire to-day, has taken Colenso, and pushed on to within twelve miles of Ladysmith. The City Imperial Volunteers have had their first sniff of powder at Jacobsdal under Lord Roberts himself.

We hear all this news from the colony of English telegraphists who live here. St. Vincent's



BIRD ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE, IN ST. VINCENT'S HARBOUR.

is the half-way house of the Eastern Telegraph Company's cable to the Cape. Our S.M.O. does not want any of us to go ashore; but it does not in any case look attractive. Bare brown hills form the background, one with a flat table top, all with hard outlines. There is a bright-looking

Portuguese fort and signal station overlooking the scattered town. In the harbour is a neat, cone-shaped rock, called Bird Island, with a dead white lighthouse stuck into the top, like a candle in a lump of beeswax. We steamed in to find the inevitable British Navy in the shape of a smart little second-class cruiser, the "Cambrian," with eight 4·7 inch guns; and by her side the "Mount Royal" transport, carrying one thousand horses to the Cape from Argentina. This evening there arrived the "Norseman" from home, a great blaze of electric light.

Thursday, February 22nd. Woke to find ourselves still coaling. Interchanged visits with the "Norseman." She is a fine Dominion liner built for the cattle-trade, and so especially adapted for carrying horses, with decks half as broad again as our's, cement floor, and stalls eight feet high, instead of six, as on the old "Roslin." Tonnage 11,000 against our modest 3,400. Despite a big gale in the channel they have only lost four horses from pneumonia out of 450, and that is considered good. They have room for another 500. Met an old Guy's friend, medical officer to the cavalry and drafts on board, who looked on me as a spectre, knowing that I was in South Africa. He makes the twenty-seventh Guy's man, to my knowledge, out at the war.

The coaling was a terrible process. This boat

is built for the Indian trade, and at Suez they coal her in four hours, the boys carrying the sacks on their backs up to the little platform hung over the ship's side. Here the dirty rascals refused to carry the coal up; the sacks had to be hoisted by derricks one at a time, and we took twenty-four hours to ship 670 tons on board. It is amusing, by contrast, to think of the "City of Paris" burning 780 tons in a single day.

Friday, February 23rd; 21° North. We keep one naval officer, a Commander, on board. They call him a Transport Officer, and he acts as go-between to the Admiralty on the one hand and the Company on the other. What his precise duties are, beyond sniffing for bad smells and pacing the deck desolately at all hours, I still fail to understand, despite our having wandered many a weary mile together on deck.

Concert this evening. Introduced them to "The Absent-minded Beggar," which made a fine noise. X. accompanied as best he could the wandering melodies warbled by Tommy Atkins; and to tell the truth we were very glad when it was all over.

Saturday, February 24th; 25° North. Much colder; and a heavy swell from the north-west, which has made us roll like fury, and brought out the fiddles on the tables. We are a long

boat and narrow, so that we hardly pitch at all, but roll as much as 30° either way. After dinner, when we were all smoking on deck, with chairs lashed to the saloon wall, one roll was so heavy as to hurl two of the cripples bodily out of their chairs on to the deck, and Z. with his left arm powerless was thrown, fortunately right shoulder foremost, straight against the taffrail. By good luck no one was any the worse. Very few officers or men, however, have been ill to any marked degree; and although walking on crutches in so heavy a roll is difficult for many of them, it is interesting to see how very well they manage. One cripple, with a right leg useless from the knee downward, will get about on his crutches even in the heaviest sea, waiting at the saloon door perhaps for the side of the ship to roll up towards him, when he hops over the foot-board on to his sound leg, pulls his crutches after him, and turns sideways to the roll, looking down the length of the ship, before that side of the ship rolls down again.

Sunday, February 25th; 29½° North. Rolling worse than ever. Men in swinging cots are quite comfortable, and sensible cripples stay in bed all day. Even Sister M. did not go so far as to suggest holding a service.

Monday, February 26th; 33½° North. Getting cooler. The men have come out in gorgeous

striped jerseys and fine blue butcher-like overcoats; but they don't mind the cold so long as they can stay below with ports closed and hatches battened down. Unless kept in bed by order, they are allowed to spend their time as they wish on the promenade deck, the upper deck, or in the wards, being only obliged to eat their meals below at 8, 1, and 4.30, and to turn in at 8.30.

Ash-Wednesday, February 28th; 42½° North. Journey at last beginning to grow interesting; we have been skirting a fine bit of coast along Finisterre and the north-west corner of Spain; and are now in the Bay, rolling a good deal less than before. We do something under 300 knots in a day.

An hour's chat with two delightful sergeants of the Border Regiment, one of whom is a record case. Three months ago he was shot in his middle, had to be carried eight miles to the Convent Hospital at Estcourt, and, ten hours after being wounded, was operated on. His intestine was severed in two, was perforated in eight places, and had to have a foot and a half removed before it could be sewn together. Now he walks about the deck perfectly well! He tells you with some pride that he had no solid food for eighteen hours before he received the wound, and none for a month after; but that two other

patients by his side died under similar circumstances, one because he pulled his dressings off next day, the other because he would eat a stolen mutton-chop. (*Vide B.M.J.* 1900, Vol. I., p. 604.)

A Major of the Dublin Fusiliers tells me of one officer (name given) who, in advancing under fire, had his head completely removed by a shell, but remained standing as if glued in position. It reminds one of the soldier drinking tea in the Franco-German War, when he received a shot through his head, was killed outright, and remained in the same attitude—cup, tea, and all.

Thursday, March 1st; 46½° North. Examined with the ship's doctor one of his patients who was hit at Colenso. He was working the regimental Maxim when he felt a hit in the left shoulder and told his sergeant so. "Where, Sir?" asked the sergeant, examining his coat; "can't see any trace, Sir." "Suppose it must have been a stone," said the subaltern, continuing to work the Maxim. A minute later he fainted; he coughed up a large quantity of blood, and it was found that the bullet had passed clean through his body from left to right, and was lying under the skin of the right armpit. The lungs blew bubbles under his skin right down to the hip; but he now has only signs of bronchitis, and is as active and merry as anyone could well be.

Friday, March 2nd. In sight of England, which we sighted at 10 p.m. We have just passed the lights of Eastbourne, and are looking for a pilot to take us round to London. Most of us are waiting up to hear news of Ladysmith.

Have finished notes of all 337 cases on board (see Appendix A) and find eighty-three cases of gunshot, and only thirteen of shell-wound; seventy-one cases of dysentery, forty-four of rheumatism (a very vague diagnosis), and nine of enteric fever; gun-shot and shell wounds forming only just over a quarter of the whole. Eleven men have recovered with perforation of the chest, four of the abdomen, and eight of the head. The usefulness of many severely wounded limbs has been striking; and it is an interesting result of modern 'conservative surgery' that there should be only two cases of major amputation on board.

In general health, it may be said, the men have picked up to a most marked extent on their voyage of twenty-three days, despite a week's rolling and consequent nausea and discomfort. Such improvement has been due to several causes—generous feeding, both in quantity and in kind; absolute rest; the moral effect of nearing home; and in some cases also the treatment received, both medical and physical. It is a pity that the most useful of all medical instruments—a weighing machine—has not been available; as

that would be the most real test of improvement in medical cases.

As to the surgical cases, my chief regret is for the stiff arms and legs, chiefly after fracture, which should have had regular massage; and a Sandow's exerciser with two or three trained masseurs would have made a lot of difference to some of them. The electric battery has been of some use, and was especially welcomed by the men who did not require it, as they could turn the handle and apply the shock to those that did.

Saturday, March 3rd. Home again. At 5 a.m. hailed a fishing smack in mid-channel and heard glorious news of Cronje's surrender and the relief of Ladysmith. After that knew nothing, on account of 230 transfer-certificates that had to be filled in, one for each patient, with remarks as to progress. Red-tape suggests "improved" for every case, an entirely useless remark to make, but consistent with the rules. To write more, they said, was superfluous and therefore foolish. To write anything conscientiously about each was certainly a great labour, and impossible within the time.

The Duke of Abercorn came down to meet us at the Albert Docks, as President of an excellent fund for helping sick and wounded officers in their convalescence. Surgeon-General

Hamilton, Mr. Arthur Brodrick, secretary to the fund, and one or two others, were with him making inquiries, but it was rather difficult to answer their questions, as to what more could be done to help the officers. I hear privately that the fund has already been much used, as it enables many to get the best professional advice gratis, and to convalesce abroad, free of all charge if necessary, and even with their wives.

Only twelve men had to be slung on shore by the crane, and half of them, cripples and sunstroke cases, could have walked down the gangway if required. They were whirled off in 'buses and waggons to the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, and the work of the "Avoca" was at an end.

A. and S. had come to meet me, and carried me off at five, past the depôt of the Absent-minded Beggar Fund, which insisted on sending my telegrams free and pressing on us hunks of excellent cake and bowls of cocoa; past the wonderful sergeant from Estcourt, who showed us the holes in his coat, out into the squalid world that surrounds the docks, and by a homely, dingy train into the foggy heart of old England.

CHAPTER IX.

BUZZ WAS THE WORD IN THE ISLAND.

Sunday, March 4th; London, W. Feel very ordinary after a very ordinary Sunday, paying innumerable calls. It is interesting to contrast the state of London now with what it was in October. Then the country was sending out so many hirelings to the war; now it is going itself to the war. In addition to other volunteer forces, the Yeomanry, for the first time in history, are going out in force. If a man has not volunteered, he must have good reason to the contrary, and every family has a few members and several friends who have been ordered South. They talk of nothing else; and the excitement on Thursday night, after the relief of Ladysmith, appears to have been indescribable—judging at least from the twenty abortive descriptions which I have heard of it to-day. The Government are fairly happy now; but they had a very anxious

time after Spion Kop, when all the papers pitched into them hard.

A homeward South African mail passed us on the way; and there greet me a couple of letters from colleagues at Wynberg, who say that three days after my departure an order was issued to the Base-Hospitals calling attention to Queen's Regulations, which forbid criticism and hold officers responsible for the publication even without their knowledge of extracts from their letters. Strictly speaking this is beside the point, for civil-surgeons are not commissioned officers, and have never been told they were subject to Queen's Regulations.

Monday, March 5th. Went off this morning to 18 Victoria Street, the head-quarters of the Army Medical Staff; and had a somewhat stormy and exciting, but on the whole satisfactory, interview with one of the officials. It must be given in summary, polite phrases being freely understood. Probably neither War Office nor I could subscribe to everything we said then on the spur of the moment; but I will try to make the account of our conversation as impartial as possible.

War Office. Where do you come from?

Ego. From Cape Town, Sir, having been ordered to proceed to England, contrary to my bargain as civil-surgeon.

W.O. Why? You volunteered for South African service?

Ego. No, Sir. For service *in* South Africa.

W.O. Then you were the officer who wrote letters to the papers?

Ego. To the *Guy's Hospital Gazette*; yes, Sir.

W.O. Then—you have committed the worst crime a soldier could commit.

Ego. I am not a soldier, Sir.

W.O. You are a military officer, and have broken the Queen's Regulations.

Ego. I beg your pardon, but I'm not a military officer; not in the Army List, not been sworn in nor given a commission, never put under Queen's Regulations; am serving under bargain which denies me status of officer; for instance was told at Wynberg by Colonel Grier that he could not insist on our being saluted.

W.O. No, any order to that effect would be rescinded by the combatant officers. But you are expected to know about this regulation; and it's a matter of common decency and loyalty.

Ego. Do you accuse me of want of common decency and loyalty?

W.O. No, no; but you wouldn't act thus in any other branch of life,—family, hospital, and so forth.

Ego. I never conceal opinions in family; nor

did I in hospital when eighteen months Editor of *Guy's Gazette*. If criticism was bad, I suffered; if good, reform usually followed.

W.O. You wouldn't do it in a regiment?

Ego. Didn't see anything of regimental society.

W.O. You are under military rule.

Ego. Martial law? No; only in Border districts.

W.O. Well, anyhow it was disloyal to your department.

Ego. Not a bit disloyal. If I had wanted to embarrass you, should have written to *Lancet*, *British Medical Journal*, *Daily Mail*, or *Daily News*, who would have been very glad of a little sensational copy. It was intended as exact criticism for private consumption.

W.O. Then you were the tool of others. As a fact, your criticism came at a most awkward time, when many ill-informed people were criticising unjustly. Sydney Holland, for instance, wanted one nurse for every two-and-a-half patients. Isn't that what you wanted?

Ego. No, Sir; I wanted one for eight as a minimum.

W.O. Well, he actually wanted to do away with orderlies and send nurses to Field-Hospitals. What is good enough for Sir William MacCormac is surely good enough for anyone. And who are

you to criticise, when Sir William MacCormac praises, all our officers praise, everyone praises?

Ego. Civil-surgeons, Sir, are everything in this matter; the consulting surgeons in comparison nothing. They see the surface of the machine; we the working of it. They visit it more or less in state, and are shown the paper-methods of administration; we live with it and see its results.

W.O. You are but one.

Ego. Representing twelve.

W.O. How representing?

Ego. Always talking things over, and agreed, for instance, as to the necessity of using bed-pans in dysentery and typhoid. But no attention paid to us.

W.O. R.A.M.C. officers have treated hundreds of cases of dysentery, and you probably none till this war.

Ego. No; but we are fresh from schools and principles, and should be consulted.

W.O. Experience is much more important than schools.

Ego. Perhaps so, but you want both. And the obstruction we encountered was born of neither. The P.M.O. and the Secretary obstructed without understanding the case. They never once came into our wards except on show occasions.

W.O. Can't expect it of them; too much to

do ; ward-work is left to medical officers in charge of divisions of the hospital. And am I to suppose that you intend to go back to South Africa and go on criticising? If so, I strongly advise you to resign.

Ego. Well, perhaps that would be best; it would set me free to go on with my proper work, and free to write. (Pause.) But if you want my services still, they are yours. I have disobeyed no order in the past, and should disobey none in the future. (Pause.)

W.O. With your explanations I am willing to take you back, if you wish to go.

Ego. Not as a favour to me.

W.O. Well, let it stand so.

Ego. May I be attached to a field-hospital?

W.O. Well, only R.A.M.C. officers supposed to go to the front. Perhaps it could be arranged.

Ego. Could colleague R.W.J. come to front with me?

W.O. Will make a note of it.

Ego. When to sail?

W.O. Orders later.

Ego. Thank you, Sir ; good afternoon.

[*W.O. Rings bell. Exeo.*

I regret having left out the whole question of the medical as opposed to the surgical work being slurred over ; no medical consultants sent out ; no special use made of the experts they happened

to have, like T. at Wynberg. It does not matter so much having left out the questions of stars and stripes on the uniform, on which several of the colleagues are keener than I am, and of Colonial allowance, which has been refused us.

Tuesday, March 6th. Was at Guy's to-day, where it appears the Wynberg letters caused some little stir, one member of the staff—instructed from 18 Victoria Street—having actually urged that they would harm the future prospects of Guy's men, and should therefore be censored. Of course nothing further happened.

Thursday, March 8th. Day spent in the hub of the universe—Whitehall for pay, Pall Mall for outward passage ("Nile," sailing next Wednesday); finally Victoria Street again, both yesterday and to-day, to ask about special points. Had very pleasant interviews with another representative of the Army Medical Staff. I am to go on writing letters to the *Guy's Gazette* if I like, but "no criticism is ever allowed, either favourable or unfavourable." (It is comforting to reflect that Sir William MacCormac therefore broke orders.) I am arranging to send all letters to the Director-General for his sanction, and then no harm can come whatever I say. Being asked for suggestions, I ventured to propose that weighing machines and apparatus for giving gas should be provided for all General Hospitals and hospital-

ships. The suggestion was cordially accepted; but my interlocutor, one of the mainstays of the whole medical organisation of the army, actually said that as a fact he had never seen gas used in surgery. What can be expected of a department managed by men so far behind the times? As a parting thrust he remarked, with a kindly smile and a pat on the shoulder, that I should become more charitable as I grew older.

That is the annoying fate of anyone who describes what he sees in the Army Medical Corps. The world is glutted with praise in superlatives; and unless you say the arrangements are magnificent, incomparable, perfect, you are damned as an implacable enemy of the corps. Reading the letters through again, I submit that they contain no little praise of the Army Medical Service and nothing inconsistent with fairness, charity, and an honest search for the truth.[1]

Friday, March 9th. Spent morning in bacteriological laboratory at Guy's arranging for £3-worth of stains and apparatus for microscopic work, so as to be able to do, for instance, some systematic blood-examinations, if again doomed to a Base Hospital.[2]

The Queen—God bless her!—is now showing

[1] The Wynberg letters have been incorporated into the above pages or into the Appendix.

[2] This outfit was never used.

herself in London for three days, and has decided to take her annual outing this year in Ireland, instead of on the Riviera. It is delightful to see the great crowds welcoming her along the route of the informal morning drive. My tailor and I adjourned to-day from the multiple looking-glasses of his fitter's room, and jostled with the crowd in Regent Street as the Royal cavalcade came by. H.M. was looking wonderfully well and bright considering her fourscore years.

I managed a glorious twenty-four hours of spring in Yorkshire, including a ride on Saturday afternoon ; but I don't like being seen by the public on a horse. Fortunately, I don't aspire to be a Yeoman like brother J., who went out with the Oxfordshire company last week. One runs across the trail of the war in every corner of England. On Sunday I bicycled out to see Mrs. A. W., whose husband is in the West Riding Regiment. Coming back that night, I fell amongst St. John's Ambulance men being cheered off from Leeds for their second journey in the "Princess of Wales." One evening in town I was the privileged visitor to a nursery, in which, spread out on a table, were the waggons and horses, men and guns, camps, rivers and mountains, which were performing the relief of Ladysmith. The Arch-power in command of both armies was coiled up fast asleep in her cot, dreaming horrible

deaths and famous charges for her kilted cousin and other favourites at the war. Perhaps Willie was drawing his sword and waving his men on to victory at that very moment. Perhaps he was standing in front of a Boer gun and being blown to little bits. Who could say? Not we, despite the telegraph cable. Such is the general feeling here at home, one of helpless uncertainty as to individuals, with an absolute certainty and faith in the Empire.

Wednesday, March 14th. Off again for the sunny South; this time in the steamship "Nile." We thought we weren't going to get off, for, being delayed by a defaulter half-an-hour beyond our proper time, three o'clock, we found ourselves on the mud, and in the awkward predicament, forcibly described by Corney Grain, of having to say something more to our friends to whom we had already said good-bye. The crowd smiled and thinned visibly; the defaulter was received on board with cheers, and met his reward; and finally we got off at five.

It has been a busy ten days this—a dozen different engagements every day, a dozen interested people at each, and every one with a dozen sweeping questions. But for all the delights of England one wouldn't stay behind there now for a square thousand pounds.

Thursday, March 15th; 47° N. Waiting at

table and in cabins is very bad. The Company—Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which does a big trade with South America—was simply unable to find men willing to act as stewards on a transport. The post is far less lucrative than on a mail-boat.

We have started inoculation against enteric. As there was no serum on board the "Roslin Castle" in October, we were unable to be inoculated then, and so I offered myself to-day as the first victim. That was at four; since dinner every movement has been increasingly painful for my right side—the seat of injury—and the most comfortable thing to do is to lie in bed with knee drawn up, reading light literature. Fever only slight—100°.

Saturday, March 17th; St. Patrick's Day; 37° N. Shamrock worn by all Her Majesty's Irish regiments for the first time by order, in honour of their gallantry in South Africa. It's bad luck on the Irish M.P.'s. They'll have to get something new to talk about.

Am still slightly tender in my side from inoculation, but otherwise have been quite fit since waking from a good sleep yesterday morning. My two colleagues inoculated sixty cases, mostly officers, some of whom have been very seedy in bed for a day or two with a temperature of 102°. The procedure is of course voluntary, and the men

don't see the fun of it, especially as they have to sleep in hammocks.

Sunday, April 1st; 28° S. [from a letter]. We have had the usual uneventful voyage, with just enough movement to prevent our little cabin on the main deck having its portholes open. As it is supposed to contain forty stone weight of the medical profession, fifteen stone has been turned into the passage, and my own modest twelve stone has generally been sleeping on the hatchway over the store-hold, with three or four brother-officers in a row like sardines, to the amusement of Mr. Atkins, who looks down on us from above, as if we were bears at the Zoo.

We had a good time at St. Vincent's, where we caught up my old friend, the "Avoca," carrying No. 10 General Hospital to the Cape. Visited her in the morning, and after lunch most of us went ashore to escape the coaling and to play "Nile" *v.* "St. Vincent's" on cocoa-nut matting in the village square. It was an amusing afternoon, with a most picturesque crowd of half-castes and niggers being hustled by Portuguese policemen,—quite an entertainment in itself. Our East Yorkshire band, which often accompanies the noise of our dinner on board, played a good selection of music, with little pot-bellied piccaninnies as music-stands; and Great Britain, including the half-caste ladies of a leading British family,

occupied the Grand Stand. The British Consul umpired; the Quartermaster scored; the Colonel cheered; and we all had very good fun, despite a sound licking, 104 to 34.

Since then we doctors have really been very hard at work,—quite a different experience to last October's voyage. The East Yorks, who form two-thirds of the troops on board, evidently brought on board with them from Aldershot an epidemic of supposed influenza with severe pneumonic signs. They had lost two cases at Aldershot; and here we have had twenty cases, all but three, who only fell sick a few days ago, being East Yorkshire men. Four or five have been delirious, and three have died. As the only medical staff, beside four doctors, consisted of a volunteer medical sergeant, one R.A.M.C. orderly, and a civilian "compounder" (*i.e.* dispenser), the hospital-stores, accommodation, and personnel, intended only for the usual work of a transport, have been taxed to the uttermost, and treatment has been difficult. There has also been an epidemic of collywobbilia simplex amongst the officers.

One man was found simply torpid by the guard one day at 6 a.m. He had a temperature of 104°, but no obvious signs of pneumonia, which, however, seemed the most probable, and proved in the end to be the right, diagnosis.

One of my little flock of "pneumonias" was delirious for two or three nights before he died; and one night he escaped from the ward, met a huge negro sailor on the stairs, made sure he had seen the devil, and, giving vent to three most piercing howls, fled up on deck. The orderly on duty had been busy keeping another delirious patient in bed, but gave chase as soon as he could, and soon brought the delinquent back. This morning the poor fellow suddenly collapsed, with a temperature rising to 106°. Within three hours he was dead, and in three more was in the sea, a strikingly moderate and simple Roman Catholic service in English having been read over him by a Roman Catholic officer of the regiment.

Colonel Warde, of the East Yorks, having once spent three years at Bart's, wished the three civil-surgeons to lecture on first-aid to the men. We took a different company each afternoon, 30 men apiece. I generally made one man volunteer and strip himself to the waist; then painted the heart and chief vessels out on his chest before the admiring crowd. Next we wounded him in the fore-arm, applied the field-dressing, and stopped an artery bleeding furiously; broke his arm and tied two side-arm scabbards to it; did the whole thing over again to his leg. Then came the fun. Rear-rank had to feel front-rank's pulse, and front-rank

rear-rank's, so as just to be sure they knew where the artery came and what it was. Then they stopped each other's arteries, while I came along the line feeling pulses to see if they really were stopped. Last of all, having seen me do it on a "model," they had to hoist each other on to their left shoulders, and win the Victoria Cross. Fortunately, no one was thrown overboard to feed the fishes.

They ran me in also for a course of three lectures to the officers, a most attentive and intelligent audience, of whom, fortunately for me, only one had ever seen fighting. It seemed rather an important business, because, in a way, the health of fifteen hundred men might depend to a considerable extent on these lectures. The first was on haemorrhage, surgical cleanliness, and how to dress wounds; the second on fractures, and how to restore the apparently drowned; the third on medical ailments, and the general rules of health. The cases at Wynberg and on the "Avoca" afforded numberless illustrations; and, although I don't know much about the conditions of life at the front, the audience probably knew less.

In the second lecture, when I was in the middle of telling a horror, a great shout arose from the bows, where the men were fishing for a shark. Discretion being the better part of

valour, I abandoned my post, and led a stampede to see the shark. We had stopped in mid-ocean all day for some repairs, and had thrown out a line—a good stout bit of rope—with a hook like an anchor at the end, baited with a fair hunk of pork. First one, then another of these great ugly, grey, flappy brutes came swimming along, some six feet under water, with the little pilot fish swimming at their side, and made bad shots at the pork. Now they would turn breast upwards, gleaming like silver; now they would swallow the pork, we would give a tug, and out would come the pork again. At last here was one of these brutes hauled safely up on deck, with a couple of the little three-inch parasite fish sucking on to him.[1] An officer humorously explained that the sucker was "practically a flea—came from not washing." Tommy's remark was delightful: "Whoi, its only a bally fish after all." To keep up our professional reputation, a colleague cut the shark up; but we didn't find any children's or cow's legs inside.

[1] These little fish, up to 8 inches long, have sucking-discs on the back of the head, so strong that it is almost impossible to separate them from the shark by a vertical strain; and in Zanzibar and Cuba they are therefore used by the natives in fishing for turtle. As their backs lie against the shark's side and are not exposed to view, their bellies are coloured darkish to match the shark, while their backs remain white, reversing the usual arrangement in fishes; and at first sight it looks as if the sucker were therefore on the under surface.

I weighed fifty men on a rough balance a week ago, and the same men again yesterday; and find that during the week they have only put on four pounds between the lot of them, which means that the diminution of weight, through physical drill and loss of beer, is about counterbalanced by the healthy food and lazy life. It was surprising to find them averaging only 140 to 150 lbs., and myself the heaviest, at 180.

Our fifteen hundred on board consist mainly of the 2nd East Yorkshire Regiment, the old 15th Foot, who date back to Marlborough's wars. With them are detachments of ten or fifteen other regiments, mostly militia and reservists, including twelve gun detachments and some engineering militia from Monmouth and Anglesea. I didn't know such things existed; and they don't exist elsewhere. Four or five of the officers on board are under twenty—rather too young for the physical work of a campaign.

It is interesting to find, by the way, that one of the most soldierly and popular of the subalterns here, an old public-school boy, manages to get on quite well on £60 a year in addition to his pay; and a charming captain, a former A.D.C., says too much is made of the money-difficulty, as with £100 a year a man can do perfectly well, even in England, if he does not

smoke or drink much, and if he keeps off gambling and horses.

Our chaplain, Mr. O'Reilly,[1] who gives us two hearty services with fiery five-minutes' sermons every Sunday, tells me there are only seventy Church of England and thirty Roman Catholic and Presbyterian chaplains all told in the army, and half of them are out at the war. It seems to me they ought to have five hundred. It is noticeable, by the way, that they have army rank, badges and titles, but call themselves "Reverend" without any title. The doctors might take a leaf out of their book.

I have been reading *Jess* over again. It is a wonderful picture of the Boer character, and it makes one weep for Gladstone's Government in '81, and its criminal mistake. A speech by Lord Randolph Churchill in '84, which I came across the other day, puts the case splendidly, and it is pitiable to think he was not listened to.

Tuesday, April 3rd. Table Bay again, waiting for a berth in the docks, which are crammed full. An officer of the R.A.M.C. has been telling me during the voyage a host of interesting things about his corps. He began with a good university and hospital education, including a

[1] Mr. O'Reilly ranked as Lieutenant-Colonel after twenty years service, and went out as senior chaplain to the forces of the 8th Division. He died of enteric fever a few months later.

house-surgeoncy, has had a wide experience, and is evidently used to thinking. We first talked one day when he had allowed one of my colleagues to sew up an eyeball, cut by a soda-water bottle, under chloroform. If that patient, through any accident, had died under the chloroform he declared he would almost certainly be made to resign his commission at the end of the campaign without any hope of redress.[1] In case of death under chloroform, the operation is always proved to be unnecessary, and the officer punished as if guilty of manslaughter. The contrary offence of not giving chloroform when it should be given, escapes scot-free; and there was a case in which the bladder burst and death ensued, when it would have been easily relieved by a simple operation under an anaesthetic; and yet no blame was attached to the medical officers. Officers naturally prefer negative or 'expectant' treatment, and when they give chloroform are hardly fit to do so. The extreme severity of punishment is a sword of Damocles which hangs over the heads of army-doctors, and often makes them afraid of bold treatment or decided opinions. A malingerer was once invalided from the service, but found a bone-setter to say he had displaced a hip. He brought an action against the Director-General, and won his case.

[1] Compare opinion of officer on "Avoca," p. 189.

Three men, as a result of this, were obliged to resign their commissions, and a fourth was told he would never be promoted. The scoundrel died three years later, without any trace of hip-trouble at the post-mortem; but no compensation was given to the degraded officers.

The irksomeness of responsibility in their business duties accounts to a considerable extent for the decay of scientific enthusiasm in the R.A.M.C. An officer, who had been in medical charge of troops on a journey in India, told me that in order to be sure of not being fined for deficient blankets at the end of the journey, he arranged for all the men to bring their own blankets with them. His own unopened packets of blankets were triumphantly shown at the end as complete. But he didn't escape. The packets were returned as containing twelve apiece. They only contained ten; and he had to pay for the deficiency.

Of course many of the gems of red tape are only the result of a foolish interpretation of the rules. "Medicine and duty" is the shibboleth with which I have to sign the sick report of men, even after the extraction of a tooth when no medicine is given. If I returned a man to "duty" only, he would be supposed to have reported himself sick without proper cause, and would be punished accordingly. "Medicine and

duty" is only a humorous and harmless catch-word for a necessary purpose.

The able officer, already mentioned in this entry, was induced to give some useful hints as to possible changes for the better.[1] He began by saying no Royal Commission could be of any use, as many commissions had sat and their opinions been slighted by the House; in fact, that it was a hopeless dilemma. If, however, reform were possible, it must be radical and not a bit of patchwork. (1) R.A.M.C. officers to be attached to regiments for five years on entry,[2] under certain conditions of nomination and probation, each to belong to his regiment and be subject only to the orders of his Colonel, who would be delighted to give proper leave for study and holiday. Courses of operative surgery, bacteriology and so on would be arranged for the purpose at the chief hospitals. The doctors would thus get to know their men well; if sensible, would be consulted by their men's families; would have no more frequent moves

[1] He considered uniform and comparative rank to be of importance, but he liked, and believed most men liked, the compound titles, Surgeon-Major and so forth, with the exception of the absurd and needless "Brigade-Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel." The pay he thinks perfectly satisfactory; but the frequent moves constitute one of the chief grievances; he was once moved eleven times in thirteen months. Cf. p. 188.

[2] Compare Indian Medical Service, which might be copied in many other ways in re-shaping the R.A.M.C.

than the regiment; and would have every chance of eking out their income and keeping their hand in by private practice. (2) The larger station-hospitals to be separately staffed; and special billets with extra pay to be given for proficiency in medicine, surgery, diseases of women and children, office-work, sanitation, and any other branch of the service. (3) R.A.M.C. to be governed by a Board, to include paid representatives of the War Office, of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of London, Edinburgh and Dublin, so as to secure proper representation of the civilian medical world.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAIL RUNS THROUGH TO BLOEMFONTEIN.

On the road to Bloemfontein
In the squuffy, puffy train,
Through the dusty veld and kopjes,
And interminable plain.

Palm Sunday, April 8th. In the mail for Bloemfontein.

"By the help of God," telegraphed Lord Roberts on the evening of March 15, "and by the bravery of Her Majesty's soldiers, the troops under my command have taken possession of Bloemfontein. The British flag now flies over the Presidency vacated last evening by Mr. Steyn, late President of the Orange Free State."

This was the good news which greeted us when we landed on Thursday; and amongst the letters awaiting me was a fine one from a friend, who had the good luck to be with the Field-Hospital of an Infantry Brigade on the

famous Paardeberg march. The following extract from it gives an idea of their work. It is dated Osfontein Farm, Orange Free State, March 4—

"I have been with the Sixth Division right through the twenty-seven mile march from Riet River to Klip Drift, the subsequent fight at Klip Kraal, and the big fight at Paardeberg Drift on Sunday, February 18. On the last occasion our hospital arrived at the scene of battle about 9 a.m., having marched since 4 a.m., and we were ordered to pitch tents at a place far too near the firing line. The dust was pitching up pretty frequently around us from the Mauser bullets at fifteen hundred yards' range; and just about luncheon time, when we had Generals Hector Macdonald and Knox and about seventy patients in, they turned the Vickers-Maxim gun (commonly known as the pom-pom) right on to us. These guns fire a series of one-pound percussion explosive shells, and are uncommonly disquieting; to such an extent, that every patient who could limp or hobble left, including the two Generals, who departed in Cape carts to a more secure position. We had to stick the fire till 5 p.m. as no ambulances were to be had, and we could not shift the bad cases. Luckily no one was injured, although we had eighteen shells in the camp,

and the tents were perforated in many places by the bullets.

"The new transport arrangements have entirely disorganised the medical arrangements. The Bearer Company of a Brigade has only two instead of ten ambulances; we are allowed only four tents and an operating tent instead of twenty-five; consequently the wounded were left for many hours on the field, and when they were brought in they had to lie in the open on the ground. Our staff consisted at this time of one Major, R.A.M.C., and another civil-surgeon beside myself. The Major, of course, was taken up entirely with official work, and so the heavy work of dressing about two hundred and fifty cases (within about ten days) was left to the two civil-surgeons, and we had to operate and do everything ourselves. I have never before had so much hard concentrated work in my life.

"As soon as it was possible we began to shift the wounded in convoys of springless buck-waggons back to Modder River and thence to Cape Town, the journey to Modder River being about thirty-five miles; so you can imagine the discomfort.

"What strikes me the most in regard to the wounded, is the marvellous escapes they have, and the rapidity with which the wounds heal; excepting, of course, the frightful wounds pro-

duced by the sporting or elephant-bullets and the dum-dum. These latter produce the most ghastly results, shattering bone and tearing muscle.

"We get no news here, and are absolutely ignorant even of what is going on around us. At present we are on half-rations of groceries, three-quarters of a pound of biscuit, and one pound of fresh meat a day. Such things as bread, milk, tobacco, and newspapers have not been seen for the last three weeks, so you see we are campaigning in earnest. A post came up to-day, but, of course, no letter for me, so I suppose they have gone astray. Our mess-stores are finished, and we are raising heaven and earth to get some more up, but the ordinary supplies for the troops are so enormous that little or no private stores can get up.

"I suppose we are on our way to Bloemfontein, but as usual do not know. I hear you can get bread there, so the sooner we arrive the better."

I had two days in Cape Town, and found little visible change had taken place during the two months since I left. Table Bay is fuller of ships; the hospitals at the base are larger and more numerous; a complete system of military society has grown up in Cape Town round the chief hotels; and the departmental officers are

feeling the stress of business very heavily. Perhaps the most thankless task of all falls on the Army Pay Department, whose officers have been working ten hours a day, and even on Sundays, since they landed with us in November, without any of the public recognition which is accorded in Parliament and the Press to the other departments. Last month the office in Cape Town actually paid out £1,400,000; and when it is understood what a vast amount of correspondence takes place over a few shillings, the labour employed in paying out and accounting for a million and a half pounds is hardly conceivable. It is to be hoped that the health of all these "office-wallahs" in Cape Town will be equal to the strain put upon them, not only now, but for the months that must ensue before the end of the war.

In the medical offices, as elsewhere, things are simply going on as best they can, under continual pressure, with constant demands for more men from the front, and with a thin stream of R.A.M.C. officers and civilians trickling out from home. No one can say they are now understaffed at Wynberg, where in No. 1 General Hospital there are forty nurses and fourteen medical officers for ward-work, apart from the officers in charge. They have had a considerable number of enteric and other cases from

Ladysmith, and convalescents from hospitals up the line and from the transports. Enteric alone fills two huts. But they are never likely to have the serious work experienced after Lord Methuen's battles, now that there are several hospitals up country at advanced bases.

The medical authorities seemed little pleased to see me; "thought you were not to come back" was their doubtful welcome, and they joyfully forwarded me to a Field-Hospital. But the pay-people greeted me boisterously, and promptly presented me with a cheque for £60.

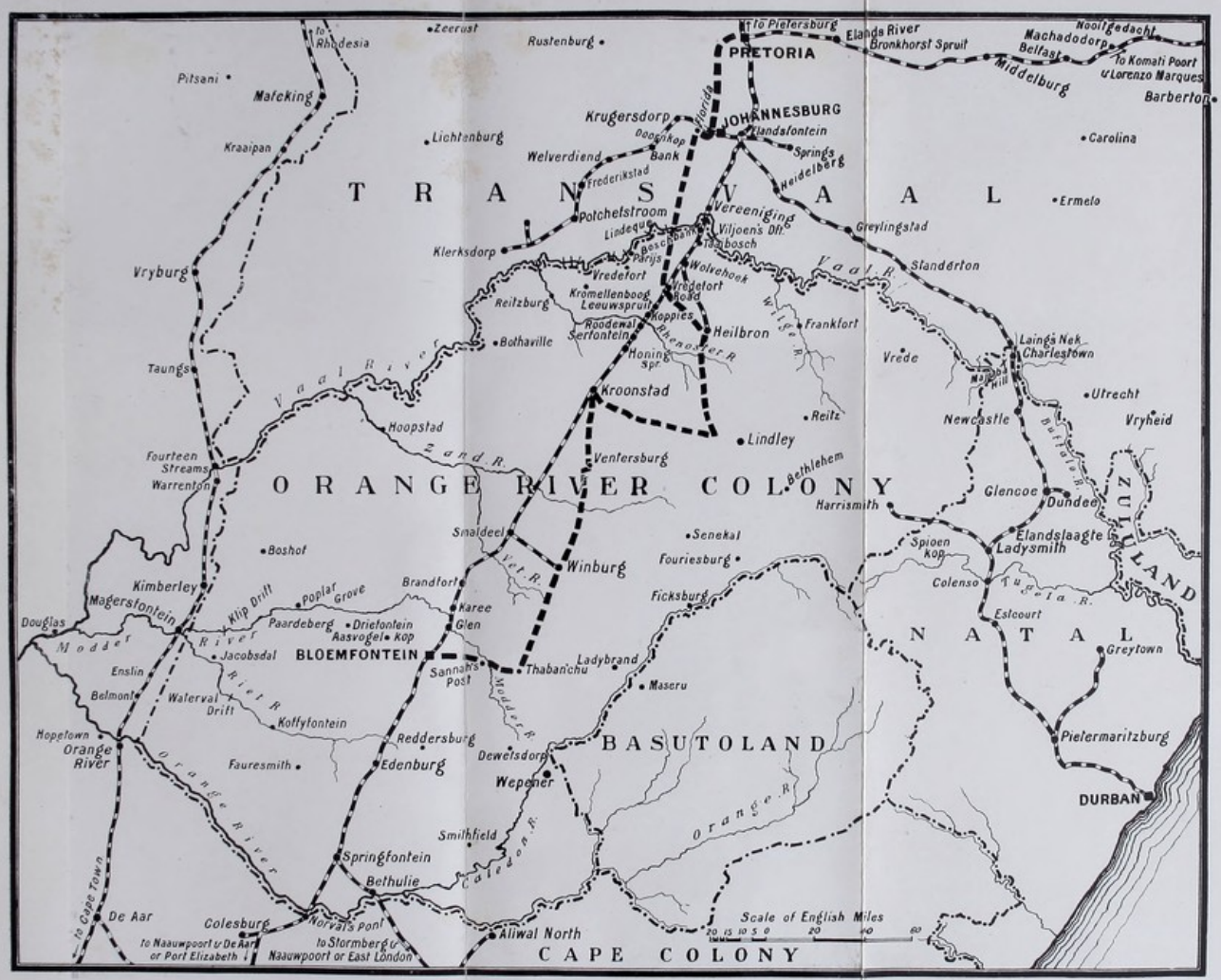
Of the nine original civil-surgeons at Wynberg beside myself, one has emigrated to Australia; our expert in fevers is at last being made good use of in Ladysmith, with another colleague at Mooi River in Natal; three went north to relieve Mafeking; and two still remain at Wynberg, hoping to be sent up soon. The ninth has a filthy job, in charge of seventy Boer enterics at Simon's Town, where he receives shoals of money for them from Boer sympathisers. I am glad to find they have now got gas-apparatus in the hospitals, another of our suggestions.

(Trees! I must break off writing to go to the platform at the end of the carriage, and look at trees. Not only trees, but actually also water! A real live duck-pond,—without the ducks.)

On Friday I fetched brother J. from his sordid

surroundings in the Yeomanry camp at Maitland for a respectable dinner with the B.'s. After living on bully beef, butterless bread, and milkless tea, twelve in a tent, with limited opportunities for washing, it was a treat to see him (1) have a bath, and (2) eat. Those Yeomanry fellows are the men who really deserve credit in the war. On board ship and at the base we officer-volunteers have in many ways a rather pleasant holiday, whereas the troopers, often used to a comfortable existence, undertake to live the life of a private soldier under the worst conditions.

This train left Cape Town on Friday at 9 p.m.; and I share a compartment of a first-class corridor carriage with Mr. Kendal Franks, the consulting-surgeon attached, like Mr. Watson Cheyne, to Lord Roberts' staff. As there are two berths on each side of the compartment, we do well, and slept soundly in passing through Paarl and other rebellious places the first night. We breakfasted at Matjesfontein (180 miles up), where General Wauchope was buried after Magersfontein by a prominent Highlander, Mr. Logan, M.L.A., who lives there; we had tea at Beaufort West, dinner at Victoria West, and at De Aar (Map 2) turned off to the East from the Cape, Kimberley, and Cairo line, last night (480 miles up). It is unfortunate not getting a glimpse of the Yeomanry hospital at Deelfontein, just south of



MAP 2, p 228.

THE CENTRAL AREA OF WAR.

Boundary of Country.
Hamilton's March.
Railway (Roberts' March).

De Aar. It is said to be splendidly equipped with telephones, electric light and power, garden-paths, nurses and doctors without number, and enough stores to permit of all the ten thousand Yeomanry falling sick. A hundred of their five hundred and twenty beds are reserved for Yeomen; the rest are open to all comers. Lady Chesham, Colonel Sloggett, and Mr. and Mrs. Fripp have actually got houses, which have been sent out from England; and the place may well become the nucleus of a good residential town in days to come, instead of a mere geographical point, as hitherto.

These things I have just heard from the East Yorks, whom I found on the platform at Norval's Pont; the Eighth Division (Rundle's) having been diverted from Kimberley to the south of the Free State, where things are threatening.

It has been a glorious day; and hour after hour we have looked out of the window upon an endless stretch of landscape on the heroic scale—desolate, barren, lifeless, "where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak." It looked like a shingle beach above high-water mark, with a few parched weeds forcing their way through the stones; and here and there these amazing kopjes (pronounced copies), some singly, some in low ranges, like giant sand-pies plumped down meaninglessly out of children's pails on the

beach; abrupt, and without a vestige of any living thing on them. Now and again we heard ourselves rumbling over a bridge, but the depths beneath were of dry mud. And overhead was always the same pitiless, changeless, scorching sun and an unbroken sky. It recalled vividly Olive Schreiner's *South African Farm.* There was a farm every twenty, thirty, or fifty miles, at least a little plaster hut with thatched roof, set down on the shingle, with a herd of goats or of snow-white sheep, a horse and a few cattle, straying aimlessly about within a mile or two, and a few children and native boys doing nothing.

Yesterday, in the Karroo, the middle third of Cape Colony as you go northwards from the sea, the landscape was more varied, the hills more frequent, the foreground usually broken up; but the ground was shingle-beach, pure and simple. To-day, however, we have turned northwards again, since breakfasting at Naauwpoort, and the ground has become more fertile, the green more visible, the soil redder, and the general shape of the landscape flatter. We have passed through exciting country—Arundel, Rensberg, and Colesberg, with rows of low kopjes, in which the invading Boer force was kept in play and almost surrounded by French and his cavalry; and at six o'clock (600 miles from Cape Town) we came upon Norval's Pont, and invaded the Free State.



PLATE 18, see p. 126. Dec. 31. 1899.

ON TABLE MOUNTAIN.

Looking north, in ascending the eastern side.

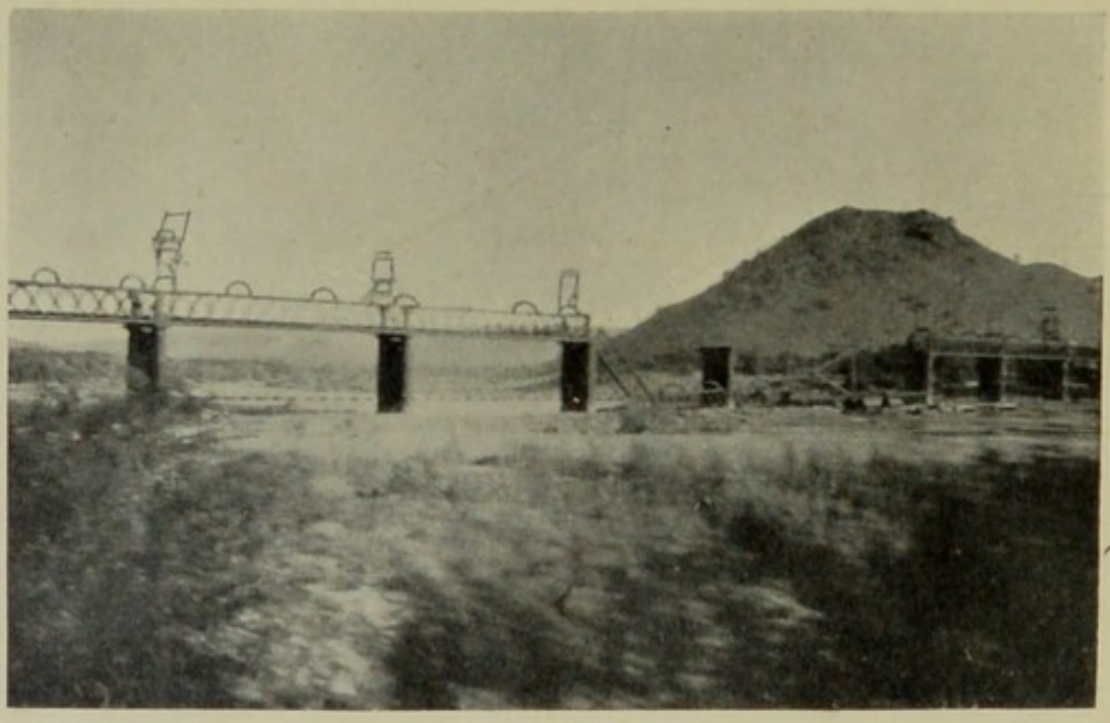


PLATE 19, p. 231. April 8, 1900.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE AT NORVAL'S PONT.

Taken from train, after crossing to north bank of Orange by temporary bridge, just seen above water-level beyond piers of permanent bridge. Cape Colony on further side of river.

The Boers blew the bridge up completely a month ago, and the two broken spans are still seen hanging down from what remains at the northern end of the gap. They have done the same at Bethulie, fifty miles up the river; although the *road* bridge there was saved by Gatacre's Division—two officers, Popham and Grant, actually pulling out the detonators one by one under a heavy fire, with a Boer force on the northern bank, and everything in readiness to blow them and the bridge to smithereens. (Plate 19.)

We had a comfortable lunch at the station, this side of Norval's Pont, and we look for dinner at Springfontein, where we join the line from East London and Stormberg *via* Bethulie Bridge. Mr. Kendal Franks and I seem to have divided our time between piquet and pathology. He was originally Vice-President of the Irish College of Surgeons with a big practice in Dublin, but emigrated to Johannesburg a few years ago for his wife's health, and by now he must be doing a lot of work there. He went through the Paardeberg march, and his views on the subject of the R.A.M.C. are not for me to divulge. The consultants, of course, are all morally muzzled as to criticism while they are out at the war; and when they go home they probably will have too much to do in resuming ordinary

work to bother their heads by criticising—except to praise.

The 37,000 troops engaged in the famous march are now for the most part at Bloemfontein, where, unfortunately, the waterworks are still held by the enemy, and there is a considerable epidemic of enteric fever, for which five hundred beds are available. Mr. Cheatle is at Kimberley, where there are some two or three hundred beds available, and more may of course be required when an advance is made for the relief of Mafeking from this side. But it is an extraordinary thing, that with all the shelling that took place in the four months' siege of Kimberley, our total loss from shell-wounds was only fifteen killed and thirty wounded.[1] Kimberley will now be our advanced base for operations on the west, and Bloemfontein for our advance in the centre.

Monday, April 9th; Bloemfontein.[2]

We didn't get our dinner last night, but devoured instead a couple of eggs and mince-pies, which were thrust on me last Friday by Mrs. B. During the night we passed through Edenberg, where half the Irish Rifles were cap-

[1] Dr. Conan Doyle, *The Great Boer War*, p. 303, gives the net loss of a fortnight's fire and 700 shells as two non-combatants.

[2] Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., arrived on April 7th. The 12th Brigade Field-Hospital which he described was on the opposite side of the town, and in no way connected with that described in these pages.

tured only last week by a force of Boers, who must be in danger of being themselves cut off from Bloemfontein. We woke up to find ourselves in Bloemfontein, and Mr. Franks walked me up to the Club for a good breakfast (though without butter), while he went on to President Steyn's house, where he occupies the nursery.

The town is very loosely built and much smaller than I had expected.[1] It consists practically of four parallel streets, which lead down to the railway at their east end, and to the Government Building and Presidency at their west. The two central streets run through the large market-square, one end of which consists chiefly of Post-Office and the other entirely of Club. The Dutch Reformed Church, of ill-fame in politics, lives in a street to the north of the market-square; the Anglican and Roman Cathedrals to the south, on the sides of a hill which is crowned by a solid little fort, built I believe by our own government in years gone by. The Government Building, built in white with an iron roof painted red, now flies the Union Jack, and Sir John Brand stands solidly in front of it in bronze, obviously saying to the Freestaters, "You mules, this is what you have come to through your slimness." His statue, with two or

[1] Bryce puts its population in 1897 at 3300 whites and 2500 coloured. (*Impressions of South Africa*, p. 392.)

three wreaths of flowers on it even now, is inscribed, "He was the father of our people."[1]

The Raad Zaal (House of Parliament), close by, is a fine stone-faced building, with a glittering dome, which now flies the Red Cross and Union Jack. The building is occupied by No. 5 Stationary Hospital, with a hundred and five beds in the Zaal itself and forty-five in adjoining rooms, and with nurses and many other comforts. The general air of the town is peaceful, with a preponderance of the male sex, chiefly in khaki. Except for the ubiquity of iron roofs, and the frequency of coloured people and of long waggon-teams with ten or twelve mules or oxen apiece, it might be a simple, moderately well-to-do town in any country, except England.

Colonel Stevenson, now P.M.O. Field-Force, sent me on for duty to Colonel Dorman, P.M.O. 9th Division. He pointed over the roof on the opposite side of the street. "Go out of the town in that direction," he said, "and you'll see the camp." I did so, and he was right. There was camp on all three sides of me, as far as the eye could see, with a good mile of green in between. It was a perfect day again, with a baking sun overhead, good grass trampled down underfoot,

[1] Mr. Brand was chosen first President when practising law in Cape Colony in 1863, and accepted a British knighthood with the full assent of his citizens. He died in 1888.

a wavy green plain in front, splashes of white canvas to right and left, and a few kopjes breaking the sky-line. From the tents came the sounds of the "Geisha," played by one or two regimental bands at practice. It was infernally like a distant impression of the cricket-week at Canterbury.

There was a large green marquee in the distance, looking like a thing of importance, and I made for it. It belonged to the Soldiers' Christian Mission, and at the time was empty. I then invaded the nearest lines, and found an officer taking his bath, in a hole lined by a water-proof sheet, outside his tent. Nothing abashed—we do these things apparently at the front—he entered into friendly explanations, and passed me on through further lanes of canvas to the 9th Division and Colonel Dorman, its P.M.O. The P.M.O.'s secretary, a major-doctor and once house-surgeon to Lord Lister at King's College, sat by his side in a little round tent—bell-tents they call them—and welcomed me kindly. They sent me on temporarily to the Highland Brigade, to fill the place of a civilian from Edinburgh, who is gone south with a sick convoy, and so—here I am.

CHAPTER XI.

A FIELD-HOSPITAL IS INTRODUCED.

Monday, April 9th; Highland Brigade Field-Hospital, outside Bloemfontein to the South-West.

I am here as a temporary measure; but, with all due respect to me, my new colleagues hope to see the Edinburgh man back in his place again before they move forward. Personally, I wish the opposite. Such changes in the composition of a hospital are very frequent in the course of the campaign; and probably few units will have more than about one quarter of their original staff left by the end of the campaign, if they have seen much active service. Even at No. 1 Hospital at Wynberg, only three out of the six original R.A.M.C. officers are now left, and only two out of the ten original civilians, the rest being scattered to Simon's Town, Natal, Kimberley, and Bloemfontein.

In this hospital the Major in command and the Quarter-master (not a medical man) are the

only officers remaining of the original staff; and the hospital itself, with the third brigade, to which it is attached, after having originally belonged to the Second Division, is now part of the Ninth, under General Colvile. The other officers of the hospital consist of a second Major, who went through Lord Methuen's battles last year with another hospital, a civilian from Glasgow, who was first in the Orange River Stationary Hospital, then with mounted infantry, and only joined this hospital at Paardeberg; and, fifthly, the writer.

The way the Glasgow colleague was transferred is interesting, inasmuch as it shows the difficulty of working with mounted infantry. He was engaged in looking after one of the troopers while the regiment continued on their march. It being late in the evening he was unable to rejoin them, and so returned to the nearest camp, when the P.M.O. seized on him as the only medical officer available, and sent him in charge of a convoy of sick and wounded to Modder or Orange River. Naturally enough, when he rejoined his regiment at Paardeberg by dint of journeying night and day, he was reprimanded by his Colonel for not keeping up with his unit; and it was considered better on all sides that he should be transferred. This incident shows of how little use the regimental

doctor with mounted infantry can be, at least in action.

Tuesday, April 10th. Bed last night at nine and up this morning with the rising sun at half-past six, to drink coffee and eat dry bread. We sleep under a sail-cloth spread out on posts or anything handy, pinned down at either end but open wide to the veld on either side. The flies sleep on the under side of the canvas as thick as they can stand, but in the day-time they infest our heads, ears, necks, our food, our clothes, our everything. My fellow-officers are tanned a rich copper-colour in the face, and are no doubt morally tanned inside to match, so that they don't mind sleeping in the open air; but to a novice it is only a partial success, especially inside a cramping Wolseley valise.

The Major gave me no work to do to-day; and my Glasgow colleague took me over to the Australian Field-Hospital, at present in the old barracks opposite the fort, to see a Guy's friend, who caught enteric when with the 7th Mounted Infantry at Paardeberg. He attributes the mildness of his attack to inoculation.

It is good luck to be on with the Highlanders, who always see a large share of the work, and have already had enough and to spare at Magers-

fontein, Koodoosberg,[1] and Paardeberg. The Brigade is so depleted, that even its share of a draft of thirteen hundred that came into camp this morning, with pipes playing and men cheering, has only brought the Black Watch, for instance, up to nine hundred instead of the 1019 on paper of an infantry battalion. The Brigade consists of the 1st Argyll and Sutherland (the 91st regiment of foot), 2nd Seaforths (the 78th), and 2nd Royal Highlanders *alias* Black Watch (the 73rd), with the 1st Highland Light Infantry (the 71st) on the lines of communication somewhere, the whole under the command of Hector Macdonald, a General for the nonce. It does not include the Camerons or Gordons, who are in other brigades with mere Englishmen. It was formerly in Lord Methuen's Division; but has now been transferred, with Smith-Dorrien's 19th Brigade, to the newly-formed 9th Division under General Sir Henry Colvile, who has hitherto been in command of the Guards' Brigade, and is said to be very cautious. "There is one thing about being under Colvile," said one of our mess this morning, "and that is, that we know our skins are safe." Our Division went out a fortnight ago for three days, but left this

[1] Koodoosberg is a drift, twenty miles west of Magersfontein, on the Modder River, where the Highlanders created a diversion from February 4 to 9.

hospital behind. Nobody seems to know why they did, or indeed what anyone is doing just now.[1] The Bloemfontein paper now edited by British war-correspondents, under the title of *The Friend*, although it contains excellent articles by the best writers with the army, Conan Doyle, Kipling, Ralph, Hands & Co., gives hardly any idea of what is going on.

Wednesday, April 11th. We have a splendid view of the army from our Field-Hospital here—Highlanders and Guards on the sloping ground between us and the town (N.E.), Highlanders and siege-train to the right, 19th brigade, our three batteries of Artillery and French's cavalry to the left, and Kelly-Kenny's 6th Division under the hills on the further side of the town. Beyond the Guards' lines is a ridge, over which a few towers and roofs show the existence of the town; far away on the right, over a large Kaffir location in red brick (for natives are not allowed to live in the city), east of the railway, are the distant kopjes between us and Mount Thaba'Nchu,[2] which is just visible forty miles off; and on these distant kopjes the Boers have possession of the waterworks which should supply

[1] This was the occasion when Sir H. Colvile was too late to save or avenge Broadwood's disaster at Koorn Spruit on March 31st (near Sanna's Post), for which he is held partly responsible.

[2] Pronounced Tabaanshoo.

the town. We have two hundred and five patients in here, mostly enteric, and have had nine deaths in the month since the force reached this town. Just think of it! There are five hundred beds full of sick and wounded in various buildings in the town, and another thousand or so of patients lying out on the veld in this and other hospitals, just on blankets and waterproof sheets, three or four hundred probably being cases of enteric fever! But I suppose even this, and a daily mortality of nine or ten in an army of 37,000 is hardly more than you must expect after the hardships the force has been through; and we are lucky to be in South Africa and not Siberia. Indeed, after all, this open-air life is possibly "no sich a ba-ad thing" for the patients. The thousand out in camp are all "sick," and so for the matter of that are most of those left in town, the "wounded" being shipped off as soon as possible to the fine No. 6 General Hospital of eight hundred beds at Naauwpoort. And of all these sick men a large proportion are suffering from enteric fever, which is certainly less dangerous to others, and is probably better treated out in the open than on the floor of little rooms in town. The air here is splendidly fresh; the sun is hot during the day-time, but not oppressive; and when the medical officer goes his rounds at 9 p.m., he finds four out of five

patients fast asleep, even cases with acute fever.

Thursday, April 12th. With so large an army, sickness of this sort is hardly to be wondered at; and on the whole the epidemic appears to be of a mild type. The patient generally comes, after a few days' increasing weakness, complaining of headache or pains down the back and limbs, much as in influenza, diarrhoea being uncommon at first; this may go on for a week or more, and be followed by partial collapse with the pulse between 110 and 130. We have "run out of temperatures," as the sergeant-major says—there is a thermometer-famine, in other words, and a scarcity, not only of drugs, but of the most elementary and essential requirements for nursing; and until our stores arrive by the congested railway, we have to make shift—as often on active service. The whole disease is often over in ten days, and patients can then be invalided temporarily to the base for convalescence.

Army doctors seem to be a very variable set of men. One of the two Majors in this hospital is an ideal doctor for the private soldier, a man with good professional experience, sound common-sense, and a ready wit, which is always useful, especially at meals. When he thinks anything, like this inoculation against typhoid, is all

nonsense, he says so in picturesque language, and there is usually much common-sense behind it. He has made a neat little shelter for himself out of his waterproof sheet; and his work appears to be thorough and very quick, for he dressed a hundred and sixty cases himself at Paardeberg.

The other Major is more of a polished diamond, but with the most powerful gift of language I have ever heard, including even the Guy's Surgery on Saturday nights; and may heaven help the orderly who makes the tea too strong, or the unfortunate staff-sergeant who counts up the figures wrong. The Quarter-master seems also a decent fellow at heart—risen from the ranks of a Hussar regiment,—and my civilian colleague looks after me like a brother. He is rather good at digging virtues out of men; and agrees that on this campaign if a fellow is very surly and ill-tempered, you may be sure he is a married man.

We see something as well of the Highland officers, especially since I brought up four thousand respectable cigarettes and could sell them at siege-prices. Whisky is absolutely unobtainable.

Met two senior friends at the Club, both just arrived with No. 8 General Hospital, after many hardships by the way, of which a couple of

R.A.M.C. superior officers appear to be the greatest.[1]

Good Friday, April 13th. The day has been much like any other day in camp; and with all that the little handful of chaplains is able to do in church-parades and personal visits and meetings in the green marquee every night, the men in hospital don't get much religion rubbed into them. If we doctors were worth our salt, we should take up the parable ourselves; there are many things about which we could talk warmly to T.A. in his own tongue, which the padres are not privileged to use. But it is not done. Some of us went to the Cathedral instead, and waited half-an-hour in vain for service.

One of my fifty or so patients died to-day; an enteric of course; but most seem to be doing pretty well.

Saturday, April 14th. We talk a good deal of Gatacre, who has been "Stellenbosched" for this last mishap at Reddersberg. Everyone seems sorry for him, as his Division had been cut down to a paltry four battalions, one of which is a very raw militia regiment just landed in the

[1] It was at this hospital that there was constant trouble, and Colonel Stevenson said he "thought that the friction would go on until the machine stopped." The Hospitals Commission came to the safe conclusion "that there were in fact some faults on both sides." (Report, p. 32.)

country; and he had a long line of communications to hold. But Lord Roberts is not the man to be hard on anybody without good cause; and he evidently thinks this was a fair second drive which Gatacre has foozled.

Introduced myself this morning to the promised Government charger by a scamper into town with my Glasgow colleague before breakfast, to get the milk and butter for our mess. We got the milk, but not the butter, for Boers don't churn on Good Friday. We tried in vain to churn the milk by cantering back with the bottles in the saddle-bags, and were properly reprimanded in consequence. We generally manage to get one, sometimes two, whisky-bottles full of milk every morning; but it is precious little to last through porridge and the whole day, for five very greedy mouths. As a fact, our only bottle is generally finished off at breakfast. The patients' milk comes systematically from some other source common to the whole force.

Easter Day, April 15th. Roused myself to a glorious sunrise, which glows in on me every morning as I lie in bed, a study in gold and silver, scarlets and purples, with the dim mist-shrouded camp wrapped up in it all. The skirl of the pipes, the crackings of the twenty-foot whips, the distant shouts of the Kaffirs, the various sights and sounds of a camp, lose them-

selves in the soft grey light, and I shut my eyes again to dream.

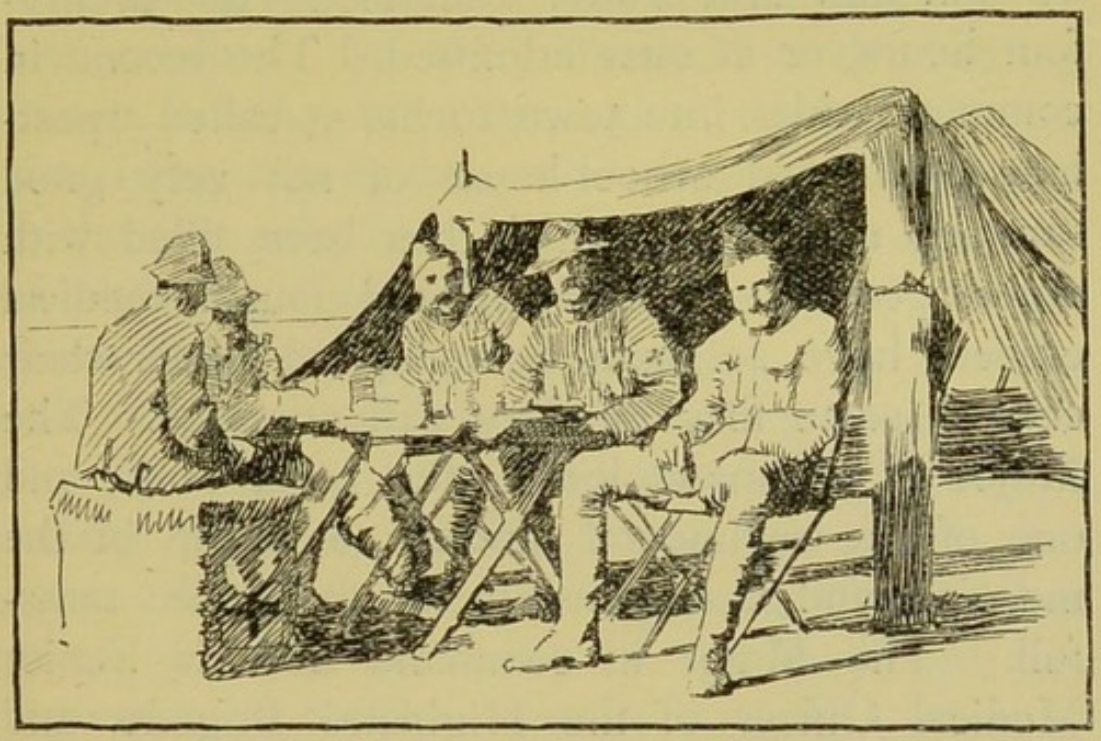
An hour passed, and the scene was shifted to a seven-o'clock service in the Cathedral, with shining brasses and good stained-glass set in red brick, a festal altar, and a churchful of khaki warriors, acting "the Idylls of the King" over again. Bloemfontein is civilised enough to have a Dean and Chapter and Easter Celebrations at six, seven, and eight, with a choral celebration at mid-day. South Africa is High Church, at least in her Episcopalian clergy.

As Orderly Officer, stayed in camp the rest of the day, and had a very happy afternoon with old friends, not least of whom was my one-time fag, now a kilted Highlander, whose elder brother, as a trooper in the C.I.V., canters about Bloemfontein on messages, and has to salute him.

Easter Monday, April 16th. As a bank holiday amusement, I may as well write out the inevitable "Day of my Life in a Field-Hospital."

The orderlies start work in their respective tents, under their respective ward-masters, at about six o'clock, that is, sunrise. Times are only approximate in camps where there are no clocks. The patients wash a limited portion of themselves as best they can, but as a rule they

continue the practice, natural to active service, of sleeping in their clothes; and washing is of necessity limited, since the Bloemfontein water-works are in the hands of the enemy. While the tents are being tidied and the patients are eating their breakfast, the officers are called to



OUR MESS AT THE FIELD-HOSPITAL OUTSIDE BLOEMFONTEIN.

tea and dry bread in the mess-shanty (a sail-cloth spread over poles), and the two juniors ride into town for the milk and butter for breakfast. Breakfast at 8 a.m. and dinner at 7.30 p.m. are the two meat meals of the day—porridge, bread and butter, and coffee completing the first; vegetables, bread, butter, and rum the second. Luncheon at one is a bread and cheese affair, and tea at four may include bread and jam. After break-

fast, we smoke a cigarette apiece and read the *Friend* of the previous afternoon, and at nine o'clock we start work.

The sick from the regiments of the brigade, sent up by their regimental doctors, are seen by the Major in command, and are either treated by him and sent away, "detained" for twenty-four hours, or at once admitted. The second in command rides into town to his so-called "pest-house," an old school-house of not very good sanitary reputation, which has been filled with enteric cases. The third and fourth medical officers have so many tents apiece under their charge, some fifty or sixty patients each. The Major in command looks after other tents, and one of the regimental officers comes up in the morning and is responsible for five more tents-full. The Major in command here is Senior Medical Officer of the Highland Brigade, and is held responsible for the work of the four regimental officers, as well as the officers in the Field-Hospital and Bearer Company. Furthermore, whereas by theory there should be three Field-Hospitals in every Division, in this, as in most, there are as a fact only two Field-Hospitals, one for each brigade, so that the care of the divisional troops—artillery, cavalry, and so forth—is also thrown upon the brigade hospitals. (See Table, p. 51.)

The medical officer in his rounds is accompanied by the two orderlies working in the tents under him. I have the care of one row of five ordinary bell-tents, nursed by two orderlies and a ward-master, and one marquee, nursed by two more orderlies under another ward-master. The bell-tents, thirteen feet in diameter, which are credited by the *Manual*[1] with holding fifteen healthy men on active service, or four sick, lying like spokes of a wheel with their feet to the tent-pole, have now often to hold as many as eight or nine sick men, although the worst cases, if not in marquees, are lying only three or four in a tent. The marquees, some twenty-four feet by fifteen, hold from twenty to five-and-twenty patients. When these are only moderately ill—and it must be remembered that practically any man unfit for full duty with his regiment or unit is sent to hospital—most of the men are sitting on their rolled-up blankets during the day-time, if not sitting or lying on the ground outside, and so there is abundance of room. But when six or seven men are lying down in a bell-tent, careful examination is very difficult.

A second difficulty arises in the absence of thermometers and of sundry drugs—Salicylate,

[1] *Manual for the Royal Army Medical Corps.* Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1899. Price 9d.

Bismuth, Digitalis, Dover's Powder, Glycerine, Ointments, and so forth—pending the arrival of the stores for which requisition has been sent in long ago. It is excellent training, however, for the doctor, who thereby learns the significance of pulse and respiration in fever, and the use of various drugs on which he has not been accustomed to rely. The alkaline treatment of acute rheumatism, and the fundamental importance of rest and dieting in diseases of the alimentary tract, are instances in point.

A third difficulty in treatment consists of the fact that, with the exception of twelve stretchers, the only bed available in the hospital, even for cases of enteric fever, is mother earth, covered by a waterproof sheet and a blanket. Yet another difficulty may be mentioned, that arising from the scarcity of bed-pans and the inherent prejudice of all men, especially of soldiers on active service, to their use. Pending the arrival of further stores, we have at present only three pans in the hospital for the use of two hundred and fifty men, one-third of whom, it may be said, would, in a civil hospital, be confined absolutely to bed. As a consequence, all the cases of diarrhoea or catarrhal dysentery, and all mild cases of enteric fever have to walk to the latrines, 100 yards off, pending the preparation of latrines close to the marquees. It must, however, be

admitted that no obvious harm has occurred as yet to any patient.

The patients' names are written out in series in each medical officer's order-book; and opposite the name he writes his orders for the day—the man's diet, extras, drugs, and other treatment, together with any note as to pulse, or other sign, which he may care to add for his own future guidance. But it is of course difficult to find the back-entries of any particular patient.

The diets are simple—rations, rations without meat (but including soup), beef-tea, milk (*i.e.* condensed milk, bread and butter), and fresh milk. The chief extras are soda-water, whisky (not brandy), port wine, arrowroot, tea and beef-tea, which may be given with some of the lower diets, but are incorporated into the rations, and beef-tea diet. One misses eggs and fish grievously, and often the supply of fresh milk is so limited that condensed milk must take its place, much to the men's disgust. But these are the exigencies of military service, and on the whole it is surprising to the civilian that the supplies should be so good after a long march across country, innumerable mishaps, loss of stores, deficient transport, and other difficulties, in an army of almost forty thousand men, with some two or three thousand sick, encamped round a small country town in a hostile country.

And, judged by the standard required for this rough work, the efficiency and care of the orderlies of the R.A.M.C. is of a very fairly high order. The men are drawn from a somewhat more educated class than the ordinary soldier; those here, at least, seem to think about what they have to do, and they adapt themselves readily to the hardships and difficulties of medical work on active service. The men at Wynberg were very different.[1]

The doctor's rounds being completed by midday, there is little else for him to do, always excepting the S.M.O., who is seldom free from documents and office work all day. The junior medical officers, including those attached to regiments in the brigade, take it by turn to remain in for twenty-four hours on end as Orderly Medical Officer, and be ready for emergencies; and an evening visit is due either before or after dinner. Otherwise the doctor ends his morning with a smoke, a shave, and a chat. After bread, cheese, and tea at one, he perhaps takes a ride, or he walks into the town to worry the Army Pay Department, or to some other mess in camp to see a friend; and after his steak and fried onions and a pipe he retires by stages to rest in his Wolseley valise.

The overcrowding of the Field-Hospitals is now

[1] See p. 116.

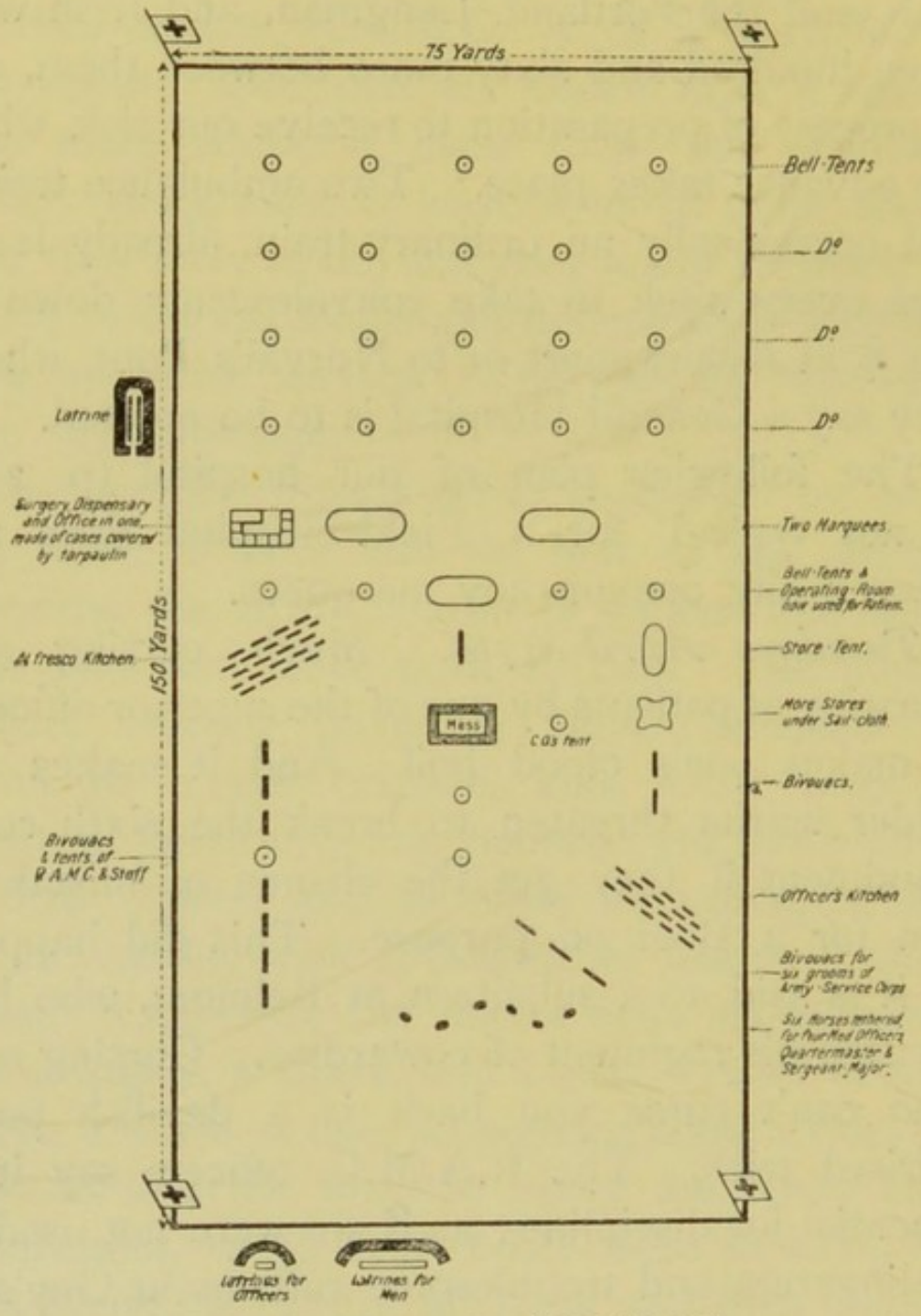
to be remedied. Nos. 8, 9, and 10 General Hospitals, with five hundred and twenty beds each, and the Portland, Langman, and Irish with three hundred and sixty more between them, are in process of preparation to receive our sick when the advance takes place.[1] Two ambulance trains, and occasionally an ordinary train, already leave here every week to take convalescents down to No. 6 at Naauwpoort or to Norval's Pont, where they say a General Hospital is to be erected.

The following plan of our hospital (p. 254) is not typical, for a Field-Hospital does not theoretically contain any marquees.

Tuesday, April 17th. Much cursing and swearing at patients by one of the superior officers. It makes one's blood boil. And it makes the wilder spirits threaten to break the sixth commandment if they get the chance of mistaking him for a Boer on purpose. This did happen, so it is said, to a subaltern at Belmont, who had accused his regiment of cowardice. Cursing men who can't curse you back is a devilish poor-spirited trick. The R.A.M.C. officers say it is essential for discipline; as if we were not used to malingerers and troublesome ruffians at Guy's or Bart's. The mistake, however, lies in the military nature of the R.A.M.C., not in the personal motive.

[1] No. 8 first received patients on April 23, No. 9 on April 19, and No. 10 on April 30. They were the only General Hospitals in Bloemfontein.

This particular officer, for instance, is genuinely sorry for my poor young groom, an Army



PLAN OF FIELD-HOSPITAL. (SEE PAGE 253.)

Service Corps man, who is down with enteric. He is equally convinced that most of his patients are criminally careless, if not actual malingerers.

One of my colleagues, Robertson, is a devoted follower of his namesake, the Presbyterian "padre"—as all chaplains are affectionately called—who galloped about like fury at Abram's Kraal and whose portrait appears six times in every picture paper that reaches us. The padre lives with Fighting Mac and his staff, and our post-office, and our green-tented scripture-reader, just next to us, so that we see a good deal of him. Robertson, my colleague, does his best to appropriate all the good things sent out from home marked "Robertson, Highland Brigade." But the padre is a knowing man and understands men and campaigns.

We also see something occasionally of the only Church of England padre in the Division, Mr. Southwell, Vicar of Bodmin, who lives with General Smith-Dorrien and the staff of the 19th brigade. He is a volunteer, and only gets rations and free passage, without a penny of pay.[1]

Wednesday, April 18th. Dined last night at the Portland Hospital, which has recently arrived from Rondebosch, with Mr. Makins as a guest. As these people meet all the swells, see all the best cases in the continent, and are always talking things over with the R.A.M.C. and combatant officers, their comments are uncom-

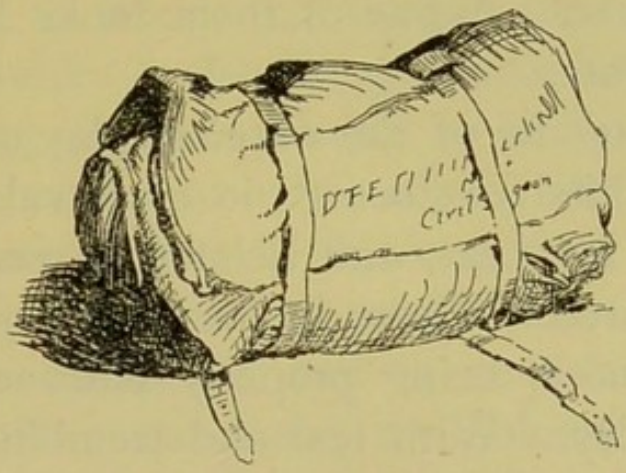
[1] The volunteer chaplains were subsequently given pay, but at a lower rate than civil-surgeons.

monly interesting. They think the Cape Town hospitals should, for the most part, be sent up country now the flies are dying out; Woodstock should never have been made a General Hospital; the personnel at least of the base hospitals should be sent up to the front, and new comers sent to fill their place, instead of new comers being switched straight up country.

Mr. Bowlby saw six of the Canadians who were bayonetted by Gordons at Paardeberg in mistake for Boers. They were not seriously wounded.

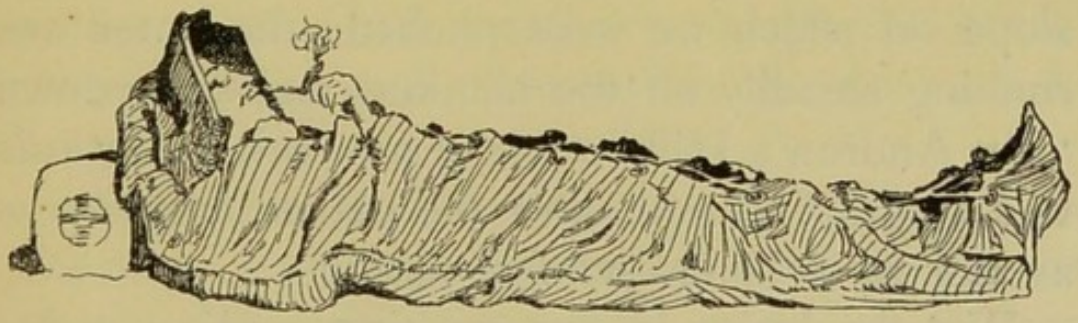
Robertson and I are at last to be given the extreme luxury of a tent. Hitherto we have been sleeping under the sail-cloth, and, as we have been having some fine efforts by J. Pluvius, —for instance, two inches in my basin on Tuesday morning, with heavy hail and a thunderstorm—we often get rather damp and very angry. To wake in the morning and see millpond or swamp on every side, and feel the wind blowing icily over his head would make a saint feel lazy. Even a Wolseley valise is comfortable on such occasions; and, as it is waterproof, your face and nightcap are the only sufferers. A valise is simply a large hold-all, which has to hold all you possess on the march by day, and yourself in addition at night. You get into a blanket, sewn up like a sack, unroll the valise, lie on it, and

strap the inside cover down over you, and you can, within limits, defy the elements. The mattress inside, of powdered cork, is fearfully hard; but I suppose it helps to smooth over



VALISE, READY FOR THE TREK.

inequalities of the ground, when you haven't got a camp-bed to put it on, and to keep out the cold dampness of mother earth. Fortunately, they say the rainy season is over.



VALISE AND CONTENTS, VERY MUCH THE REVERSE.

The Tommies do wonderfully well in their "bloomin' booviacs." These are simply shelters made of a couple of common blankets, thrown over a guy-rope on a couple of sticks or rifles,

and pegged down at the side. They close one end with the blanket-ends, carpet it with a waterproof sheet, dig a trench round the whole, and then are able to sleep comfortably, two to each bivouac. A line of them looks like a row of card-houses.

In the middle of the water-display on Monday night, I sallied out, secure in my invaluable gum top-boots, big coat, and helmet, to see how the patients fared. Those in the ordinary bell-tents and marquees, being properly entrenched, were perfectly dry. With fear and trembling I came to my last patient, whom, being afflicted with the itch, I had put to sleep in a bivouac all alone. Both ends of the bivouac were open; it was surrounded by ponds of water; and the poor fool had not entrenched his position. But the shelter was properly placed broadside on to the slope on which we were pitched; the water was running steadily off the blankets and away down "St. Andrew's Hill," as it is now called, towards the Guards' Camp; and the patient inside was as dry as a bone and fast asleep.

We are lucky in our position, and soon dry up. The Remount depôt, on the other hand, is now an absolute pig-sty.

Thursday, April 19th. The overcrowding of all the Field-Hospitals is becoming a very serious thing. For a few days it would not matter

much; but here we are, five weeks after the occupation, and we can't shift our cases into a bedded hospital for love or money. Of course, the patients themselves are not in much trouble about it. It seems natural to them, being on active service, to be living night and day, and even dying, in their khaki; to be lying on hard ground, attended to only with the rough kindness of an orderly, and to be drinking their milk out of blackened and battered mess tins. But to all of us it is anathema, and to none less than our S.M.O., and, no doubt, to Colonel Stevenson and the Surgeon-General. They must know well the impossibility of nursing serious cases in bell-tents, or even in marquees, when they are twenty to a marquee. The night ward-master can only put his head into the tents to inquire if all is right, and pay special visits to special cases, whose exact position amongst the serried mass of legs and blankets on the floor of the tent he knows. It is just war.

The amount of sickness is terrible. On Monday night alone, whether due to atmospheric depression before the storm, or to mere coincidence, four officers died, including Peel of the Blues, Mansell of the 10th, and an Australian Major. The scene in the cemetery on Tuesday, when a Guy's friend and I went to see another Guy's friend down with enteric

in the Australian hospital overlooking it, was most depressing; and yet grand with the special grandeur of war. A little later and a storm was blowing up from the north-west in front of the setting sun; grey rain was falling in the distance; and groups of cattle, mules, and horses, being driven into camp over the brow of the kopjes behind us, stood out in a ruddy blaze of sunshine against a leaden sky. It was a perfect Turner sunset.

Our water supply is a difficulty, as probably the camp sewage system connects by surface-flushing with the wells from which we now draw our water. Under these conditions, even without Paardeberg and a standing army under canvas, Bloemfontein was always used to an epidemic at this time of year; but the epidemics diminished markedly when they built their water-works.

Friday, April 20th. A quiet day as Orderly Medical Officer. Lady Roberts arrived safely yesterday. They say that Mafeking is relieved; that a large body of Boers has been taken at Wepener on the Basutoland frontier; another large body (always numbered by thousands) by Warren in Natal; and finally that we are to move next week, and that Lord Roberts hopes to be in Pretoria on the Queen's birthday, but doubts if he can do it within the time. But then they say many things.

Saturday, April 21st. A glorious morning, but marred to me by the return of the civil-surgeon, whose place I have been filling for this fortnight. Great fear comes upon me when I think of the need for doctors in the town hospitals, to which I may therefore be transferred. The returned traveller is a cheerful person, and, as the youthful head of a little Scotch clan, is endowed with a very proper pride and a martial spirit. These qualities induced him, after being ploughed for Woolwich, and taking a medical degree at his mother's wish, to transfer his affections as a combatant to a native regiment, with whom he has seen active service on the West Coast. Getting leave from this regiment, he came out here as doctor,—*faute de mieux*, for he hates doctoring and loves fighting, and would like, firstly, to be a soldier; secondly, a diplomatist; thirdly, a politician. Dame Medicine has many strange children.

Had a fine ride with Robertson all round the outskirts of the camp for the best part of four hours. Everything is vast, and everything is interesting.

R. W. J. has arrived from Wynberg; it appears the Director-General kindly complied with my request to this effect, but it is hardly probable that we shall be appointed to the same unit.

Sunday, April 22nd. Lunched with ——, now one of the Chief's A.D.C.'s, in their camp in the private grounds behind President Steyn's house. Trotter, of the Grenadiers, was there, minus an arm, which he lost near Karree when out hunting Zarps,[1] a month ago, with Colonels Crabbe and Codrington, and poor young Lygon, who was killed. They were all wounded, and people think it strange, at least, that the two Colonels should have indulged in so dangerous a form of sport. Trotter, who is quite one of the most cheerful invalids I ever met, and has already cultivated a Nelsonian signature, gives an amusing account of how a certain sprig of the aristocracy, who was up at Oxford with us, came out to the country in a private capacity ; and, not being allowed to go up to the front, passed himself off as servant to one of the officers and lived with them at Modder River for a fortnight. The strain of possible discovery was too much for him to keep it up any longer, so he returned to the base, and became an officer of the law with a long title, a large salary, and little to do.

Talking afterwards to Mr. Kendal Franks, met Sir William Thomson, who is boss, and Rupert Guinness, the sculler, who is "financial commissioner," of the Irish hospital sent out by Lord

[1] The letters Z.A.R.P. stand for Zuid-Afrikansche-Republiek Polizei, and are used as a convenient abbreviation.

Iveagh. They are rather proud of their transport, which is entirely their own ; and Guinness is very keen on the administrative work for all medical units with the army, being taken entirely out of the hands of medical men, who are expensive luxuries, and should be employed as doctors pure and simple. I gathered that he would do away with the whole R.A.M.C. and work the military hospitals by military officers, who would employ civilian doctors as required for the job,—an interesting but probably impossible scheme.[1]

[1] See Conclusion, part 2.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN AN ARMY GOES OUT A SICK CONVOY COMES IN.

Tuesday, April 4th; 9 a.m. Boesman's Kop, twelve miles east of Bloemfontein.

At last we are at the front, and there's no doubt about it. It happened in this way. As I was in the middle of my rounds in the Highland (3rd) Brigade Field-Hospital yesterday morning, our S.M.O. received a note from the P.M.O. of the Division, "Please warn Civil-Surgeon F—— to prepare to leave camp with Bearer Company of the 19th Brigade at 1.30, and to report himself at once to S.M.O., 19th Brigade, at his Field-Hospital."

I went off at once to see the said Major Sawyer at the 19th Brigade Field-Hospital, leaving my work, as is the way in the service, to be finished by someone else, since there was no time to lose. Now both the Field-Hospitals of the 3rd and 19th Brigades contain three times

their maximum number of sick, and so cannot be moved. Theoretically, a Field-Hospital has twenty-five tents which are intended for four patients apiece, and are loaded on to four buck-waggons[1] with a Scotch cart; but it has no ambulance-waggons. Theoretically also, a Bearer Company, whose duty is to carry the patients for the Field-Hospital, has ten ambulance-waggons, but no tents.[2] As a fact, the Bearer Company of the 19th Brigade, when it trekked out without the Field-Hospital two days ago, was only given enough mules for two ambulance-waggons; and, of course, it has no tents. The Bearer Company of the Highland Brigade is in the same anomalous position on the trek. Martin, a subaltern of the R.A.M.C., is now taking out five bell-tents and a minimum of drugs and surgical appliances in a buck-waggon, with myself, a sergeant, and five orderlies, to undertake all Field Hospital arrangements for the Brigade. (Plate 21, p. 270.) We have rations for two days, and are to join Major Nichol's Bearer Company, we suppose for some big work that is in hand. If we come in for a

[1] Large four-wheeled waggons, with a buck or shelf overhanging the wheels on either side, like farm-waggons used in England for carrying hay. They carry a load of 3000 lbs., half as much again as the Government Service waggons; and with a single shaft can be drawn either by oxen, for which they are designed, or mules. The Boers usually have the hinder third covered by a canvas hood for their own personal accommodation.

[2] For personnel, see p. 309.

heavy engagement it is impossible to imagine what the result will be, with only our little party and the two Bearer Companies to look after both Highland and 19th Brigades, for both are now on the war-path. Of course the Field-Hospitals ought, at all costs, to be emptied promptly somewhere; but the three General and three Private Hospitals, now at Bloemfontein, are unable to open until their stores come up by train; and on the railway, as elsewhere, military exigencies must put doctoring in the second place.

So off we went to the supply-park, picked up a Colonial conductor named Milligan, and left Bloemfontein at 3.30. Milligan is an Englishman who has lived twelve months at the water-works at Sanna's Post, and so ought to know the way fairly well. Like many other colonials, he is now regularly employed by our people to act as guide.

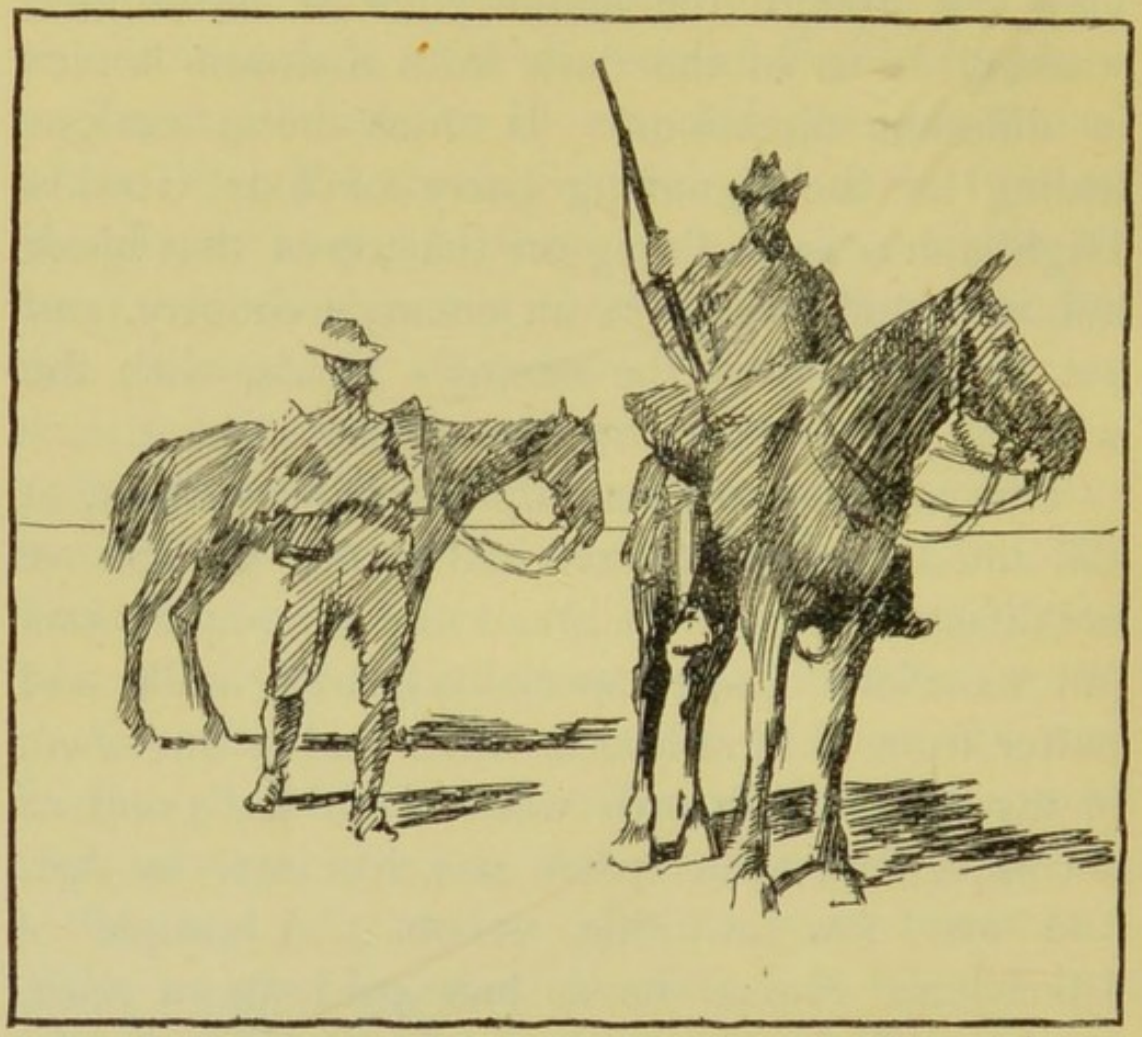
We had only twelve miles to go to Boesman's Kop, on the Ladybrand road; but we did not get in till nine, and then they said we were travelling so fast because we were alone! We outspanned by starlight, and, as Martin had fortunately brought some wood for fuel, were able to get some hot coffee to wash down our dry bread and chocolate.

We reported our arrival by flash-light to Major Nichol some miles off; but got no answer, and so retired to our valises on the veld for the

night. Martin and I had a fearful scramble in the dark up and down the Kop to find the signalling post, but were rewarded by a fine view all round the country, with flash-lights winking at us in the dark from a dozen kopjes in different directions. It must be a curious feeling for the signalling party of four Gordon Highlanders to be living on the top of that bleak hill, absolutely alone in an enemy's country, and yet in touch, over the enemy's heads, with the whole of our army in the Free State.

This morning we sent up the Kop at four, at six, and at eight, but have had no orders. So we breakfasted royally on bread and pine-apple jam (an excellent Cape speciality), with milk and butter from a farm-house, have had a fine wash in my canvas-bath with water from the pond, of a complexion, even before use, like *café au lait*, and are now awaiting events. A couple of Lumsden's Horse have just paid us a visit, coming quietly upon us round a corner in the most business-like way. One dismounted and took notes of the little we could tell him, and in a few minutes they scampered off and were out of sight. It is believed that we are trying to cut off the northward retreat of a large force of Boers, some twenty thousand strong, including Olivier and De Wet, two good men who have been forced up from the South by

Clements, Chermside, and Brabant, and are shut off from the east by Basutoland, and from the west by Rundle's Division at Dewetsdorp.



LUMSDEN'S HORSE, PLAYING THE BOER AT HIS OWN GAME. (See p. 267.)

Wednesday Morning, April 25th. On a knoll overlooking Mealie Spruit[1] (see note, p. 270), 22 miles east of Bloemfontein.

At eleven o'clock yesterday the Highland Brigade rolled up with their full transport,

[1] This is the name given it by our conductor. The disaster is now generally known by the name of Koornspruit, practically the same name.

General Colvile and his staff, and our P.M.O.; so we rolled along after them. Soon after dark, at about six o'clock, we halted for the night, and the lonely, dreary veld suddenly became a populous, noisy town, with camp-fires, tents, and waggons everywhere, and dusky groups of men, mules, and oxen loafing about, each in search of its respective grub. We had taken six hours to go six miles; and after a meal of bully-beef, bread and butter, and rum, and a pipe with the Highland Brigade Bearer Company, we were precious glad to unroll our valises and turn in at eight p.m. We were in rear of the whole camp, and were practically lying on the track —a mere apology for a road—to Ladybrand. Our ponies were tethered to the waggon twenty yards in front of us. Our sergeant slept on the medical panniers and tents under the tarpaulin inside the waggon; the five orderlies and two natives slept among the wheels.

As some sort of protection, we set our saddles up on end behind our heads; and it is well we did so, for an hour later we woke up in the dim starlight to see an old ox peer down at us and then pass by, followed by another, and another, and another, shuffling along noiselessly in pairs, with their heads low, and the chain between them; and when sixteen couple had passed by there came an enormous 4·7 inch

naval gun. The process was repeated, then the dust settled, and we were quiet once more.

We were up by starlight at four, breakfasted on coffee and bread, and were off at six. We travel in the second line of transport as representing a Field-Hospital, while the Bearer Company travels in the first, immediately behind the troops. The latter consists of the regimental water-carts, ammunition, and ambulance-waggons (*i.e.* the Bearer Company), which are essential to the marching and fighting of the troops. When they have cleared the way, the second line comes along at a safe distance behind, a Field-Hospital being of no value at the beginning of an action, and in any case being supposed to be always kept out of fire. It was a fine sight (Plate 20) this long line of waggons and men trailing away in sinuous curves over the plain and up the rise in front, whenever we breasted a bit of a hill.

And here we are now, still halted for no obvious reason, at Mealie Spruit, the scene of the awful disaster to Colonel Broadwood's column in their retirement from Thaba'Nchu upon Bloemfontein, some weeks ago.[1] The

[1] On March 31, while retiring on Bloemfontein, Broadwood found himself vigorously shelled from Sanna's Post, a mile or more in his rear to the east. He at once continued his retreat, but was intercepted by a body of 300 Boers who had slipped into this spruit in front of him, with the result here described. Our casual-



PLATE 20, p 270; see also p. 330. May 21, 1900.

SOUTH AFRICA, UNLIMITED.

Hamilton's column on the trek. This kind of thing for seven miles. Otherwise, on every side, nothing but great silent waves of veld.

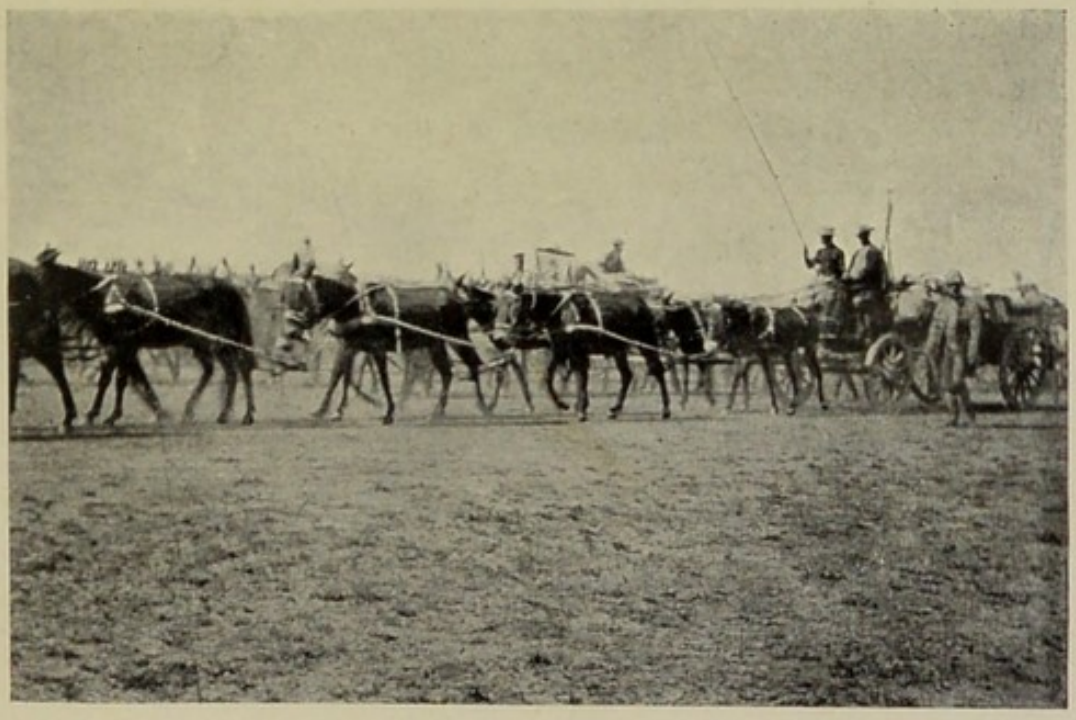


PLATE 21, see p. 265. May 10, 1900.

OUR BUCK-WAGGON, *vice* A FIELD-HOSPITAL, ON THE TREK.

First-rate Kaffir driver (Antonio) and Ferdinand (his whip) on the box (see pp 272, 327), with the best-kept mules in the brigade. Sergeant O'Greedy on the look-out for fuel for dinner.

Dutch attaché with the Boers, before he died in the Raadzaal, told one of our officers that the excitement amongst the Boers hidden in this spruit as our convoy approached was intense. Any decent scouts would detect them, and they would probably be caught in a death-trap. Instead of which our fellows, thinking themselves secure within our own lines, came along, singing jauntily, and smoking their pipes, and he would have given pounds to have been able to stand up and shout "Cave." Even up to one hundred yards off this spruit is unnoticeable: the level veld appears unbroken. On they came to within a few yards, and then they were greeted with the most fearful tornado of fire possible. And now, three weeks after, we see the remains of the looted convoy in every direction,—broken meat and biscuit tins, the nose-bags of the horses, carcasses of horses and mules half decayed, and anything else the Boers found useless.

Thursday, April 26th; Thaba'Nchu, 35 miles east of Bloemfontein. Mealie Spruit is about two miles from Sanna's Post, the drift over the Modder, where the water is filtered before being pumped along to the top of Boesman's Kop, and so to Bloemfontein.

ties numbered 582; 425 of these were prisoners; 7 guns were captured, and Q and U batteries R.H.A. were practically wiped out.

Being on horseback (a tough little Cape pony valued at £12 in peace time), I love reining to one side of the column by one of these drifts, to see the mules fighting the drivers across stream, or the fat old oxen puffing away up the other side, and swinging over, the whole line of them, to one side or other of the right way, before being brought straight by dint of assiduous whipping. The wielding of these whips is a sight worth living to see. "Ik—k, ph—tt," shouts the black boy; he jerks his upper hand sharply to one side across his chest, the lash spreads itself out into snake-like curves in the air, and down it comes with terrific force and accuracy across the side of the delinquent ox. The whips are about forty feet long, handle and all (Plate 21, p. 270), long enough to reach from the driver's seat to the front of the usual mule team of five couples. But with eight or more span of oxen, the boys have to shamble along, up and down the side of the team, flipping up the lazy ones, or whipping the leaders to one side if they lose their direction. The oxen, in fact, are only driven in this way, and the method of steering off boulders is to give the tail pair of oxen next the waggon a big heave with your shoulder. Mules, on the contrary, are driven by reins right through to the leaders, and are always getting their legs over the reins or

traces, making the whole column stop till they are put right again.

We left General Colvile and the Highland Brigade behind at Sanna's Post at eleven o'clock yesterday, and a few miles further on found all the transport of the 19th Brigade drawn up on rising ground, while firing was heard in the distance. We lay down on our backs in the blazing sun and dozed off under our helmets, with the general impression of its being the Easter Monday Manoeuvres at Dover. Then word came that it was safe for us to proceed, and the whole mass of transport—six waggons abreast and as many deep—became of a sudden a perfect pandemonium; all the whips swinging round and about in the air, the boys shouting and yelling, seven hundred mules kicking and plunging, red-tabbed and transport officers galloping about, and the waggons jolting over the ruts and ant-heaps. Again we halted for half-an-hour and knee-haltered our ponies to let them munch at the veld, while we stretched ourselves on the ground, and listened lazily to the double thud of the guns in action. Behind the next rise in the ground were the Gordons, lying down in reserve, and a company or two of Mounted Infantry waiting in ominous quiet for their opportunity. Occasionally a Field-battery would gallop across the ridge; every

minute or so we saw one of our shells explode on the hill half-left (N.E.) of us; and through our glasses we watched the scrub they set on fire; but never a glimpse did we get of Brother Boer. In the end we learnt that the Boers on our left flank (north) had been harassing us considerably, and we had lost, either killed or wounded, several men and officers, including four officers of Marshall's Horse (from Grahamstown), and Colonel Otter of the Canadians—a first-rate officer, they say—with a moderately severe wound of the neck. We pitched tents at seven o'clock, and had to look after a few wounded straight away, including a poor fellow shot right through the head, from behind the left ear to the right side of the forehead, who was going on fairly well this morning.

When dressing these cases by the light of a candle in a small bell-tent, with the patients lying on a mackintosh-sheet and blanket apiece on the ground, you realise to the full that you are on active service.

To-day we were up at four, and, after moving on a mile, pitched our hospital ready for action behind a steep kopje which forms the southern door-post of Israel's Poort, as the gap is called, through which runs the road from Bloemfontein to this place. With the help of a red-tabbed Major, we passed our four wounded and a few

sick on to the Australian ambulance, with whom they are to go back at least to the water-works; and by eleven we were free to move on in the wake of the troops, who met with no opposition. We caught a ram for our dinner, and commandeered any amount of forage for our mules from a deserted farm; then overtook the rest of the convoy and reached Thaba 'Nchu before dusk. It has again been a glorious day, worthy of an English summer, except that the days are short—from six to six—and the night air very fresh. The country, too, is fine. All the way from Bloemfontein it consists of broad undulating tracts of rich, green land, with a soft, reddish-brown soil, differing from England chiefly in the absence of trees and water, and the rarity of anything artificial—roads or hedges, cultivated crops or farms. Such crops as there are consist chiefly of mealies or Kaffir corn; and the only trees to be seen have been planted of recent years round the farm-houses—willow, poplar, and eucalyptus (or blue gum).

To our great regret we hear that thousands of Boers passed through the town only yesterday. Hence our delay at Israel's Poort, when our advance was checked, apparently by only a small body of Boers.

Friday, April 27th; Thaba'Nchu. A quiet day in camp, with the delight of only getting up at

six by the light of day, instead of at four with a flickering candle. Have had a good yarn with the local English parson, an S.P.G. man, who has known the place since '82, although since then he has been for seven years in Kimberley. He seemed an excellent example of the quiet, scholarly, and gentlemanly missionary, and made light of his own hardships in this campaign. When asked by his flock to protest against the cutting down of trees for fuel by the troops, he realised that the fuel was necessary for the army, and only requested the General that the fruit-trees should be spared and the willows cut down, as the fruit trees are long in growing again. He says on the whole he has been well treated; but some of the prisoners taken at Mealie Spruit had a poor time of it in gaol here for a week. The Boers were tremendously confident after our black week in December, and absolutely refused to believe the news of their black fortnight in February. They are now fighting doggedly, if not absolutely in despair; but he thinks the country will eventually settle down quickly after the war, although the difficulties of administration by an English Lieutenant-Governor will be considerable in the Free State, where the Dutch will preponderate.[1]

[1] He died seven months later of dysentery, having done consistently good work both among British troops and natives during the war.

Thaba'Nchu is a small town which used to be, so the Rector tells me, the centre of a large native settlement of ten thousand or so in mud kraals. But when their chief died in '84, and the Boers came and appropriated their farms, most of the natives went off right through the Transvaal to Bechuana-land, as they speak the same language (Sechuana), whereas they have little in common with the Basutos, who are close by. There are now only about one thousand natives left, but there is also a considerable colony of Dutch and English, as the town is on the direct road to Bloemfontein from the large flour mills twenty miles to the east. It is also the half-way house for Ladybrand, which is close to the Basutoland frontier and eighty miles from Bloemfontein. The bold craggy mountain overhanging the little town is remark-able in itself for miles round; it is ten times so for its history, as from its crest the Boers looked out upon their promised land in the Great Trek of 1836. The town has been rather a shuttle-cock during the last few months. After the Boers had first passed through, it was fairly cleared of its available stock a month ago by our force which retreated under Colonel Broadwood and met with the disaster at Mealie Spruit. It was again visited by the Dutch troops passing through from the south just before our arrival yesterday, and now it is practically empty and we have been

unable to get even butter and milk, to which we had been looking forward. However, there are lots of sheep, goats, and cattle about, and a live sheep is served out to our section of the Field-Hospital as our meat ration every day. Apart from that, our rations consist simply of biscuit and tea, and to-day we are put on three-quarter rations. The Boer force was the one which, driven up from Wepener, was almost caught at Dewetsdorp between Rundle's Division (8th) and French's cavalry. We hoped to get to Thaba-'Nchu before them, but their outposts cleverly managed to delay us on Wednesday, and yesterday they got the last of their four hundred waggons through, only four hours before our M.I. (Mounted Infantry) entered the town. Since then our people have been out shelling their position on the kopjes just north of Thaba'Nchu, and they in return got their long Tom (a big Creusot gun), so it is said, and some Pom-poms (Vickers-Maxims) to work on our troops, when they showed themselves on the kopjes round the town.

I climbed the hill just above our camp here, and saw Rundle's Division arriving across the veld, a long, curling line of dust-cloud, which hid all but two or three waggons here and there. Their procession through the town to camp occupied a good hour. To the east of this hill

were the mountains that stretch away to the Basutoland frontier; far below me were typical native kraals, apparently deserted except by our M.I.; and above them a long ridge lined by Gordons, lying on their stomachs in a scattered line. On one kopje were two of our guns, shoving the mules in front of them down to a road below; and from the valley beyond came every now and then a boom, followed by the rushing sound of a shell, cutting through the air in the direction of a ridge to the north-east, where, three seconds later, a little cloud of smoke arose, spread itself into the sky, and vanished. Not a sign of movement anywhere. Six hundred sheep grazed quietly on the grass below. Beyond them, a donga[1] and two hundred more sheep, a few goats, and some cattle. Half-a-dozen red-brick or mud houses could be seen scattered across the landscape. But all was as still as it could be. It might have been artillery practice in the Pyrenees; but not war, as Tennyson conceived it.

> "Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
> Beyond the Pyrenaean pines,
> Follow'd up in valley and glen
> With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
> Roll of cannon, and clash of arms,
> And England pouring on her foes."[2]

[1] The dry bed of a stream or large ditch.

[2] Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington.

Sick have been pouring in on us to-day from our Brigade, mostly fever cases (temperature 101° to 105°), with headache, malaise, and nothing else. We have taken fifteen already into three tents, and wonder what we shall have to do if we move on.

Our conductor, who talks intimately with the Kaffirs, says that, whereas we are actually paying our native drivers £4 10s. a month besides clothes and food, £1 would be ample. With the Boers, their pay is ten shillings a month, and they seldom get that.

Saturday, April 28th; Thaba'Nchu. There has been a lot of firing to-day, and our Bearer Company has been out with the Brigade; but there have been no casualties. Went round to see the East Yorks, who arrived in Rundle's Division yesterday, and are off again, none the worse for their hardships. During the last three weeks they have never been three days in any one place; they have tramped one hundred and fifty miles, the officers carrying great coats, canteens, pouches, rifles, ammunition, and, all just like the men, some four stone in weight; and on only one night have they had even valises to sleep in. Occasionally they wash; shave, never.

One of the keen young medical officers here, after three months in the R.A.M.C., is quite hopeful of its prospects, holding that the root

of present trouble is the failure of the War Office to recognise the increased value of a doctor in the present days of a five-years' curriculum for the medical profession, when unqualified assistants are barred. How can a subaltern, who is paid only £150 a year, live with a certain Highland Regiment whose mess-bill during this war has been fifteen shillings a day?

There must be any number of "ships that pass in the night," judging by the number that pass in the day. The other day, to give one instance out of many, as I was riding quietly alongside the column, a dashing Captain in the Gunners, with a fine moustache, rode up from the opposite direction and hailed me. We last met fifteen years ago at a private school. He was then in knickerbockers, and 4 ft. 6 high. Now we dimly recognised each other; introduced ourselves; were intimate for two minutes; then rode off, and probably shall never meet again this side of the Styx.

Sunday, April 29th; Waterworks. Was sent off at 11 a.m. in charge of a sick convoy,—two open buck-waggons and one ambulance, with seventeen men and an officer of the Marines—our General's A.D.C., and therefore a real live horse-marine. At the last moment a delirious patient was missing. It was a severe case of enteric, who had been seen only four and a half

minutes before—evidence on these occasions is always most circumstantial—but who could not be found now, for all the search-parties. As M., although two years my junior, was my C.O.[1] and therefore responsible, he felt the loss more than I; and I left him wringing his hands. We outspanned at one, commandeered a stable-door for fuel from a farm, and made twenty-two pints of bovril for the patients. At Israel's Poort the O.C. 6th M.I. stopped us by order, per heliogram, with an unintelligible inquiry as to our welfare, and thrust a mounted escort of one sergeant and six men upon us, despite my protest that it was against the Geneva Convention, and I should prefer to travel alone. I raised the question when dining sumptuously (so to speak) just now, on the other side of the drift, with the P.M.O. and General Colvile's staff, who backed me up, and advised me to make the escort travel a good mile in front or behind me. This shall be done.

Tuesday, May 1st; Thaba Kopje. Stayed Sunday night with the Highland Brigade Bearer Company, who put me up in an ambulance-waggon, and took over my sick. They consist of the King Williamstown ambulance-volunteers, with K——, an old Guy's man, at their head.

[1] The commanding officer of any unit is referred to as C.O. of that unit, or O.C. that unit.

K—— has been in practice at Alice for ten years, and has been invalided twice during the war—once for enteric, and once for a neck-wound, for which tracheotomy was done at a Field-Hospital, but now he is at work again.

We left at 6.15 yesterday to return to Thaba 'Nchu with empty waggons, and were met at Israel's Poort by a mounted orderly bringing the following note:

"M.O. i/c[1] Convoy.

"We are marching N. on the Winburg road and will camp some ten miles from Thaba'Nchu, near Houtnek. This place is also ten miles from Israel's Poort. When this reaches you, you will see our baggage on the march. Cut across to join us instead of going on to Thaba 'Nchu.

"B/o[2]

"F. S. INGLEFIELD, *Major*,
"*Bde. Major.*

"Despatched 9 hr. 20 a.m. Date 30/4/00."

Easier said than done. Not a soul to be seen except the mounted orderly, who, having told us to turn half left round a farm in the distance, disappeared. We followed his directions and were cut off by an impassable donga. Not a sign of the baggage; not a sign of a

[1] In charge of. [2] By Order.

road. We turned back and made for Thaba 'Nchu; found a track running northwards; and steering by the sun, eventually found our column at six o'clock, trekking away westward from the Houtnek road. They had been shelled, one shell dropping harmlessly from a height into the earth beside our hospital waggon, and the column accordingly took shelter here under the hill called Thaba Kopje, which had to be taken with some difficulty by the Gordons and Canadians. No lights, however, were allowed; and, smoking and cooking being out of the question, we munched a little bully-beef and biscuit, and lay down on the veld as we were, boots and all, ready to dress wounded or shift position at any moment. However, the R.A.M.C. men most kindly did all the dressings themselves, without even the light of a candle, and let me sleep after my travels.

This morning I was up at four; wounded were gradually brought in on stretchers and treated on the spot as best could be, in view of a possible move at any minute. Poor young Parker, of Kitchener's Horse, nephew of Lord K. of K., was shot through the chest, had lost much blood, and was feeble but still conscious. We did everything we could think of to keep the heart going, all of course *al fresco* and without any kind of privacy, but he died in two or

three hours. Two Boer commandants are numbered amongst the wounded, and say they have lost considerably. But so have we. The saddest case of all is that of Towse, a captain in the Gordons, who was shot through both eyes and blinded for life—the pluckiest officer, they say, in the regiment, and already recommended for valour at Magersfontein. I heard General Ian Hamilton (who now commands this column) and General Smith-Dorrien say just now that Towse saved the day. His little party of twenty-two men, holding the extreme left of Thaba Kopje and so of our position, was called on by the Boers—German cavalry they call them—to surrender. If they had surrendered, our flank would have been turned and our convoy at the mercy of the Boer guns on the kopje. "Company," shouted Towse, "fix bayonets, charge!" and the Boers ran; but Towse fell. He was brought in after midnight, and he too had to be dressed in the dark.

Wednesday, May 2nd, noon; Boesman's Kop. At three o'clock yesterday I was ordered off again to Bloemfontein with a convoy of thirty sick and wounded in five ox-waggons, including the Gordons' mess-cart for Towse, his servant, and their mess-sergeant, drawn by a team of oxen presented by Cecil Rhodes. We passed a party of mounted Gordons, a comic sight in their kilts, who,

with sympathetic inquiries in broad Scotch, presented Towse with a turkey they had commandeered from a neighbouring farm and intended for their own use.

We had two conductors, one who owned the waggons, and one, Milligan again, who knew the way. Milligan was first-rate,—took us almost a bee-line across country without any light but that of the stars, and practically no road or obvious landmark. Even after losing his way, as I believe, —it was too delicate a subject to be talked about —he picked up the track again and brought us to Sanna's Post, twenty miles, before dawn. It is wonderful how cleverly these colonials find their way across the veld without the use of map or compass. They seem to take the general direction by prominent landmarks and stars, follow any track they come across, and trust to the probability that wherever a track goes they can go, donga and barbed wire notwithstanding.

We outspanned from eleven to three to give the oxen a bit of a rest, and the patients some hot milk and bovril; we crossed the Modder at Sanna's Post (waterworks) by twilight, and here at Boesman's Kop outspanned again at nine o'clock for a sweltering hot day.

One medical orderly rode with the driver on the front of each waggon, and was held responsible for the welfare of the patients in that waggon.

I kept riding up and down the convoy to keep the orderlies alive, to guide the waggons over a drift with the minimum of jolting, to dismount and heave the tail span of oxen with my shoulder out of the way of a rock, and smoke with one or other of the conductors, or with our transport-officer. This was a young Sapper fresh from Woolwich, who rode a spirited little grey pony and brought him to grief over a barbed-wire fence at midnight. Poor Towse was wonderfully cheerful, but had a very poor time from the jolting, which he felt more than the rest, his valise being only an oasis in the centre of the empty mess-cart. Despite the support of bolsters and servants, and planting his feet each against one side of the waggon, he could get no sleep until I gave him a strong injection of morphia; and then, even a ten-foot drop into a donga would hardly make him say more than "hulloa!" Another time I shall use morphia more freely. As none required it for haemorrhage, I went on the most orthodox plan of giving morphia only when there was severe pain from a wound, that is in only two or three cases; whereas by giving it freely, the patients would have been saved much of the discomfort from jolting, and a good deal of attendant shock. It was a novel experience injecting morphia from the saddle, by starlight and on the open veld.

Thursday, May 3rd; No. 9 General Hospital, Bloemfontein.[1] We spent six most restful hours at Boesman's Kop yesterday. First, the Sapper and I had a bath; secondly, General Ridley passed by, also an invalid; thirdly, I read the funeral service over a Gordon with a bullet through his neck and back, who had died in the waggon a mile back; fourthly, Towse tried the turkey boiled, and failed; fifthly, Towse tried cigarettes with only slight success; and sixthly, when I proposed sleeping as we lay under the shade of the waggon, he proposed talking, and we yarned away the rest of the time. He was convinced both his eyes were gone, despite my professional assurance that one might yet be saved, so far as we knew at present.

After many troubles we eventually reached Bloemfontein by ten o'clock, at least thirty-five miles in thirty hours,—good going for an ox convoy. The conductor, to whom the waggons and teams belonged, of course required much persuasion for this pace to be kept up; it did

[1]This was the Hospital which has been most severely criticised. So far as I can judge, the criticism seems to be justified chiefly in the excessive number of patients admitted, owing to Field Hospitals being suddenly emptied and insufficient accommodation being available for their sick. During the two days in which I lived in the hospital I saw something of the work, and must say it seemed to be adequately grappled with, the cases to be thoughtfully classified, and the patients to have cause for very few legitimate grievances.

not pay him to push the oxen in any way. It took us an hour to find our way in through a maze of entrenchments to No. 9 General Hospital, to which Major Sylvester, Colonel Stevenson's secretary, directed me from his bed. With equipment for the usual 520 patients, they had already 1150 patients in, and to-day have received another 450. However, our little convoy of thirty made no difference under the circumstances; and we were extraordinarily well looked after. The civil-surgeon on duty for the day, the sergeant-major and a squad of orderlies turned to with a will; and by midnight the bad cases were in beds, and the rest were on blankets or stretchers and well wrapped up in bell-tents, with plenty of elbow-room. My orderlies too are being well looked after, and I am in clover. Fresh butter and milk and bread never tasted so excellent, and table-cloths never looked so luxurious as they do now.

To-day gave chloroform to Towse at ten o'clock for a Volunteer Lieutenant, an F.R.C.S. of Manchester, who is in charge of the Surgical Division. Both eyes are completely destroyed, and the brain was also damaged; but within half-an-hour our victim was sitting up in bed smoking a cigarette, and looks like getting over

it, although with the worst maiming possible,—total blindness for life.[1]

Lord Roberts has started on his advance to Pretoria, and has reached Brandfort, thirty-five miles up the line, to-day.

Have spent the day with the Highland and 19th Brigade Field-Hospitals, who still have 250 sick apiece.[2] Martin has turned up with another sick convoy from Thaba'Nchu, leaving no Medical Officer to represent the Field-Hospital with the Brigade.

I gave the P.M.O. of the Field-Force my General's message,—an earnest request for a proper Field-Hospital; and he asked me to go on to the A.A.G.[3] at Government House, and find out when transport for the Field-Hospitals would be available.

"If the P.M.O. would only let me know," said the A.A.G. with warmth, "what transport he requires, he would be giving me information I have been unable to get from him hitherto." So back I went to the P.M.O., who protested he had given the information

[1] Captain Towse recovered in other respects from his wound, and received the Victoria Cross from Queen Victoria in person.

[2] The site of these hospitals remained unchanged for two months throughout the severest period of the typhoid epidemic.

[3] Assistant-Adjutant-General, in charge of transport arrangements.

many times; and finally I hear that the hospitals are to be emptied and sent out, mainly on ambulance-waggons, within a few days.

It looks as if energetic action *might* have managed to get our Field-Hospitals away at their proper work by now; and yet with all the three General and three Private Hospitals working under high pressure from this terrible typhoid epidemic, it is difficult to say exactly how the sick of the Field-Hospitals could be disposed of.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAMILTON'S COLUMN TREKS NORTH TO THE VAAL.

Friday, May 4th; Karree Siding, 18 miles N. of Bloemfontein. Being advised by the transport officers to rejoin the 19th Brigade *via* Winburg, eighty miles to the north-east, which we had not yet occupied, I sent my four orderlies, horse, kit, and rations to the station for the 2.30 train. But the railway people were short of engines, and had to leave that train out; so we went on the top of a supplies' truck, by an evening train, with my horse in a box and myself in a guard's van, and reached Karree at dark. Two civil-surgeons fresh from England joined our party; one who has lived two years in the Australian bush and is just fitted for campaigning, and one who has been ten years in private practice, is much used to comforts, and is entirely absent-minded.[1] It

[1] The latter fell sick of enteric within a few days; the former was in robust health when I last heard of him, four months later.

gives one great pleasure to see their brand new saddles and reins and spotless white halters, in contrast with my heterogeneous equipment, of which I am proud—an Indian cavalry saddle of a rich red colour, an English cavalry bit, a pair of rough black reins, which have obviously been dragged a good deal on the ground, and an old, much-chewed reim[1] for a halter. A tent for the night had been lent us by a most charming Major-doctor. We find Mr. Makins and Wallace also here on their way to join the 9th Division and see some work at the front. Tucker's Division has been doing a good deal of fighting in these parts; but Karree is now only a railway-siding, a heap of packing-cases, and a hospital. The heap is called a supply-park. The hospital is called the Field-Hospital of General Wavell's (15th) Brigade, now beyond Brandfort.

The 4th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have arrived, and are immensely proud of being the nearest to the front of any militia regiment.

Saturday, May 5th; Brandfort. Trek 14 miles. Spent two hours this morning in finding old Stick-in-the-mud, that is my pony, who disappeared while knee-haltered yesterday evening, a most unusual thing for him to do. Apparently,

[1] A rough strip of ox-hide one or two inches wide and many feet long, pronounced ream or rim.

someone wanted my beloved halter and did not want the pony; but he might have let me know which of the two he needed; it would have saved a lot of trouble.

We were going with a convoy at nine, but had to miss it; and after loading the orderlies and kit on to a train at mid-day—the first to go through from here—we three civil-surgeons rode on to Brandfort, passing three huge convoys on the way. Lord Roberts is at Vet River, twenty miles north of this; while Hunter, with Hart's and Barton's Brigades, hurried through from Ladysmith to Kimberley, *via* the sea and Port Elizabeth, are said to have crossed the Vaal, and to be near to relieving Mafeking.[1]

After a delightful ride we arrived here to find a few wounded, some lying about the railway-station, others being kindly treated in a well-managed Boer hospital, where Boers and English lie side by side. Two truck-loads of Boer prisoners passed us on their way to Cape Town. We have had high-tea at the Free State Hotel for two shillings, Surgeon-Major Beevor, of the Guards' Hospital, Melton Prior, the war artist, and Mr. Makins, being amongst those present. We entered a deserted house, following someone else's example, and have

[1] Hunter crossed the Vaal on May 2nd; Mafeking was relieved on May 18th.

carried off an ice-bag, a rubber bandage, a towel, and some bacon. Deserted houses, we are told, are common property.

Sunday, May 6th; Eensgevondett, ten miles north of Brandfort. Trek twenty-five miles instead of ten; a most annoying day. After sleeping on a platform where troops arrived by train and found us convenient receptacles for their rifles and valises, we got up at 5.30, and put the orderlies and kit on the top of a loaded railway-truck, due to leave at seven. At seven o'clock, it appears, the train left without that truck. We three in the meanwhile went down to a stream to wash, and cut across country on our ponies. We passed on the way a farm flying the white petticoat, and bought a chicken for two shillings, eggs at twopence each, and milk at sixpence a glass. The eggs were doubtfully hard-boiled; and mine have broken themselves up in my haversack between the folds of my map and the leaves of a little Browning. The only English-speaker was a bright little girl cousin, of eighteen, from Kroonstad. The father, in cheap oil-colour, smirked at us from the walls; he and his brother were taken with Cronje, and are enjoying their visit to Green Point. We rode on to rail-head,[1] expect-

[1] The limit *pro tem.* of the repaired railway, which moved on some two to ten miles daily, unless stopped for a few days by a big bridge.

ing to find our orderlies there; but found only a construction-train, and the Sappers working at the blown-up girders of a two-span bridge. It was a fine sight to see the teams of Kaffirs, fifty on each rope, hauling the girders away with strange noises inch by inch, until at last they fell with a crash, and the Kaffirs fell flat on the ground. The ubiquitous Melton Prior was there with the correspondent of the *Morning Leader* in their commandeered waggon. A Sapper sergeant insisted on giving us the first cut of a roast shoulder of mutton, with tea and other luxuries; in return for which some one stole my chicken.

We decided to ride back towards Brandfort to meet our orderlies; and on the way met a cavalcade of empty ambulance-waggons, going out to the Highland Brigade—just what we wanted. But they couldn't put back for our orderlies and kit, and we couldn't go without them. So the ambulance-waggons passed by, and we rode on again southwards, deciding to intercept our orderlies on the train, camp out for the night, and take our chance of finding room for them and our kit on the next convoy going north. An hour later a train came along towards us, making for rail-head, and on it we spied our orderlies. We could only shout "Ambulances," and then turned and

galloped as hard as we could after them, hoping to catch up the ambulance-waggons after all. Old Stick-in-the-mud quite roused himself, and did four good miles, so that we just overtook the waggons at rail-head, transferred kit and orderlies from the train, and trekked on leisurely by their side. The sergeant-major A.S.C.[1] in charge was very civil, and we have made common cause with him.

Monday, May 7th; Welgelegen,[2] 14 miles N. of Smaldeel. Trek twenty-five miles. Eensgevondett, where we camped last night, is a siding on the railway, which we reached after crossing a difficult spruit by candle-light in the wake of a huge pontoon-convoy, some sixty waggons in length, each carrying a big punt,—a very queer sight as we caught it up in the dark.

This morning old Stick-in-the-mud was none the worse for yesterday's exertions, and we started at 6.15, allowing the pontoon and another convoy to cross the very difficult drift over the Vet River[3] while we washed and had breakfast. The five-span bridge, a good eighty feet above the river-bed, is totally destroyed; but gangs of soldiers

[1] Army Service Corps, which manages (1) Commissariat and (2) Transport.

[2] Lord Roberts' force arrived here three days later.

[3] The Vet flows nearly west from here, and joins the Vaal close to Hoopstad.

were already digging out a "deviation" for the railway, to be opened in a week's time. The construction-train arrived while we were there, so that the two-span bridge they started work on at eleven yesterday must have been crossed by seven this morning. This wonderful engineering job is all under Lieutenant-Colonel Girouard, who was trained in the Canadian and Pacific Railway, started work with the Nile expedition in '97 as a subaltern, and now, while well under forty, directs Egyptian Railways at £2000 a year, and is managing all the lines in this campaign.

Messrs. Makins and Wallace, with their own Cape-cart, are more or less travelling with us; and on the road we passed Mr. Cheatle, who works with the central advance.

After lunching sumptuously on hot Machonachie[1] with butter and whisky and soda at army head-quarters at Smaldeel—the railway junction for Winburg—we ran across Lord Kitchener, who directed us on our way, and advised our following a troop of Roberts' Horse. A gunner friend in the 85th battery, which was formerly with Colvile, but now with General Pole-Carew, says they expected a big action yesterday, but the Boers evacuated a very strong posi-

[1] Machonachie's army ration consists of about 1½ lbs. of tinned Irish stew, vegetables and all, which can be easily heated in its tin, and is generally considered a great luxury.

tion on hearing of the fall of Winburg, which Hamilton reached yesterday. We followed Roberts' Horse as directed, but they have led us quite astray, and we are now right amongst the skirmishing line of Mounted Infantry, in front of the army.

Tuesday, May 8th; Winburg. Trek twenty miles. Induced our sergeant-major, over whom, of course, I have no real authority, to leave Roberts' Horse to their own devices, and trek due eastwards. We passed Leeuwfontein, the most beautiful farm I have yet seen—a fine house buried in poplars and drooping willows, with a large spring of perfectly clear water bubbling up close to the roadside. We invaded a native kraal, and induced the brown family in scanty attire to hunt down two old cocks for us at three shillings the brace. We were trekking straight across the right front of the British army and passed a large camp of M.I. close to a farm house, where a typical old Boer told us lies as to his edible possessions, but we secured some dried peaches and some fresh milk, well-seasoned, we were told, with typhoid bacilli. *Fiat experimentum!* It was a hot day.[1]

We outspanned for only one-and-a-half hours at mid-day, and were cordially welcomed at six o'clock by our genial P.M.O., who was delighted

[1] The experiment proved a failure. Neither of us fell ill.

to have us as reinforcements. But Smith-Dorrien and his brigade have gone north two days already, and have practically been transferred from General Colvile's hands to those of Ian Hamilton, who is in command of the M.I. Division and now of the "Winburg column." Colvile is left as Governor of Winburg, practically "Stellenbosched." The staff of the now defunct 9th Division and the Highland Brigade, which is also to stay behind, are naturally much annoyed.

We are sleeping to-night with our old friends of the Highland Brigade Bearer Company, who entertained me last at Sanna's Post. My companions of the trek are to stay here at present.

Wednesday, May 9th, with the 19th Brigade, a mile or two from the Zand River. Trek twenty miles, one hundred and four in five days since leaving Bloemfontein. Met the P.M.O. at eight this morning and was told, to my great joy, to take on four ambulance-waggons as a loan to the 19th Brigade. The troop of Roberts' Horse arrived after further wanderings at nine o'clock to-day; we gave them an hour's start and were much cheered to see them disappear ahead of us, again on a wrong road. It was rather fun running a column of four waggons by myself, without anyone else to find the way or manage the Kaffir boys. However, we did our

twenty miles all right by seven, and were enthusiastically received by General Smith-Dorrien, who had been rather worried about medical arrangements. Till now he has only had two ambulance-waggons, and, with Major Nichol who was in charge of them invalided to the base, only Grech, an R.A.M.C. captain imported from the Burmese M.I., and Vaux, a Canadian surgeon-lieutenant, to represent both Field-Hospital and Bearer Company, and to manage sick convoys.

Thursday, May 10th; well over the Zand River.[1] Trek ten miles. The day has passed without the heavy engagement for which we were all prepared, and with under fifty casualties in our column; but it has obviously been of the greatest importance, for if the Boers cannot stop us here, where can they stop us? The drift over the Zand is very difficult; it is four feet deep, with abrupt banks, and is backed and flanked by numerous kopjes, from which the enemy started firing heavily. But the first shot from our five-inch wire-gun at 7200 yards fortunately fell right on a dangerous pom-pom, put it out of action, and killed two Boers and a German cavalry officer, who were found dead by its side. The

[1] The Zand is a tributary of the Vet, which it joins 30 miles west of the line. The Vet flows into the Vaal, and the Vaal into the Orange.

German had full credentials on the direct stipulation that he should take no active part ; perhaps he didn't, poor fellow.

The crossing of the drift was a very slow and difficult job, but fascinating to watch. I sat on the south bank and took snap-shots, fraternising with two genial cavalry officers in charge of Broadwood's transport. They took me to their waggon for a cup of chocolate, and, having travelled respectively in Canada and Australia, were as interesting as they were hospitable. It was a most picturesque scene. A transport waggon was abandoned in mid-stream. Long teams of oxen and mules with their heads barely out of the water were being lashed across and whipped up the opposite bank by the Kaffir boys, who stripped themselves down to a cotton shirt, which also disappeared when they entered the water. A flock of sheep, our rations for the next few days, were being huddled across the rocks higher up. There were men helping the waggons up the other side, men strewing bushes on the road, men washing, men standing idle. And the whole was set into a homely landscape, a high-banked wooded gorge with rocks and river and cattle and sunshine.

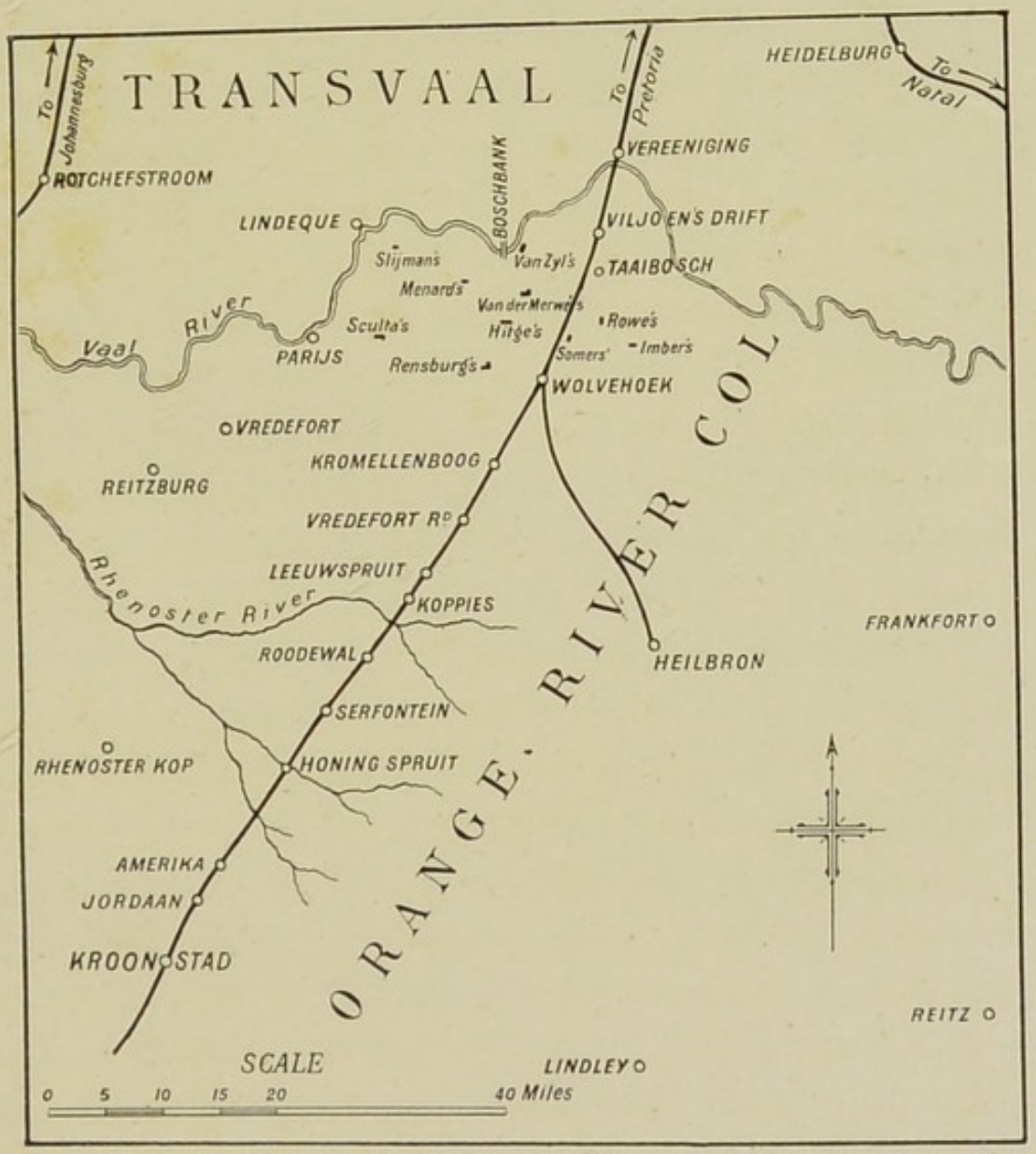
Friday, May 11th ; 22 miles south of Kroonstad. Trek 16 miles. We had a long lie till seven,

and only actually moved off at one. G—— of Cambridge, Guy's, and the C.I.V., made his appearance, and was most entertaining. Belonging to the London Scottish, and not being yet a qualified doctor, he came out as a private with the C.I.V.; but, being medically useful at Zoutpan's Drift, where he did a major-doctor's work on a private's pay, they have made him a sergeant-major, as being the nearest approach to a medical officer possible. His regiment marched all across country and up here at twenty-two miles a day, with their 140 rounds per man, rifle, and often a pick. G—— says it's all terribly heavy; and now, with the Derbys, Sussex, and Camerons, forming Bruce Hamilton's 21st Brigade, they are attached to this column. G—— has practically to act as Field-Hospital for his Brigade, which is without one, and was off to-day with our sick and their's for Bloemfontein. He couldn't get much out of me, except a few opium pills, some cigarettes, and a drink of whisky neat, which he wanted badly, being rather done up; but I think he had enough tins of condensed milk for his patients to last out the journey. It seems rather scandalous that a sick-convoy should start off without even a hypodermic syringe; but I couldn't spare mine. It is men of his stamp who are the chief heroes of the war, men who, instead of enjoying one

extended picnic at a convenient period of their lives, as in my case, have thrown up important work and a comfortable life for sordid drudgery in the common cause.

We trekked round the west side of Ventersburg, which we never saw, and ended up twelve miles north of it at a place called Bloegumspruit at eight o'clock. Poor fun arriving in camp so late. It takes an hour to make a fire and get a kettle boiling, and you can't turn in till ten or eleven, according to the number of sick, for whom tents have to be pitched, and drugs and comforts—such as they are—ordered. With early starts at six, you have to get up at four, after only five or six hours' sleep,—and you could easily manage ten.

Saturday, May 12th; outside Kroonstad. Trek 18 miles. Crisis occurred to-day between my old Sergeant O'Greedy and myself. He is a confirmed grumbler, and the only way of getting over the worries of our daily life is to make light of them. After nineteen years' service he didn't like being reprimanded by a civil-surgeon; but it was necessary; and we are friends again this evening. Naturally, with him and only four orderlies, of whom two are untrained St. John's Ambulance men (trained, that is, only in the elements of first aid, which is never wanted, at least on this march), things



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THE COUNTRY FROM KROONSTAD TO THE VAAL.

limp a good deal. But then it does not matter. We are only a section of a Field-Hospital; only a resting-house for the distribution of bovril and condensed milk. Unless the Brigade has a big action, all that is wanted is the ambulance-waggons of the Bearer Company, to pick up stragglers on the march, and empty ox-waggons to take them to the base.

We are now on half rations (for biscuits and groceries); but as we get 1½ instead of 1¼ lbs. of fresh meat every day, it does not matter having two dog-biscuits instead of four, or one-hundredth ounce of pepper instead of one-fiftieth. The only serious reduction is that of tea, from one-sixth of an ounce to one-twelfth.

We have camped four miles outside Kroonstad, which has metaphorically fallen in front of Lord Roberts. Sick have simply trooped in to us,—three tents up already. (Plate 22, p. 306.)

Sunday, May 13th; outside Kroonstad. No trek. Attended part of a church parade, with a sensible little sermon from our padre; but was very busy treating or talking to a couple of sick officers, including our first-rate transport officer for the brigade, and twenty-five other patients. Most of them are suffering from fever of a few days' duration, with headache and obscure pains, and no other signs. At home we might call it influenza; here we call it modified typhoid or

S.C.F. (simple continued fever). Without a bacteriologist we can't tell the difference; but it does not matter, since the treatment is the same,—condensed milk and an ox-waggon to the base.

The number of sick in the brigade frightens the civilian. Whenever we halt for a day or two, we are sure to get our four tents filled, eight or nine patients to each, and this simply from our four battalions and a few details, about 2500 in all. The M.I. send their sick to the New South Wales Ambulance.[1] The sick have to run the double gauntlet of their regimental doctor and myself before they can be admitted; and it is only by severe disciplinary methods that their number is kept down to a dozen a day for the brigade. One of our regiments is thoroughly weary, or, as they call it, "fed up," and will take any excuse to go home. They are now only 450 strong. We do not blame them, mind, for the whole Brigade has seen a tremendous lot of service in the war; but while they are at the front, they must be kept up to the mark, and it is more awkward for the regimental doctor to be stony-hearted, than for the doctors of the Field-Hospital. I never

[1] New South Wales Ambulance was splendidly equipped with their own horses and Australian drivers. They acted, of course, as Field-Hospital and Bearer Company combined, as is reasonable.



PLATE 22, p. 306.

May 14, 1900.

CROSSING THE VALSCH INTO KROONSTAD IN A MIST.

realised before that one of the principal duties of a doctor at the front is to whip the weaklings up to the mark. His object is not to invalid on the possibility of serious illness, but to refuse to invalid until serious illness is certain. Hence, perhaps, the unsympathetic manner of the army surgeon, which strikes one most unpleasantly at first. I feel my heart undergoing "calcareous degeneration."

Our General, H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O., who was a major until a year ago, has made a great reputation in this war, and is considered one of the coming men. He has been on active service nearly all his life, beginning with the Zulu war, in which he was one of the four officers to escape from Isandhlwana. He thinks we may be the column selected to track Steyn eastward to Lindley. Steyn, it is rumoured, has shaved off his beard, and left Kroonstad on Friday night in the guise of a working-man—not much of a disguise for the ordinary Boer.

Monday, May, 14th; still at Kroonstad. Had my first experience of horse-dealing the other day and escaped unsinged. It was on Wednesday, when I was trekking hard to catch up the Brigade. A butcher in the Blues, who had asked leave to come with me, picked up on the veld, I believe for nothing, a fine young white gelding with a good dash of the Arab in him,

from a stray trooper in the S.A.L.H.,[1] who said he was afraid to ride him. The colt had obviously only been ridden once or twice and soon quieted down. He had a delightfully easy trot; and after consultation with a friendly sergeant who was also travelling with me, I offered £10; and should have had him but for Grech, who on our arrival in camp felt a splint[2] in the near fore-leg. Our corporal of the A.S.C., himself a horse-dealer, who told me privately that my friendly sergeant and the butcher had tried to square him, advised me to offer £2 10s. Of course, the offer was refused; the butcher said he had been offered £7 10s. for him elsewhere. A clever scoundrel, it appears, can do a wonderful trade these days in discarded horse flesh.

We were up at six to send off a sick convoy. Sick trooped in accordingly, four dozen, for instance, from one regiment only. Their feet were sore; their boots were worn through; one man even had anxious relatives at home and absolutely nothing else the matter with him. We passed a dozen; and for the rest it was "Right about turn, march back to your regiment, and be ashamed of yourselves."

[1] South African Light Horse.

[2] An exostosis, which interferes in time with the tendons and causes a teno-synovitis.

As it is, we have sent off forty-eight men and three officers, with Vaux in charge. They have to go in ox-waggons "Returned empty," as we can't spare ambulance-waggons, except one for the worst cases amongst the officers. Grech and I alone are left to represent the seven medical officers that should go with a Field-Hospital and Bearer Company; the Bearer Company should have a personnel of ninety-six, and has about thirty; the Field-Hospital should have sixty-one, and has, besides myself, only a sergeant, three orderlies, and two native drivers. Of the three orderlies, one, a Lancashire dyer by trade, devotes himself to cooking; the only R.A.M C. man has intermittent fever; and the third is a civilian, a good fellow in the fourth year of his medical studies at Edinburgh. The sick who can't eat their bully-beef[1] and biscuits, are provided with one tin of condensed milk per man per diem (divided by two, because we haven't any more), with a few tins of Liebig's Extract thrown in. Nevertheless, as they are healthy men in the first instance, in healthy surroundings, and in the earliest stages of their illness, they probably suffer no permanent harm. The only important thing is to get them to the base as soon as possible, and that we do.

[1] Good corned beef imported from America, Canada, and Australia.

The whole army was reviewed at noon, unit by unit, by Lord Roberts and his full staff, with the usual genial inquiries answered by three hearty cheers. We are camped on a slope facing towards Kroonstad, and could see the force spread out in dark patches on the plain. First there were three distinct cheers from a patch on the right; then the scampering of a few horses to the next patch—five minutes' pause—more cheers; and so on, till the Gordon pipers next door were giving their farewell skirl. Grech took a last hurried survey of his thirty braves from the Cape, and I of Sergeant O'Greedy in tattered breeks, my three orderlies and self standing gallantly to attention in various attitudes and clothing. (Plate 23.) The Chief asked after the sick—there were none left for him to see; noticed Grech's sergeant-major with his seven medal-ribbons, and inquired as to their history; spoke a few friendly words of encouragement, and left us in doubt whether most to admire the courtliness or the vigour of as admirable a gentleman as ever commanded a British army.

Tuesday, May 15th; a few miles out of Kroonstad on the way to Lindley. Shall have trekked some eight miles only by end of day. Am writing on tail-end of our buck-waggon, with the mules in high spirits at the other end—some



PLATE 23, p. 310. May 14, 1900.

THE RAVAGES OF WAR.

Surviving Staff of Field-Hospital, representing 61 men, paraded for review by Lord Roberts at Kroonstad.



PLATE 24, see p. 322. May 24, 1900.

HONOUR TO THE VANQUISHED.

Boer prisoners, escorted by Gordons, accompanying the column from Heilbron to the railway. Several allowed to ride or drive.

excuse for the discrepancies in my pothooks and hangers. I rode into Kroonstad yesterday, invaded one of the few stores open, and invested some money, sent by kind ladies at home, in a pair of breeches for my sergeant, three pounds of Boer 'baccy, half-a-dozen pipes, four bottles of castor-oil, four packets of Cockle's pills, a blacklead brush with which to brush down my horse, and a couple of spoons. Edibles were not to be had for love or money—we long for jam or bacon, fresh milk, fresh butter or eggs. The two native drivers were hugely pleased with their pipe apiece, came solemnly to my tent-door, doffed their caps and brandished the articles at me with a "Thank you, Sah!" "Thank you, Baas!" half-a-dozen times each. Even Sergeant O'Greedy grumbled out a few words of thanks for his trousers, and came perilously near to a smile when he put them on.

One of the officers we have just sent down to the base has had fever on and off since leaving Thaba'Nchu, but has stuck to his work. The officers I have seen are never guilty of malingering, and the way they stick to their work despite illness is splendid. But of course it is far easier for an officer to remain on duty when sick than for a man in the ranks. The latter has no choice between

hospital on the one hand and full work on the other, with long marches and heavy loads, fatigues and outpost duty, and no food but his rations. Have been seedy myself for the last few days, but take no credit for continuing on duty, when I am on horseback or at rest for most of the twenty-four hours, have my tent pitched and my food cooked and brought me by orderlies; and can live on milk and take castor-oil and opium to my heart's content.

Fighting strength of the Canadians to-day only 350 out of their original 1000. We have crossed the Valsch[1] by a pontoon put up in four hours.

Wednesday, May 16th; a third of the way to Lindley. Trek 12 miles. We had peace till one o'clock; and then I had to take our twenty-five sick men and one officer across to the row of A.S.C. waggons, and see them loaded on to go down to the base in charge of an A.S.C. man, as we can't spare anybody medical. The sick officer was a militia youngster who had been at the front only three days.

The column meanwhile had been gone two hours; and with the moon not rising before seven, it was no easy job to follow the tracks across the veld alone, even with the help of a

[1] The Valsch flows from Lindley to Kroonstad and thence westwards to the Vaal.

few stray scouts. Found it, however, by seven o'clock, and, after being delayed by a bad drift, we reached camp at ten.

Thursday, May 17th; fourteen miles west of Lindley. Trek fourteen miles. Drift-day; column delayed by a series of most difficult drifts. In one at mid-day a Canadian waggon lost a wheel, which had to be replaced; and at sunset a Sussex and a C.I.V. waggon got hopelessly stuck. Our very junior transport officer, a militiaman from Australia, has a head on his shoulders, and found another way across the same spruit; so that, to the disgust of the 21st Brigade, we got ahead of their transport, and, after crossing another drift with tremendous cliff-like sides, reached camp at nine, while they were two hours later. We crossed the Valsch again yesterday in a sixty-foot gorge, by a fine iron bridge, representing the old main road by Heilbron and Viljoen's Drift to the Transvaal. Now it is but little used on account of the railway.

Friday, May 18th; in statu quo. We have let the 21st Brigade go alone into Lindley, and are taking it easy ourselves. A day of rest in the middle of a march is absolutely heavenly, like a quiet Sunday in the country at home after a month of hard work in town. Moreover, we have extracted from the supplies some delicious bread, flour, dried peas, and peaches. The

General tells me we should be at the railway again by the 24th, and may get letters there, after being four weeks without them.

Saturday, May 19th; on the way to Heilbron. Trek six miles. Our chief transport-officer now is externally the typical nobleman of *Punch*. He wears an eyeglass and fastidious clothes, and assumes an air of nonchalance as to the affairs of his office. But as a fact, there is much more in him than appears on the surface. He was globe-trotting when the war broke out, and promptly took ship for Natal, where he went through the siege of Ladysmith. He says he was in good health throughout, prefers horse-flesh to our trek-ox, and in fact felt very few of the privations of the siege. Like many other Ladysmithians, he has had jaundice since, and is still nominally on sick leave. He speaks up strongly for Sir William Butler, whose supposed fault is, that he declared it was folly for us to go to war with so few troops in Natal.[1] He thinks the Boers could have got into Ladysmith if they had pressed on October 30th, the day when White lost eight hundred men captured at Nicholson's Nek.

In Brigade-orders to-night it is stated, "It will be satisfactory to the 19th Brigade and to Roberts'

[1] On August 15th, 1899, there were only 6000 troops in the whole of South Africa.

Horse to know that they are the nearest column to Pretoria, and are under orders to continue moving steadily towards the Vaal."

Am in future to mess with Grech, a great improvement on the solitary messing at the mercy of Sergeant O'Greedy and his boiled burnt lumps of meat. Renwick, Grech's servant, has no words strong enough to express his admiration for the professional cook who has joined the Bearer Company. "Some of 'is dishes, Sir, they're real lovely, Sir; I tell yer, Sir, they jes' fair makes me think of 'ome."

Sunday, May 20th; half-way to Heilbron. Trek sixteen miles. Up before five and sent off our sick—twenty-five men and three officers—in an ox-waggon to Kroonstad in charge of my only R.A.M.C. orderly. The Brigade started without me, leaving me alone on the veld with a mug of coffee and a ration-biscuit, making up a "nominal roll" of sick. To our great joy we have been caught up by a supply-column, most of our force being rationless for the day. We have joined cavalry, M.I., and 21st Brigade from Lindley, and had to tackle a fairly sharp drift, which we on horseback fortunately crossed at sunset, but some of our waggons not till eleven o'clock, whereas it could not have taken the column more than two hours to cross by daylight.

It was in the 21st Brigade orders last night

that Mafeking was relieved, and that Buller was at Newcastle. Heaven grant it may be true.[1]

Had a good chat with our padre, whom I met carrying off eggs and potatoes from a Dutch farm. And it was Sunday morning! I collared some salt butter and two fowls who refused to die—the brutes—when their necks were wrung; and the family did well by us, at 1s. 6d. apiece for fowls, and other prices to match.

A good deal of rear-guard fighting to-day, and we are housing a Canadian doctor, four of his wounded M.I., and a wounded Boer lad of eighteen. It is bitterly cold to-night.

Monday, May 21st; close to Heilbron. Trek twelve miles. Only a little rear-guard sniping to-day, an Australian officer being brought in to us with a bullet clean through his knee, saddle-flaps, and pony, which it killed.

Enter a Field-Hospital for the 21st Brigade, and with them K.B.A. of Guy's, who at once recognised the Australian as often having played Rugby with him for South *v.* North.

Grech and I discussed a most glorious steak-and-kidney pie this evening, a perfect triumph for Corporal Atkins, the artist responsible for it. He is an interesting Uitlander—says he learned cooking, baking, and confectionery fairly thoroughly at home; was twelve years in

[1] It was.

Australia, where he alternately made money as a cook or baker, and lost it in the mines; then to the Royal Hotel in Cape Town; and finally to Johannesburg, where he makes £15 a month in the mines, which he prefers to cooking. Like many of these Colonials, he has enlisted in the hope of being landed early in the Rand when peace is declared.

Tuesday, May 22nd; Heilbron. Trek eight miles. We arrived at one to find the stores already closed by order and guarded by sentries. The A.S.C. have commandeered three days' rations for men and two for beasts; officers only were allowed to buy from two o'clock onwards. By three, when I reached the chief Winkel[1] of the place, all the jam was gone; but I spent £4 on blankets, soap, and handkerchiefs, flour and egg-powder, more pipes, and five lbs. of 'baccy, more castor-oil and Cockle's pills, candle-sticks, bowls, and various other things for hospital use. We have tried in vain to get fresh medical supplies sent up with the food-convoys, and the General says we must wait now till we join the main column again. But we ran out of some important drugs days ago, and can't get anything but patent medicines in these towns.

I was served by a fine young Boer of twenty-five or thirty, shot by us a few days ago through

[1] Store.

the arm. He made no secret of having defended his country, and admitted they were beaten; but he was very angry with the Transvaalers, who have deceived the Free State all the way through, declaring that 70,000 was the limit of our forces in the country, and 5000 the total of this column of 15,000.

Wednesday, May 23rd; half-way from Heilbron to the railway. Trek thirteen miles. We left our sick and two wounded behind at Heilbron —76 from the whole column in the Kaffir Church, and 100 or so in the Town Hall, with K.B.A. and the local doctor to look after them. This is the sick-return for three days from 15,000 men, a daily sick-rate of about four per thousand. The wounded men and the officers,[1] both sick and wounded, were taken into the German Red Cross Hospital, which was very well equipped and arranged. The German medical officers were most polite, and showed me several Boers who had been wounded last Sunday. (Plate 25.)

The town-people, having greeted us with enthusiasm, were dismayed at our departure, for the Boers, who have been harassing us all

[1] One of these, a French Canadian, had a long and interesting chat with Steyn, who arrived in the town a day or two later, and wished to know why the Canadians were interfering in the war. He was rapidly enlightened on the subject, if, indeed, he could understand this Canadian's very voluble Franco-English jargon.



PLATE 25, p. 318.

May 23, 1900.

OUTSIDE HEILBRON, WAITING FOR ORDERS.

Mule-harness lying *in situ*, ready for inspanning. Patients have been transferred to the Kaffir Church. "Stick-in-the-Mud" saddled and held by my bâtman, an Edinburgh medical student.

along our march, would be in the town before we had gone an hour and would be very severe on those who had sold us their stuff. Politically it is dangerous; but strategically it would be impossible for us to leave sufficient troops behind to hold the town with confidence; and it is best, therefore, not to hold it at all.

It seems ignominious that we, with our thousand guns or so in the country, should have so much trouble with the Boers and their seventy or eighty guns at most. The obvious reason is that their lines of communication are intact and radiate from a single point. From Heilbron, for instance, the Free State Government, which held high revel on Saturday night, and finished off all the drinks in the town with champagne at 2 a.m., retreated on Sunday at an hour's notice to Vrede, seventy miles to the east. Thence they can easily cross the Vaal to Standerton on the Natal line, and face us again with the same guns at Vereeniging. However, Broadwood collared thirteen of their waggons with a lot of ammunition which made a fine explosion this morning. Christian De Wet, who left Heilbron only a few hours before we entered, and wired to Steyn, according to a telegram now in our hands, that he would defend the kopjes north-west of the town, has had to retire rapidly. De Wet, by the way,

was previously blown to pieces by a shell a week ago, according to credible information, notwithstanding his numerous deceases on still more previous occasions.

Thursday, May 24th; Eerste Geluk, on the main line. Trek fifteen miles. Ascension Day and Queen's Birthday—God bless her! We are all as pleased as Punch this evening. Firstly, we have been allowed to drink the reserve ration of rum in Her Majesty's honour, and have shouted ourselves hoarse over it. Secondly, we have done a good march of fifteen miles to-day before two o'clock, and have reached the railway again and the headquarters' column; Lord Roberts being at Vredefort Road, three miles down the line, where the station, water-tank, and railway were blown to smithereens by those mischievous Boers two days ago. Thirdly, we have splendid news in to-night's orders. We are to march sixteen miles to-morrow to the Vaal, presumably westwards—as northwards the river must be thirty miles off. On our left flank French and his cavalry have crossed the Vaal to-day. Further to the west, Methuen is at Bothaville, Hunter at Christiana, and Mafeking—most gallant little Mafeking—has relieved itself by the slaughter of twenty-five, and capture of the rest of an attacking force, most of the Boers having sloped off eastwards. We are all delighted

with B.P.'s promotion.[1] Behind us, the Highland Brigade are to enter Lindley to-morrow. Rundle and his eighth division are about at Senekal, and Brabant and his Colonials at Ficksburg. In Natal they say Buller cannot have more than 2000 Boers against him at Laing's Nek, the rest of the enemy being supposed to be preparing for a stand round Johannesburg and Pretoria. We only miss news of Carrington, who is expected to do something big in Rhodesia.

I give this summary of news from Divisional Orders to show the state of affairs as we enter what seems to be a new and last phase of the campaign. After wandering through the veld without any news for ten days since leaving Kroonstad, our joy at hearing it all knows no bounds. We mourn, however, the absence of our letters, which we had hoped to meet here at the railway; and on behalf of the patients, in case we have an action of any magnitude, we deeply mourn the absence of our Field-Hospital, as Grech and I are the only officers left to run this Bearer Company and section of a Field-Hospital between us. If there were an action, we should have to go collecting wounded and dressing them as best we could in the field all night, and then, with any help that the regi-

[1] Brevet-Colonel Baden-Powell promoted Major General.

mental doctors could give us, work away as hard as we could for the next forty-eight hours. We hope they'll all be Boers. I should like the burghers to get one good licking. We nailed nine of them to-day in a farm house. The women folk said they had come in there for the night in order to give up their arms to our C.O. to-day! But women in war time are always liars. And so we had two dozen prisoners in all, trudging, or riding, or driving along with us without their arms, to give them a taste of the experience which has hitherto been more in our way than theirs. (Plate 24, p. 310.)

Friday, May 25th; ten miles south of the Vaal. Trek thirty miles instead of six. A most unfortunate day for Grech and me. Grech was arranging for a sick-convoy when the Brigade started, and so he sent me on with the ambulance-waggons. I had never travelled in the first line of transport before, and so left it to the seven-medalled sergeant-major to direct operations, asking vaguely at intervals whether we were going right. He was so certain on this point that I did not dare say any more, although we were travelling north along the line instead of west, as I had rather expected. But at last we reached Wolvehoek, the junction of the Heilbron line; and there we found we had been following the 8th M.I. instead of

Hamilton's troops. We then decided to cut across country S.W., and at length out-spanned for mid-day at a fine farm, called Wonderhaven. An officer of Paget's Horse was collecting arms and taking submissions, but could tell us nothing of our Brigade. A great force of cavalry and M.I. swept down over the hill to water their horses—a splendid sight,—but only told us they thought we should find our fellows if we made for the railway again. We did so, and found no signs of them. We trekked down the line and found the head-quarter camp, with the balloon in the air, and one of the majors from the Highland Brigade Field-Hospital, now in charge of a Bearer Company, who gave us doubtful information; we sent out our only two available horses in search of the lost troops, and finally, as it was getting dark, we spied in the distance to the west, in a chink between two hills, a waggon or two, which might be part of a column. We made straight across country, found they were our own transport, caught them up after dark, and heard there had been endless ructions on the subject. I was sorry for Grech, who was of course held responsible; sorry for my sergeant-major, whom I had trusted in vain; sorry for the General, who had been very much worried by our miraculous disappearance; and not a little sorry for myself.

This, more especially, when I heard, firstly, that our Brigade had halted within a mile of camp till 4 p.m.; and secondly, that we were now camping at the very farm where we out-spanned in the middle of the day.

Saturday, May 26th; Boschbank, Transvaal. Trek ten miles. We have invaded the Transvaal! Hooray! *Vivat V.R.I.!* Making for a southward bend of the river, we crossed by an easy drift at 3 p.m. without firing a shot. The Vaal here is fifty or sixty yards across, but only two feet deep, with a hard stony bottom, not nearly so difficult to cross as the Zand. (Plate 26.) It was a fine sight from the north bank to look back at the troops massed on the other side, a general's staff looking down on the drift, our ambulance-waggons, with their red-cross flags on slithery bamboo rods, rushing precipitately down the steep bank to the water's edge, and a line of men with legs bare to the thigh wading across by the side of the mules and oxen. I got two snap-shots, including one at close quarters, of the Gordons with their skirts most indelicately tucked up to show their brown knees and their white calves and thighs. We expect to move north-east to-morrow and catch the enemy in rear, while Lord Roberts crosses the river in front of them. I wonder if I shall see my birthday on Tuesday. We

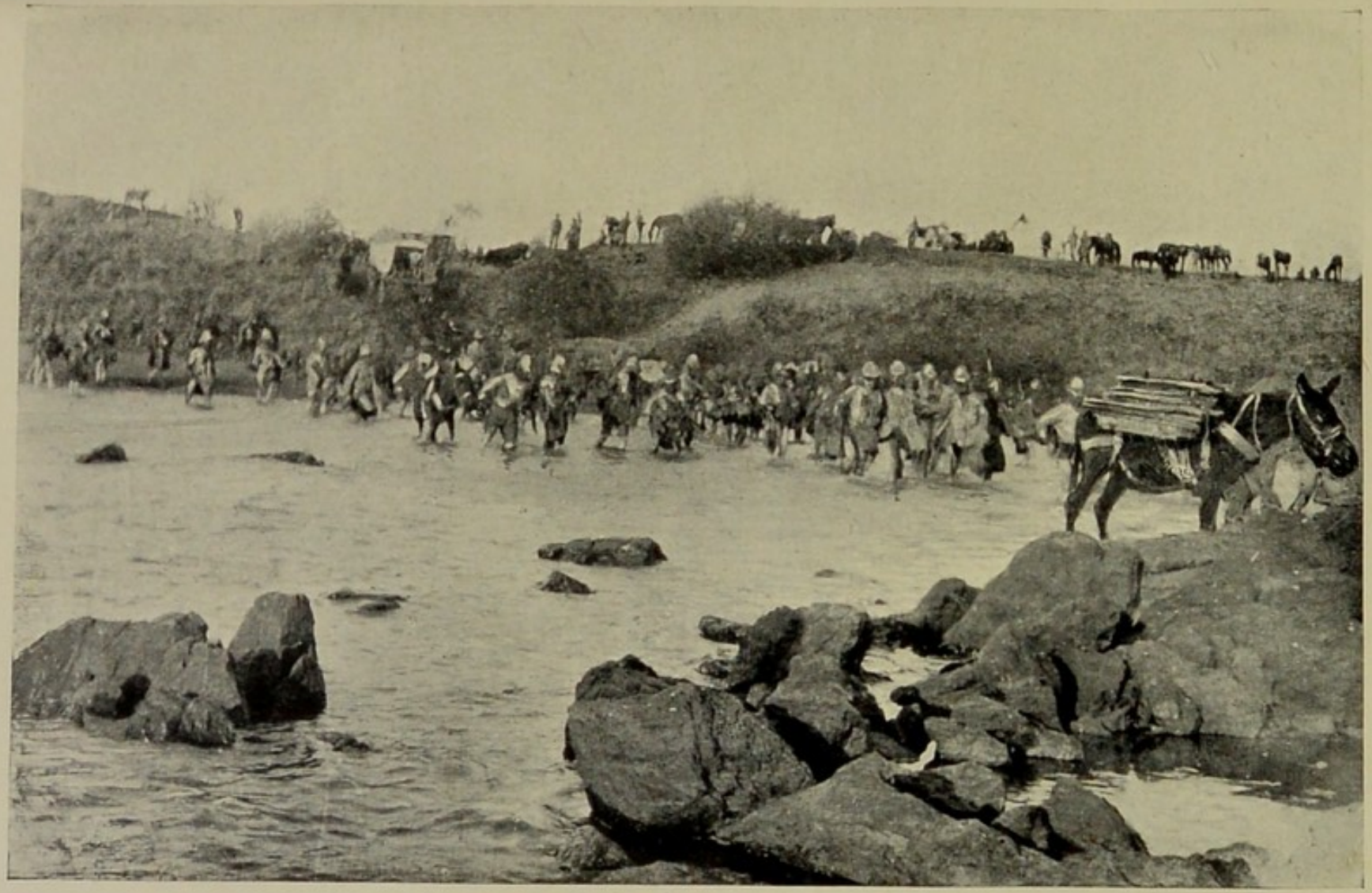


PLATE 26, p. 324.

May 26, 1900.

INVASION OF THE TRANSVAAL.

From the north bank of the Vaal River.

have only four days' rations with us, and must get to Johannesburg before we can replenish.

The General wigged me this morning for losing myself and ambulances yesterday; could not see there was any excuse for it; and my friends keep asking me whether I have been doing convoy-work lately.

It is a curious thing that since leaving Bloemfontein I have hardly seen a wounded man. The infantry certainly had enough work to do with the foot-slogging—the tramping so many miles day after day. But the way is cleared for them by the mounted troops, who have had to do nearly all the fighting; and they are more than well looked after by the Australian Ambulance.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DAY PASSES ON THE TREK.

Sunday, May 27th; one-third of the way to Johannesburg from the Vaal. Trek fourteen miles. Here is the kind of life we lead; although this particular day started unusually. Was called up at 5.30 to see a gunner brought in unconscious. He had been doing his work yesterday, having only complained during the last three days of slight abdominal pain, for which he dosed himself. Now he was utterly collapsed, with a temperature of 95°, and Cheyne-Stokes breathing at six or seven a minute. His pulse was fairly good; abdomen moved well in breathing; lungs sound. But by his face he was obviously going to die. Gave him a hypodermic of strychnine, and brandy by the mouth, and put him into an ambulance-waggon on a stretcher with an orderly to look after him.

There is not much toilet to be done on these occasions. You sleep in your clothes, just taking

off—if you think it worth while—your boots, spurs, and coat; or you can copy the Australian bushmen, who are said only to turn their spurs round upon their instep.

While I have been looking after this patient, and seeing a dozen others off from my tents to the Bearer Company for the day's march, my bâtman[1] has brought me a tin of hot coffee, rolled up my valise and put it on the buck-waggon, and rescued from the tent-wreckers my haversack, field-glasses, belt, helmet, and sjambok,[2] and saddled old Stick-in-the-mud, my pony. And now it is seven o'clock, and the Bearer Company with the only four remaining ambulance-waggons leaves us behind and moves out after the Brigade. The men of the Company wander off somewhere within call, so many to each waggon, while Grech, the sergeant-major, the staff-sergeant, and the corporal in charge of the Kaffir boys and mules ride slowly by their side. An hour passes, during which I make up the "nominal roll" of sick in my hospital-book; watch our excellent Kaffir driver Antonio and Ferdinand, his whip, span their ten sleek mules into our buck-waggon; and talk to a Colonial corporal, who owns a big store at

[1] A soldier who is excused military duties to act as servant to an officer, but is liable to be called on for duty on certain occasions.

[2] Whip of rhinoceros-hide; pronounced shambok.

Klerksdorp. But at eight we see the Army Service Corps waggons on the right move out, flying their peculiar blue and white flag, and we must move after them.

It is interesting to note that, since troops no longer go into action with colours flying, the transport column has undertaken this function in its stead. The Gordons have little yellow flags on their waggons, the Canadians green and black, the Cornwalls maroon and white, our headquarters' waggon a red flag with XIX. on it in white, General Ian Hamilton's a tartan, though not a Hamilton tartan. If every waggon were made to carry the distinguishing flag of its unit on one side and of its Division on the other, a great deal of confusion would be saved.

The 19th is the leading brigade for the day, with the Shropshires as leading battalion and the Gordons as rear-guard; so that round us on every side tramp kilted Highlanders, by twos and threes, marching at ease and talking every now and again, but smoking only occasionally, for there is a tobacco and pipe famine in the ranks. The rest of the troops and first line of transport have disappeared over the horizon. In front of us are the General's waggon and half-a-dozen belonging to the Army Service Corps; behind us, the waggons of the



PLATE 27. p. 329.

A Long Halt.

Arms piled, a rare event. A few sentries and officers standing. Helmets useful in themselves either as pillows or sunshades. The modern puggaree, which should serve this latter purpose, has degenerated into a mere hat-band.

Shropshire regiment, ten of the Cornwalls, ten Canadians and ten Gordons, with various odds and ends of Cape-carts and extra vehicles. Behind these is a similiar array of waggons, each with its five span of mules, belonging to Bruce-Hamilton's Brigade; and some miles more of waggons for Broadwood's cavalry, for the 2nd Mounted Infantry, for five batteries of Artillery, and for several ammunition columns with ox-waggons.

At ten o'clock, on descending a slope, we find ourselves amongst the troops, and as they are halting we halt too.[1] I make my way to Grech's Bearer Company and find the poor gunner has died on the road.[2] No one else hears of it except the waggon-orderly, and a fatigue-party, detailed off to dig a grave at the next halt. We march off again leaving the second line behind, and at the end of the hour this ambulance-waggon draws aside for the fatigue-party to do its work—three feet down into stony ground. The column moves on once more, before the grave is ready, for the occurrence is too com-

[1] The troops used to halt for about ten minutes every hour, and about twenty minutes at mid-day. At 2½ miles an hour, it would take them, therefore, from 7 to 4.30 to cover twenty miles. The first line of transport halted with the troops; the second halted only when obliged to do so by a donga or for strategic reasons, or at mid-day for watering the animals. (See Plate 27.)

[2] Probably a case of 'ambulatory' typhoid.

mon to provoke any curiosity. Our padre in khaki reads a little service over the grave, and another poor fellow, wrapped in his brown blanket, is left under his rough wooden cross out on the veld. *Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.*

The ambulance-waggon sets out at its best pace to catch up the troops; and the padre and I mount our horses just as the second line of transport appears upon the scene behind us. For a time we talk; then silence seizes us and we plod along thinking; then even thought goes and we plod along vacantly. Now and again there is the dull sound of distant firing, which does not attract our attention. Above us is a cloudless sky; beyond our horses' heads the rut-marked track; in front of us waggons; behind us the same vanishing line of waggons. To right and to left, in all other quarters of the compass, an endless, billowy sea of veld without sign of life, except here and there the flank guard of Mounted Infantry, riding in couples a furlong or more apart, and extended far into the distance. A clump of trees appears in the hollow of a hill, presumably a farm, with the house hardly visible through the branches, just a patch of green and a sheet of water. Otherwise on every side nothing but the immense silence of the veld. (See Plate 20, p. 270.)

The waggons are halting and we ride on to see the cause. It is only a mule with his leg over one of the traces. The waggons halt again; this time it is a small spruit; and the transport gathers on one side, while each waggon in turn skids down the bank with the hand-brake at the back screwed round tight and unscrewed again at the bottom by some willing follower; it is hauled up the other side with much thrashing and yelling at the mules, and straining of men on long drag-ropes hooked on to the hubs of the wheels. Colonel Maxse, our transport-officer, directs operations from close by. A few horses are being given their morning drink below the drift; a few men are washing above it. We watch a battery over the spruit and then trek on again. The General's staff canters by, some half-dozen officers, with an orderly carrying a flag of the General's racing colours on the end of a lance, and a dozen of Rimington's Tigers, as gallopers, with the catskin in their hats.

The padre joins them, and I trek along again with the waggons. The Canadian quarter-master tells racy stories of his six months in Dawson City with the North-western Police and in the land of the Hudson Bay Company. The Supply officer propounds his usual problem of how to make bricks without straw, feed a column without rations. The transport man, with an experience

of the Australian bush behind him, wants to know how the mules can last to Johannesburg on a total of seven pounds of oats and mealies per head, instead of the minimum of seven pounds a day. Some more than usually prosaic officer even starts the general subject of the war.

About mid-day a convenient dam is reached, and it is decided to outspan, and give the beasts a drink and a rest. The column halts as it is; the harness is dropped on the ground; the mules are tied up in groups of five and led off by their Kaffir boys to the water. We sink into the shadow of our respective waggons for a meal, a little knot of three gathering under the Army Service Corps waggon to celebrate the birthday of the gentleman with the Supplies. My bâtman brings my blackened, battered canteen, a couple of ration biscuits, and some cold meat left from last night's meal. But our host draws his supplies from all over the world—a tin of salmon from Vancouver, another of delicious Californian pears, a tin of Cape gooseberry jam, and a tin of Danish butter. A whisky-flask and a sparklet-bottle complete our equipment, and the guns play distant music.

At two o'clock the order is given to inspan; at 2.30 we are trailing away as before; and at three a horseman canters up for a doctor to attend to a native who has fallen off his waggon

and been run over in the very rear of the column. We turn back and set off at a gallop. "Did you lift him on to his waggon again and bring him along?" I asked after a mile. "Didn't like to do that, sir," was the reply; and a few minutes later we pass the waggon in question. Another mile's gallop; then another at the trot; another and another, as if the column will never end. The transport of Hamilton's column in single file is seven miles long,—seven miles for fifteen thousand troops.[1] We pass the last waggon, and after another mile meet an officer of the Gordons, who says their doctor is looking after the case, and thinks it not very serious. So we turn about, my pony and I, and it takes us an hour to reach the hospital waggon again at the front of the column.

For a time I ride along with the adjutant of the Gordons, who was at Wynberg last year with a serious wound, from which he has had a miraculous recovery. He promises me a soldier-servant, one of their company's store-men, who has no stores to look after. It is more comfortable to have a private servant than a bâtman who has other duties to attend to; worth even the 1s. 6d. a day servant's allowance, which is thereby forfeited.

[1] Mr. Winston Churchill in his account of this march gives the strength as 11,000.

At last the sun sets, night closes quickly in, we pass with difficulty a couple of severe drifts, and arrive in camp to find the fires going merrily. The troops and first line of transport have been in for an hour. Each company has its own kitchen; and every respectable ant-hill has been appropriated as a private store for the cooking of liver and bacon and other dainties. (See Plate 29, p. 346.) The ambulance-waggons of the Bearer Company are in position side by side; their water-cart behind them. Their buck-waggon and our's, and their Scotch cart are now drawn up in a second row; two tents are quickly pitched for the sick and one for Grech and me; most of the men picked up on the day's march are sent off to their respective regiments, and the rest are stowed away in the tents with a pint of milk or bovril apiece, and their appropriate medicines in tabloid form.

The servants unroll our valises on a couple of stretchers down each side of our own tent; two candle-lamps are lit; Grech's box containing mess-stores is brought in and stowed away in a recess; a little table and a couple of chairs are unfolded and set in the middle; we hang up our helmets, spurs, haversacks, and various commodities on the hooks of a strap fastened round the tent pole; and, after a shave and a wash in a bucket of grubby cold water outside

the tent, we put on great-coats, rummage in our valises for clean handkerchiefs, and sit down to the evening meal of stewed trek-ox and pickles, followed by a luscious peach-pie which Corporal Atkins has in some extraordinary way produced since arriving in camp. Our cook is a real hero; he sat up till twelve last night baking bread for the men; and all the apparatus he has for the purpose is a bit of galvanised iron and a few small metal bars, which he lays over a trench dug in the ground. His chupatties, made of flour and butter, "make me think of 'ome," as Grech's servant put it.

The adjutant of the Cornwalls comes round with their doctor on the excuse of inquiring after one of his men; the doctor of course wants pills and Castor-oil from me, and asks in vain. An orderly brings round Brigade-orders with the countersign, marching orders for to-morrow, and the usual edict against looting. Sergeant O'Greedy, on behalf of the Field-Hospital, puts in his head to have the requisition for rations signed; the quarter-master of the Bearer Company does the same. The sergeant-major brings in a couple of grinning Kaffirs to be tried for insubordination; and finally, at nine o'clock, we look round the sick-tents with the assistance of an orderly

and one candle; and by ten are in our valises and asleep.

In the middle of the night, the door of the tent is unlaced a foot or two and the servants screw their way in and out again. Through the chink the stars are twinkling in cold blackness. Our thoughts come back by degrees. I put out my hand from inside the warm valise —ugh! it's cold!—and feel the tin of hot coffee there all right. I sip it lazily. "Get up, you lazy ruffian" says a grey, woollen-helmeted lump on the pillow of the other valise. "Second line of transport to start at eight" I quote. "You come with the first line to-day" is the reply; and by degrees we drag ourselves inch by inch from the inside of our burrows. In twenty minutes the tent-ropes are being loosened outside; in half-an-hour the tent is down; at six the camp is veld again, and another day's trek is begun.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RED CROSS FLIES OVER A BATTLE-FIELD.

Monday, May 28th; some 25 miles from Johannesburg. Trek ten miles. Much firing heard all day from about four miles off, where French is turning the Boers out of a position to the north of us. We are advancing in échelon; French in front of us on the left, and Lord Roberts behind us on the railway to our right; and we do not expect much resistance until we get near Johannesburg. It is inspiriting to see the low chain of the Witwatersrand in front of us and now only one good day's march off.

It has been good fun riding to-day with the ambulance-waggons instead of with the second line of transport. We march actually with the troops, starting at seven or so and getting in so much the earlier in the afternoon. No need in the Bearer Company to have any breakfast before starting, as a sumptuous meal is prepared for us at nine or ten o'clock, when we feel

warmed up to it, in one of the waggons as a dining-room.

Vaux arrived here from Bloemfontein this morning, travelling with a convoy of forage for French's horses. He left there five days ago. Martin was down with enteric; and Major Sawyer, with our Field-Hospital proper, was still chafing in confinement for lack of transport. Alas, for letters or stores, neither of which have appeared since we started for Thaba'Nchu six weeks ago!

Wednesday morning, May 30th; Doornkop. Yesterday's trek, perhaps ten miles; my birthday, and a most memorable one. We are four miles south of Florida, and some fourteen south-west of Johannesburg.

I was travelling in the second line of transport and we were outspanned and dozing lazily in the middle of the day, with sounds of distant firing going on at intervals as usual, when, thanks to some of Roberts' Horse who were cooking, the veld caught fire to windward of us. In a moment it was a vast blaze, rushing downhill before the wind as fast as a man could walk and making straight for a waggon full of ammunition, too heavy to move without the mules, and the mules were away at the water. (Plate 28.) Lafferty, the Canadian transport-officer, gripped the situation, rushed at a group of men and told



PLATE 28, p. 338.

May 29, 1900.

FLOGGING OUT A VELD-FIRE AT DOORNKOP.

Ammunition-waggon on left in imminent danger, with wind blowing from right to left, and mules away, being watered.

them to beat the fire out with sacks. There were no empty sacks to be found. Then they were to take their blankets, coats, anything; and they all set to work, as hard as they could go, to flog out the thin fiery line. Foot by foot they were beaten back; nothing seemed to stop the blaze. Now they were at the very waggon itself; now they were underneath it. They flogged furiously. The flames rose through the wheels and out on the other side. Again they flogged, and again and again. But the fire was out at last, and the waggon was safe.

At two o'clock we first heard the sharp sound of musketry-fire; and for two hours we were allowed slowly to advance, till four, when firing ceased. We watched eagerly the chimneys of the Rand mines far ahead, waiting for the threatened explosion. Once a dense cloud of smoke arose in the distance and we were left in doubt. But as no mines were exploded, it must have been another veld-fire. We halted and our Canadian hero discoursed learnedly on prairie-fires.

At five o'clock, as the night was falling, I received orders to pitch my Field-Hospital. The Bearer Company with their waggons were already on their way to fetch in the wounded, Vaux and several men having been sent on in advance to dress and collect patients in readiness for the ambulances.

Continued Thursday, May 31st; Florida, 8 miles west of Johannesburg.[1] We hear that our idea for the day on Tuesday was to surround Johannesburg, the main column to occupy Elandsfontein on the east; French, Driefontein on the north; and Hamilton, Florida on the west. The 21st Brigade were on our left, the C.I.V.'s coming in for a good bit of fighting, while in our Brigade, the Gordons were the leading battalion for the day and bore the brunt of the work.

A sharp artillery duel began early in the morning, and all day we heard the pom-poms rattling and the big guns booming, and could watch their smoke, although the dense veld-fires, probably lit on purpose by the enemy, concealed the Boer guns to a large extent. The Gordons made a series of splendid charges up the ridge commanding the Rand, and captured it under great disadvantage. The poor fellows suffered fearfully, and from five o'clock, when, being in sole charge, I began to rig up the Field-Hospital, to three a.m., I hadn't a minute's peace. We admitted ten officers, seventy-three men and one Boer wounded, all but half a dozen being Gordons, including their doctor; and besides the five deaths we saw in our hospital, the Gordon padre buried fifteen others out on the veld yesterday morning.

[1] Written as a letter to the *Guy's Hospital Gazette.*

Now, in the first place, let me describe the general system of ambulance and Field-Hospital work during an action.

According to the book, the wounded are (Step I.) dressed *in situ* by the regimental doctor, helped by the staff of the Bearer Company and by his stretcher-bearers detailed from the regiment for the purpose; (Step II.) taken on stretchers to the Collecting Station on the nearest and most convenient road, to await the ambulance-waggons, which remove them (Step III.) to the Dressing Station, where their dressings are revised and operations of immediate importance are performed by the officers of the Bearer Company, whose waggons again remove them (Step IV.) to the Field-Hospital. The Field-Hospital is pitched in safety behind a kopje, or in and around a house, close to a road and to water-supply; but all the previous work is carried out more or less under fire by the Bearer Company, and is proportionately curtailed.

As a fact, most of the work of the Bearer Company is done after the firing has ceased, and its main object is to get the wounded collected and dressed ready for the ambulances before nightfall. The book rules in consequence fall to the ground. The Dressing and Collecting Stations are usually combined; or else, as on this occasion, there is found to be no

need for either; the wounded being simply collected into groups of two or three on the field, and the ambulances moving to them, instead of their being moved to the ambulances. Indeed, in this country, where there are no walls and few kopjes and the ambulances can go everywhere, one can follow the rules of common-sense. The field-dressing is applied, or if already applied, revised indiscriminately by the regimental doctors and the officers of the Bearer Company; the men naturally dispose themselves in groups around the most severely wounded, and the waggons and stretchers carry them off to hospital as quickly as possible.

The elaborate system described above is probably more or less necessary in mountainous or in cultivated and populous country. Here, however, the only question is as to how far the ambulances should be brought under fire. On the one hand, the officers of the New South Wales Bearer Company have their waggons driven by horses instead of mules, and believe in galloping them about the field under fire, picking up the wounded one or two at a time, and taking their chance of being wounded with the rest of the Brigade. The matter is urgent, as the sun sets at five, and if you wait till firing ceases before beginning to collect

your wounded, you may be obliged to spend the night in searching for them. In this kind of country therefore, the galloping system receives strong support. On the other hand, our ambulance-waggons are cumbersome, and have been worn out by simple trekking; so that galloping work across the veld would be disastrous to their structure as well as to the animals.[1] A considerable proportion of our mules have been worn out by the constant work and scanty food as it is, and if they had harder work imposed on them, or if they lost a few more by shell and rifle fire, the Bearer Company would be completely disabled. And it must be realised that, in proposing the heroic system, the Red Cross would be no protection in any war; the enemy cannot be expected to spare the combatants on account of the ambulance-waggons coming to their relief. The Australian officers who prefer this system freely admit the point, and in consequence discard the Red Cross altogether. The conclusion to which this war will probably bring us, is that the pattern of our cumbersome ambulance-waggons, carrying only two lying-down cases apiece, must be totally revised; and that if, for instance, a light metal frame-work be

[1] One of these waggons came clean in two just outside Pretoria, and had to be tied together to enter the town.

substituted, with strong bicycle wheels and good springs, designed to carry half-a-dozen stretchers apiece laid transversely, the transport will be greatly relieved, and the galloping system may be allowed at the expense of a few casualties.

However, in this action of Doornkop,[1] all the wounded, with three exceptions—Canadians attended to by the Canadian doctor and safely housed for the night in a native kraal—were gathered into the Field-Hospital by half-past eleven at night.

Meanwhile, this quarter-section of a Field-Hospital had been uncommonly busy. Joining forces with the two transport-waggons of the Bearer Company, it had mustered eight tents in all, and had erected them with difficulty on the side of a stony kopje, hardly suited to receive wooden tent-pegs, or to act as a bed for wounded soldiers. (See Plate 31, p. 354.) The position was chosen mainly because the kopje acted as a most useful landmark to the ambulances; but it is to be hoped that in future some simple but characteristic light, perhaps a mechanical revolving lantern, may be chosen as

[1] Doornkop is a large district covering the western end of the Rand as far out as Krügersdorp. In the western part of this district Dr. Jameson surrendered in 1896 after a running fight. It was in the eastern part of it that the action here described took place. An officer of the Camerons took part in both engagements.

a mark of the Field-Hospital after dark; and if the hospital were always to be kept separate from the camp by a hundred yards or so, the signal would be respected, and need be no indication to the enemy of the position of the troops. On this occasion, for instance, the troops were encamped at two miles' distance from the hospital. Such a distinctive light would also be of great use in the ordinary night's encampment after a day's trekking.[1]

The Field-Hospital had been erected. The sergeant and corporal cooks had made an ant-heap into a fire-place, and were preparing hot milk, tea, and bovril over a roaring fire made of barbed-wire fence-posts. By 5.30 the first batch of wounded had arrived and were lying in a row, wrapped up in their blankets, the worst cases on stretchers, the rest on the ground outside the tents. The sergeant-major walked to and fro with hot drinks and rum. The two chaplains of the Brigade went round talking to the men, distributing cigarettes, keeping the "nominal roll," carrying lights for the medical officer, tending the dying, and cheering everybody in turn. The only medical officer avail-

[1] It appears that two white lamps placed side by side are the official distinguishing mark by night for all medical establishments in the field: they figure in Mr. Treves' book as having been used in Natal. I never heard of them during six months at the front.

able, having never before seen a Field-Hospital at work after action, struggled with the arrangements in general, and every now and again was able to dress a wound or superintend an R.A.M.C. orderly in treating a simple case. One tent was kept as a Surgery (Plate 30). The rest were filled as they were erected with patients carried or helped out from the Surgery. The Surgery Tent, an ordinary bell-tent, twelve feet across, was supplied with two panniers, which stood on the right of the door, to support one stretcher at a time and so enable the worst cases to be attended to without more discomfort than was necessary. On the left of the doorway were the antiseptic and fracture boxes, with an orderly to distribute their contents. Beyond them on the left side of the tent, and again at the further end, two other orderlies were able to treat slight cases sitting on the ground. But the work of the medical officer in charge, in supervising the slight cases, trying himself to dress the severe cases, and being constantly called away from the Surgery Tent, was difficult and vexatious in the extreme. "Where shall this tent be pitched, Sir?" and he had to go and explore the ground in the neighbourhood. "I ain't been looked at yet, Sir," remarked two or three of the Gordons, as he nearly tripped out over them in the dusk. "I 'aven't got no



PLATE 29, see p. 334. May 16, 1900

THE USE OF AN ANT-HEAP.

Liver and bacon for the Gordons.



PLATE 30, p. 346. May 29, 1900.

FIELD-HOSPITAL IN ACTION.

Dressing a fractured thigh in the surgery-tent at Doornkop.

blanket, Sir," complained a fourth poor chap, looking very cold in his kilt. "There won't be enough bovril to go round, Sir," said the cook. "The General is here, Sir," reported the corporal. "May we have our stretcher, Sir?" asked four Gordon stretcher-bearers, who had carried a "fractured thigh" two miles, and would now have to transfer him to the ground. "Twelve more wounded, Sir," said the staff-sergeant, coming up with some of the ambulance-waggons. "The officers' tent has got four cases in it already, Sir; where shall Captain —— go to?" "That corporal, Sir, is dying; will you come and see him?" "Mr. ——, Sir, is ready for you to dress him; he has been waiting rather a long time." Poor Meyrick of the Gordons was brought in, shot through the neck, lying peacefully on a stretcher. He had already passed to his rest. Fife, of the Cornwalls, a universal favourite, lay unconscious in the corner of a crowded tent, and followed him before midnight.

Fortunately, as matters were reaching a climax, Providence arranged that three Australian doctors, Major MacCormick and Lieutenants Roth and Howse, should miss their way; and they, with Surgeon-Captain Ryan of the mounted C.I.V., his veterinary colleague, and his orderly, came and offered their services. All turned to

with a will. The consulting surgeon from Sydney stood on one side of the tent and dressed cases. The C.I.V. trio stooped on the other side and dressed *their* cases. The other two Australians kept count of every case on arrival, fed the Surgery Tent, and themselves dressed many cases in turn, just as they were, lying out on the ground; while the officer in charge was free to put his hands in his pockets and answer questions. It was pitch dark, and there were but three lanterns and a few naked flickering candles. It was horribly cold, and the troops had been without rations, except of meat, all day, and had no prospect of any for the next. The supply of milk and bovril in the hospital was limited; the supply of spare blankets still more so. However, help came from various quarters. The General and his staff sent their private blankets, and lent others which once belonged to Boers. The supply officer raked in some extra supplies from somewhere. The N.C.O.'s and men worked like slaves. The adjutant of the Gordons and twenty-five of his men, despite the fatigues of the day, brought down from their camp, two miles away, the kits of the wounded Highlanders, and were up till nearly midnight distributing them. Above all, the surgical work progressed slowly but steadily.

It is a question how far the first field-dressing

should be changed on admission to the Field-Hospital. In former days the wounds were so lacerated and the field-dressing was applied under such difficulties, that the best surgery would certainly require every case to be thoroughly examined, washed afresh, and redressed as soon as possible. And even now, this course ensures that no injured artery or fractured bone will be overlooked, that the dangers of the wound will be thoroughly realised, and possibly some risk of sepsis avoided. Furthermore, there is hardly a man, however well educated, who does not feel easier in his mind, probably also in his wounded part, by the renewal of a dressing. One officer, for instance, with a slight wound of his forearm, to which the field-dressing had been well applied, consented willingly to have it left alone till next morning. But, until his arm was dressed next morning, he posed as a martyr in consequence. If it is so with an officer, still more is it so with the men; and many medical men would prefer on such an occasion to yield to this somewhat excusable feeling, and dress the wound at once. Two of the Australian officers acted on this principle, and it was not, therefore, till past two o'clock in the morning, after nine hours' continuous work, that the last case had been disposed of for the night.

The third Australian officer, however, one of

the leading surgeons in his country, was of a contrary opinion. Most of the field-dressings—with iodoform powder, perchloride gauze, and perchloride gauze bandage—had been thoroughly well applied; and the patients were so comfortable that they had been smoking and discussing the events of the day from the first, and had even had to be silenced by order while being dressed in the Surgery Tent. If his advice had been followed throughout, only ten per cent. of the cases would have required re-dressing, simply those—especially wounds of the trunk—where the dressing had slipped, those where the dressings had been saturated with blood, and the cases of compound fracture. In that way all dressings would have been finished before midnight, the patients would have been spared, on an average, each an hour's waiting in the cold, and even the next morning, when it was necessary to inspect carefully every case, probably only a few more dressings would have been necessary.

The experience of this war shows that, unless it hits bone, the Mauser bullet causes so slight an injury that a straightforward recovery is practically assured, provided the field-dressing be properly applied. Renewal of the dressing, under the difficult conditions of work in a Field-Hospital during action, or immediately after it,

is more likely to introduce than to remove the dangers of sepsis. In this country, where there is no running water, and the water obtainable is filthy, where fuel is scarce and it is impossible to boil any large quantity of water, when there is a great deal of work to be done in a short time, when the night is bitterly cold, hands are rough and indurated with the dirt of six weeks' dusty travelling, and the amount of dressings is limited, asepsis is impossible and thorough antisepsis difficult. Probably, therefore, the policy of "let well alone," although the less heroic, is the best.

It will, no doubt, surprise many to hear that it was not found necessary to perform a single operation; and the only operation which was considered as definitely indicated, an amputation of the finger, was safely left till daylight. There were no obvious shell-wounds, no shattered limbs, no head injuries with certain signs at the time of compression, no cases of uncontrollable haemorrhage. Exception must be made of three or four moribund cases, with whom, under the circumstances, operation could only have accelerated the end. Had there been the complete equipment of a Field-Hospital, one would have been strongly inclined to perform laparotomy on an officer who was shot in the abdomen and died during the evening from internal haemorrhage, and on a private in the Gordons who died from a similar

cause next morning, or to trephine two cases of head injury, who likewise died within a few hours from cerebral haemorrhage. But in all these cases the prospect of success would have been doubtful even in a London theatre; while in slighter cases it is better to trust to luck and a firm bandage. When we reflected on the matter next day, we did not regret our treatment in any one of these cases.

The cases were at once officially labelled for telegraphing to the War Office as either Slight, Severe, or Dangerous, the site of injury being only sent in the case of officers. They may be classified as follows:

A. DANGEROUS:	
Fractured skull[1] (2 subsequently died), -	4
Neck (brought in dead), - - -	1
Chest, - - - - - - - -	1
Abdomen (2 subsequently died), - -	3
	9
B. SEVERE:	
Neck, - - - - - - - -	1
Chest, - - - - - - - -	2
Abdomen (1 subsequently died), - -	2
Back (1 subsequently died), - - -	2
Fractured limbs (thighs, 4; legs, 2; arms, 3; patella, 1; 1 of thigh subsequently died), - - - - -	10
	17

[1] One was a Boer, who was subsequently trephined, and recovered. *N.B.*—There was no case of shell-wound.

C. SLIGHT (*i.e.* flesh wounds without complication):

Head (*i.e.* scalp and face),			4
Chest,			3
Abdomen,			1
Upper limbs—Shoulders,		4	
Arms and forearms,		13	
Hands and wrists		1	
		—	18
Lower limbs—Buttocks and thighs,		16	
Legs,		10	
Feet and ankles,		5	
		—	31
			—
			57

To this may be added one case severely burnt about the legs by a veld fire, giving a total of:

DANGEROUS,	9
SEVERE,	17
SLIGHT,	57
BURN,	1
	—
	84

Of these 84, ten were officers, one being the doctor of the Gordons, who gallantly continued work under fire after receiving his wound, supported from case to case by two orderlies.

A few cases were given morphia injections, but most were quite comfortable; and, as it was past two o'clock before the cases had been dressed and packed away for the night, and all was then quiet, it was not considered advisable to make a systematic round for this purpose, which would have involved opening up the tents

and waking up everyone of the inmates. With the full equipment, however, of a Field-Hospital, it would be easy, and perhaps advisable, to give morphia more freely to fracture cases, and cases where haemorrhage is suspected or feared. But it must always be borne in mind that sleeplessness is seldom a difficulty with healthy soldiers under the healthy conditions of active service, unless the wound is actually painful; and this is seldom the case on the first night, unless bone is involved. Pain, if it comes at all, comes later as the result of tension from inflammation.

It was a bitterly cold night, and consequently the men were not so sorry as they might otherwise have been to be packed ten in each tent. The housing problem was a great difficulty, for, besides the eighty-one wounded still living, we had fourteen sick to look after, and only eight tents and five ambulance-waggons to hold them. The officers' tent held six, four being on stretchers, and the rest in their valises on the ground. The Surgery Tent was filled. The ambulance-waggons were filled. And there remained three men who preferred to be left outside, rolled up in their blankets; a few minor cases of sprained ankle and sore feet; and one man who, being delirious, could not refrain from banging his neighbour's head, and had, therefore, to be put outside, with an orderly sleeping at

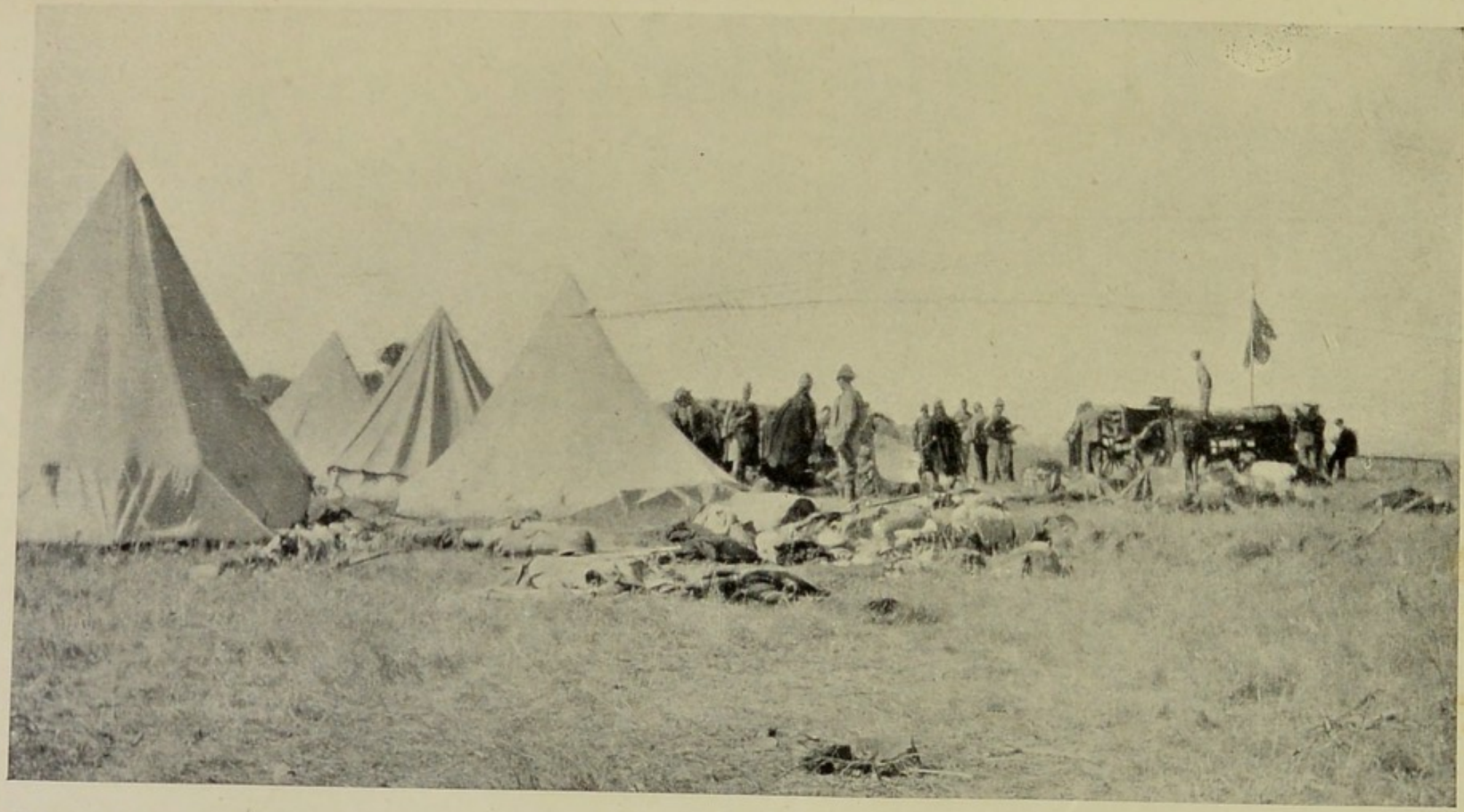


PLATE 31, p. 354.

May 30, 1900.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Field-Hospital of 19th Brigade at Doornkop, preparing to move into Florida. Men's kit strewn indiscriminately over the ground. Sergeant directing operations from waggon.

arm's length on either side. By two o'clock the Good Samaritan doctors had departed, to lose their way again, as it eventually turned out, and be entertained by the General; while by three o'clock the last of us was tucked into his valise under a starry, frosty sky.

The next morning we were up again at five, and were busy from that time onwards in preparing the "nominal roll of killed and wounded" for the Brigade-Major, and a duplicate for the Principal Medical Officer to be forwarded to the Director-General; in re-examining every case and dressing a few, with the help of the Good Samaritans again; in returning the various articles lent privately for the occasion; and in preparing patients and camp for the inevitable move into Florida, one of the suburbs of Johannesburg (Plate 31, p. 354). Even with four ambulance-waggons, lent for the purpose by the Bearer Company of the 21st Brigade, many men wounded in the groin and thigh could only be given sitting-up accommodation; but finally they were all packed in; by five o'clock the hospital of the night before was again bare veld, and by ten o'clock every patient had been berthed in a boarding house, taken over for use as a temporary hospital, under the charge of the New South Wales medical contingent.

Here ended our acquaintance with the cases,

and the clinical results must be looked for in the report of the Australian doctors, who promptly set to work, trephining three cases and operating on several others, with the better conditions and the greater leisure at their command.

Such is the work of a Field-Hospital in action. It is simply temporary work. You bandage, you feed, you warm, you stimulate, you allay pain. But under such conditions as these you cannot treat radically. You must wait at least to find a building, a proper supply of water, and a sufficiency of apparatus, with time for the purpose. These conditions were found the next day in Florida; and the delay, which, under the circumstances, was inevitable, probably made no difference to most of the cases.

A word must be said about the Australian medical officer, Colonel Williams, who was, and is, acting as our P.M.O. Until we reached Heilbron Hamilton's column had no real P.M.O. The Senior Medical Officer, a major of the R.A.M.C., never seemed to have the authority that he required for the work. At the end of the day's march he would be applied to for orders as to the next sick convoy or the chronic need of more drugs and medical stores; but he invariably referred us back to our General, who made arrangements himself for his Brigade.

Concerted measures between the different Brigades were therefore a difficulty.

At Heilbron, however, Colonel Williams was appointed P.M.O. of Hamilton's column; and a more efficient chief could hardly be imagined. He is the official head of the New South Wales Army Medical Staff, and has had previous experience with the Australian contingent in Egypt in '83. He commandeered a light Cape-cart with four ponies, in which he was able to drive forty miles a day. He drove to every unit under his command, so it seemed to us, at least every day; he never waited to be asked for help, but came where it was likely to be needed; and his methods seemed always to be adapted to the occasion, regardless of any preconceived ideas. He is the first man I have met who seems to be a master of army medical work in the field.

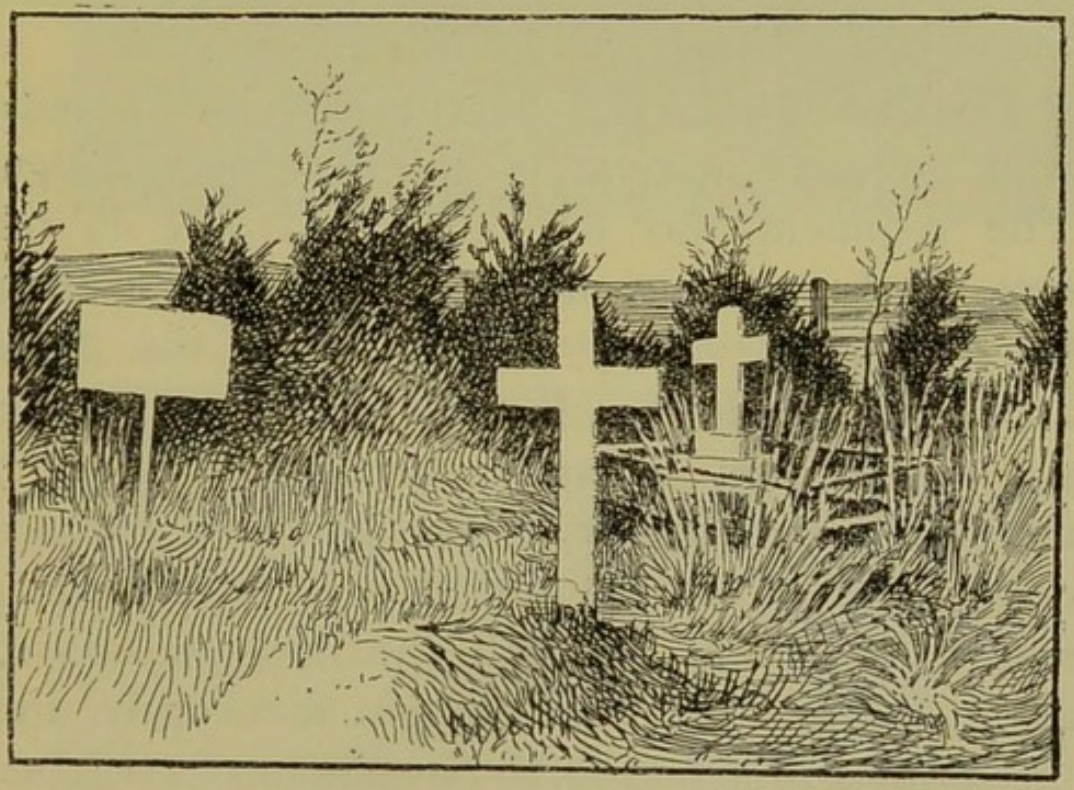
CHAPTER XVI.

THE ARMY ENTERS PRETORIA IN TRIUMPH.

Thursday, May 31st; Florida, 8 miles west of Johannesburg. Firstly, a fine wash, clothes and all—a great undertaking, when there is nothing to change into. Then a visit to one of the A.D.C.'s who has fever and urticaria; diagnosis, tinned salmon. I told the General that I celebrated the day of the battle by having a birthday on it; and he replied that he conferred a similar distinction on Saturday, when we crossed the Vaal. He is young enough to have been a Napoleonic Field-marshal; and he is good enough too, in the opinion of his troops.

Grech, as O.C. Bearer Company and Field-Hospital, has spent most of the day in misery over his official report of their work at Doornkop. After lunch we went out to Maraisburg, two miles from here on the road (a real road) to Johannesburg, for the funeral of poor Mey-

rick, Fife, and three others who have died since Tuesday (Plate 32, p. 360). Two of these were Presbyterians, and the Presbyterian padre, Mr. Jaffray, and the Church of England padre, Mr. Southwell, arranged to divide the burial



KILLED IN ACTION—GRAVES OF CAPTAIN MEYRICK AND LIEUT. FIFE AT MARAISBURG CEMETERY.

service between them, reading the prayers alternately. It was a most pathetic ceremony. The five graves were dug in the red earth in a shady little cemetery, hedged off by privet and plumbago from a stony kopje, an oasis in the middle of the great wild veld. By my side stood two sturdy Highland sergeants, bearded and stolid, splendid types of their kind.

Beyond the graves, the Generals, each with his staff; on one side a company of the Cornwalls; on another the Gordons. Two vivid memories will always remain with me,—the plaintive, thrilling, majestic dirge on the pipes; and the five little rough wooden crosses, with the simple epitaph "Killed in action."

I walked back with one of Meyrick's friends, who gave an account of the Gordons' charge. The regiment was ordered to advance in the face of the enemy, and if they found the firing heavy, to lie down and wait for the flank attack to develope. But the burnt veld made too conspicuous a target of their khaki, and there was nothing for it but either to advance or to retire. Cameron and Meyrick were leading with their companies, and the decision was to advance. But the Boers fought stubbornly, and three times they had to be turned out of positions by the charge. Meyrick, as we know, lost his life, and Cameron was very severely wounded. The burnt veld was responsible for most of the 140 casualties in Hamilton's column that day.

The following delightful message from Lord Roberts is issued to-day:

"Hamilton's Force Orders. 31st May, 1900.

"The G.O.C. has much pleasure in publishing the following extract from a letter just received from Lord Roberts:



PLATE 32, p. 360. May 31, 1900.

A Burial in Khaki.

Anglican and Presbyterian chaplains co-operating in the service at Maraisburg, after the battle of Doornkop.



PLATE 33, see p. 367. June 5, 1900.

The Generals.

Ian Hamilton and Smith-Dorrien, looking at Pretoria in the distance.

"'I am delighted at your successes, and grieved beyond measure at your poor fellows being without their proper rations; a trainful shall go to you to-day.

"'I expect to get the notice that Johannesburg surrenders this morning, and shall then march into the town. I wish your column, which has done so much to gain possession of it, could be with us.

"'Tell the Gordons I am proud to think that I have a Highlander as one of the supporters of my Coat-of-Arms.'

"By Order.

"(Sgd.) P. W. Le Gallais,[1] *Lt.-Col.*,
"*A.A.G.*"

Friday, June 1st; Braamfontein, 4 miles west of Johannesburg. Trek five miles. Supplies at last, and for five days. This fighting without rations is said to have been the severest work of the campaign, barring sieges.

Saturday, June 2nd; Braamfontein. We are halting to-day; so Grech and I rode in to Johannesburg. On our way we met a typical, seedy-looking old pony-cart, driven by a typical Boer with one leg, who, as he passed, roared out an enthusiastic "Hullo, Doctor!" Turning

[1] Killed in action at Bothaville, Orange River Colony, November 6, when his Mounted Infantry Division inflicted one of the severest defeats in the war on De Wet and Steyn.

round I found it was our old friend, Field-Cornet Pretorius.[1] He lives just outside the town, and had been in to thank Lord Roberts for his kindness.

"Very glad to see you, Doctor," he said, "but not in the Transvaal." "Leg? First-rate, thank you; but one little place is as obstinate as an old mule, and won't heal up. How's Dr. Tyndale? We are beaten? Well, one man can't fight against a hundred. But we've done what no European nation has dared to do; we've defied the British Empire, and given you a hard fight too." I asked him his opinion of our Generals—Lord Roberts, for instance. "Yes, he's a kind man and a good man; but,—that French . . . " His admiration fizzled into thin air. We had to refuse his offer of hospitality, and said good-bye to him, wondering if the old patriot would not still manage to play some part in the defence of his country.

We enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of a white table-cloth, waiters, and a civilised luncheon at the Goldfields' Hotel, where we, including a padre, had to raid the kitchen, and loot on our own behalf. All the world seemed to be there or at the Rand Club: friends innumerable, including Mr. Kendal Franks—no longer a down-trodden Uitlander—one of my cabin-mates on the "Nile"

[1] See Chapter IV., p. 56 (Plate 7).

attached to Pole-Carew's Artillery, and my burly cavalry friend in the Remounts. The latter has himself commandeered six hundred horses on the march from Bloemfontein, and was riding round with a dozen other buccaneers inspecting possible stable-doors, with the air of an accomplished horse-lifter. We squandered much money in buying sjamboks and other trophies, Krüger pence at two shillings each, and copies of the farewell issue of the *Standard and Diggers' News*, the mendacious semi-official organ of the Boer Government. The town is a wretched desert of brick and iron, without one fine building; it is a meshwork of wires, and a mass of blatant advertisements. The dregs of population that are left are of the Shylock class, and appear to live in the bar of the club. But there are good shops and good villas; and no doubt in peace-time the "Golden City" lives more closely up to its name.

Whit-Sunday, June 3rd; half-way from Johannesburg to Pretoria. Trek fifteen miles. On Saturday evening we arrived back in camp at eight o'clock to find that a native driver had been run over while the worse for some liquor which he must have stolen, and that he was in immediate need of operation.[1] What was to be done? The Brigade was under orders to

[1] Fractured pelvis and ruptured urethra.

move at daybreak next morning, and operation on the spot was obviously impossible. Florida and its boarding-house were not only full to overflowing, but were four miles off. It was decided to try Johannesburg. The patient and I therefore made ourselves as comfortable as possible on stretchers on the floor of a buck-waggon, left camp at half-past eleven, and eventually found the civil hospital of Johannesburg at two o'clock in the morning—a splendid building in fine grounds and very well equipped, one whole wing having been built by Barnato. The doctor of the Swiss ambulance, sent out to help the Boers, was wakened, and was most cordial in his welcome. Although built for only 230 beds, the hospital contained nearly 800 patients, mostly civilians suffering from enteric fever and other diseases, very few being wounded Boers (indeed very few Boers have been wounded in these parts). However, room was found under the verandah for my Kaffir patient, who was promptly taken into the fine theatre of the hospital, and left to the care of the Swiss doctor and his colleague, a Swiss Sister of Mercy, and the German-Jew porter. We reached camp again at five, picking up on the way five drunken and errant soldiers, who disappeared again before we arrived.

The Brigade moved at six, two ambulance-

waggons containing twenty-two sick being sent off to Florida, by a sudden order, under the Staff-Sergeant of the Bearer Company. This man, by the way, is a Berlin M.D. who for many years has practised in the wilds of Arizona, U.S.A. He is a born scout, and has spent most of his life tracking Red Indians. Indeed the General sent him out to track us down ten days ago when I disappeared with the ambulance-waggons. When the war broke out, he enlisted and was made Staff-Sergeant, as without an English qualification he could not be engaged as a doctor.[1]

Whit-Monday, June 4th; four miles from Pretoria. Floreat Etona! Lord Roberts, on behalf of all old Eton officers out here, has sent a telegram. Unfortunately (why? says our General, who is a Harrovian) he has just missed being in Pretoria to-day. The following document gives our present position:

"Hamilton's Force Orders. 4th June, 1900.

"1. *Intelligence.* The 7th and 11th Divisions[2] have driven the enemy away from their front.

"Our M.I. under Colonel De Lisle has occupied a commanding position two thousand yards

[1] On this occasion his sick-load was refused admission at Florida; he had then to trek eight miles to Johannesburg, where with difficulty he disposed of his twenty-two invalids, and joined us dead beat the next evening.

[2] Tucker's and Pole-Carew's.

from the town, through which the enemy are flying in a north-easterly direction. Colonel De Lisle has sent an officer into the city to demand its immediate surrender.

"2. *Move.* The force will march on Pretoria, leaving its bivouacs at six a.m.

"Orders concerning the advance will be issued to Brigadiers verbally.

"The ammunition columns and baggage will not inspan pending further orders.

"3. *Duties.* Brigade on duty to-morrow—19th Brigade.

"By Order,

"(Sgd.) P. W. Le Gallais, *Lt.-Col.*,
"*Chief Staff Officer.*"

Our only fear is for the six thousand prisoners.[1]

Dined with Canadians, and met Colonel Otter, whom we last saw wounded at Israel's Poort, five weeks ago. We sat afterwards under a sail-cloth between two waggons, and talked of the date fixed for the sailing of the first transport—June 15th, some say. Their regiment has certainly done splendidly. But their Colonel's rapid recovery is entirely outdone by that of Murray of the Gordons, who was wounded at Thaba-'Nchu at the same time as Towse, and left

[1] The actual numbers were 158 officers and 3029 men released, and 900 removed by the Boers before our entry.

Bloemfontein to rejoin his regiment within forty minutes of his arrival in a sick convoy.

Poor old Stick-in-the-mud fell with me this evening on stony ground, and came off second best with a horrid gash in the knee. Despite the five silk stitches, iodoform, and antiseptic gauze, he is done for from my point of view. Rather awkward for the fall of Pretoria, which *was* fixed for to-morrow.

Tuesday, June 5th; Pretoria. Trek four miles in, and two out. Spent the morning on a kopje three miles to the west of the town gazing intently on the nucleus of Krügerdom, and taking snap-shots of our three generals (Ian and Bruce Hamilton and Smith-Dorrien) from under the cover of horses' tails and such like. (See Plate 33, p. 360.) We encamped at one; and while the General was looking about for a suitable house, the Duke of Marlborough and Winston Churchill galloped up with a graphic account of a visit they had just paid to a tin building a mile from the town, where they had released 160 of our fellows and collared the Commandant and fifty Boers in charge of them.

At two we started to march into the town, Lord Roberts and the Guards entering it from the other side. The march-past was a splendid sight. Lord Roberts and his staff took up their position with their backs to the Dutch

Reformed Church in the middle of the Market-square, facing south down the road between the Raadzaal and the Grand Hotel. (Plate 34.) Pole-Carew's Division marched past first from east to west, and met us as we were coming up to the square, with the jolly Naval Brigade and their six great guns. The cavalry and most of the M.I. were busy at Waterval, but there were still enough troops to take three solid hours over the procession. On a fat, sleek old horse, borrowed for the occasion, I took up a position with my camera in a corner of the crowd, facing the Raadzaal, and watched first the rescued officers cheering with all their might from the Grand Hotel, then the silent crowd of natives, Jews, women and children, with a few puzzled-looking burghers thrown in; the endless stream of Royal Artillery and naval guns, infantry and mounted infantry, kilts and khaki, mules and oxen, ambulance-waggons, well-known Generals saluting amidst cheers, and then taking up their position with the Chief; and, last of all, the Chief himself, hardly to be seen for the number and splendour of his staff. The bands played and the pipers piped. It was the Jubilee procession over again. And the army went to bed happy.

Spent a festive evening at the General's pleasant little house, selected for the purpose by his A.D.C., where General Bruce-Hamilton

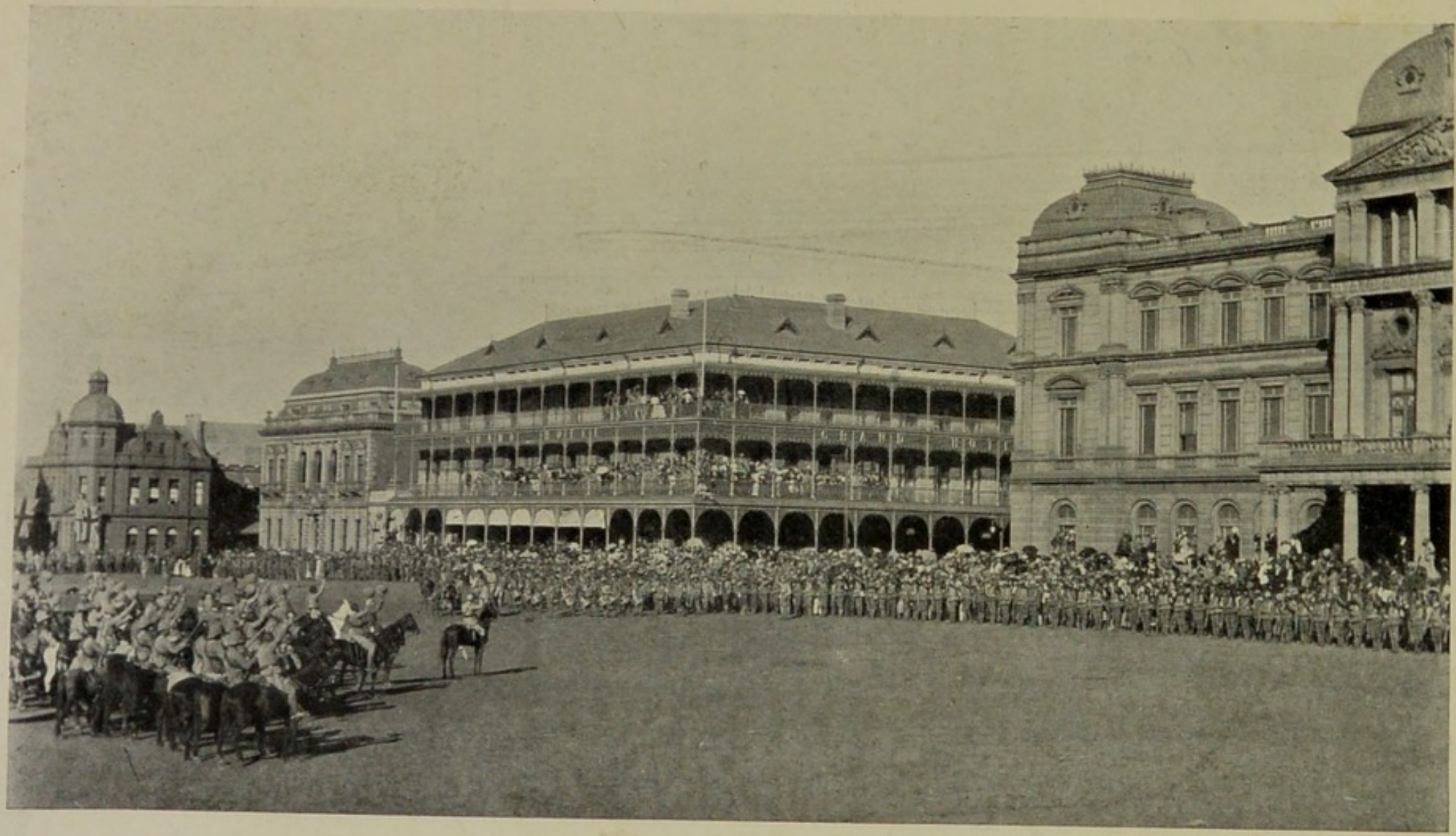


PLATE 34, p. 368.

June 5, 1900.

LORD ROBERTS TAKES POSSESSION OF PRETORIA.

Lord Roberts and Staff on left, with Dutch Church behind them, facing south towards fine Raadzaal, on right, and Grand Hotel, crowded with released prisoners and local celebrities. Square kept by Guards. Main column marched past from the further side of square towards the photographer; Hamilton's column in reverse direction. Note the band.

and his staff were being entertained. Our General goes to Johannesburg with the Cornwalls, leaving the Gordons and Canadians in garrison here. The Shropshires go to-morrow to Vereeniging.

Brigade Orders this evening are an interesting summary of our march:

"Brigade Orders by General Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O., commanding 19th Brigade. Pretoria, 5th June, 1900.

"1. Countersign, Graspan.

"2. The 19th Brigade has achieved a record of which any infantry might be proud. Since the date it was formed, 12th February, 1900, it has marched 620 miles, often on half-rations and seldom on full. It has taken part in the capture of ten towns, fought in ten general engagements and on twenty-seven other days. In one period of thirty days it fought on twenty-one of them, and marched 327 miles. Casualties between four and five hundred. Defeats nil.

"By Order,

"F. S. Inglefield, *Brigade-Major.*"

The ten towns are—Jacobsdal, Bloemfontein, which we left on April 21st, Thaba'Nchu 26th, Winburg May 6th, Ventersburg 10th, Kroonstad 12th, Lindley 18th, Heilbron 22nd (crossing the Vaal on the 26th), Johannesburg 30th, and Pretoria June 5th.

It is interesting to note that the work of the Field-Hospital section, which has accompanied the Brigade from Bloemfontein, has been chiefly that of attending to sick, and not to wounded. On most days we have seen and heard the field-guns and pom-poms at work, and there has been a certain amount of skirmishing; but this has usually affected only the mounted infantry and cavalry, who move on the flanks of the main body, and brush the enemy away before our advance. The mounted troops have been treated by the staff of the New South Wales Bearer Company and Field-Hospital. The only two occasions on which I have seen many wounded were after the actions of Thaba Kopje and Doornkop. It may be interesting to preserve the following:

"Hamilton's Force Orders. 5th June, 1900.

"1. *Prisoners.* 123 British officers and 39 men, lately prisoners of war, were delivered over to the Duke of Marlborough, as representative of Hamilton's Force, this morning. The Boer Commandant with 48 officers and men, who were guarding these prisoners, surrendered at the same time as prisoners of war.

"2. *Special.* In expressing his pleasure at the good work done by all ranks under his command yesterday, the G.O.C. would like specially to congratulate Lt.-Col. De Lisle and his men on their

dashing ride and capture of a Maxim-gun and ammunition waggons.

"3. *Duties.* Brigade duty to-morrow—21st Brigade.

"By Order,

"(Sgd.) P. W. Le Gallais, *Lieut.-Col.*,

"*Chief Staff Officer.*"

Wednesday, June 6th. Major Sawyer, R.A.M.C., with the complete Field-Hospital has arrived to-day, after we have reached our goal. It is annoying for him, as it has been for us to be without him. He brings me some Cape letters, the first for eight weeks, but no English mail.

Grech and I went into town and dined at the Grand Hotel. On the way we met eight hundred escaped prisoners, mostly Northumberland Fusiliers, captured at Stormberg in December, who were parading in various garbs. One of them gave us a vivid account of their escape under fire of the Boer guns, which were trained on the hospital and killed fifteen men.[1]

The released officers, whom we met in swarms at the Grand, had many tales to tell. Best, of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, had the bad luck to be taken only two days before Ladysmith was relieved. Smyth-Osbourne, of the Devons, who came out on the "Roslin Castle" in October,

[1] An entire fiction.

has spent seven months in gaol. Twenty-seven officers went off to keep order amongst the odd four thousand N.C.O.'s and men at Waterval, fourteen miles north of Pretoria; and between them they had undermined the Boer guns; but the Boers moved the guns and got them into good position before firing on French's force, which came to release the prisoners. The other hundred officers were awakened in the middle of the night before last, and told to get up and trek. Some began sheepishly to obey. The rest sat on the Commandant's head, in fear and trembling lest the commando outside should hear a noise and begin to shoot. Eventually the Boer guard all surrendered. The officers take it all most coolly, although they have had a wretched time of it, with only Patience, Bridge, and Roulette to relieve the monotony of their life. After Winston Churchill's escape, and the account of how he had done it, they had roll-call twice every day.

The Boers, of course, robbed them through middlemen in every possible way, and they had no rations the last three days since Krüger left with his one-and-a-half millions in pure gold. He has gone with Smuts and Co. in the Lydenburg direction, Smuts having to march by road, since our fire on the railway on Monday morning was very accurate. Until March 16th, when

they were removed from the model school to the cage erected for them outside Pretoria, the officer-prisoners were kept well informed of news by a plucky Englishman living over the way, who was engaged in the telegraph office, and taught his daughters to signal across the news as soon as it arrived, before even Krüger had it. This man was sent on commando by the Boers and ordered to be shot when he tried to desert. He was released on Tuesday, after a fortnight in the Pretoria gaol.

On and after to-morrow, these officers of ours are to be tried for the military offence of allowing themselves to be captured. While prisoners they were naturally a bit annoyed with Lord Roberts for not exchanging them; but now they see that he did right. They thought they were going to be freed on Friday, when the Boers fled like fury on hearing a false rumour that we were going to push on to Pretoria that day. It's a pity we didn't.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE ON THE VELD.

Thursday, June 21st; Taaibosch, Orange River Colony. Four miles south of Viljoen's Drift. After a fortnight with the Bearer Company at Elandsfontein, close to Johannesburg, have been sent here; got off this morning at eight with the homeward mails, and with Colonel Bullock and a miscellaneous troop fresh from the Pretoria prison, all in high spirits.[1] Have brought with me my servant and horse, the inevitable Sergeant O'Greedy, and two R.A.M.C. orderlies, a couple of medical panniers, and a couple of tents. My instructions are to take over medical charge of some twelve hundred troops at this and two other

[1] These men, armed only with Martini-Henry rifles and black powder, without any guns, were attacked the same night, on arrival at Honning Spruit, by De Wet with double their number of Mausers and three guns. They held out for 7 hours, until relieved from Kroonstad. Major Hobbs and three others were killed. Mr. Cheatle had his work cut out for him, and not a scrap of medical equipment for the purpose.

camps down the line. On the 130 miles of railway under General Smith-Dorrien's command, between Pretoria and Kroonstad, there are stationed some eight thousand troops. Each regiment, of course, has its own medical officer; but, as many regiments are split up and most of the little camps consist of "details," there is abundance of work for other medical officers, and the personnel of our Bearer Company, which was lying almost idle at Elandsfontein, has been turned to good account. The Field-Hospital remains at the private hospital of the "Simmer and Jack Mine." Travelled with two correspondents and Mr. Cheatle, the consulting surgeon, who are all homeward bound, the latter on semi-official information that the war is practically over. But the Boers are still a power in the land.

One of the Gordons, who is on the reserve of officers and in peace is British Consul at Warsaw, has a good illustration of the disciplinary powers of the fighting Boers over the farmers. For a week he was lying wounded at Thaba'Nchu with Commandant Banks, who was shot through both legs. Being on half rations, without any luxuries, the Boer officer betted that, although a prisoner, he could get the necessary comforts, even if the English could not. So he asked them to send for the local Land-drost, an Englishman, who came

and cursed Banks for sending for him. "I want a spring-bed," said Banks, "and three warm blankets; and some bread, milk, and eggs." "Go to Blazes," replied the Land-drost, and disappeared. But sure enough, there appeared next day the bed and blankets, bread, milk, and any number of eggs, which were not to be had in the place for love or money.

"You see," explained the sportsman, "you were in Thaba'Nchu once before and retreated. Then I came in and had six of the chief inhabitants ranged up along a wall with twenty men facing them with loaded rifles. They knew it was a question of death or compliance; so they complied. And they know the same thing will happen again, and are eager to be in our good books beforehand."

Consequently, everyone has been delighted with the Chief's order to our General the other day to burn De Wet's house at Rhenoster, and in future to burn the house nearest to the site of any damage to railway or telegraph line.[1]

Saturday, June 23rd; Wolvehoek. Have settled into two iron houses here, which will be better than any number of tents at Taaibosch. My orders are to send serious cases down to Kroonstad; but in the present uncertain condi-

[1] The result of this order down to February, 1901, when it was rescinded, was the destruction of under 700 farms.

tion of the train service it may be necessary to keep some at this station. There was no train to-day, for instance, to bring my sergeant, orderlies, and equipment along, from ten, when we just missed the General's train, till seven this evening. So regular railway travelling is out of the question.

Rode here myself and had a strange introduction. I stopped a mile off to eat my lunch, smoke a pipe, and read a copy of *Pendennis*, picked up in Johannesburg. It appears that I was seen by the look-out man and reported as a suspicious character, probably a Boer about to blow up the line; so a few dozen men were sent straight off from their dinner at the double to take me prisoner; and an officer who galloped up to me first was quite disappointed. After explanations I started to ride in with him, but, as my horse was in need of a drink, said I would be with him again in a couple of minutes, and set off at a hand-gallop to a neighbouring dam. Whereat our Commandant and the dinnerless men, still some way off, making sure their prey had escaped, shouted fearful threats, and I am lucky to have entered the station alive.

Taaibosch is 10 miles north, and Kromellenboog, my other camp, 10 miles south of this. I shall have to visit them on alternate days on horseback.

Tuesday, July 3rd. Mr. Makins was here on Saturday, bound for Pretoria. He has collected twenty-seven different kinds of bullets used in the war, and is convinced that we have used some real Dum-Dum (mark IV. or V.) bullets, although our officers here absolutely deny the possibility of it. He has a good suggestion that a P.M.O. for lines of communication should patrol the line in his own train, or at least his own carriage, with a truck of medical supplies. Lack of medical supplies, says our commandant—an Indian D.A.A.G.—is solely due to the weakness of a P.M.O., who can get anything he likes, if he choose to insist on it.

It is surprising how well the fever cases do here with simple rest and a milk diet. Even with a very high temperature and all the leading features of enteric, the course of the fever is usually only six or eight days, and recovery is complete within a fortnight. At present, the garrison is very healthy, the water supply, the sanitary arrangements, the climate, the food, are all good. But there is no saying what may become of the place with a permanent garrison when summer comes on again.

The other cases are chiefly diarrhoea and colic, dry pleurisy which disappears in a week, and "veld sores," which only require careful dressing.

Wednesday, July 4th. Last night we were entertaining—if you can dignify the proceeding by such a name—a Major of the K.O.S.B.'s and a civil-surgeon, who tells me that R. W. J. is desperately ill at Kroonstad. This makes the sixth Civil Surgeon out of the original eight of us on the "Roslin Castle" who has been seriously ill. It is curious that I alone have been inoculated against enteric; and only one besides me has escaped. Bloemfontein is a regular plague-spot; the water supply being thoroughly polluted from the bad sanitary arrangements and the rains, the epidemic will now go on until it dies a natural death in the summer, about October. The flies too are much to blame; they are still a pest down there, while here we never see them. It is an immense pity that no experts in public health have been employed. For all their experience, the sanitary work of the R.A.M.C. is not good.

Monday, July 9th. Rowe, the Cornish stone-mason who owns the large quarries at Steenpan, between here and Taaibosch, has a big job in repairing permanently all the culverts and bridges on the line.[1] He says the line was purposely destroyed by Hollanders in the employ of the

[1] It is interesting to see how indestructible a railway really is. In the advance from Bloemfontein to Johannesburg, a distance of 265 miles, no fewer than 27 bridges, 41 culverts and 10 miles of line were found damaged; but the first train reached Pretoria on June 7. The railway in the Transvaal was found intact.

N.Z.A.S.M.,[1] who hoped thereby to secure for the Delagoa Bay line the whole of the Johannesburg trade. He has just been up to Pretoria to give evidence on the subject. He was not commandeered by the Boers, being too useful a man; and it is interesting to see a fellow, who started in life as a common labourer, rise in this country to a house, estate, and position of so great importance.

There are two store-keepers near here. One, a well-read and intelligent Englishman, lives on the line five miles off, and is one of our most useful helpers, although his wife is a Boer and has two brothers on commando, who dare not surrender while De Wet is still loose. The other, a Jew, has a store ten miles out to the east, where we play Box and Cox with the fifty Boers on commando in these parts. Most of us take him to be honest; and he is perfectly willing to sell his stores to us, or to bring them all in, if we will send waggons for the purpose. But this is impossible; nor can we, even with three hundred men, make any attempt to trap these Boers, so long as our orders are "defence not defiance," as is the case all down the line.

[1] Nederlandsche Zuid-Afrikansche Spoorweg-Maatschappij, which, owned the Transvaal railways. The Orange Free State owned its own railways, but had never paid the Cape Government for making them.

We have to realise therefore that, since we cannot give the people protection when only ten miles from the line, we cannot expect them to surrender arms and swear neutrality; and the proclamation on the subject is a dead letter. In fact it is probable that the few Boers who surrender do so designedly, in order to spy out our camps and learn our news; too much stress is laid on the Boer women and Kaffirs as informants. If so, the proclamation does actual harm, and the sooner it is rescinded the better.[1]

Tuesday, July 24th. The day here begins in darkness for the military at five o'clock, when they have to stand to arms and shiver for an hour. The medical officer, on the other hand, sleeps on blissfully till seven, has his coffee and a shave in bed, *i.e.* in his valise, and after an icy-cold bath is very fresh for breakfast at eight, although the porridge may be lumpy, the milk scarce, and the buttered eggs slow in arriving. These defects, it may be noted, interest him, not because of their intrinsic value, but because the six other members of the mess, having decided to make him their housekeeper and accountant under the imposing title of mess-president, hold him responsible. That is why it is essential for the medical officer to come down fresh to breakfast.

[1] This was done in September.

Breakfast over, Bradshaw, the invaluable mess-servant, comes in for orders. We stroll to the back of the Ladies' Waiting-Room, now the mess-room, and inspect our kitchen and private farm-yard,—half-a-dozen lean chickens, a couple of elderly geese, a sucking pig, now preserved as a pet by the soldier-cook, and a hanging turkey. Bradshaw decides on my behalf on curried Machonachie[1] for lunch, turkey boiled for dinner, and turkey devilled for breakfast; with a few tinned goods thrown in. Loch's Horse are to be asked to get in some more birds; Somers, the English storekeeper, for some eggs; Jack Straw, a local farmer, for more milk; and the station-master's wife for tartlets in return for the joint of mutton we sent her yesterday.

At nine I see the sick in my Surgery, half-a-dozen old cases, and half-a-dozen new,—veld-sores, colds, rheumatisms, collywobbles. Against most of them I write M. and D. on their report, Medicine and Duty, with an entry in my note-book for the sake of further reference; Sergeant O'Greedy gives the appropriate tabloid or ointment. Private Cairns wants a tooth out; and is marked down M. and D. just the same. Corporal Smith has ricked his back, and he is rubbed, bandaged up, and marked L.D., Light Duty, for two days; Private James

[1] Tinned Irish stew.

looks like a possible typhoid and is sent into hospital.

The hospital-round takes only a few minutes. I have six good army hospital beds with bedding, and two stretcher-beds belonging to the railway; but they are not all full; only one case may possibly be serious; the treatment for all is simple and the feeding either rations or milk. We manage to get a little fresh milk and eggs in every day, both for our mess and hospital; but unfortunately have no other light food, rice or arrowroot. The serious case ought to have gone down to Kroonstad, but despite numerous wires I can't make out whether they can give him a bed. So I send off another wire; pack my stethoscope, dressing-case, and a few envelopes full of tabloids into the wallets of my saddle; at eleven the faithful servant brings Tory along, and I am soon on my way, with rubber top-boots and mackintosh as a precaution, for it rained fiercely last night and there are heavy clouds about.

The old familiar sound of booming guns has been reminding us since seven o'clock that we are really still at war; otherwise everything is at peace. I trot and canter the first mile or two along the railway, following the line of Lord Roberts' march, which is marked more by the skin and bone remains of a horse, mule,

or ox every four hundred yards, than by any definite road. Then two miles' walk, a good gallop on the flat, a quiet mile downhill, during which I peruse the *Weekly Times* for June 24; another trot, and by half-past twelve we are tripling[1] down the slope to the camp at Kromellenboog.

Burns, the untrained private who acts as my hospital orderly, is ready to unsaddle my pony, and reports a dozen-and-a-half sick, rather a large proportion out of three hundred in the garrison. The fact is, I sent two cases, only requiring rest and proper food, down to Kroonstad last week; and some of the "old soldiers," stimulated by this prospect, have found themselves suffering from rheumatism, headache, neuralgia, and other incontrovertible ailments, and "don't think it do me no good goin' on outpost duty, sir, in this 'ere rain." I see them one by one in the hospital-tent, seated on a pack-

[1] The triple is a special pace of the colonial ponies, in which the four hoofs strike the ground one at a time in regular rhythm, and the rider sits absolutely unmoved. It is therefore the least tiring for the rider, and the ponies seem to be able to keep it up all day. It is the usual medium gait of a cat, and may be represented in musical notation by four quavers to the bar in 2-4 time; whereas a trot is two crotchets in the same time; and a canter is two quavers, a crotchet, and a crotchet rest in 3-4 time. The ponies are trained to the triple by the rather cruel method of spurring and whipping them with their heads held well in by a sharp bit. They cannot then reach out for a canter, and they do not like the jog of a trot.

ing case, with my medical wares in biscuit tins at my side; and, on the contrary, am of opinion that outpost duty in pouring rain is the best thing possible for them. One fellow has got a useful arm that was broken a year ago and badly set; he complains of having fallen on it and flinches when it is touched, but there is no sign of injury. He is ordered to have it painted with iodine and wear the arm in a sling. "See that he wears it too, Burns," I say, as the man retires. "'*E* won't wear it, sir," replies Burns; "'*e's* only tryin' to do a Kroonstad." One fellow had a bad faceache, so I pulled out one of twenty bad teeth. He won't come back again. Another had horrible pains in the inside, and received three pills then and there. He won't come again unless he is a very brave man. "Oi say, Burns," they have been asking behind my back, "wot's the best way o' doin' a deal on the doctor?"

It is a very serious responsibility this treatment of malingerers. A single discontented and artful man may be the little leaven to leaven the whole lump, and doctors owe it to the general cause to stamp the mischief out as soon as possible. And yet they owe it to the men to see that genuine illness is not neglected, and this thought, and the general respect that they are bound to feel for the great majority of our soldiers, makes the first duty of the military doctor most difficult.

The four officers of the South Wales Borderers provide lunch and genial company in their mess-room of biscuit-boxes, roofed with iron, after which we adjourn to the iron shanty of the Lincoln and Lancashire detachments. After a time General Chermside comes along in his armoured train for a visit of inspection, looking very spick and span, with a well-polished sword, the first I have seen at the front. I retire to talk to an English farmer, who, after being commandeered and serving with a Boer ambulance in Natal, has now taken refuge in camp with his family, having lost nearly everything he had. He was with the Boer P.M.O. Ramsbottom at Ladysmith. Each of their ambulances consists of two ambulance-waggons with five tents, a doctor and six orderlies, and there were sixteen of these units at Spion Kop, where this ambulance alone treated 140 cases.

On my return from Kromellenboog I am greeted as usual by running sentries, who take me in the dusk for a Boer,—this country practice is dangerous work. Everything is quiet at the station, and after a cup of tea, the adjutant takes me off with him to see that the outposts are in place for the night—eighteen groups of three, who take it in turn, two hours on and four off, fifty-four in all, to watch over two hundred and fifty men. It should be enough. But it seems

curious that they should all be within two hundred yards of the station.

The adjutant has forgotten to give round the pass-word for the evening, and we are challenged by the first post.

"It's all right," is our reply, "I'm the adjutant; do *you* know what the pass-word is?"

"No, sorr," says the Irishman, "but I've made one up for meself."

This is the third original answer we have had this month. The other night one of our sub alterns was going round as usual from the front to see that he was properly challenged. He asked one of the outposts what his duties were "Look straight to the front, sorr, and if I see anything comin', sorr, shoot-t!"

Another officer asked the same question of one Patrick Murphy. "To be seen, sorr, widout bein' seen," was his reply.

"And how the Blazes are you going to do that?"

"Shure, an' I dunno, sorr; but it's got to be done somehow, sorr."

We retire to the fire in the ladies' waiting room and discuss the medical administration of the war, on which they have had a warm debate in the House of Commons, ending in the appointment of a very good committee of inquiry to investigate the subject. A strong letter, which

Mr. Burdett-Coutts wrote, apparently, after a visit to Bloemfontein in April, figures in the *Times* which has just reached us. He condemns everything, and Sir William MacCormac and Mr. Treves have denied his charges with equal vigour. Both sides seem to be exaggerating. Mr. Burdett-Coutts draws a too lurid picture of the Field-Hospitals, and does not give the obvious excuses. The others say everything was perfect. Perfect, forsooth; when convoys of sick men were being sent to the base without even an orderly in charge; when our Brigade trekked to Pretoria without any reinforcement or fresh stores for its little section of a Field-Hospital the whole way; when—to take an *a priori* argument—the R.A.M.C. were not equipped for even a quarter of the troops we now have in the field![1]

No. 4 Hospital-train arrives at six o'clock from Heilbron for Kroonstad, and has to be here for the night, no trains being allowed to travel after dark; for it was only on Sunday that De Wet cut the line again near Rhenoster, and burnt another train. The two medical officers accompany me round my little hospital and see the cases tucked up for the night. It is curious that two of the troopers now in are respectively the heir-presumptive to a peerage and an old Guy's man, who has wandered all over the world. The last man

[1] Cf. p. 6.

I sent out was the son of a rich and well-known man of affairs; and the other day a more than usually respectful fellow turned out to have been at Eton with me. Sergeant O'Greedy tells me the evening temperatures, shows me a new case who has reported himself sick at five o'clock, and conducts us in turn through the four little rooms of the house, where we find the men fairly comfortable and content.

The mess is fairly well satisfied for once with its dinner, and we discuss everything from the cricket season at home to the abuse of the Red Cross. It is curious that the Geneva Convention should be so little understood by combatant officers. Even Lord Kitchener, who would be the last to abuse it consciously, once tacked his carriage on to this very hospital-train; and I can remember one occasion when a General pitched his tents behind a Bearer Company, put guns to fire in front of it, and troops and common transport on either side. What wonder that the Boers "fired on the Red Cross"!

Our guests turn in early to their comfortable bunks on board the train; the mess settles down to poker; and I withdraw to my tent, lace up the door, light a lantern, and settle myself down to three hours' work at the ingenious writing-table improvised by my servant out of biscuit-boxes.

A list of stores needed has to be prepared for

wiring to-morrow to "No. 4 Advanced Medical Stores, Kroonstad." I am corresponding hard with the Ordnance about soap and soda, of which, with their never-failing promptness, they appear to have sent off many boxes, but none have ever arrived. A lengthy private wire has to be prepared, at twopence a word, for English papers, to be sent from Bloemfontein for our mess. An hour is spent over my report for the week ending to-morrow, in which I close with an appeal to my P.M.O. to induce the Red Cross Society to provide footballs for the camps along the line. A letter is written for the mail; and after an hour with a text-book on surgery, a Browning and a Mark Twain, I screw myself down into the valise on my rickety, creaky camp-bed, puff out the candle, and dream of home.

Thursday, July 26th. The telegrams referring to the controversy on hospital management are scanty, but the appointment of a committee of inquiry cannot fail to be a good thing. If you ask almost any combatant officer at the front about the administration of the various departments during the war, he will refer to the medical department in terms of unstinted praise. Many of the complaints made against it from without can be traced to the lack of transport. This may or may not have been inevitable for strategic reasons; but a strong committee of inquiry will

bring this fact into prominence, and convince the British public at home that for this reason, in sending their soldiers to the war, they cannot provide them with a perfect system of medical treatment, as matters stand at present.

Monday, July 30th. Prinsloo and 3,500 men with transport and guns surrendered to Hunter at Fouriesburg. Hooray! End of war in sight.

Friday, August 3rd. The exception to the monotony of life here was an audacious attack on the station last Friday, July 27th. The five hundred Boers or so, who have been hovering about the neighbourhood doing nothing except "be on commando" the last month and more, took courage on our evacuation of Heilbron ; and, thinking probably that this place, the junction of the Heilbron and main lines, might have been weakened at the same time, they appeared on the horizon. Some young scamp, named J. J. Viljoen, sent in, under cover of a flag of truce, a note which a friendly farmer rendered as follows :

"To His Excellency the C.O. of the British Government at Wolvehoek" (viz. a captain in the R.I. Rifles).

"My Lord,

"I, the undersigned officer of our government of the Orange Free State, do hereby give your honour notice to surrender with your troops unconditionally within fifteen minutes. If

you will not, remove all women and children, as I shall be forced to take other steps. Reply immediately.

"Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

"(Signed) J. J. VILJOEN,

"*Commanding Officer.*

"In the Veld, 27th July, 1900."

The women and children and half a dozen sick from the hospital were run down the line in a truck half a mile out of the station in the charge of an orderly, and the Red Cross flag was hauled down from the hospital, which was necessarily within only a few yards of the trenches. As there is only one row of iron buildings on either side of the line, all the buildings are close to the trenches; and the only flag that can be flown in action is a tiny Union Jack, which I bought at the Stores at home for tenpence.

However, our defences were worthy of Mafeking, and neither side had any guns, so that a harmless interchange of rifle-fire at three thousand yards went on for half-an-hour, and the Boers then retreated.

Three hours later came a wire from Lord Roberts, "Hold the place; am sending you reinforcements"; and next day there appeared 250 men of the 8th Mounted Infantry under Colonel Ross, with a gun of the 74th battery, and a youthful Major of the Queensland Army

Medical Corps, in which he has served during his civil practice for eleven years.

Unfortunately, I was away with my servant at the time, having been sent down the line at half-an-hour's notice by telegram from the P.M.O., Lines of Communication, to take eight patients to Kroonstad. Forty sick were put into our train at Rhenoster, and all forty-eight on reaching Kroonstad at five p.m. were taken over by the P.M.O. of No. 3 General Hospital, which is under canvas just outside the town. No. 3 used to be at Rondebosch, and has been noted throughout as being one of the best managed of the General Hospitals. It is now divided into two sections, one half being at Springfontein, south of Bloemfontein, and the other half at Kroonstad. This half, therefore, is designed for 260 patients, instead of the 750 which it contains at present. But neither in accommodation nor in medical attendance is anything left to be desired, and the P.M.O., with characteristic courtesy, received the forty-eight new cases without a murmur, although the wire announcing their coming had never reached him. How would the house-physician for the week and the Superintendent at Guy's like to have forty-eight extra cases thrown upon them without warning, when they had already got their beds full three times over?

Sports were held at the Scottish Hospital on Saturday afternoon; the band of the Buffs played light music; and all the available rank and fashion of Kroonstad attended. General Walter Knox was strolling about with Piet De Wet, a splendid-looking fellow of six feet two, who surrendered on Thursday; and the contrast between Knox's smart staff-officers and the half-dozen rough-and-tumble Boer youths, who followed them with hands in their pockets, was as ludicrous as the fact of De Wet's presence, and his treatment more as if he were Royalty than a surrendered rebel.

Friday, August 10th. On my return-journey from Kroonstad recently, the driver of my train gave a graphic account of the blowing up of the line near Amerika siding two nights previously. For fifteen years, he said, he had been an engine-driver, and had been afraid of nothing; but this experience "fair put the fear o' Gawd into" him, and he refused to drive any more on that section of the line at night. He was approaching the siding at one a.m. on Friday night, when he saw two Boers lighting the fuse of the dynamite charges under the line. He was too close to stop; and, if he had been able to do so, the train would have been at the mercy of any Boers that might be near, perhaps in force. So he turned on "Full steam ahead."

Bump, bang, went the cow-catcher against a huge boulder of stone, but the train kept to the lines, and just as the last truck was clear the dynamite exploded. Next morning the engineers drew out forty charges, only three of which had been fired.

Friday, August 17th. The prevention of disease from contamination of the water supply during the coming rains is a question of immense and pressing importance. From the neighbourhood of Johannesburg right down to Kroonstad the troops draw their drinking water from either wells or dams close to the line of march. The soil along the whole of this route must be considered as infected by the carcases and refuse which have been strewn about on the veld, especially in the neighbourhood of the dams. When the rains come down in torrents, as they may be expected to do in a month's time, the surface-water running down into the dams and into some of the wells will contaminate them; the germ-spores, now latent, will become active, and serious epidemic may again break out in every camp. It is to be hoped that orders will shortly be issued for every camp to make entirely new arrangements for its water-supply, using the present sources only for watering horses and cattle, and for washing purposes. Water is obtainable in many places at a few feet; here,

for instance, at seven feet below the surface. There should be abundant apparatus in the country for sinking artesian tube-wells, which are much used in farming. But if not, and if the pumps can be provided for keeping the workings dry, wells should be dug near every camp ; and if there are no pumps available, dams should be dug at some distance from the line of march, so as to collect the water running down from a clean slope of veld. A dam, measuring 70,000 cubic feet, or an average of 100 feet by 70 by 1 would hold, roughly speaking, 40,000 gallons, or enough, after allowing for evaporation, to give every man in a garrison of three hundred, half a gallon a day for six months. The garrison would do their own digging ; and some central sanitary authority should superintend the work all along the line. Such dams and wells, if surrounded by barbed wire and a low earth rampart, should remain free from surface water and direct contamination. It is to be hoped that, if these camps are likely to be maintained, as some are bound to be, some consistent scheme may be promptly put into effect. I have made this suggestion to Colonel Edge, who has promptly appointed a sanitary Board, consisting of himself, the chief Royal Engineer, and another officer, to examine the water-supply throughout his district. By his advice I have forwarded a copy of this proposal

to General Knox, who is taking over command of the line up to this station.

On Monday I went out with the District Commissioner, Colonel Ross, Mounted Infantry, one gun, and a small escort of infantry, to burn the house of a prominent Boer, six miles off to the north-west, in return for a break in the line. The particular farm selected belonged to Hans van der Merwe, a most prominent anti-Britisher in these parts; and a copy of Lord Roberts' proclamation on the subject, in Dutch and English, was sent out to the wife in the early morning by native runner, giving her till ten o'clock to clear out the furniture and belongings from the house. By ten we were there, and all the seven grand-children, from perambulator-age to sixteen, all with stolid faces, were busy in carrying out their goods and laying them to windward of the house—beds, chairs, and tables, biltong drying on sticks, probably for the Boers on commando, canary-birds, a few pictures, and the huge clasped family Bible, presented to "Petrus Paul van der Merwe, geboren 1865," old Hans' son, who did not appear to have read it. The old lady, in a huge black poke-bonnet, directed their operations. The house was of stone and brick, with an iron roof, and looked as if it would not burn; but a good bundle of dry hay and an old door were laid in the room to

windward, a match was applied by the Colonel, and in a minute there was a blaze from every window, and a column of smoke visible for ten miles in every direction. The poor people sent up a most dismal howl on seeing the house on fire. But every eye seemed dry, and as it was only ten minutes' walk to the brother's farm, and the damage could soon be repaired when my lord returns from the wars, it is possible that the grief was not altogether genuine. However, it is poor kind of work. "It's a job I loathe," said the kindly Colonel, who had gone through the work methodically. "Are you satisfied, Sir," he asked the Commissioner. "Then—Stand to your horses—Mount," and we were glad to be off.

This question of farm-burning is a thorny subject of discussion in the mess. It of course serves a double purpose: firstly punishment, secondly destruction of a centre of stores and intelligence for the enemy. With the latter intention it would be far better to deport all the family and the Kaffirs; with the former, the furniture and household gods should all be burnt at the same time and the walls blown down by dynamite, for the damage done by fire to the structure is easily repaired. But when we burn farms, take live-stock, and fine the farmers, we are ruining the district, and causing much bitter

feeling against us. Two of our most thoughtful officers, therefore—one of whom knows the country well—disbelieve entirely in the policy of farm-burning; and the farm of Commandant Le Roux, who has left a wife and two pretty daughters on it while he is fighting, is only one of many such that have been spared. In Le Roux's case no one has the pluck to face the pretty daughters and do the deed even if it were ordered. And it must be granted that, despite the burnt farms, the line has been broken as frequently as ever.

But, on the other hand, if we proclaim a policy, we should carry it into force with the utmost rigour, or else publicly repeal it. And there is no doubt that this farm-burning, if carried out in a ruthless manner, would bring home to the Boer the absolute necessary lesson that his cause is utterly smashed. Indeed, an Australian colonel of high repute explained to us the other day his conviction that it was only part of the inexorable law of nature for the Boers to be destroyed out of existence by natural selection and survival of the fittest. "Loot, burn, and kill," he said, "and you will only be hastening on the inevitable end."

But our men never could "loot, burn, and kill." Officers and men are consistently tender-hearted, and hate even the burning. By all means let us err on the side of strictness rather than that of

leniency ; for the Boers will all the sooner recognise the mailed fist, and settle down peaceably. But it would be better to stop farm-burning, and systematically denude the whole country of Dutch, Kaffirs, and stores.

Thursday, August 23rd. A fellow gave himself up yesterday at Taaibosch after taking four days to escape through our cordon north of Pretoria. He did not surrender up there, as he wished to come to his farm and see his wife first. According to him the Boers are ignorant of news, even of Prinsloo's surrender ; but even so, they fight under compulsion. They find the rifling of their Mausers is giving out, having to sight for four hundred yards at a range of two hundred, and they are therefore preferring Lee-Metfords. This, of course, may only mean that their Mausers have had harder work than our rifles which they capture. The ignorance of the fighting Boers is, however, surpassed by the credulity of those who are on the farms. One declared to us that Buller died last year, having landed at Cape Town in a complete suit of armour, which covered everything from head to foot but his eyes, and a slim Boer, aiming at the vulnerable spot, shot him dead. The narrator must have been confusing Buller with Achilles. It calls to mind the Cape farmer last January who had heard authentically that the Boers had taken Kimberley as far as the Post-

office, and were to reach the church in a few days.

One of our guests this week had a good instance of the Artful Dodger's tricks near Wynberg. De Wet got hold of a helio, and signalled to one of our helio-stations, "Send all mails through this post." "Who are you?" was the reply. "Second Cavalry Brigade," twinkled De Wet. Fortunately, the Second Cavalry Brigade was known at that time to be in Pretoria, and the mails were safe.

Two Kaffirs brought in to us the other evening a real, live, fighting Boer, whom they had knocked down and overpowered in their kraal some miles away. He rode one pony and led another, which we recognised as one of our own; he had a good rifle on him, with his name, Van der Watt, ornamentally carved on the butt; a bandolier containing fifty hard and a dozen soft-nosed Mauser bullets—the villain!—a foot's length of biltong and a loaf of bread in a red handkerchief hanging from his saddle; a Boer rug of many colours and a black mackintosh strapped on, one in front and one behind. He says he comes from Reitz; but we rather suspect him of being the scoundrel from Parys who was made a magistrate by Lord Roberts, and then went and advised the Boers who took the oath to bury their arms rather than give them up. He has now been sent down to Bloemfontein for trial. These Boers are all

alike—not to be trusted one inch beyond the reach of your hand; and naturally so, for they are still fighting, as they think, for the freedom of their country. We should not be any too nice in our morality under similar circumstances. One of our men, who was a prisoner for a few days with Theron's[1] commando at Klip River, says that Theron and a young Pretorius were frequently bicycling in and out of Johannesburg with passes belonging to neighbouring farmers. A boy on one of these farms brought stores out daily from a Johannesburg firm, two directors of which were often in their camp. Half the Boers were armed with Mausers, half with Lee-Metfords; and all wore slouch hats and khaki.

[1] Pronounced Terone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOSPITALS' COMMISSION LEAVES ITS CARD.

Friday, September 7th. The Hospitals' Commission has just paid us a visit in a gorgeous Red Cross train of four or five saloon and corridor carriages, replete with secretaries, typists, and short-hand writers, cooks, waiters in livery, and everything else it could want. It was lucky my meeting the Commissioners at all, as I only got their wire by a chance yesterday afternoon, on my way down to Vredefort Road with a man who had fractured both collar-bones and his sternum. The telegraphist at Kromellenboog, as we passed through, put into my hands a wire from Major Tennant, C.B., secretary to the Commission, to say that they were at Kroonstad, would be at Vredefort Road at eleven this morning on their way to Pretoria, and would be obliged if I could be there and give evidence. So there I was, by good luck, although without this journal

or any papers to refer to; and, after a night amongst the mice on the floor of the doctor's room, had the whole morning to prepare notes as best I could from memory.

Yesterday evening by chance found another stray civil-surgeon at Vredefort Road; and he and the Australian and I found we agreed on most material points. He happened to be a particularly good surgeon, a Fellow of the College and on the staff of a hospital at home. He had been rejected for service on two occasions when two of his own house-surgeons had been accepted. That comes of the gulf which is fixed between the Army Medical Staff at home and the civilian part of the profession; and it emphasises the need for a responsible advisory board of civilian doctors at head-quarters to bridge over the gulf. His chief complaint was the bad distribution of doctors. It was with the greatest difficulty that he got any operative work to do; and when he eventually reached Bethlehem, he found the wounded in a fearful state of sepsis, and badly in need of a surgeon, two cases for instance developing secondary haemorrhage. He is obviously a good judge of surgery, and deplores the R.A.M.C. surgery that he has seen—the fault not of the officers, but of the system by which they are unable to keep up to their work. Our Australian friend gave us a vivid account of the amputation

of a thigh by an R.A.M.C. officer, who was not only in difficulties over the operation through ignorance of his anatomy, but did not even know how to prepare for an operation; and yet he was keen on his work. The War Office must undertake, not only to grant, but to insist on regular study-leave, and to employ stop-gaps, if necessary, to fill the place of their officers thus "seconded."

The line was blown up during the night at Leeuwspruit; but the Commissioners came along at one p.m., and took me on board; and their genial chief secretary began by regaling me with a menu-lunch and a bottle of Bass to steady the nerves; in return for which I offered to give evidence as often as he wished. I have never been subjected to judicial inquiry before, and Lord Justice Romer, the President, despite his holiday-attire, made me feel very uncomfortable, although he was friendly enough both before we started business and after we had finished. We sat in a saloon. Table down the centre. Self and short-hand writer on one side. Cannons to left of me in the shape of Lord Romer and Dr. Church;[1] cannons to right of me, Professor Cunningham[2] and Mr. Harrison,[3] who seldom

[1] Now Sir William Church, President R.C.P. and Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

[2] Author of, perhaps, the best English book on Human Anatomy, and Professor at Dublin.

[3] Manager of the London and North Western Railway.

opened fire and that but gently. Cannon in front of me, Sir David Richmond.[1] Into this valley of death rode the civil-surgeon. The President expressly asked, not for a general opinion on the merits of the medical arrangements, but for "anything seriously wrong" that was noticed. My evidence therefore was a catalogue of defects and not a complete criticism.[2]

WYNBERG. Defect 1.[3] Only nine nurses to six hundred beds at Wynberg; their having no recognised authority over orderlies, whereas they should rank as second lieutenants; their not being allowed to manage the diets, an arrangement which would allow some variety of diet and would relieve the M.O.'s of much unnecessary worry.

2.[4] Nursing orderlies not being distinct from the scrubbing orderlies, this distinction having been made amongst nurses in civil hospitals for the last twenty years. In a fit of absent-mindedness I answered in the affirmative a question as to sufficiency in numbers of orderlies; as a fact there were far too few orderlies and I am writing to correct my statement.[5]

3.[6] No proper arrangements (as in German

[1] Lord Provost of Glasgow.

[2] Blue Book, Minute of Evidence, pp. 350-2.

[3] See pp. 72, 115 of this book. [4] See pp. 72, 116, 162.

[5] This correction of evidence is not published in the Blue Book.

[6] See pp. 88, 142.

and American armies) for scientific investigation and record, even at the base; proper use not being made therefore of this "year of experience in human vivisection" with a view to better treatment in the future. That, however, did not come within the scope of the inquiry.

4.[1] R.A.M.C. officials disinclined to make or to let us make the wards comfortable. Dr. Church objected to "unnecessary furniture" in surgical wards, as if they at Bart's did not have wheeled couches and clocks, and many other things we should not have dreamed of in the bare barns of Wynberg hospital.

The President objected that the P.M.O. did his duty in blindly taking the word of the R.A.M.C. majors that these articles were not necessary. But, even granted that they were unnecessary, why refuse the offer of the Cape Town people to make the wards comfortable?

5.[2] Excess of office-work; five senior officers and a quartermaster at No. 1 to do the non-medical work of the single superintendent of a civil hospital.

6.[3] No discrimination in the assignment of work to the different M.O.'s;—a good surgeon for instance being made to do medical work, and

[1] See pp. 84, 145 of this book.

[2] See pp. 63, 147. This paragraph is omitted in the Blue Book.

[3] See pp. 43, 404.

an expert in fevers being employed in the surgical wards. Civil-surgeons should in future be under the charge of a civilian chief.

7.[1] BLOEMFONTEIN. Insufficient sanitary precautions at Bloemfontein. Camps should have been changed now and then; whereas that of the 19th Brigade Field Hospital was in the same place for two months with flies buzzing about the latrines and mess-tables, one of the chief causes of infection. I was hurried over this; otherwise should have said that either the elaborate anti-typhoid ritual in the Yeomanry Hospital was superfluous, or else the lack of it in the General and Stationary Hospitals must be criminal; that, however good sanitarians the R.A.M.C. officers may be (and they certainly are not as a rule experts in sanitation), Sir Walter Foster's proposed commission, or the employment of some civilian expert, would have supplied the independent advice and criticism which is always useful, and which in this case was manifestly lacking.[2]

[1] See pp. 105, 250, 260, 379.

[2] Infection was spread from the latrines by (1) surface-water flushed into wells, (2) flies, (3) dust; also from man to man by use of spoons and cups in common, by handling pipe in pocket after working amongst typhoid cases, etc. A sentry should be always on duty over every latrine in a standing camp, to see it is kept well covered. Compare Moses, the first expert in Public Health, in Deut. xxiii. 12, "Thou shalt have a place also without the camp, whither thou shalt go forth abroad. And thou shalt have a paddle upon thy weapon; and it shall be, when thou wilt ease thyself

8.[1] On the Trek. No reinforcement of the deficient personnel, and no replenishment of drugs or medical comforts during six weeks in the advance of our brigade to Pretoria, although we sent frequent requisitions; food-convoys reached us every few days and there were any number of civil-surgeons who could be spared from the Base, and were petitioning to get up to the front. Apart from a proper Field Hospital, there was urgent need for reserve M.O.'s for convoy work, and to stay with the sick in the towns as we captured them.[2]

"Are you aware," interposed the President, "that the column was organised with a view to its mobility?" "Yes," I replied, "but civil-surgeons on horseback don't make it any less mobile."

9. Some minor defects in the medical stores provided, which were on the whole well chosen. Splints bad; only two ounces of vaseline (the only ointment) for the Brigade for six weeks; no Iodide of Potash, no syringe, no rectal or stomach tube.

abroad, thou shalt dig therewith, and shalt turn back and cover that which cometh from thee." It is interesting to note that bacteriologists agree as to the far greater efficiency of this system of surface "paddling" than that of the four feet Army latrines.

[1] See pp. 309, 312, 317, 338.

[2] These points were not mentioned by the Commissioners in their Report.

10. At Wolvehoek.[1] During eleven weeks, only one visit of a few minutes from a P.M.O.; personal visits are better than memo.'s.

11. They asked about Mr. Burdett-Coutt's charge of our having been gagged. We certainly were gagged after my test case had been settled; but the R.A.M.C. authorities had better have made this clear to us from the first.[2]

Finally they cross-questioned me as to the "Avoca"; and when I had praised it all round, they got me to say it was uncomfortably hot in the wards with ports closed going through the tropics, despite every modern improvement. They then quite gratuitously jumped down my throat. "Can you suggest any way in which the tropics can be prevented from being hot?" said one. "Or in which the sea can be prevented from swelling in rough weather?" jibed another.

I am rather disappointed with the whole thing. Two of the Commissioners at least seemed to be badgering, and to have taken up the definite line that the R.A.M.C. officers are an aggrieved body; instead of drawing me out by sympathy, after which they would undoubtedly have been justified in saying, if they came to that con-

[1] Cf. pp. 378, 383.

[2] Blue-Book "Report," p. 3:—". . . that the civil surgeons were forbidden to report upon the true condition of matters. . . . We believe that there is no foundation for this suggestion"!

clusion, "There's precious little in what that fellow says." It seems a pity that a representative of the R.A.M.C. and one of the civil-surgeons should not have been attached to the Commission to take the place of counsel for the different points of view, of course without power to vote on the Report.

I fear there may be some difficulty in persuading the adverse critics to give evidence. A Guy's man who has had an extensive and not always fortunate experience in the war, remarked privately that he would give evidence if he were asked to do so, but would not think of offering his opinions. As he has for the most part been in subordinate positions in odd units, it is hardly possible that the Commissioners will hear his experiences and opinions, which have been carefully thought out and are of considerable importance. It is to be hoped that such men may volunteer their services to the Commission. Any doubt as to the completeness of its investigation would be most unsatisfactory alike to the House of Commons, the medical profession, and the public at large. It is to the interest of the R.A.M.C. that they should bring all their most rabid critics before the judgment-seat.

The Commissioners are now well on their way to Pretoria. They hope to follow Lord

Roberts to Belfast,[1] then to travel through Natal, and finally to return by this line again to Cape Town. Perhaps they will be able to get up to the front[1] and see for themselves the working of Field Hospitals, Bearer Companies, and Convoys. By such an experience they would be able to judge of the difficulties of campaigning far more easily than by all the hearsay descriptions of which they must by now have grown weary.

[1] This was not done.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOCTOR PAYS A VISIT TO THERON'S SCOUTS.

From a letter; Wolvehoek, Fri., Sept. 21st.—Have had a stroke of luck in getting an exciting outing amongst the Boers on Wednesday—the best day I have had during the campaign.

A loyal Afrikander farmer near here, George Hitgé (pronounced Hitchie, or, in the vernacular, Hickie), was taken prisoner by a party of Boers on Tuesday morning; and a patrol of four of Loch's Horse from Taaibosch, going in search of them, were themselves taken prisoners, and reported by a Kaffir to be all either killed or wounded. At four on Wednesday morning my servant and I drove off in old Imber's ramshackle pony-chaise, with a good supply of medical comforts, splints, dressings, and provisions for the journey, to see if we could be of any use.

We picked up Mrs. Hitgé, an English

Afrikander, at her farm, to act as guide, diplomatist, and interpreter; and with her we made our way to Van Zyls' farm (pronounced F'n Sale), down by the Vaal, where our patrol was run to earth the previous day. On the way we passed Van der Merwe's house which we burnt two months ago. It is now half-roofed and inhabited again. We passed also the Jordaan's house, another centre for the Boers on commando, with whom old Jordaan's two sons are out fighting.

We had a long interview with the Van Zyls, who couldn't or wouldn't give us any information as to Hitgé, the patrol, or the Boers. Our object was to fall into the hands of some fighting Boers, no matter whom, and ask them to let me see and help the wounded prisoners. Mrs. Hitgé decided therefore to go on to the farm of a peaceful farmer named Slijman (pronounced Slaymon), who lived in fear of his life amongst the Boers further down the river. We passed a pretty farm, surrounded with fresh green trees, belonging to Menard, who is out on commando, and found Slijman at home, a delightful specimen of the genuine agricultural Boer, with a charming, refined face, quick grey eyes, and a trim, tawny beard. But here we were equally unsuccessful. "Mrs. Hitgé," he said—they always label their sentences—"I could tell you a lot, but I don't

dare to. The Boers are here every afternoon, and they will be here this afternoon asking what you did. You haven't seen any to-day? Believe me, they have been watching you for an hour past." However, he encouraged us by saying his Kaffirs had not heard of the prisoners being wounded, and they were probably in the laager on the other side of Lindeque Drift. Mrs. Hitgé thought it best to go on to Scutta's ("u" pronounced as in "put"), as Mrs. Scutta is a personal enemy of Mrs. Van Coller (wife of a leading Boer instigator) and would be glad to give us news.

It was a glorious day, with a brilliant, lazy landscape, and not a living thing to be seen. On all sides were rolling stretches of veld, just turning a fresh green, or, where it had been burnt, a deep olive green; between two of these undulations was hidden the Vaal, marked here and there by a line of trees; and before us rose the steep range of kopjes in which De Wet found an impregnable position not long ago. Even through field-glasses we could see nothing stirring. The only irregularity was an occasional heap of stones, a farm or two, and the wooden or stone posts of the fences. Our quest began to seem hopeless. And yet, according to Slijman, Boers were watching us on every side, guessing at the meaning of this invasion of their country,

and watching their opportunity to swoop down on us and make a fresh capture.

We outspanned at Scutta's, and Mrs. Hitgé went indoors to talk. As I was slowly examining the scene, there suddenly appeared over a rise at the back of the house a troop of rough horsemen —obviously a party of the Boers, just what we wanted. Things were getting a bit thrilling. They came straight down to the house, clattering along, two, or three, or four together, and as they drew up round our cart, we saw among them the prisoner Hitgé, unshaven and unwashed (like the rest), but riding free with his hands loose, although on the weakest pony—a quite sufficient safe-guard against escape.

After a few remarks in Dutch from Mrs. Hitgé, their leader asked me what we were doing. He spoke in good English, although with the usual Colonial accent; and spoke politely and naturally. His Dutch, Mrs. Hitgé says, is that of a genuine Boer. I told him of our errand, and he replied that the patrol was taken by another troop, who belonged to a different place; and he had not heard the report from there this morning. But he probably would have heard if any had been killed or wounded, and he had only been told that there were seven prisoners. (*N.B.*—Three are reported lost from Vereeniging on Tuesday as well as four from Taaibosch.) Then he

turned to me suddenly and asked for my doctor's certificate. "We don't carry certificates," I answered.

"I *must* see your certificate, doctor."

I pulled out my note-book, but could find nothing to show I was not a combatant in disguise; my one and only very dirty card is labelled *Mr.* F. E. F., the note-book was inscribed F. E. F. I thought his insistance on the certificate was simply an excuse, and would certainly mean our detention. But by good luck I had two home-letters in their envelopes, directed to me as Doctor; and, to my great surprise, they were accepted as sufficient proof and returned. From that moment he treated me simply as a doctor, fair and square. He lay down in the shade of our cart, while I sat down close by, and Mrs. Hitgé sat or stood, and tried every method of cajoling him in turn, to which he finally replied with "Oh, these women!" in English. The troop were ordered to dismount and let their horses graze, while two were sent off to catch some of Scutta's horses on the veld. They jogged off down the incline with their pipes in their mouths, and brought up half-a-dozen horses from a mile away in a few minutes.

While this was going on I had a good chat with the Commandant, and had ample opportunity of studying the different members of the

troop, although I tried to appear not to be doing so, as it was natural that they should suspect my motives. The troop were real Boers. They wore undisguised Boer dress—trousers, tweed or blue or black suits, and soft felt hats; waistcoats of all descriptions; hat-bands and badges of all sorts; neck-scarves of all colours and materials. The clothes were as usual very untidy and old, but not in tatters. Their boots were worn, but for the most part whole. In fact, they were dressed as well as the most prosperous Boer farmers, neither better nor worse. Nor did they show in themselves any appearance of suffering, starvation, or exhaustion. They looked perfectly healthy and well-fed, and from their demeanour, their good horsemanship, and their general appearance it would appear that they were all picked men. The youngest was perhaps eighteen, and seemed to act as Orderly to the Commandant. The oldest was forty or forty-five. Some wore beards, some had within the last two or three days been clean-shaved; one or two had no occasion to shave.

The Commandant, on the other hand, who cannot have been much over thirty, was got up in every way as a British officer, and was neatly dressed, with a trim, brown beard. He wore a "Sam Browne" belt and had a sword on his saddle. He was wearing the khaki serge coat

of an English Captain, with two stars on each shoulder-strap and the Chitral medal on his left breast, both coat and ribbon looking as if they had seen about three months' service. He had Bedford cord riding breeches and spat-gaiters, and a brand new pair of brown boots with English spurs. Over his left shoulder was a leathern bandolier filled with ordinary Mauser cartridges. His hat would pass for one of Brabant's Horse; it was of grey felt, turned up on the right side, with a loosely arranged scarlet silk puggaree, a brown feather, and a badge of carved bone, representing two doves on either side of a nest. This, he told me, was picked up in an expedition to Central Africa. On his saddle was strapped a pair of handcuffs; and in his hand he carried a Mauser carbine. Richard Mears is his name; at least so he told me as we parted; and we had heard it before. His party, it appears, are the well-known Theron's scouts or Verkenning's Corps, Theron himself having been recently killed near Krugersdorp.

While they were still on horseback, Mears asked me chaffingly what news I brought. So I told him of Krüger's flight to Lourenço Marques; and as the other men began edging up their horses to hear my news, I addressed the troop. I told them how that Oom Paul had been a week with the Consul-General of the

Republics, had been transferred to the house of the Governor-General, where he was a prisoner, was not allowed to see Reitz and the four other officials with him at Delagoa Bay and was confronted by H.M.S. "Doris"; how that French had occupied Barberton, and we had the railway to Komati Poort, insomuch that Lord Roberts had been able to return to Pretoria; and after a few other tit-bits I advised them, speaking only as a doctor and not as a combatant, to give up their arms and the struggle, by which they were in reality acting as the enemies and not the friends of their country. "That is for *us* to decide, doctor," said the Commandant, who had let me have my say without any interruption. We then sat down to chat, and the distribution of some English 'baccy cleared the situation. I asked to be allowed to talk to Hitgé openly; but Mears said he feared he could not allow it; it was against his orders.

"So Oom Paul, you think, has left the country, doctor?"

"Yes, and he is wanted by Lloyd's Bank for £330,000."

"Lloyd's Bank? What is that?"

He tried to suggest the impossibility of it, as he had never heard of a Lloyd's Bank in South Africa.

"And if he wants £330,000, there are any number of people who would give it him. I could give him £25,000—if I could only get at it."

"Perhaps I could get it, Commandant, and give it to Oom Paul for you. But even so that would not help matters; he has got the money right enough. It seems a bit undignified, doesn't it, for your President to sneak out of the country with two millions or so of its money and other people's?"

"So you really believe that Krüger is out of the Transvaal, do you, doctor? Now, how do you know?"

"Well, Commandant, you see we have got the telegraph wire; and we have got a railway running all over South Africa."

"Except when we cut it, doctor."

"Yes, you get the use of twenty yards of it then for a few minutes. But what is your object in cutting the line?"

"We never do it in our lot, doctor, unless we hold up a train at the same time. Otherwise, of course, it is useless; I know it is repaired in two hours. Now *we* have broken the line six times; and each time we have held up a train, except the other day at Standerton, when we just missed it. Then we blew up a culvert and came away."

"For amusement, I suppose?"

"Well now, doctor, you say you have good information. You will be surprised to hear I have only just come down from Machadodorp."

"Not a bit, Commandant." I should not have been surprised if he had said he had just come from the North Pole; he was such an unmitigated liar. "How did you leave Machadodorp? Fairly gay under the circumstances?"

So we chatted to any extent at intervals through the day; he boasting of his wonderful deeds and I chaffing him more and more boldly the whole time. Perhaps he was quietly pleased with his own shafts of wit and with the number of lies I seemed to swallow; but he could not have been so much amused with me as I was with him. He was a tremendous hero. *He* had taken Colonel Bullock of the Devons prisoner at Colenso; that was before he had got his "commission." *He* with seven other men had held up the whole British Army at Spionkop. *He* had designed the attack on the Plaat-Rand[1] on January 6, and with eight other personal friends had practically captured Ladysmith; only they had to retire because the lazy cowards in reserve never came up to support them. Only two of their gallant nine came out of it alive. *He* had been with Theron or otherwise at Klip River, Machadodorp, Standerton, Fouriesburg, and

[1] Waggon-Hill.

Ventersburg. At Standerton *he* kept the Commissioner a prisoner for five days, when he came out and told him to surrender—him! surrender! when there were no troops within five miles, too! *He* had been chief (except for the Major and eight hundred soldiers) of the Belgian Central African expedition up the Congo;—when? oh, '96 wasn't it?—How far up? oh, up to the desert. *He* had done a lot of shooting in Central Africa and was great friends with Selous. *He* was in the Dutch Matabele expedition, about '89. He was a nephew of the late Colonel North; and had estates in England and money invested in Johannesburg. And as to the war he had always been against the war and spoken against it at the large meetings; it was all the work of Krüger and that miserable Bond, who shouted for war, and as soon as war was declared were only intent on saving their own skins. But now he was bound to fight for his country to the bitter end, until ordered to give in by his "Generals." Then he would be at liberty in honour to escape to Delagoa Bay; but he would never be captured. As to their "Generals," Theron was the best they had had since Joubert. (So now that Mears has succeeded Theron, presumably *he* is the best.) De Wet? Yes, "General" De Wet was good at escaping from us when we thought we had got him; and down at Fouriesburg, if

he and De Wet, with the five hundred fighting men, had not got away, we should have had a fearful thrashing. But the rest were a lot of cowardly nincompoops, and were warned of their fate by De Wet before he escaped; only they wouldn't believe him. As to Eloff, Eloff was a drunkard and only missed taking Mafeking for that reason. *He*, Mears, never drank spirits; no, he wouldn't, not even if I brought him some out.

I tested his intelligence, and certainly he was not far wrong. "Well, Commandant, what is the strength at Vereeniging to-night?" "Vereeniging or thereabouts—six thousand." "I think you are greatly mistaken," I replied, knowing that the Colonial M.I. Division had reached there, but was only about eighteen hundred strong. The guess all the same was good, for there are usually only 200 or 300 there. "Tell me another; what is it at Kromellenboog?" We were talking now in the evening. "I can't tell you just yet, doctor; my patrol has not come in from there yet." And it was true that we had seen in the afternoon another party of seventeen or eighteen making for Kromellenboog.

Mears was very contemptuous of the way we took the evidence of Kaffirs and of women. *He* never paid any attention to what a woman said. He wanted to know why we burnt Horack's farm

and sent the women down to Kroonstad; and declared the farm-burning was the best thing we could possibly do for the Boer cause; as the owners of a farm, when it was once burnt, swore perpetual vengeance. To which it was easy to reply that they were always thorough scoundrels before their farms were burnt.

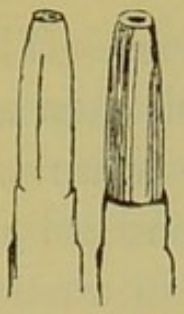
It was interesting to hear his eulogy of Steyn, who, he said, knew from the first the probable result of war, but felt bound to support the Afrikander cause; and having done so, stuck to it up to the end. As a fact, Mears said, it would have been far better for "The Cause" if the Free State had remained neutral. It would have been a sanctuary for the Boers, no thoroughfare for our troops, and would have contributed as many volunteers as it had now furnished burghers, worthy of the name.

As to the oath of neutrality, he said no man could conscientiously swear neutrality if he were a burgher, any more than he could if he were a British soldier; and that any man who took such an oath was a traitor to his country, and would be of no more use to him, Mears, than, if he returned to his oath, he would be of use to our cause. For his own part, he would never think of letting such a man join his lot. And as to Hitgé, he would be tried by their courts of law; if found guilty of high treason he would be shot; if not,

he would be freed—a pleasant prospect for poor Hitgé and his wife.

I was glad to see there were few soft-nosed bullets in his men's bandoliers. I remonstrated with him on the fact of there being any; and he replied by imitating the peculiar noise made by our Dum-Dums, declaring that he had a large collection of split and soft-nosed bullets and Dum-Dums taken off our men at Nicholson's Nek and collected at Dundee. I denied the possibility (with the exception of a small stock laid in before the war, and never used), and in any case told him the Martini-Henry bullet, of which they had cartloads, caused worse wounds. But that did not matter to him. The Peace Conference never pronounced against Martini-Henrys.

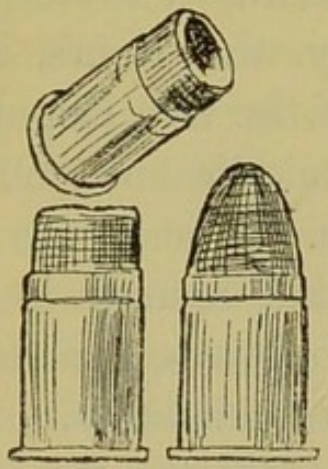
This and many other topics of interest we discussed at intervals during the day from eleven in the morning to eleven at night. We began at Scutta's farm; and after two hours, during which Mears seemed to be waiting for some report or other, he lent me two fresh horses for my cart, and we drove off in great state, my servant and I, in our carriage and pair, with our mounted escort of twelve men and a prisoner. It was a jolly, merry sight; that of a real modern Robin Hood with his men, all admirable, because they seemed to be so thoroughly enjoying the game. They were in the best of spirits, singing and even



TWO EXPANSIVE BULLETS.

(*a*) Jeffrey's, for Mauser rifle, with lead core exposed, and slits through the nickel mantle.

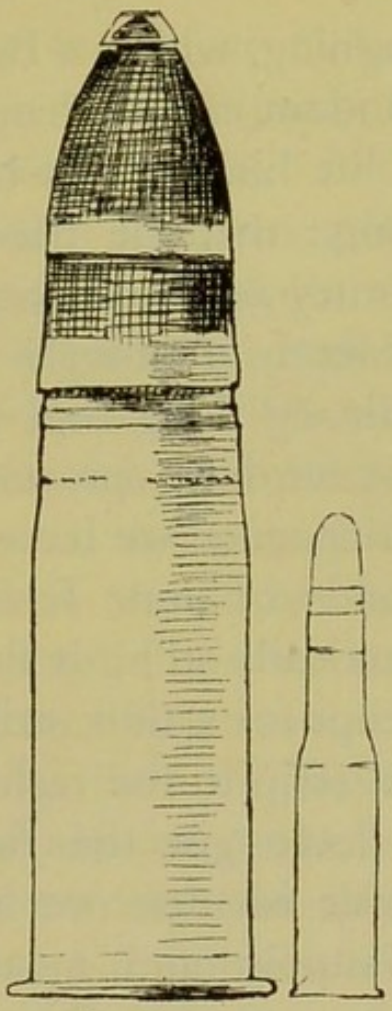
(*b*) Lee-Metford, Mark V., "Dum-Dum," hollow nose lined with nickel.



TWO REVOLVER BULLETS (lead only).

(*a*) Man-stopping, hollow, from two points of view.

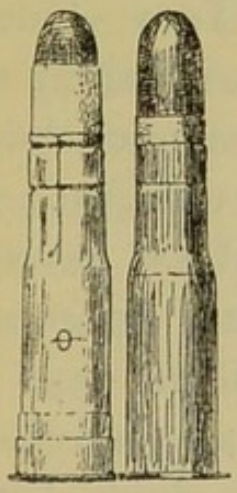
(*b*) Plain.



POM-POM SHELL.

Fitted into its brass case, which holds the Cordite. Shell, weighing 1 lb., extends down to dotted line.

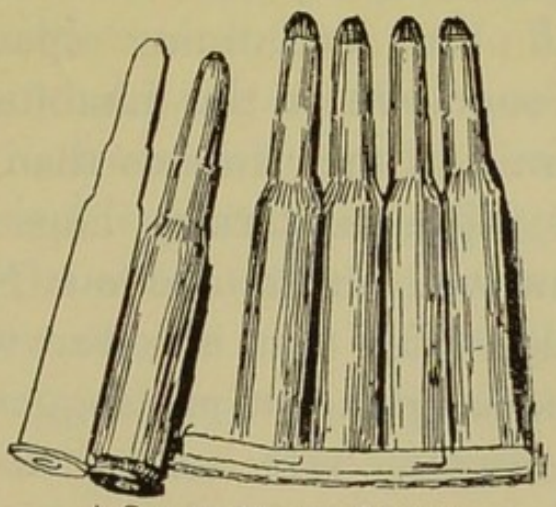
Martini bullet by side for comparison.



TWO MARTINI-HENRY BULLETS.

(*a*) Old rolled case.

(*b*) Modern drawn case.



A CLIP OF MAUSER BULLETS.

With a Lee-Metford bullet in outline for comparison. (Absence of groove round base, etc.). The only hard-nosed bullet is shown removed from the clip. The other four are soft-nosed (lead exposed at tip).

BULLETS, BRITISH AND BOER.

laughing, which a Boer seldom does. The Commandant cantered up to one of his men and tried to lift him off his horse as they were cantering along; then he tried another; and all over the country up to the kopjes in front of us they were evidently monarchs supreme. It is an extraordinary thing that here, on the railway, we feel that we have practically got the whole of South Africa since we have got the railways; while these friends of mine feel that they, the Boers, have practically still got the whole of the two Republics except for a thin strip up the middle and another thin strip to the right up north. The fact is that *we* have got the *future* of the country in our power because we have the railways, the source of supply and means of communication. The Boers, on the other hand, are still for the main part the present possessors, being supreme wherever they have a few men together in arms. All the intervening space is Tom Tiddler's ground, where the inhabitants are infinitely more afraid of their friends than their enemies, besides having a still lurking hope of our collapse. One can well understand our Robin Hood saying in good faith that the war would last for months, and laughing at my suggestion of ten days or a fortnight. He wanted to take a good bet of £100 or so on the subject. "I don't bet on certainties," I replied. "Ha, ha!" and he

laughed boisterously; "that was what Colonel Bullock said when I betted him at Colenso that the war would not be over in two months."

Our cavalcade escorted us to a prosperous little farm in a corner of the range of kopjes, the entrance to a hidden valley, leading through the kopjes to Parys (pronounced Parace). There we waited five hours, while Mears sent an orderly to Parys to inquire about our men, and to say that even if they were not wounded, I should be happy to meet their doctor and hand him over some medical comforts and a few stores in person. My servant and I decided to eat as little as possible, as it looked as if we should be able to get back all right the same evening; and we might be able to give Corporal Houghton and Co. what we had with us. While the Commandant was away for a time, we took Hitgé some of his wife's own hard-boiled eggs and a biscuit, "asking no permission to, for we knew we shouldn't get it if we did"; but after giving them him I told the two Boers who were sitting with their backs to their prisoner; and as they did not understand English, it was all right. Then we lay down in the shade of some willows. Some went into the farm-house and had mealie-pap and fowls to eat. One man was eating biltong and a rusk on the grass. One of the boys peeled a bit of willow-bough, and made a rustic penny-whistle, on which he performed a few dis-

jointed notes. Some sang a little; others were chatting or playing practical jokes; many smoked and most went to sleep.

By good fortune I had with me a *Bloemfontein Post* of the 14th; and, pulling it out, read it slowly over, every word, while the Commandant pretended not to be in the least anxious to see it, and all the Boers looked at it greedily. Later on I offered it to the Commandant, who accepted it in an airy way, as if he *hadn't* seen *that* morning's paper; and he too read it through, every word, allowing his followers to read it afterwards. I left it with them, to sow the good seed.

Mears was very much annoyed with his orderly taking so long over his errand; at least he pretended to be. "Might have been there and back three times," he said just before the boy turned up. Where he was sent to, it is difficult to make out; but Mears said he had been to their laager, to the hospital there, and they had heard nothing of any wounds amongst the prisoners, who could not therefore have been wounded, unless by a mere scratch. This must be true, as we should probably have heard news either of dead or of severely wounded being carried off, from the people we had seen in the morning. In any case Dr. Brodie of Parys is looking after their sick and wounded; and he did not want any of my stock at present. The result is not quite

satisfactory; the answer from the doctor was very vague, and sounded suspicious; and it looks as if the boy never was sent to Parys, which must have been only five miles from where we were; but was sent the whole way to Lindeque, fifteen miles off, to inform their headquarters of our presence, and never saw the doctor at all.

So at five we spanned in again, and all went back together to Scutta's; there we took up Mrs. Hitgé, put her horses again into our cart instead of the Commandant's, and so drove back, by a more direct route than we had come, to Hitgé's own home, where his small girl opened her sleepy little eyes and came and sat on his knee as he smoked his pipe. The poor prisoner had to act host, and now his Kaffirs had all bolted at our approach, taking my two horses and harness with them. So we waited for three hours, searching for them or other horses in vain, and finally I had to go off at eleven with Mrs. Hitgé's pair, who had already done the best part of thirty heavy miles, in pitch darkness. I said good-night to the Hitgés, the Commandant, and all his men, who were making themselves comfortable in the house. "Perhaps we shall be seeing you before long at Wolvehoek," I added. "No, doctor; I don't believe in attacking any place that has been once fortified. Attack before the defence is ready. Good night, doctor!" Fortunately we had Mrs.

Hitgé's native driver, and so reached here by midnight, after a most adventurous day of twenty hours. Our non-appearance had been reported to headquarters, and appeared in the next day's military intelligence. It is annoying to feel that the expedition has been of no use to the prisoners; although it is satisfactory to know that they are safe and sound.[1]

[1] The prisoners were liberated unwounded a few days later, except Hitgé, of whose fate I have not heard.

CHAPTER XX.

THE YEAR OF SERVICE EXPIRES.

Thursday, September 20th; Wolvehoek. On returning from Boer-land yesterday, was greeted by a delightful telegram from the Surgeon-General to say I am to be relieved and go home.

A Colonial officer, who has worked his way up from the ranks, gave us a graphic description the other evening of De Wet's raid at Roodewal, at which he himself was taken prisoner. He heard De Wet give the order for the mails to be torn up and burnt; and saw the Boers opening parcels and letters in search of loot, which they sold for a mere song to local farmers and an old Jewish storekeeper who came to join in the spoil. Three days later our Colonial friend was released, and informed Lords Kitchener, Methuen, and Chesham at Koppies of what he knew. He was at once sent off with a party to the Jew's store. The Jew protested his innocence, and at first they searched the store in vain. They decided to open

some large cases at the back. "Only bales of wool," said the Jew; and from the middle of the wool came tumbling out cigars and cigarettes, in half-dozens, packets, singly, anyhow. "Floor looks as if it had been up lately; take it up again," said our friend; and there were eight Mausers and ammunition to match. "Oh, have mercy on me," cried the Jew, "the Boers made me do it." "Shut your row," was the retort; "and we'll sweep your chimney for you," and the stove spouted a shower of hidden luxuries. Streams of Tommies poured in at the door, and the first comers did a brisk trade. "Proime Hervannah seegors, six pence a dozen." "What price, Father Christmas?" remarks the crowd to a man staggering out with an armful of smokeables. "Look at 'is noo hammunition boots," they say to a respectable reservist with half-a-dozen pair of knitted baby-socks. "Yer may lorf," he says in reply, "but they'll jes' do for the little 'uns at 'ome. I'm sending 'em along to the missus." "Now, then, out boys," shouts the officer, "and set it ablaze." "Gott Allemächtig!" exclaims the old Jew, as the flames burst out; "vot shell I do? I em ruined." "Best sit tight," says a Tommy, "and say yer prayers ter Moses."

From the Jew's store they went on to a neighbouring farm, where the farmer's wife talked

smoothly and denied the existence of any war material or loot; and when not only rifles, boxes of ammunition, boxes of cigars, and various comforts from the plundered mail, but actually her own husband and friend fully armed were found on the premises, she was still given ten minutes to collect her valuables before the house was burnt. Let no one say the British in this war have erred on the side of stringency.

Last of all, on our friend's information, the scoundrel of a station master, sitting as he thought secure in his office at Roodewal, where he had been confirmed in his duties by Lord Roberts and had given De Wet the information which led to his raid on the line, was arrested, properly tried, and after a few days shot.

As a rule, however, it is difficult to bring home the guilt to a clever man, and the prisoner is then given the benefit of the doubt. Our Colonial friend had been trekking with a Free State burgher of English name and extraction, whom our people found in Heilbron jail, into which he had been clapped by his countrymen for lifting eight head of Government cattle. He was a most courageous man, and one of the first athletes of South Africa; but throughout the war has been playing the part of a double-dyed villain. He was engaged by our people for purposes of intelligence; and again and again

he undertook to conduct Lord Methuen's force to the exact spot where a Boer laager was situated and could be taken; and each time it was the spot, sure enough, but the Boers had just slipped off in time. The explanation is sufficiently obvious; and the clever villain has found it advisable now to escape from our clutches. These are the men who will carry on the war to the bitter end, for they have everything to lose by a settlement. A loyal farmer near here, who knew this villain well before the war broke out, corroborated this account of his duplicity, and that of many others in the neighbourhood.

The real farmers seem interesting men. This one, for instance, holds a large farm on the quit-rent principle, paying £19 a year on the condition that after twenty years it is his own; but, knowing himself to be but slightly educated, he intends to move after the war to Cape Colony, and settle near Burghersdorp so as to educate his children. He says this is as fine agricultural country as you will find anywhere, and with a splendid market in Johannesburg. A Boer has but to sit still and let the Kaffirs work the land on condition that they will give him a large share of the crops; and all he has to do is at a certain time of year to mount the seat of his ox-waggon and drive

off for a fortnight's trip to Johannesburg. He will thus easily make £500 a year from a small farm, and so has no incentive to try any new experiments. The land also sells well on account of its minerals, and an estate in these parts recently fetched £30,000 because of the coal on it; whereas in most districts of the Cape there is no market of any size, and it is difficult to make a living on the land.

Occasionally the Kaffirs suffer from some chance scoundrel in khaki; for in our immense army we have, of course, included many of the bold villains of the Empire, whose ideas of war are more in keeping with the sixteenth century than the nineteenth. One of our officers was about to buy some cattle from a Kaffir a week ago, the coin in such transactions being a chit[1] on the Army Service Corps, when he was confronted with a bit of paper, given to the owner some time previously by a soldier, in return for his three horses. The Kaffir of course had been unable to read the chit, which said, "This boy has permission to cross the Vaal: (Signed) A. Jones."

One of our Mounted Infantry men, again, actually took £3 from a Kaffir for a fictitious promise that his cattle should not be commandeered; and in due course the cattle were com-

[1] A note, in this case an order for payment.

mandeered by an officer for the needs of the garrison. Such bits of villainy make the Kaffirs mistrust us as much as we mistrust the Boers; whereas the Boers are said seldom to promise the Kaffirs anything they do not fulfil. It is fortunate that these instances of misconduct are very rare, and when discovered, are treated by our officers with proper severity.

Monday, Sept. 24th; Wolvehoek, for the last time. My last case was one of rheumatic fever in a Kaffir lad. *Que faire?* He must be "nursed" by his own people in his own kraal, an unfortunate prospect for him, poor fellow.

Tuesday, September 25th; Virginia, alias Zand River; in the train. We left Wolvehoek at five a.m., my servant and I, and were at Kroonstad from 11 till 1. Here at Zand River there enters a wounded officer, bound at least for Cape Town, a hunting Yorkshire squire, who tells of three yeomen, on their release from the Boers, cheerily remarking that they had promised the Boers to fight no more, but they did not suppose that would make any difference. The officer, no less cheerily, remarked that it probably did not make any difference, as such villains would have come to the gallows in any case, and he would only expedite matters by committing them for trial at Pretoria by court martial. (C. Boers and oath of neutrality.)

Tuesday, Oct. 2nd; Hospital Ship "Spartan." Still in the Bay, a pipe in the engine-room having given way. We have 114 patients on board, with myself and two other civil-surgeons to look after them. Gen. Forestier-Walker, Capt. Chichester, R.N., and P.M.O. Base came officially to see us off.

At three we said our last good-byes; and with many heart-burnings I took leave of B. and of my faithful Gordon servant, who has served me through thick and thin for four months, and will now have to report himself for duty to the Base Commandant.

Saturday, Oct. 26th. Reached Southampton yesterday morning; time, 22 days 8 hours. The patients all did well on the voyage, and we had no deaths. Have paid a final visit to the offices of the Army Medical Staff. Had a most pleasant conversation with one of the chief officials, who says they have been much interested in the letters to the *Guy's Gazette*, and are going to adopt some of the suggestions made in a recent number for the equipment of the field-panniers.[1]

Again and again I have declared my conviction that, compared with other nations, other times, and other branches of the service, the Army Medical Corps has done a work in this war worthy of high commendation; and those civilians, who have been

[1] See Appendix, p. 521.

privileged to exchange for a time the mean streets and conventional life of their work at home for the glorious liberty of life out on the veld, will feel that they owe a deep debt of gratitude to those officers, both medical and combatant, with whom and for whom they have had the honour to serve.

CONCLUSION.

PART I. THE FIRST MEDICAL LESSONS OF THE WAR.

DISRAELI once remarked that seniority tempered by merit was stagnation tempered by jobbery. It would be a libel on the Royal Army Medical Corps to apply to it this phrase in its entirety; but the whitewashing Commission[1] show by their report,[2] which must be our chief text-book of Medical administration in the war, that even they were deeply impressed with the results of appointing men to important duties by seniority, a system they feel bound (p. 12) to condemn; and there can be no doubt that this system has been responsible for many of the deficiencies of the R.A.M.C. during this war, and for its stagnation in times of peace. Taking it, therefore, as acknowledged that the medical work of this war has been far better than in previous wars, and that the medical officers have for the most part

[1] So-called (*a*) because of their charitable criticism, (*b*) because of the cleaning processes which heralded in many hospitals the visit of the Commissioners. In one such hospital, heavy rain fell in the night after a liberal use of whitewash, and the Commissioners had to pick their way, so it was said, through puddles of diluted whitewash.

[2] Eyre & Spottiswoode, Jan. 1901; price 8d.

worked very well, it may be of interest and of some practical value to sum up the shortcomings of the medical department.

To the *casual* reader the VINDICATION OF THE R.A.M.C. appears to be a set purpose throughout this Report. It praises in strong but general terms both "their conduct and capacity." It explains (p. 4), what many of the public have never realised, how it was not the Director-General's fault that at the beginning of the war he was understaffed for even two Army-Corps; and most of us are of the opinion that, so far as we can tell from the Blue Books and from South African experience, the great efforts he has made in sending personnel and material to the war should be publicly recognised.

But this does not blind the Commissioners to the undoubted defects of the R.A.M.C., the logical outcome of a system which has for many years catered for an inferior class of medical students, has taken them with a minimum of medical education, and has been consistently not only apathetic, but hostile, to their professional development. Allusion is made to the *defective professional skill and experience* of R.A.M.C. officers (p. 11); and this allusion is strengthened by three steps they feel it necessary to propose for future adoption (p. 12):

(1) Permanent enlargement of the R.A.M.C.

staff, and provision for still further and rapid enlargement in time of war;

(2) Inducements to be offered for not only a larger but a better supply of officers;

(3) Measures to be taken for maintaining and raising the professional standard of officers already in the Corps.

On the same page they refer to the "tendency of some officers . . . to treat the hospitals too much as if they were barracks," the *unduly military tone*, that is, of the R.A.M.C. They mention also (p. 13) the charges of *deficient organising power* brought against some of the senior M.O.'s in the country, but they give no direct opinion on the subject; whereas many would agree in saying that some such fault has been one of the most noticeable features in the medical work of the war, Principal Medical Officers frequently showing a considerable want of originality, elasticity, and power to take the initiative. The Commissioners, for instance, in referring to the troubles of a certain hospital, notice as strange the remark of the P.M.O. of the Field Force, in explanation of his *laissez-faire* policy, that he thought "the friction would go on until the machine stopped." The fact is, as was remarked by one of the best officers I met in the Corps, "the whole of our system is designed to encourage mediocrity"; and the P.M.O.'s were therefore not

always the best men available for their respective duties.

There are fortunately many points that can at once be improved. The NURSING-SYSTEM is one of these. Nursing in the army has hitherto been entirely carried out by male nurses or orderlies, the Nursing-Sisters, although their place is not precisely defined, being really superintendents of nursing, in a position comparable to that of the Night-Sisters at a London hospital. There is a general consent that in future, in operations on a large scale, the nursing at the General and Stationary Hospitals should be almost entirely carried out by female nurses; while it would be a good thing if the large civil hospitals at home could see their way to training and employing a small staff of male nurses, for instance, in the accident wards, who might be used as a reserve for the rougher nursing work. These, again, should be entirely distinct from the men who scrub the floors, do stretcher work, and supply the unskilled labour of medical units both at the front and base. Sarah Gamp, in male attire, should no longer be allowed to exist.

This subject is briefly mentioned in the Report (p. 7); but the important distinction of nursing and non-nursing functions in the future, and the comparatively small need of male nurses, hardly receive their due.

Bearer Company. Another question in which the need of reform has been proved to most officers of the R.A.M.C., who are of course the chief authorities on work at the front, is the anomalous position of the Bearer Company. The duties of this unit are to pick up and carry in their ambulance-waggons during the day's march the patients who are handed over to the Field Hospital at the end of the day. As those two units are at present entirely separate, friction occasionally ensues; and in future they should be united.

One of the most vexed questions is that of Transport for the Bearer Company and Field Hospital. The example of the Irish and Australian ambulances will carry weight, as they both had their own transport and managed excellently. Had the medical service possessed its own transport, the Surgeon-General would undoubtedly have equipped the ambulance-waggons and Field Hospitals as completely for the Paardeberg march as he had previously equipped them for Lord Methuen's battles, where transport was to a large extent supplied by the railway. There would, accordingly, have been considerably less suffering on the march.

Again, had the P.M.O. of the Field-force been responsible for his own transport, the 19th Brigade would not have been obliged to trek from Bloem-

fontein to Pretoria before being joined by its Field Hospital.

On the other hand, however, the Chief of the Staff would thereby have been deprived of a considerable proportion of the transport in the country, and in the first instance the invasion of the Free State, and in the second the forward move from Bloemfontein, would have been correspondingly delayed. The ideal, of course, is for the transport to be sufficient for all departments of the army; and then it matters little who has control of it. The question is whether, when the transport is deficient, it is best for the Generals to have a free hand in its distribution, or for some of it to be securely locked up in the hands of the medical authorities. To this latter course, to judge from the evidence given by General Kelly-Kenny and others, there will be considerable objection raised by the combatant officers. In the Report of the Commission (p. 18) the universal demand of the R.A.M.C. for their own transport is noted; but the alteration is not recommended, since medical officers are not experienced in the management of animals.

This leads to the subject of ADMINISTRATION; for if the medical service were to be eventually provided with its own transport, a further question would arise in the management of this transport. Undoubtedly, if this were to be arranged, the

Senior or the Principal Medical Officer of each unit would be ultimately responsible for his own. But the management of transport,—the direction of the waggons on the march and the repair of defects, the payment and discipline of two drivers for each waggon, the care and replacement of ten mules or sixteen oxen for each team,—is very serious labour, for which the medical officer is perhaps no less, certainly no more, fitted than any other officer. This would add very materially to the purely business work of the medical officer, which is already excessive. It is an important point, for transport is but one instance of the many non-medical duties which the War Office at present entrusts to its medical officers.

It is to be considered whether the services of regimental officers should not be enlisted, as in the Ordnance Department and Army Service Corps, to manage the whole non-medical business of each medical unit, at the base or front, under the general control of the Principal Medical Officer. A similar arrangement exists in the German Army, in which a branch called the *Intendantur* manages all the business part of the Army, including Supply, Quarters, Transport, Ordnance, and the non-technical work of the Medical Department; and the English system of quarter-masters is a

step in the same direction. Such an arrangement is economical, for the regimentally-trained officer is rightly less expensive than the medical officer. It is also advantageous to the medical officers, who are thereby to a large extent set free to devote their attention to the strictly technical work of their profession.

The Members of the Commission agree (pp. 16, 17) that the *clerical work* of hospitals at the base might be curtailed, and done mainly by clerks under direction of an M.O.; they note that it is unnecessary to have separate records kept by M.O.'s in charge of divisions of a hospital, as well as by its P.M.O.; but they consider that the diet sheets should be still kept by the civil-surgeons; whereas, in the opinion of most of the latter, it should be their duty only to give general orders as to diet, to be carried out by the Nursing-Sisters. Finally, they think that the employment of a civilian or combatant administrator would lead to divided authority and confusion. It is curious that the Yeomanry and other Private Hospitals in the war have been managed in this way, which the Commission condemns, with one administrative officer apiece, whose sphere of work is wholly separate from that of the doctors, and that these hospitals are universally considered (Report, p. 14) to have been most successful. Could any better proof be wanted? Medical

and administrative duties should, therefore, I maintain, be kept entirely distinct.

Civil-Surgeons. As to the position of civil-surgeons, it has been fully shown that a sufficient supply can be obtained, practically at a moment's notice, on such terms and for such work as have been offered in this war; and the use of a reserve of medical officers is therefore not apparent. It appears, too, that the present system of engaging them as civilians without giving them temporary rank is perfectly satisfactory; but it would save a good deal of friction and trouble if the civil-surgeons could be directly under the control of a chief civil-surgeon, such, for instance, as Mr. Makins, Mr. Bowlby, or Mr. Fripp, who would sympathise with the point of view of both civilian and military. The readiness with which junior medical men have come forward on this occasion also suggests their employment in time of peace for a year's service at a time, to fill up the gaps in the service, which are at present responsible for most of the grievances of the R.A.M.C.

As to public criticism by civil-surgeons, the Report gives two seemingly contradictory statements in the same paragraph (p. 3); firstly, that civil-surgeons never were gagged; secondly, that under Queen's Regulations they are gagged. The latter is true; and it is obvious that when civilians

are serving with the Army, they should be subjected to the same general rules of discipline. It was probably only by inadvertence that a clause to this effect was not inserted in the original form of contract for service.[1] In that case it is a pity that some well-qualified doctors should not have been sent out as accredited but independent medical war-correspondents, to undertake the same function on behalf of the public in respect of medical management in the Army that is so ably undertaken in other aspects of war by the existing representatives of the press. Such correspondents as have been commissioned to write on medical matters have either been non-medical men, or they have only made flying visits to the front, or else they have been compromised by being officers of the R.A.M.C. and so subject to the Queen's Regulations as regards criticism.

As regards RED CROSS matters, the Commissioners hope for a centralisation of all such aid in the future; and they agree that some offers which should have been accepted were refused.

As to the more SCIENTIFIC QUESTIONS—the precaution against enteric fever on a campaign, and the possibilities and need of systematic records and research in military medicine and surgery on active service, both questions of the

[1] See p. 4.

highest importance—the Commission was hardly in a position to judge; but it cannot be considered that in the latter matter the R.A.M.C. has taken up a position worthy of the present state of scientific knowledge. The value of inoculation, however, which has been given a proper trial, is still *sub judice* pending the publication of the official statistics.

The Commissioners urge (p. 18) the appointment of a SANITARY OFFICER for towns and large camps, preferably an officer of the R.A.M.C.; and regret that this was not done in the early days at Bloemfontein (p. 44). This most necessary measure, however, will depend in the future on a sufficient number of officers being enabled to take a diploma in Public Health, which should be a *sine qua non* for such duties.

Part III. of the Report deals with the incidents of the campaign, and shows such deficiencies as there were.

For the *Paardeberg March*, there should have been a General Hospital at Orange River as medical base (pp. 20, 22). The excuse offered, that the advance to Bloemfontein was unexpected, is insufficient when we read Lord Roberts' despatch of February 6, 1900,[1] six days before the advance was begun: "On the relief of Kimberley being accomplished I propose . . .

[1] See *London Gazette* for February 8 and *Times* February 9, 1901.

to move eastward for the purpose of threatening Bloemfontein and seizing some point on the railway between that and Springfontein." There is no reason given why No. 5 General Hospital, which arrived on January 20 and the personnel of which was at once split up, should not have been reorganised and sent to Orange River.

This, and the constantly repeated deficiency of doctors throughout the march (pp. 21, 23, 26), might have been obviated. The work of doctors at the Base, who are said in the Report (p. 54) to have been very hard worked in December, 1899, and subsequently, was as nothing compared to that of many private practices and hospital appointments at home; during my three months at Wynberg I had only three days' hard work; and civil-surgeons from their day of arrival were making frequent requests to be sent up to the front.

At Bloemfontein, the Report again condemns the unnecessary lack of surgeons and nurses (pp. 27, 39). It refers to the urgent need of bed-pans, which the Commissioners consider might have been procured more quickly from the base (pp. 30, 41); and it mentions the extraordinary view of the P.M.O. Army that "he knew of the absence of bed-pans, but it was always made light of, more or less, on account of the fact that enteric fever was not as a rule accompanied by diarrhoea." "We think this view was an unfortunate one,"

they add. Examiners in Medicine would think the same.

The defects of the 12th Brigade Field Hospital and No. 8 General Hospital, graphically described by Mr. Burdett-Coutts, are thoroughly sifted and partially substantiated; but No. 9 is to a large extent absolved.[1] The severity of the typhoid epidemic may have surpassed all possible expectations, although the point still seems open to doubt; but it is strange that the P.M.O. Army should have underestimated its actual extent at the end of April, when he was at the time in the town (p. 37). The absence of a trained Sanitary Officer is also mentioned with regret (p. 44).

As to *The Advance to Pretoria*, it is curious that no mention is made in the Report, of the condition of Hamilton's Column, for which the ambulances and transport waggons were not, as it says those of the general advance were, "made up to unit strength" (p. 45).

The lack of both doctors and trained orderlies with the less important sick convoys and at Kroonstad is mentioned (pp. 45, 48); but not the lack of medical supplies, which might well have been avoided.

At Pretoria, no reason is given for a "delay of several days" in making the necessary medical arrangements (p. 54); doctors were again lacking,

[1] See page 288 of this book.

sanitation was for some time unsatisfactory, and commandeering of hospital-stuff was unnecessarily delayed (pp. 53, 54).

In the matter of *Convoys* by rail, no proper arrangements were made at the stations for attending to the patients en route, and in reading the excellent result, that not a single death occurred amongst eleven thousand patients sent down by train up to September 1 (p. 56), one would be interested to read the corresponding statistics of ox-convoys, my own small experience of convoy-duty having included one death.

In commending generally the work of the *Base-Hospitals* (p. 58), the Report draws attention to the fact that they included always a large proportion of convalescent patients. It does not point out the obvious lesson that convalescents in future should never be allowed to take up room in General Hospitals, but should be relegated to a convalescent camp. It is interesting to see their opinion that "Woodstock was a great success"; as there were many opinions on both sides.

In Natal, as was universally agreed, there was little fault to be found with the excellent medical arrangements made by Colonel Gallwey and his officers, who "showed commendable promptitude" (p. 64) throughout. It is noticed, however, that his task was considerably easier than that of the P.M.O. on the western side. The only mistake

was that General Hospitals were not sent round to Natal so soon as they should have been.

Finally, the following suggestions are made, with a recommendation for "the appointment at some early convenient time of a . . . Committee of Experts to inquire into them" (p. 69):

1. Raise the R.A.M.C. to full peace-strength;
2. Arrange for expansion in time of war;
3. Attract and promote merit;
4. More nurses;
5. Properly qualified sanitary officers;
6. Improvement of ambulance-waggons;
7. Improvement of tents.

The Commissioners also suggest that such a Committee should consider the following questions, on which they express no opinion:

1. Whether the R.A.M.C. should take over the functions of the Army Service and Ordnance Corps in connection with the Medical Service;
2. The diminution of administrative and clerical work of P.M.O.'s;
3. The status of the Bearer Company;
4. Regimental system in peace-time;
5. Subdivision of General Hospitals;
6. The organisation of charitable gifts.

They draw the attention of the R.A.M.C. to the following matters not requiring special legislation:

1. Pilfering by orderlies;

2. Undue militarism in hospitals;

3. Power and duty of commandeering in case of emergency.

It may be seen therefore, that the Report supports the main conclusions of this book, that there has been a considerable deficiency of "originality, elasticity, and power to take the initiative" on the part of the Principal Medical Officers; that the defects of the R.A.M.C. system, long known throughout the medical profession, have manifested themselves in the war; that many faults have been those incidental to the personal equation; and that the R.A.M.C., through no special fault of its own, was wholly unprepared for a big war. The fierce light of day has shewn the whole work of the R.A.M.C. to the world. Happy are the other departments of our army, happy the continental armies, that have not been so laid bare. A friend, whose judgment may well be trusted, on leaving South Africa summed up the whole matter in three terse sentences: "Mr. Burdett-Coutts exaggerates; the system is rotten; the men did their best."

PART II. THE BROADER ISSUES.

Three-quarters of the medical personnel in South Africa has been improvised from civil life for the occasion, and the central medical lesson of the

war depends on the value of this civilian aid. We wish to test its value in the work of nurse, doctor, and orderly, both at the base and front in war, at home and abroad in peace. I shall state, therefore, what may be called the purely civilian view, which is seldom, if ever, stated up to its logical conclusion. It must be considered rather as a suggestion, if at all, for the distant future than an ideal for immediate adoption.

Can the country dispense with the luxury of an R.A.M.C., and depend instead on civilian aid?

The nucleus of medical work in war-time is the *General Hospital* at the base. This war has seen over twenty R.A.M.C. General Hospitals, in which civil-surgeons have been freely employed, and three volunteer General Hospitals,—two Yeomanry and one Scottish National,—which have been entirely managed by civilians with the help of a single military administrator apiece. The R.A.M.C. Stationary Hospitals,[1] have in the same way been supplemented by six private hospitals,—Edinburgh, Portland, Langman, Princess Christian, Irish, and Welsh, managed by civilians, with an administrator, who was also in some cases a civilian.

[1] Stationary, that is, as compared with Field Hospitals. Their object is to be ready, with their hundred beds apiece, to enter a captured town before a General Hospital can be brought up country.

It appears to have been universally agreed that the private hospitals, staffed by civilians, were, even apart from their special advantages, at least as successful as those of the R.A.M.C.; and this, not only in their strictly professional work, but also in the matters of administration and discipline. It cannot be said, for instance, that the doctors of the Portland and Yeomanry Hospitals did not know how to deal with malingerers. The only requisite for a doctor fresh to military work, if he is given only medical duties to perform, is a definite knowledge of the faults which he is to notice and the penalties he is able to inflict; and even the infliction of penalties may generally be left to the administrative officer. For the future, then, if arrangements can be made for their rapid mobilisation, the civilian critic may recommend the employment of hospitals at the base on the analogy of those that have been managed by civilians during the war with a military administrator apiece.

Passing now from the base to *the front*, we find the work consists in the first place of looking after the two or three men per thousand who fall sick every day on the march; and in the second of being prepared for the collection and primary treatment of wounded in case of action. The work is but slightly medical, still less surgical; it is mainly administrative. Here again we have

the analogy of the Irish, Yeomanry, and New South Wales Field Hospitals, two of them with their own transport, and all staffed by doctors in civil practice. If they could be relieved of all administrative work, we cannot reasonably contend that suitably chosen doctors from civil practice at home would not be able to do the comparatively easy treatment that is required.

Purely medical work therefore, both at the front and base, might be managed on civil lines with the help of *military administrators*. A staff of non-medical officers of the R.A.M.C. could be formed, analogous to those of the Army Service Corps and of the Pay Department. The relative duties would then be clearly defined, as in civil hospitals at home, with an appeal to the higher military authorities, who must ultimately be responsible for all departments of the Army. The doctor, in other words, would in that case have nothing to do with general management, and the manager nothing to do with the doctoring.

Granted that the medical work *might* be thus managed by a civilian staff, there would be certain definite advantages in such management. The administration could well be carried out by combatant officers, who in the first place are cheaper than doctors, and no less efficient for such work. Coming from the regiments, these officers would,

in the second place, be more in touch with all branches of the service; and a combined military and medical organisation would have a footing equal to that of the other corps, who at present, without any disrespect, consider the R.A.M.C. at least as a body of entirely different training and interests to their own. Thirdly, civilian doctors would, under proper restrictions, be fresher from their schools and studies, or from the salutary discipline of private practice.

Economy, efficiency, and improvement of relations with the rest of the Army, are the three reasons for this deduction that the medical work both at the base and front in war might then be entrusted to civilian doctors with advantage.

The *incidental work* of a campaign fits in well with such a conclusion. Every advancing column must be staffed with an excess of doctors ready for incidental duties, convoys, the occupation of towns, and the replacement of doctors invalided from the column. If bedded hospitals—Stationary and General—are delayed in their arrival, their staff should be sent on ahead, for the staff alone can often extemporise useful arrangements.

How would such an arrangement fit in with the question of *orderlies and nurses*? The nursing of bedded hospitals even at advanced bases should be done, we have repeatedly seen, by women-

nurses, a good supply of whom may be obtained at any time from civil life. They need not, therefore, belong to any permanent Nursing Service or Reserve, but may be engaged as required. They must be supplemented by a few qualified dispensers, or "compounders," as they are called in the Army, a few trained orderlies, and a host of Gibeonites, hewers and scrubbers of wood and drawers of water and tea, who may well be the youth of the regiments, at present kept at home during a war, the convalescents, the older reservists, and others who are better out of the fighting line. Our combatant administrators will understand how to manage regimental Gibeonites; there is no need for them to belong to an R.A.M.C., or to be specially trained for the work.

And at the front what work is there for the trained orderly, who has been so much in demand and so difficult to find in the present war? So long as a Field-Hospital may never have to act as a Stationary-Hospital, is it necessary for it to have more than half-a-dozen trained orderlies, besides a host of stretcher-bearers, on occasion of a battle, with the ambulance training of an average policeman? None but a doctor can do proper medical and surgical treatment; every man in the Army should know how to put on a first field-dressing; beyond this the work of a trained

orderly is likely to be mischievous rather than sound. There is need for only a few to act as dressers and assistants in the very few necessary operations that are justifiable at the front.

During war then, at any rate, it may seem that medical work in the Army might be entirely managed by civilian doctors with military administrators, under the general guidance of a few surgeons and physicians of experience.

The second problem now confronts our critic. The Army as a rule is *at peace*. Would it not be equally advantageous in peace-time to employ civilian instead of military doctors? Firstly, says our civilian, you would have a doctor, simplex; instead of a hybrid, half-soldier, half-doctor, an officer who rightly must assume something of the soldier in his demeanour and interests at the expense of his medical qualities. The civilian Simon Pure admits he knows nothing of camp-pitching, duties of ward-masters and stewards, and other non-medical subjects; he has nothing of the soldier about him. This leads to a clear distinction of function.

In the second place, the administrative duties are better carried out; for regimental training does, and hospital training does not, teach the management of men. I hope I offend no one, and believe I speak the truth, in quoting the general opinion amongst thoughtful men in the

Army, that the officers of the R.A.M.C. are not as good managers of men as officers with the usual military training.

In the third place, the civilian is bound, *cæteris paribus*, to be a better doctor. There is no need to bribe or offer inducements to him to keep up his work. Choose your doctor from those engaged in definite practice, public or private, and you will find that, as a rule, he has kept up his work well, because it is in his interest to do so; it is his bread-and-butter, his carriage-and-pair.

In the fourth place, you can get your civil doctor—a fairly good article—at any time you want him, at about the same rate as you reckon to spend on a captain of the R.A.M.C. and his pension. You are able to select him for special qualities; and by taking him for a definite period, one year, three, or five, as occasion may require, you are relieved of all responsibility for his past or his future.

Fifthly, in the majority of peace-billets, Army doctors consider they have done a hard day's work after three hours. A young subaltern fresh to the corps, with whom I was once playing tennis in a garrison town, remarked that they were being very hard worked. "What? evening work?" I asked. "Not quite," was the reply; "but we hardly ever get off now till lunch time."

Take, for instance, *a garrison town* with two thousand troops, a proportionate number of women and children, and a military hospital. Is it necessary to keep five doctors solely for this work? Would it not be far better to manage the medical work by contract with the doctors already engaged in civil practice in the town? It would probably not be difficult to obtain at a modest remuneration, say of £200 per annum each, the services of the very best physicians and surgeons in the town, who at present are only too delighted to get the corresponding appointments at the civil hospital, which pays them no fee. If so, it would be only necessary to appoint also a resident house-physician and surgeon, on a year's engagement at about £50 or at most £100 a year each, to manage the work under their direction, and to arrange to see the sick daily, either in the barracks or at the hospital.

The military hospital could then be managed like a civil hospital, by a board appointed for the purpose, the administration by a non-medical officer with regimental training, who would belong to the reformed R.A.M.C. The nursing would be managed by sisters and nurses engaged *ad hoc*—many serving for a small sum for a three years' course of training—like that of a civil hospital, with the help of a few trained orderlies and "Gibeonites" from the garrison. Indeed,

arrangements might be made whereby the expense of a separate military hospital would be avoided, by contracting with the local civil hospital to undertake the management of a new military "wing," providing the nursing and perhaps the medical attendants out of its own staff. This could be left for arrangement by the military board, with the sanction of the General Officer commanding the district, subject to the veto of the War Office.

In many *foreign stations* it would probably be possible eventually to come to some similar arrangement; for demand creates supply, and there are usually, or in time would be, civil doctors sufficiently good for this work.

In India we may make an exception. The present state of affairs by which there are two separate medical systems, that of the R.A.M.C. under the War Office, and that of the Indian Medical Service under the Indian Government, is needlessly expensive and complicated. Some definite bargain could be made with the Indian Government to extend their excellent service, and to undertake the whole of the military medical work throughout the Indian Empire.

There still remain *a few gaps*, which must be filled by doctors especially retained for the purpose; preferably, we should say, by men employed for only five years at a time, and at a fee

not less than that of the civil-surgeon employed in the Boer war, £1 a day; so that at the end of their service they may have accumulated a sufficient sum to set up practice at home or abroad as they may wish. But they should be definitely civilian in their uniform, title, and work. They might wear a plain uniform with a red-cross enamelled badge, and no other distinction, on their shoulder-strap; and the administration would be left entirely to the non-medical officers of the Army Medical Corps.

Let us now try and arrange some cohesion between these scattered local units of medical work. In the first place, there must be *a central office*, a department of the War Office in London, to conduct the business-work, the official returns and records. Under a civilian system of doctors this would be managed by the military officers of the Army Medical Department, with an advisory board, consisting of men experienced in the work, both medical and lay, consultant and executive, with a modest remuneration to make it worth their while to attend regularly to the business. The services of some of the best civilian consulting surgeons and hospital managers could thus be secured.

In each of the six military districts, under Mr. Brodrick's new scheme, similar central offices of the Army Medical Department could well be estab-

lished, with sub-sections for each Division or each Brigade. At the same time a few senior doctors in civil practice could be appointed as inspectors, one to each Brigade, to give medical advice to the non-medical R.A.M.C. administrator in supervising the medical work of the hospitals of their Army Corps, Division or Brigade, and in preparing for rapid mobilisation in time of impending war. Such inspectors would sit *ex officio* on the military boards of all hospitals in their district, and would have power of appeal to a Chief Inspector of Hospitals, and through him to the military authorities. The work would be entirely decentralised. Each Army Corps would make its own medical arrangements with the local medical men.

We now come to the *mobilisation* of a medical force to accompany the Army on a foreign expedition. The civil hospitals, St. Thomas', for instance, Guy's, St. Bartholomew's, Edinburgh, Dublin, would each be ready to fit out a General Hospital. Mr. Makins, let us say, Mr. Bowlby, Mr. Fripp, have each been paid a retaining fee to be prepared to mobilise the staff of a General Hospital at three weeks' notice. They have a list of doctors, not necessarily still resident at the hospitals, from whom a medical staff is soon raised. The matrons of their hospitals have similar lists of nurses, amongst whom they find no difficulty in selecting a good staff. Half-a-

dozen trained orderlies are secured, either from their own hospitals—for, with a little inducement from the War Office, a few male nurses might be trained and found most useful at all hospitals—or from the garrison hospitals of the Army Corps to which they are attached. Application is made to the Ordnance officials to supply from their medical branch the material which they are bound to keep in readiness; the Central Office undertakes the rest—a few good clerks used to their business-work, volunteer-clerks obtained through the Civil Service Commissioners, one or two of their own military officers, one or two head-orderlies, and a couple of dispensers from the military hospitals. The rank and file of the hospitals are to be supplied from the regiments on arrival at their destination. In this way a requisite number of General and Stationary Hospitals is fitted out.

For its own ambulance units at the front each Army Corps would again be responsible. The Army Medical staff in each district would engage the requisite number of trained orderlies and doctors, giving preference to those who had already seen active service, and to those engaged in duty at the military hospitals. Each Army Corps, Division or Brigade, would in addition take out its own Inspector of Hospitals, its Sanitary Officer, its regimental doctors, one to each

unit, and a large supply of supplementary doctors and staff to fill vacancies as they occurred, and to do the irregular work, which in South Africa has been done only by officers detailed from already existing units. This work of mobilisation would of course be carefully prepared, and retaining-fees might be necessary for the purpose.

Finally, our civilian critic must suggest in outline the necessary *intermediate steps*. This would obviously be a matter for inquiry by a special committee. In the first place compensation, both pecuniary and moral, must be secured for all existing officers who have made the R.A.M.C. the profession of their life. Let them have the pick of the billets at home, or, if they like, under limited conditions abroad. Let them, if it seems fairest, until their service is expired, continue it under present conditions of rank and pay, but with the justice they have never yet had in the matter of leave, fixity of work, and home service; let them, if they prefer it, retire now into private practice, with a handsome bonus or pension from the Government. Probably, however, it would be considered impossible and unjustifiable to adopt at once so revolutionary a scheme in its entirety; but it might be hoped that the principle at the root of it could be worked in with some reform of the present system; that civilians might be employed freely in peace-time as well as in

war; general hospitals be fitted out, in any future war, from the large civil hospitals on an established footing; and every opportunity be given for the civilian element to compete with the military in the Army, and prove its value.

This scheme is put forward as a *ballon d'essai* for consideration on its merits. It may be compared with the system of the New South Wales Army Medical Corps, now sixteen years old, whose officers, with the exception of a P.M.O. and his Staff-Officer, are all in civil practice, with a salary of £26 to £40 per annum with horse allowance, in return for attendance at camps and parades, and with special pay for special duty. In much the same way the Admiralty has a long list of "Surgeons and Agents" (see *Navy List*, under "Sick Quarters") in various coast-towns, with whom it contracts to attend the coast-guard and the crews of coast-guard cruisers. Indeed, doctors in civil practice are already employed by the Army Medical Corps in some of the large towns as stop-gaps. It may be pointed out that by the above scheme the Government would be following out a principle gradually being adopted by many of its other departments, that of contracting out amongst private persons and companies, instead of doing the work by a staff entirely its own. In this way the Colonial Office has its own Medical Officer, the Civil Service its

General Medical Referee, both being consultants in good practice; the Treasury banks with a private company, the Bank of England; the Admiralty employs private dockyards as well as its own for the building of ships, and has entirely given up its own transports in favour of the contract system, by which all transporting is done by private companies; and, as a final instance, the branch lines of the National Telephone Company and contractors' mail vans are employed by the General Post Office.

The first *objections* to be made to this scheme will be that the medical work is being subordinated to military control, and that whereas, in some cases, the military control may be intelligent, in others it would be despotic. It may be true that in some instances the military officers would be despotic, in others that they would interfere indirectly with the medical work. The question to decide is whether under such a scheme the instances of medical mal-administration would not be fewer than under the present system; whether such a reformed R.A.M.C. might not fairly be expected to rival the Army Service Corps, for instance, in all-round efficiency, an efficiency to be judged in its medical aspects solely by the civilian medical profession. Is it worse for the dividing line between the medical and military professions to come definitely between soldier

and doctor, than for there to be two dividing lines, which separate Army-doctor from Army on one side and doctor on the other?

The second objection will be that civilian doctors are unversed in the special difficulties of military work. Of these special difficulties this scheme admittedly makes light. If the whole system of administration be taken bodily out of their hands there will be no need for special military training of Army-doctors.

The third objection is that doctors in civil practice are less under control than officers of a permanent service, and that their military work suffers in comparison with their private practice. As civilians are being employed in this way at the present moment, this point could be cleared up by a Committee.

The natural objection that, by abolishing the present R.A.M.C., this scheme would be destroying a temple which could not be rebuilt in three days, is no theoretic objection to the view it expresses. It is, however, a very practical, and will probably be an insuperable obstacle to its adoption in the near future.

Sooner or later the voluntary and elastic principle is bound to assert itself. Prices in the medical labour-market are rising rapidly; while the demand from an increasing army grows at the same time, and soon it will be unable to

afford to employ doctors for other than the purely-medical part of an army-doctor's work. There will be every inducement to suppress this principle. "Let us think about it," one will say. "Better the evils that we know," will say another. "And before long," say the cynical, "the British public, and with it the Government that represents its views, will have forgotten all but the glories of the march to Paardeberg, the annexation of new territories, the triumph of the British arms. The facts that called for a Hospitals' Commission, the vast cemeteries at Bloemfontein and throughout South Africa, the little wooden crosses out on the veld, will be but vague memories."

No, we reply; "Divil a surrender," as the late Private Doolan said the other day to the fifteen Boers who killed him. Time shall not be allowed to solve the question, for time will solve it only in one way, by patch-work and sliding into another war and another twenty thousand deaths. The nation cannot afford to wait for a new experiment in warfare before it makes the necessary change. Now while the subject is fresh before us, now while our friends and comrades are still in daily peril of death, now while we are strung up to the effort required, let nothing prevent our taking earnestly in hand the urgent need of Army Medical Reform.

PART III.

SINCE the above conclusion was written, Mr. Brodrick, as Secretary of State for War, has taken the matter of Army Medical Reform in hand in the same vigorous way in which he took up that of the internal administration of the War Office, by appointing an expert committee of the very best kind to deal with the subject.

In the COMPOSITION OF THIS COMMITTEE, the civil medical profession was represented by Sir Frederick Treves and Mr. Makins, who had been out at the war as consulting surgeons; Sir W. Thomson, Mr. Fripp, and Dr. Tooth, who had been out with private hospitals; Professor Ogston, who had been out on his own account; and Dr. E. Cooper Perry, superintendent and physician at Guy's Hospital. The Indian Office was represented by Surgeon-General Hooper, I.M.S.; the Royal Army Medical Corps by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Keogh and Major H. E. R. James, secretary to the committee; combatant officers by Sir Gerald Morton and Sir James Willcocks; and the War Office by Sir Edward Ward and the Secretary of State, who took the chair throughout. The chairmanship itself distinguishes this from all previous committees that have sat upon the subject of Army Medical Reform; and the unexpected but emphatic unanimity that prevailed in general throughout the discussions seemed to

prove that the measures thus decided on were the actual measures proper to the occasion.

The reforms suggested, and now about to be carried into effect, may be epitomized as follows :

I. The Advisory Board. Over and above all, the future supervision of all army medical matters is to be in the hands of an Advisory Board, with the Director-General of the R.A.M.C. in the chair. On this board the R.A.M.C. is to be further represented by the Deputy Director-General and by experts respectively in military sanitation and in tropical diseases ; the War Office and Indian Office by one nominee apiece ; the reformed Nursing Service by its Matron-in-Chief (for matters affecting the Nursing Service only) ; and the civil medical profession by two physicians and two surgeons belonging to leading civil hospitals. The latter members will be appointed by the Secretary of State for a term of three years, renewable to the age of 60 ; they must not be above 55 at the time of appointment, and they will receive a yearly honorarium of £200 and payment of all expenses connected with their duties on the board.

The Advisory Board will meet every fortnight, and will be responsible for the whole current work of the R.A.M.C. and Nursing Service, for the admission of candidates, and for the plans of barracks and standing camps (which at present

are not under the control of the R.A.M.C.). It will also be consulted by the Commander-in-Chief as to the promotion or retention in the service of individual officers. It will be enabled to send officers or civilians abroad to study the army medical systems of other countries; it will prepare a scheme for the rapid expansion of the service to meet the needs of war or epidemic; and it will keep in touch with the corps, not only by the reports of the Director-General but by appointing sub-committees to inspect the military hospitals from time to time.

II. The Director-General. The Director-General, who will be the executive officer of the Advisory Board, is to be specially appointed for five years by the Secretary of State, on the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief, after reference to the Advisory Board. Besides his present duties he will be chairman of the Advisory Board, and will forthwith draw up a scheme for providing medical aid to the auxiliary forces.

III. Candidates. The age limit of 28 for entrance is retained. A higher limit, 33, was introduced by the Royal Warrant of 1876, and found by a departmental committee, in 1878, to admit men who had been failures in civil practice. Men over 28, too, find it difficult to conform to the discipline of the army.

The Advisory Board will decide what evidence

of fitness to hold a commission shall be required ; but the greatest importance will be attached to a confidential report from the dean of the medical school in which the candidate has studied. Special arrangements are to be made by the Advisory Board for the admission of those who have served in the field, but otherwise an examination was found to be necessary. The system of nomination has given way to examination in most public departments : it is impossible to maintain a common standard of nomination in all the schools of the United Kingdom; and favouritism, if not indeed jobbery, is a natural result of any such system.

The entrance examination, however, is entirely remodelled. It is to be a "clinical and practical examination in medicine and surgery," and such an examination should frighten no one who is a good practical man, as book-work will be of little use in preparing for it. Indeed this examination may prove to be a sound basis for future medical examination in general. It will be an interesting experiment.

If a candidate be a house-surgeon or house-physician at the time of the examination, or be appointed to such a post immediately afterwards, he will be seconded from the service so as to complete the appointment, and will count such time towards eventual gratuity or pension.

IV. On Admission, a Lieutenant-on-Probation will (pending the establishment of a medical staff-college in London, as is proposed) undergo a six-weeks' course in hygiene and bacteriology only, at Netley, and the usual three-months' training in military subjects at Aldershot. A small examination in these subjects will be held at the end of each course, the marks in each of these minor examinations counting as 1 to 8 of those obtained at the entrance examination. This will decide his seniority on the list of the corps.

Successful candidates will now rank as Lieutenants, and be attached for duty to a battalion or other unit, at the same time doing work in a station-hospital. This will give the closer relationship between R.A.M.C. and combatant officers which is frequently and for many reasons demanded on both sides, and it will ensure that on entering the service no young doctor shall find himself, as has hitherto frequently been the case, in the same position as that of an unattached student, in the old days at Oxford, without colleagues, friends, or any mess to which he may belong. This is the nearest approach to a regimental system possible; it would be absurd to revert to the old plan by which each regiment had its own hospital. All hospital work must be managed centrally by the R.A.M.C., apart from regimental distinctions: the regimental doctor, as such, will only deal with minor ail-

ments, sending others to hospital. He is bound to be, as at present on active service, under the orders of the medical officer in charge of the station; nor can he be permanently attached to a battalion, for past experience shows that this leads to medical degeneracy and does not allow the best use to be made of a man's particular powers. The old argument that the regimental doctor knows his men better, and so becomes like a father to them, falls to the ground under the modern conditions of short service (five or seven years).

V. The Average Career of an officer entering at the age of 25, and not distinguishing himself in examination (see section VI.) will be as follows:

(i) After $4\frac{1}{2}$ months' special training, say at $25\frac{1}{2}$, he becomes Lieutenant.

(ii) At $28\frac{1}{2}$ he may retire on the Reserve (see below, section IX.) or continue in the service; in which case he will be attached for 6 months to a hospital with opportunities for study (see section VIII.).

(iii) At 29, he will go up for examination in medicine and surgery, hygiene and sanitation, bacteriology and tropical diseases; and if he passes this, will be promoted Captain. He will then undergo a short course of instruction in work in the Field.

(iv) At 35 he may retire with a gratuity of £1000. Otherwise, at some period within the

next 2 years, he will be attached for 6 months to a hospital with opportunities for study.

(v) At $37\frac{1}{2}$ (12 years' service) he will be examined in the same subjects as before with the addition of (*a*) military law, administration and interior economy; (*b*) a special subject selected by himself from the following list: bacteriology, dental surgery, dermatology, fevers, laryngology, midwifery and gynaecology, advanced operative surgery, ophthalmology, otology, diseases of children, mental diseases, skiagraphy, and other subjects approved by the Advisory Board. Having passed the above examination, he becomes a Major. Under special circumstances he may be allowed to defer this examination and in the meantime be provisionally promoted.

(vi) At $43\frac{1}{2}$ he may retire on a gratuity of £2500. Otherwise he will be granted three months' study-leave before taking a qualifying examination in administrative subjects.

(vii) At $45\frac{1}{2}$ he may be selected for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; or he may receive special permission to stay on as Major till he is $50\frac{1}{2}$. He will otherwise retire on a pension of £1 a day.

(viii) Further promotion to an increased rate of pay (see below, section VII.) and to the ranks of Colonel and Surgeon-General will be by selection.

In this way it is hoped that all officers of the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel upwards, to whom all the important posts are given, will be picked men. Officers of indifferent administrative ability will never rise above the rank of Major.

The above stages of his career compare favourably as regards age with an average taken of the ages at which officers in the cavalry, infantry, artillery, and engineers are promoted, viz.: admission at 20.2 years of age, promotion to rank of Captain variable, Major 37.9, Lieutenant-Colonel 44.7, Colonel 49.9, and Major-General 52.7.

VI. Acceleration of Promotion. Promotion, however, may be accelerated by good marks in the examination for promotion to the ranks of Captain and Major. In each of these examinations 40 per cent. in each subject will be necessary to qualify; 50 per cent. of the aggregate will give a third class certificate and 3 months' acceleration; 60 per cent a second class and 6 months' acceleration; 80 per cent. a first class and 12 months; 85 per cent. a special certificate and 18 months. An exceptionally good man will thus be able to accelerate his promotion by three years in all.

At the same time brevet-promotion will be given for distinguished service, as in other branches of the army, whereby an officer rises in rank and pay, although his position in the seniority list of the corps remains unchanged.

VII. Pay. With the exception of the Director-General's pay, it is generally considered in the R.A.M.C. that the pay of higher ranks is sufficiently good. The exception is now made, the pay of the Director-General being raised to £2000 a year, from which indeed it was only cut down a few years ago at the instance of a patriotic but short-sighted occupant of the post. Her late Majesty's Treasury acceded to the petition without delay.

On entrance a Lieutenant-on-probation will receive pay and allowances amounting to £323 per annum. A Captain will receive £380; after 7 years' total service £400; after 10 £478. A Major will receive £587, and after 3 years in the ranks £632. A Lieutenant-Colonel will have £713, and, if specially selected for increased pay, £804; a Colonel will have £953; and a Surgeon-General the consolidated pay of £1500.

This compares favourably with the report received by a trustworthy medical agent of wide experience as to the prospects of civil practice. Here, he says, degrees, qualifications and experience go for little; 25 per cent. of the men will do better and 25 per cent. worse than the following mean. But the average gross income of 50 per cent. of medical men starting in general practice in this country is (*a*) at starting £500; (*b*) after 3 years £600; (*c*) after 9 years £800; and (*d*)

after 20 years £900 to £1200. From this must be deducted one-third for professional expenses; and the capital required to start on these lines would vary from £700 to £1500. The service, therefore, has two pecuniary advantages, apart from the actual comparison of pay, viz.: (1) it requires no capital; (2) it gives a pension.

VIII. Facilities for Study. Opportunities for study will be arranged by the Advisory Board. All officers will be given such facilities (*a*) for 6 months before examination for promotion to the rank of Captain, (*b*) for 6 months before examination for the promotion to the rank of Major, (*c*) for 3 months before examination for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Only in the latter case is it thought advisable to give these opportunities in the form of "study-leave." In the junior ranks supervision is necessary. The Advisory Board will arrange with civil hospitals and similar institutions for special facilities to be given to these junior officers, who will at the same time do duty at a military hospital. Special study-leave will also be given to special officers.

Although no conclusion was come to on the subject, it was proposed that a Medical Staff-College in London should take the place of Netley, and, with it, a 500-bedded hospital, to include men, with their wives and families, who are in War Office employ, recruits, reservists, and pen-

sioners; perhaps, under certain conditions, men of the auxiliary forces; and, lastly, cases of accident and emergency from the general public. Professorships in medicine and surgery and other branches would be established for the supervision of clinical work and for purposes of teaching.

IX. The Reserve. After only 3 years' service, a Lieutenant may retire on to the Reserve for 7 years at a salary of £25 per annum. In his second or third year on the Reserve he may be permitted to return to the active list, counting one-third of his service on the Reserve towards promotion and pension or gratuity.

This proviso gives the necessary elasticity required for the service. Men may now enter the R.A.M.C. without feeling that they are crossing the Rubicon. The young doctor, before he has had experience of the struggle for existence, has a strong dislike to bind himself down for life.

At the same time the service is by this scheme, to my mind, made so attractive that few men suited to it will care to leave it when once they have joined.

X. Specialist and Charge Pay. Specialists will be appointed, with special pay, from among those who have distinguished themselves in special subjects in the examination for Major, or by taking a diploma in public health, or otherwise. Special pay up to 10s. a day will be given

for charge of hospitals, according to the number of beds they contain.

XI. Tenure of Appointments is fixed for two years and, in the charge of hospitals, for three.

XII. Decentralization. The work of the R.A.M.C. is to be to a large extent decentralized, the P.M.O. of each Army Corps or District being the staff-officer of the General Officer Commanding, for all medical and sanitary purposes.

XIII. Trivial and Convalescent Cases. The medical work of the army is to be assimilated to that of civil life by eliminating from the hospitals all trivial and convalescent cases. For the latter, convalescent homes will be established in each district. The former are to be treated in a special room in barracks and to be used, if possible, for light duty.

XIV. Consulting Physicians and Surgeons from civil hospitals will be appointed by the Advisory Board in each district to attend when required; and in small stations arrangements will be made with the Local Civil Hospitals for the treatment of cases.

XV. Clerical Work is to be diminished as far as possible.

XVI. The Staff of R.A.M.C. officers is to be raised from 850 to 960.

XVII. (Last, but almost first). The whole Nursing Service is put on a sound footing, and

is to be managed by a special Nursing Board, acting under the general control of the Advisory Board. This Nursing Board will include the Director-General, as chairman, two members of the Advisory Board, the Matron-in-Chief, three matrons of large civil hospitals, a representative of the Indian Office, and two members appointed by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, who has consented to act as President, thus marking the great importance which will in the future be attached to the nursing service. Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing service, as it is to be called, will consist of the following grades: A Matron-in-Chief, Inspecting Matrons, Matrons of Hospitals, Sisters, and Nurses. The Indian Nursing Service will, it is hoped, be included in this Imperial service, in which case, as in the case of South Africa and elsewhere, the nursing affairs of the country will be administered locally, as far as possible, by a Principal Matron.

This scheme would certainly seem to be of the very best augury for the future of the corps, and with it for the medical management of the army. Compare it with the recommendations of the Hospitals' Commission (p. 455 of this book):

(1) Raise R.A.M.C. to full peace strength. This is done in section XVI., above.

(2) Arrange for expansion in time of war. Section I.

(3) Attract and promote merit. The whole scheme provides for it.

(4) More nurses. Section XVII.

(5) Properly qualified sanitary officers. Sections I., X., XII.

(6) Improvement of ambulance waggons and tents. One of the instructions to the Advisory Board.

Compare it with the strongest pages of criticism in this book, the suggestions of R.A.M.C. officers for reform (pp. 188, 220, 281), the nursing deficiencies (pp. 72, 115), the opinions expressed in Part I. of this conclusion; compare it with the criticisms that have figured for many years past in all the medical papers; compare it with the criticism by Mr Burdett-Coutts, who has seen far more of medical work in the field than have most of his critics; and there can be little doubt that the new scheme does the very best for army medical matters that, with present experience, could possibly be done. It may be still held by some of the public that officers of the R.A.M.C. should not be given "combatant" titles. I was formerly of that opinion, but have now completely changed my faith. Officers of the Army Pay Department, of the Army Service and Ordnance Corps have the titles which once indicated combatant duties. Their duties are purely clerical, commercial and administrative. Indeed,

in savage warfare no hospital is safe from attack, and the medical officer in charge may at any moment have to direct military operations in defence of the patients and buildings for which he is solely responsible. And, war or no war, the officer of the R.A.M.C. is in charge of many men, both orderlies and patients, who, other things being equal, are far more respectful to a "Major" than to a "Doctor"; and respect is at the root of discipline.

The new scheme differs entirely from that given in Part II. of this Conclusion. But this is not to be regretted even by the critic himself. Opinion is not yet ripe, either in the army or in the public at large, for such a revolution. Colonels in barracks do not like the slipshod civilian ways of the civil-doctor; and so long as pipe-clay and manual-and-firing-exercises rule the army, so long must you have doctors who can make a life's study of these things, and who know how to bridge over the great gulf that is fixed between military positivism and medical pliability. On active service the soldier becomes more pliable, the doctor more dogmatic, and the relations of civil-surgeon and combatant in South Africa have been most cordial. In garrisons at home circumstances would be different.

Nor would the Government be justified in adopting the radical proposals of the civilian, and

abolishing the slowly-built and complex system of the R.A.M.C. with all its experience and traditions, until either the one were proved a hopeless failure or the other a certain success.

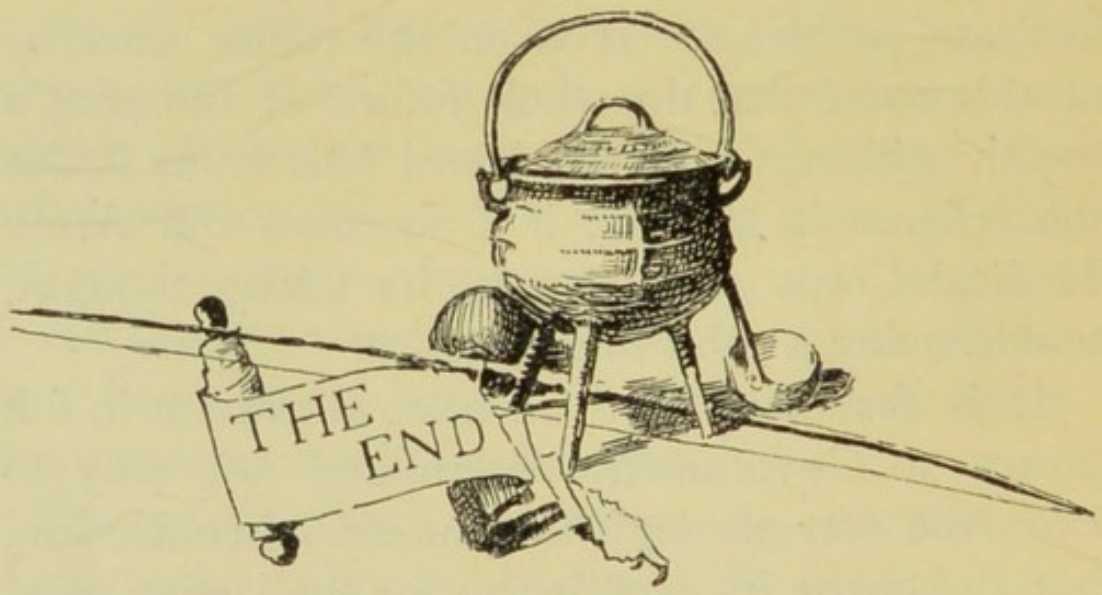
The new scheme, however, introduces the elements of elasticity and adaptability, not only in the provisions which allow an officer to retire after a few years' service, encourage him in special study, and promote him for special qualifications, but in the far more important construction of an Advisory Board, which should be constantly engaged in the cultivation of ideals in the matters committed to its care. It was felt better to pass on to this board the consideration of such important subjects as Army Sanitation, Training of Orderlies, Medical arrangements for the auxiliary forces, and the Medical Staff College, than to clog this scheme with any hastily-prepared suggestions for the solution of these intricate problems. It is on the future working of this board that the whole future of the army's health will rest. If the board fails in its duties the scheme is useless; if it succeeds the Army Medical Corps may be able, by taking thought, to add many a cubit to its stature.

It is fortunate that we have at present in full power a Government determined not only to carry the war through to a successful conclusion, but also to use its experiences for the lasting good

of the army and of the empire. It is fortunate that we have a Minister for War who has already adopted an aggressively radical policy in questions of reform. It is no less a good omen for the future of the army medical service that the army has in Lord Roberts a Commander-in-Chief of wide experience, with a sympathetic appreciation of the needs and difficulties of that service.

We shall look, therefore, with no little confidence for the appointment, in the near future, of the very ablest men to carry out this scheme, and for constant evidence of the wise and assiduous care which they will undoubtedly devote to their work.

"For the journey's at end, the summit's attained,
The barriers fall,
Tho' a battle's to fight 'ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all."



APPENDIX A.

TECHNICAL EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO THE *GUY'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE.*

WITH A PREFATORY PARAGRAPH FROM *OUTLOOK.*

THE position of the Royal Army Medical Corps, before war broke out, is briefly stated in the following paragraph from *Outlook*, Sept. 30, 1899: "With war in South Africa imminent, the warnings of Professor Ogston as to the condition of our Medical Services, in his address before the British Medical Association, sound ominously in our ears. The Royal Army Medical Corps, for instance, is short of about 100 officers, and at the last examination, though twenty-eight commissions were offered, only fourteen were conferred. The fact, of course, is that the conditions of the services generally are not such as to attract the best men. Recognition as 'gentlemen' has at last been accorded in the case of the Army Corps, but most grudgingly. One of the most striking features of the late Soudan campaign was the low death-rate and superb sanitation; yet not a single medical officer was decorated, nor was the service mentioned in the public vote of thanks. The medical department has also been conspicuously ignored in the campaign against the plague in India; as the *Times of India* says, 'the medical man has been carefully kept in the background, with his hands tied behind him.' The routine work required of medical officers in garrison and times of peace generally is both monotonous and narrow, and their only chance of keeping abreast of the times is by those frequent leaves of absence for study and practice in the large hospitals, which the seriously undermanned condition of the service renders it most difficult to secure. Then the facilities and equipments for private study and research afforded by the Government to army surgeons are simply contemptible by comparison with

those provided freely by most of the Continental Powers. Even Russia is far ahead of us in this respect. All this is wrong, and should be summarily put right. In the case of the Navy, the Admiralty have wisely determined on reforms in the medical training; but the Army lags behind. We do not want another Crimea breakdown."

NOTES AT A GENERAL HOSPITAL.

WYNBERG, *Nov.* 21, 1899 (*see p. 44 for description*).—Of the 400 odd patients now in this hospital, the majority are a floating population of slight medical and 'specific' cases, many overlooked at home in the primary medical examination, who are shipped here immediately on arrival, and probably will never go to the front. The surgical cases will probably begin to crowd in upon us in a month's time; but those already in, although only shipped down from Durban when able to stand the voyage, are of extreme interest. I cannot publish the cases at length, as the men looking after them have taken endless trouble with them and will be publishing them later on, if they can get permission; while the *Lancet* reporter has made some kind suggestions as to the rules of the service prohibiting us from publishing, so that my colleagues might as well give him their notes on the cases. However, you may as well know that one of my colleagues has eight cases of bullet wounds traversing the lung—a wound hitherto considered fatal from hæmorrhage—all of which are recovering; that he has one case of a bullet passing right through the abdomen from before and out behind, with hæmatemesis and melæna, which has now recovered; that another case has recovered after a bullet passed in at his left sacro-iliac joint and out at the right hypochondrium; that another man was shot through the bladder, had hæmaturia, and is now well, except for slight pain along the track of the wound and pain in micturition; and, finally, that a man is practically well after having had a bullet wound from just below the zygomatic arch on one side to just below the external angular process on the other with subsequent epistaxis and bleeding from the ear. Mr. Makins, who has just been round here with Sir William MacCormac, thought it very likely that there had been a fracture of the base in this case.

WYNBERG, *Nov.* 28.—Of the 103 men shipped aboard the hospital train, which arrived the day before yesterday from Bel-

mont (*see supra p. 64*), three died on the journey, one body being put out at a station on the way, while those of a lieutenant of the Coldstreams and a sergeant in the Grenadiers came on here, were brought straight up to our mortuary, and have been buried with full military honours. I had the privilege of examining both bodies. The former had an entrance wound, about half an inch across, situated an inch in front of the top of the left ear; and an exit wound, an inch across, in the horizontal line four inches further back. Between these two was a fracture into which one could sink the little finger, although the skin was intact; and the bone all round the aperture of exit was pulped. Death had probably been caused by hæmorrhage from the ruptured middle meningeal artery. In the second case the wound was somewhat difficult to find, although a purulent fluid was bathing both ears. The entrance wound turned out to be a small opening just above the angle of the right jaw, from which the probe passed right through the skull and out at the left meatus.

I examined to-day a case that died after four days from a bullet wound just below the crest of the left ilium, three inches behind the anterior superior spine. The bullet was found in the descending colon, in which it had made a large laceration; and a second neatly-cut opening in the greater omentum looked like the effect of a second bullet, which, however, we were unable to find. Cause of death, peritonitis. The first bullet is in my possession—an ordinary Mauser bullet, nickel-coated, not in any way distorted. One of my colleagues, on the other hand, shows me two disfigured lumps of lead extracted from a shattered thigh; and these we take to represent the simple lead bullet of an old Martini-Henry rifle.

Our terrible fractured thighs from Belmont were opened up freely under chloroform, where necessary, and the loose fragments of bone of all sizes up to five inches in length removed, the cavity filled with iodoform and packed with sal-alembroth gauze, and the leg set at rest by a long Liston, with back and inside perforated zinc splints. In a few days we hope to get proper extension-apparatus fixed up, and if we can get the poles made we shall try Hodgen's, although it is surprising how little Hodgen's splints are known in other hospitals than Guy's. But the bad thigh cases are not doing very well. The mere fact that they came to us for the most part with only an unchanged field-dressing on, accounts for the fact that several were already suppurating; and

one man, whose limb was amputated in the upper third of the thigh this morning, was found after the operation to have had a knee-joint full of pus, and he died shortly afterwards. One of the worst cases, however, with an enormous hæmatoma all over the outer side of thigh and buttock, whose limb, on being opened up, gave vent to the most fœtid smell ever experienced, is doing quite well on conservative lines of treatment.

We have done three trephinings—one for an extensive gash with laceration of the brain at about the apex of the left fissure of Rolando, and twitchings and paralysis on the right side of the body ; another for a depressed fracture and extensive wound of the forehead ; the third for a depressed fracture of the parietal on one side. These are doing fairly well, and the first is so fit that he has already sat up in bed and smoked a pipe.

I am still in charge of the two medical wards, and to-day lost a typhoid at the end of the second week. On examination, under considerable difficulties, I found typical lesions in the intestine for a foot above the cæcum, with a large, presumably malarial spleen, weighing 35 ounces, a unilobular cirrhotic liver weighing 96 ounces, and extensive scarring in the groins, attributed to a mixed sore. And yet a fortnight ago this man came down from Ladysmith in perfect health, as servant to a wounded officer, who is now going home well. The authorities are going to leave me my "serious medical" ward, but will probably fill up the rest of the huts with these new surgical cases coming in, while room is made for them by shifting the slight medical and convalescent surgical cases into the marquees which constitute No. 2. General Hospital.

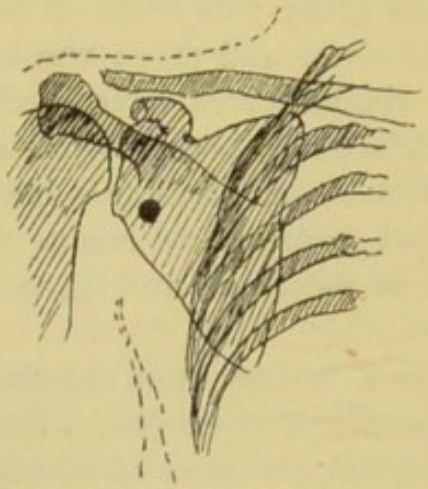
WYNBERG, *Dec.* 6.—Our high fractures of the thigh are all doing very badly. They are fearful wounds ; and the prognosis is almost hopeless. Despite thorough drainage, the end has proved fatal in two or three weeks, osteo-myelitis, profuse suppuration of the surrounding tissues and bed sores being the inevitable result. I have such a case from Belmont, and can speak from vivid experience. In this man the entrance wound was just below the great trochanter, the exit close to the tuberosity of the ischium. He came down with a long Liston's splint, which made a great sloughing ulcer on his ankle ; but that is a detail. Dressing is extremely painful, and has to be done under chloroform daily.

The wound suppurates profusely despite any amount of irrigation and iodoform emulsion; and one can only pack it when the discharge soaks through the dressings, as the patient could not stand a second dressing in one day. In the absence of a water-bed, our only one (N.B.) being already in use, and with the difficulty of turning the patient over to look after the back, extensive bed sores have developed. The patient is sore when lying on his back. Despite the extension-apparatus, he is in great pain when on his side. He is developing pustules on his chest and face; and he simply craves for morphia. Two very similar cases have died; one may possibly recover; this case is practically hopeless (*see p. 71*). In fact we almost believe that a primary amputation is indicated in these cases. But we are not yet aware of the results of primary amputation they have obtained at the front, and on that must depend our final opinion.

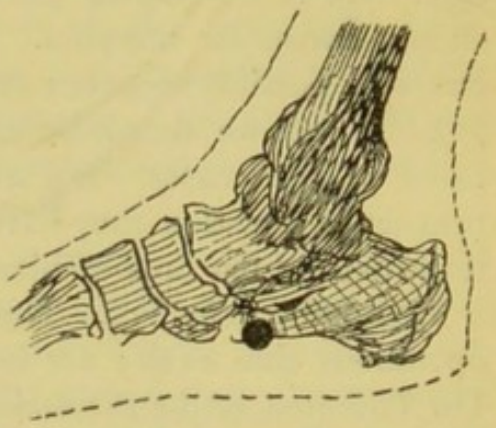
WYNBERG, *Dec.* 12.—There have been a few more routine operations this week; for instance, a popliteal aneurysm, which Dr. Thornton, of the Fountain Fever Hospital, cut down on to-day, ligaturing the ends of the vessel. This is our routine treatment here, the ends of the injured vessel being usually good and capable of bearing ligatures. The case of axillary aneurysm, of which you heard in my first letter home, has done extremely well, and was walking about comfortably a week ago. As orderly medical officer the other day, I was called to a case under a colleague of chest-wound, with pneumo-hæmo-thorax, and no pulse on one side, indicating, it is thought, an aneurysm. We had a lengthy discussion the next day as to whether it was justifiable to aspirate the chest under such a condition; and the final decision was in the negative. At present the patient has survived. (For further account see p. 502).

WYNBERG, *Dec.* 19.—Bullet-seeking is the order of the day. Yesterday I bagged a Mauser, a ·303 sporting, and a shrapnel shot from three different patients. There was a fourth patient about whom we do not talk much. The lump was felt just under the skin of the thigh and close to the wound, where the patient said the bullet had lodged; and it was obviously needless to use the skiagraph. But after five minutes' vain exploration, we wished we had used the skiagraph; the lump felt under the skin was blood-clot, and the operation came to an end for that day.

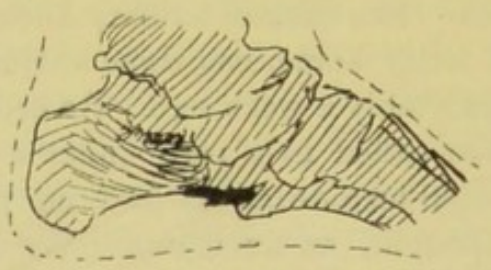
This afternoon it was the turn of a man who was hit in the face by a bullet which had already passed through the shoulder of a comrade, behind whom he was lying down flat in Monday's battle. There was a wound in the right cheek, loosening of the upper teeth, a vague dimness of vision in the right eye, some indefinite swelling and tenderness of the malar region, and a slight but persistent headache over the eyes. With the screen, although it is not



AXILLA; wound 2 inches above lower angle of scapula, Colenso. Shrapnel.



FOOT; small wound in front of external malleolus, Paardeberg. Shrapnel.



FOOT; large wound over 5th tarso-metatarsal joint, Paardeberg. A ricochet Mauser bullet.

SKIAGRAMS.

easy to see through a man's head, we were able to see the bullet, indistinctly but definitely, extending from below the middle of the right orbit to the last molar tooth. Under chloroform a neat opening was found in the superior maxilla; and, on this being enlarged by bone forceps, the bullet was found at the very back of the antrum and extracted without much difficulty.

Amongst my patients are several with curious bullet-tracks. One, for instance, has a slight wound of entrance on the right side of the larynx, now healed, and an exit wound near the left scapular angle, leaving the patient practically uninjured.

Another, with a wound which has now healed just below and behind the knee, has complete drop-foot, presumably from division or injury of the external popliteal nerve.

A third was shot in the right side near the top of the liver. The bullet is lodged, the wound has healed, and the patient is almost well ; but there is a roaring pleurisy on the other side.

A fourth—with a single, rather irregular wound in front of the thyroid isthmus—has a husky voice, some inequality of the pupils, and now slight hæmoptysis. But I rather believe this is only a grazed wound, and that the hæmoptysis is due to a fractured rib which arose from a subsequent fall. His vocal cords both move all right. *N.B.*—Private laryngoscope is most useful, although there is one in the Surgery at the top of the hill, which is common property.

Altogether, we are busy and the work is good.

Mr. Makins, by the way, made an interesting remark as to head injuries. The only cases he had seen were wounds of the frontal lobe ; and the deduction, therefore, was that wounds of other parts of the brain were immediately fatal.

Data for Invaliding Patients Home.

Wynberg, *Jan.* 2, 1900.—A most difficult and interesting part of one's work here now is the prognosis of cases. The rule is, that if they are not likely to be fit for duty within two months they must be sent home, unless medically unfit for the voyage.[1] Now, "fit for duty" often does not imply that the man will be sent up to the front, as it is by no means easy to arrange for a number of isolated units to find their proper kit and corps again. But it may have that meaning, and it at least means life under canvas on ordinary rough rations with frequent fatigue-duty, fetching and carrying, and marching under an open sun, and standing sentry through day and night in all weathers.

This practically condemns all cases of bone injury in the lower extremity, except very slight grazes, or possibly a fracture of one of the less important toes. In the same way it condemns most bony injuries of the upper extremity (remembering always that these bony injuries are all compound), as the hand is unlikely to be able

[1] Later in the campaign, with proper arrangements for light duty and out-patient treatment at the base, many of these convalescent cases were able safely to be kept in the country.

to grasp a rifle for long, or the arm to lift heavy weights ; and on active service a soldier must have no special limitations. Thus, I sent home recently a guardsman with a wound of the heel, as, although it had closed well, there would always for the present be a distinct chance of pain recurring in the scar, or in the soft tissues from pressure on the callus, preventing his doing a long day's march. In the same way I sent home to-day a man with a finger amputated at the front, with subsequent cellulitis, as, although the wounds were nearly healed, and the hand felt comfortable and movement was good, one could not trust such a hand to the hardships of campaigning. Fractured humeri and other long bones, of course, have to go. (*See, however, p. 509.*)

Visceral cases—thoracic or abdominal—practically all go home. As a rule some symptom remains from adhesions, even if they do get well in the main,—perhaps a little pain at the end of micturition, or on taking a deep breath ; and although a few are undoubtedly so fit that they might apparently do their work perfectly well, it is safest to condemn the whole lot.

The chief difficulty, however, arises in the matter of flesh wounds. Although many of them heal within a few days of their arrival here, it requires very careful trial and study of each case before deciding whether the healed track of the bullet or the scar on the surface will or will not admit of active service within a few weeks. As a general rule, the larger the amount of scar-tissue formed, whether on the surface or in the interior of a limb, the less likely is the patient to be fit for active service. Large scars on the hands are, of course, an almost certain bar to fitness ; but several cases of perforation of the hand have done perfectly well. In this way I returned to-day, as fit for duty, a man who had been shot through from the instep to the sole of the foot, apparently without obvious injury to the bones and with very little scar and no obvious adhesions ; and another, shot close to the knee, from whom a bullet was extracted a fortnight ago. As a rule it is found that wounds, which in our returns we are expected to sign up as "aseptic," can go back to work ; but that where suppuration has occurred, or where much of the skin has been removed, they had best be put on the two months' list. One of my men had a large shell-wound, four inches by two, on his hip, and I naturally suggested grafting. But allowing a week for cleaning the wound up, and three for it to

heal, with the chances at the end of that time of the man still being unfit, it was officially decided for me that the bed was too precious, and that the case had best be sent back to Netley at once for the grafting to be done there. Military exigencies certainly account for many surgical sins.

The wounds, if left to themselves, appear as a rule to run a natural course and heal straight away. If they arrive from the train in a state of suppuration, it indicates apparently one of four things: (1) bone injury; (2) retained bullet; (3) retained particles of clothing; or (4) extensive hæmatoma. The concurrent condition of this rule, except in 3, is apparently inefficient dressing. Many arrive with only the dressing on them which was applied, by an untrained hand, several hours after the receipt of the wound. Naturally, therefore, being examined here three or four days later, their wounds are often suppurating freely, and occasionally are fœtid. But you may get both a retained bullet and a fracture without any suppuration, if the dressing has been properly applied. Thus, I have a sergeant who was shot in the leg three weeks ago. The femur now has good union, the bullet is retained, but causing no trouble at present. In about a week's time we shall skiagraph the thigh and discuss the advisability of operation (see *infra* p. 501).[1]

As to medical cases, one is less frequently puzzled. Obviously a case of heart-disease that has escaped the medical inspection at home must be sent back again. The inspection has not seldom been done somewhat hastily, and several men have made their journey out here for no purpose. It is equally obvious that a rheumatic or malarial patient with a history of previous recent attacks must be sent home, however completely he may recover; unless his work be sedentary, like that of our "head compounder" here, who has been under me twice for slight varying rheumatic pains. Similarly, all cases whatsoever of enteric fever, appendicitis, pneumonia, syphilis, and other serious disease must necessarily be put on the two months' list. Tubercle of the lung and phthisis (two distinct diseases in the army) are on a different footing, as an inclement winter is hardly desirable for them; and we generally send them with a good supply of cod liver oil, to try

[1] The bullet was allowed to remain, and there was only half an inch of shortening,

the open-air treatment in the company of convalescent surgical cases in the "rest-camp" at Sea-Point, or on Green-Point Common by the Sea, the other side of Cape Town. Some other medical man sees them there, and we lose sight of them entirely.

We have had very few other chest cases, except slight idiopathic pleurisies with slight bronchitis, and these all seem to clear up well under daily painting with iodine. I have sent one persistent and robust-looking dyspeptic home after six weeks' treatment in vain, not being at all sure that he was not a malingerer. Dysentery, of which we have seen more than anything else, generally clears up within two or three weeks, most of our cases having been only subacute and treated from the first. Campaigning soon finds out illness. One man was so run down that he had to be sent home after a very long bout of six weeks or so; but I can remember no other instance. In such a case, a sea-voyage is said to be a most effectual restorative.

The difficult cases to judge of are those of S.C.F. (simple continued fever, another military disease), which are generally considered to be vaguely malarial; and of the more definite attacks of malaria proper or of subacute rheumatism, with a history of only one or two previous attacks, perhaps, two years ago.

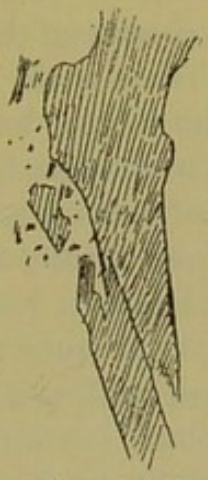
On the whole the rule is that all doubtful cases be condemned.

WYNBERG, *Jan.* 16.—Deaths and post-mortems are very rare here; especially now that the Orange River and De Aar hospitals keep the more serious cases until they are fit to travel, and orders are said to have been issued against sending down any more fractured thighs. I have myself only had four fractured thighs. One was already united, having been wounded five weeks previously at Elandslaagte and detained in Natal since. The second was wounded at Belmont, the femur being fractured just below the great trochanter and fissured, at 400 yards' range (see *supra* p. 71). He was left five hours before being dressed at the field hospital; and arrived here six days later with his wound in a most putrid condition. Finally he died after three weeks' continued suppuration. The third and fourth cases were wounded at Magersfontein, both in the lower third of the femur, and were kept at Orange River till the 21st ult. One went seventeen hours before receiving any treatment, and thirty-two before he was carefully dressed. He is

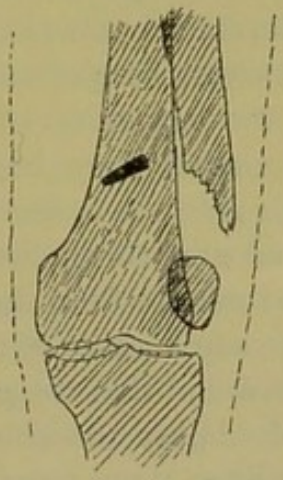
suppurating freely still with two bare ends of bone opposing each other ; and after many incisions and counter-incisions he is at last doing well, his temperature having just returned to normal. His colleague, however, Sergeant V., was wounded in the lower third, as before, but the bullet lodged ; and, although going thirty-nine hours without any treatment at all, the wound was all but healed on his arrival here, twelve days later. He is now convalescent, except that the bullet is still inside him, lying directly above or beneath the lower fragment. It is being localised, and in a day or two we shall probably operate, unless the bullet is in too great proximity to the blood-vessels, or there is other obvious risk.[1]



Common oblique, with lead-splashing from bullet.



Comminuted. Wound in middle third. Bullet removed from 1 inch behind A.S. spine of ilium.



Early union in bad position with retained Mauser bullet. Wound 6 inches above external condyle.

SKIAGRAMS OF FRACTURED FEMUR.

This makes an instructive series. The one from Natal was carefully treated from the first. The two Magersfontein cases passed a day and a half before being properly attended to, and one has in consequence been suppurating freely ; but being kept at Orange River for twelve days, and having had the thigh freely incised, the prognosis is good. The only fatal case is that from Belmont, where, although properly dressed and splinted within five hours, the wound received no further attention for five days, part of this being spent on the journey, and a fatal result ensued. The mortality in cases of fractured thigh, indeed, was chiefly due, it would seem, to want of proper dressing in the first few days ; and, difficult as it is at any time to dress such serious cases while on

[1] The bullet was left, and the patient sent home to England with good union.

board the hospital-train, it was impossible to do so on the first working journey that the train took, when the floors were littered with extra passengers, and when the staff were unused to their duties.

There have, however, been two interesting post-mortems in the last ten days. One case was that of a man in the Coldstreams who was hit five weeks ago by a bullet, which entered under the left clavicle in front and lodged. The wound closed readily; but there was some dyspnœa and pain in the left side, and a pleuritic effusion developed. After a fortnight there was a definite pneumothorax on the left side, and a little later the temperature rose and assumed a definite septic type. There were no signs of external suppuration, and it was presumed that the contents of the left chest had become septic. There could be no question now as to the necessity of opening the chest, but before the pyrexia developed there had been a consultation between several of my colleagues as to the advisability of opening or aspirating, and while some said the pulse was small and feeble, another came back the next minute from the bedside and said it was quite normal again. The explanation of this did not occur until the next day, when it was found that the pulses were markedly unequal and the left pulse had almost vanished. This pointed to an aneurysm, of which, however, there were no other definite signs; and while the effusion was still aseptic, it was urged by those who supported the aneurysm theory that it might be dangerous to drain the chest. However, the septic temperature developed, and a rib was accordingly resected. But the breathing did not improve, and the patient remained in a weak state until towards the end of the fifth week from injury, when he died rather rapidly, blood appearing in the discharge from the pyo-pneumothorax. In the mortuary, the left lung was found collapsed, heart, pericardium and aorta were unaffected, but there was a quantity of blood in the left chest, and a tough mass was found closely adherent to the chest wall in its upper part, which, on dissection, proved to be an aneurysm of the first part of the left subclavian, which had opened by a small opening into the cavity of the pneumothorax. The bullet had traversed the body of the second dorsal vertebra, but could nowhere be found.

The second case had had a long history of four or five weeks.

He was shot by a bullet entering above the crest of the ilium on the right side, passing through the soft tissues upwards and inwards through the spine and left chest, and out at the inferior angle of the left scapula. There were no abdominal and, for long, no chest signs of importance; but from the first the man had complete paralysis and loss of sensation from the third lumbar vertebra downwards. Curiously enough, sensation began to return in a fortnight, and was completely restored before death; and power returned apparently to the left sartorius and to no other muscles. An injury through the motor and not the sensory half of the cord was seriously suggested by a consulting surgeon. Pyrexia set in; and one day, unexpectedly, an abscess pointed and was opened close to the exit wound. The chest had been carefully examined at regular intervals without any signs of empyema presenting themselves. On the incision being made, frothy pus was discharged, and the surgeon in charge accordingly diagnosed a pulmonary abscess. The pyrexia became extreme, and the patient sank and died. In the mortuary a fœtid collection of pus was found on either side of the lumbar and spinal cord, communicating with the spinal column. The left lung showed, as diagnosed, a pulmonary abscess, but was otherwise clear. The cord in the region of the cauda equina was flattened out by a semi-organised mass of septic blood-clot, but the cord and cauda themselves exhibited only a slight recent superficial scar on the dorsal aspect. The results were undoubtedly those of compression, and it is possible that laminectomy, which would have been obviously justifiable, might have saved the case.

An interesting and exciting case of a small external carotid or internal maxillary aneurysm behind the jaw was made out in the theatre the other day, during an operation for removal of a few loose pieces of bone from a fractured jaw. Violent hæmorrhage from somewhere suddenly occurred, blood pouring out through the nose and refusing to be controlled, except by compression of the carotid. The common carotid was accordingly ligatured; and great credit is due to the civil-surgeon who did it, as there was a multitude of on-lookers present who gave much unsolicited advice and assistance, and in the hurry of the moment one of them passed an aneurysm-needle by mistake through the vein. The patient, however, has done well.

WYNBERG, *Jan.* 30.—There was a mistaken notice recently in the *B.M.J.* stating that a pathologist had been appointed to this hospital. This is not so. Such an appointment had been mooted but was never passed, and the *B.M.J.* correspondent, an old Guy's man, by the way, only heard the suggestion, but took it to be an accomplished fact. It is a great pity that some such appointment should not have been made, as there would be plenty to do for a man in charge of medical cases only, if he were commissioned to do all post-mortem examinations (at present often done by surgeons doing surgical work), and to make proper arrangements for staining for tubercle, trying Widal's reaction, and examining malarial blood and dysenteric stools, none of which things are being done properly, if at all. The further suggestion made was, that the officer detailed for such duty should act as an assistant registrar, and ensure the proper and uniform reporting of all interesting cases, as at present there is no registrar, except in name, the "Registrar and Secretary" corresponding only to the secretary of a civil hospital; while the arrangement for reporting cases is far too vague to be of any scientific value. Indeed it would have been an excellent thing if the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians had, with the consent of the Government, co-operated to send a commission to investigate the whole subject of military medicine and surgery. Such commissioners could have seen all aspects of the work from the very front line to the Herbert and Netley hospitals at home, both in the Colony and in Natal, and later on in the Republics; whereas men engaged in the actual executive of the hospitals can see only part of the subject, and can hardly find leisure to do any systematic investigation. For instance, one can hardly over-estimate the value of a proper examination of the dead on the field of battle, however superficial it might necessarily be, and this most valuable field of information is at present wholly unexplored.

There have been two autopsies here this week; the first was a spinal case, the last of those that reached here from Magersfontein. He was shot through the back longitudinally in the median line from the seventh cervical to the sixth dorsal vertebra, and had complete paraplegia. He developed extensive bed sores and died of septicæmia; and the spinal cord along the injured track was found to be completely pulped, without any collection of pus or

blood in the membranes, such as might have justified a "laminectomy."

The other case was the first death in this hospital from dysentery, in which the case had completely resisted every kind of treatment and gradually sank from weakness. A few follicular ulcers were found in the large intestine and about the ileo-cæcal valve; there were scars of old healed and healing ulcers and the mucous membrane of the lower part of the bowel was considerably thickened and injected. There was no hepatic abscess or other complication.

One of the Boers is a case of considerable interest. He was bitten in the hand by a snake at Elandslaagte and his arm swelled up enormously in fifteen minutes. Free incisions were made and the hand was put up on an internal angular splint. On arrival here the wounds had all healed, but the tendons had become extensively contracted, and the "main en griffe" resisted all attempts at straightening it. Under chloroform to-day the tendons of the forearm were all found to be contracted, and it was necessary to cut and splice all the tendons of the flexor profundus. The condition was a result of the arm being kept up for six weeks in a splint in a cramped position.[1]

WYNBERG, *Feb.* 6.—One of my wards has, I am glad to say, been filled with cases of the subacute dysentery, which accounts for a large proportion of the sick in this campaign. These cases begin as a rule with an acute diarrhœa, the maximum number of stools (10 to 30 in the day) being reached on the 3rd to 7th day of illness, frequently the day on which the patient reports himself sick. The stools are usually small, slimy, and streaked with blood, there is considerable tenesmus at the time, and griping pains of greater or less severity in the intervals. The pains are constantly increased by taking solid food, and especially meat. The temperature is often raised to 101° or 102° for the first day or two in hospital, and then falls to normal. Whether it is causally connected with the tropical dysentery it is difficult to say, especially as we have not yet made any systematic search for amœbæ coli. But clinically there is no line to be drawn between the slight attack of the above nature and the true tropical dysentery leading to hepatic abscess. In

[1] No material improvement resulted from this operation, the contraction recurring after some weeks.

No. 1 we have not yet had a tropical abscess,[1] but in No. 2 they were opening a tropical abscess only two days ago. We have had one death from dysentery in about the third week, reported in my last letter.

As to the treatment of dysentery, there in only one thing definite, and that is the supreme importance of rest and dieting. When a patient is brought into hospital and left alone, so long as he stays in bed and has only a farinaceous and milk diet, the greater part of his symptoms, in nine cases out of ten, clear up within a fortnight or less. But even so there is generally some slight symptom which persists, such for instance as slight pain in the bowels only on walking about, which prevents the man being sent back to duty. Some form of treatment is therefore necessary ; and at present it appears as if these cases are best treated with frequent doses of Bismuth and Opium ; Bismuthi Subnit. gr. xv., and Liq. Opii. Sed. ℥v. every two hours from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. is my own order. But at present one can only say that this seems to hit off more cases than any other form of treatment. In one series of six cases I gave Ipecacuanha gr. xxx. by the mouth, with the usual precautions against sickness, twice in a day ; and the result on the whole was certainly good. But even repeated administration failed to effect a complete cure in most of the cases. Ipecacuanha per rectum of course ensures its being retained, but does not assure its reaching all the affected surface.

As to Mag. Sulph., we have tried it every way. The "white mixture" of this hospital actually contains ℥iv. to ℥i. and does not appear to be too strong for domestic use. I have given it three times daily for two days or longer in cases of dysentery ; and as a rule it only increases the number of stools from six or eight to eight or ten, while it certainly relieves the pain ; but it does not effect a cure. As a rule the salts are usually given here in doses of ℥ss. or ℥i. every two hours during the day. A similar, and in some cases more useful form of this treatment—washing out the bowel—is that by Castor Oil and Opium ; and I have tried this method followed by Ipecacuanha, with some, but not with complete, success.

[1] Several were seen later.

NOTES ON A HOSPITAL-SHIP.

HOSPITAL-SHIP, AVOCA (see p. 165); *Feb.* 8–*March* 3, 1900 (written out after landing).—The following table classifies the cases on board with regard to the main causes of their being invalided home:

1. *Surgical*—		
Gun-shot (*i.e.* bullet) wounds, - -	83	
Shell-wounds, - - - - -	13	
Contusions, - - - - -	6	
Venereal diseases, - - - -	39	
Other surgical affections, - - -	25	
	—	166
2. *Medical*—		
Dysentery, - - - - -	71	
Rheumatism, - - - - -	44	
Enteric fever, - - - - -	9	
Heat stroke, - - - - -	7	
Other medical affections, - - -	40	
	—	171
Total on board ship, -		337

This list probably gives a fair idea of the invalidings at the height of a campaign. At an earlier stage there would be comparatively few medical cases; at a later, the proportion of medical cases, especially those of enteric fever, would be considerably increased. The proportion of bullet to shell wounds exaggerates the higher effectiveness of Boer rifles over that of their heavy artillery, inasmuch as shell-wounds are the most ragged and extensive, and therefore the most fatal. Fewer cases of shell-wounds survive to be sent home.

It is interesting to note that all but one of the thirteen officers invalided home were surgical cases, and that the only exception was a case of nervous exhaustion. This is probably due to two causes. Firstly, on account of greater care and general cleanliness, and use of filtered and bottled waters when possible, officers are less liable to infection. Secondly, officers convalescent from moderately severe illness are often useful at the base if not at the front; whereas private soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the same condition are often unfit even for garrison duty.

The above classification refers only to the main cause of the invaliding of each patient. But many patients, returned as cases of gun-shot wound, developed dysentery in hospital; cases invalided for dysentery had often had some slight wound previously, and had returned to duty before being taken ill; several had multiple wounds; some had multiple diseases; and thus it comes about that the writer's note-book includes some 150 wounds and 80 cases of dysentery.

The wounds are classified as follows:

A. *Head and Neck*—		
1. Cranium,	8	
2. Face,	3	
3. Eye,	5	
4. Ear,	1	
5. Neck,	4	
	—	21
B. *Chest*—		
1. Penetrating,	11	
2. Non-penetrating,	3	
	—	14
C. *Abdomen*,		5
D. *Extremities*—		
1. Bones,	37	
2. Joints,	9	
3. Large blood-vessels,	5	
4. Large nerves,	11	
5. Uncomplicated,	52	
	—	114
Total,		154

The great majority of these wounds were received at the battle of Colenso on December 15th, two and a half months before the present report was prepared. This afforded, therefore, an interesting study of the after-effects of wounds, such as is hardly to be obtained elsewhere, whether in England, when the officers, at least, are scattered and the larger number of men are fit for discharge from hospital, or in the South African hospitals, in which the patients are constantly being changed.

It must be borne in mind that cases invalided home in February

were those "unlikely to be fit for duty within three months,"—the change of order from two months (see *supra* p. 497) to three was made in January—and "duty" included the lighter work of garrisoning the towns and guarding the railway bridges. Nevertheless, it was felt that even in such duty men might be called on to join fatigue parties, to do some lifting and carrying, and to be exposed to rain, sun, and cold. It was necessary, therefore, to send home many men who, having suffered from rheumatism or heatstroke, or slight wounds of the extremities, would otherwise be soon liable to become again unfitted for such duty. In short, it was not worth the country's while to retain them at considerable cost in South Africa, in the doubtful possibility of their being of use in three months' time. The "Avoca," therefore, carried a large number of men perfectly fit for civil duties, but unfit for the rigours of a campaign. In fact, all but twelve men walked down the gangway at the Albert Docks, and of those twelve, who were slung over on stretchers by a crane, most were convalescent cripples, and were landed in this way for convenience rather than necessity.

There were five deaths during the voyage, all, be it noted, within the first half of the way from Cape Town home. One was a case of heat exhaustion, nothing being found after death except the congestion of superficial cerebral vessels usually described. One was a case of enteric fever. Three were cases of dysentery, dying as usual of sheer exhaustion, despite energetic treatment by hypodermic injections of strychnine and digitalis. Ipecacuanha, magnesium sulphate, bismuth and morphia were each thoroughly tried in turn in the earlier stages.

I. Surgical.

A. *Wounds of head and neck.*

1. Cranium (8). As a rule it may be said that the only cases of perforated cranium that survive are those shot through the frontal or occipital lobes. The exception to this rule was on the "Avoca" —an officer hit at Colenso, in the middle line of the head, one and three-quarter inches behind the centre of the line from the occipital protuberance to the root of the nose. The bullet left the skull at the top of the forehead, one and half inches to the right of the middle line, fracturing the bone from one aperture to the other,

rupturing the longitudinal sinus, and carrying brain matter with it, according to the report of the surgeon at Maritzburg. The bullet evidently passed through the right internal capsule. This patient was only unconscious for half an hour. He was removed by train to Maritzburg, and when admitted there was semi-conscious, with paralysis of the left arm, paresis of the left leg, and dilatation of both pupils, which were fixed, the right being the larger. The bone was gouged away and the sinus plugged without delay. On board the boat, the only remaining sign of paralysis was a slight ankle-drop. With some support on either side the patient could walk down the deck; he read and ate well, and his memory and power of thought were good. He was merely physically and mentally weak, could not bear noise, and was easily kept awake, and these symptoms abated very markedly on the voyage.

The other cranial cases had left but few signs, the commonest of which was headache; and this was often markedly improved by simultaneous administration of iodides and bromides. Two remained deaf in the left ear, one by direct injury, the other by an injury—probably external only—to the back of the head. One man with a gutter fracture at the apex of the occipital bone, resulting in a definite loss of bone after operation, and another with a big trephine-wound in the occipital region, were perfectly well and active. One man, hit in the forehead, the bullet leaving at the apex of the occiput, had recovered with a tender head and total blindness of the left eye. In this case, however, there was no ophthalmoplegia, and the disc could be plainly seen, appearing to grow paler under observation. This, added to the fact that some bone was discharged from the nose nine days after, and that there was at no time any paralysis, pointed to the conclusion that the bullet perforated the skull and the frontal lobe, but left the skull without touching the motor area of the cortex, and completed its course under the scalp. Lastly, mention must be made of a man hit on the occiput, without sign of bone injury, who was unconscious for two days, and completely blind except to light for another day, but recovered his sight in a fortnight, and is now only troubled by slight headache.

2. Face (3). Nothing of importance, except contracting scars causing disfigurement, especially of the eyelids, for which minor operations must be done.

3. Eye (5). Three of these had suffered from hæmorrhage into the posterior chamber, and had partial blindness, although no ophthalmoplegia, external or internal. One had till recently some perception of light. A second, wounded at Lombard's Kop four months previously, had some vision in the dark, but remained absolutely in *statu quo*, and the third was slowly clearing up and can now read, although when he looks down his sight is suddenly shut off.

4. Ear (1). A single case of deafness from an external wound, which left also trigeminal neuralgia and headache. Examination was unfortunately prevented by the absence of a speculum.

5. Neck (4). All of anatomical interest, but leaving few symptoms behind. In one, the bullet passed in at the middle line, on the level of the third cervical vertebra, and passed out just below the left malar bone. There was no pain or pyrexia ; but the jaw was fixed, the antrum visibly distended, and an abscess was opened below the left angle of the jaw. Another case was shot by a bullet entering by the thyroid cartilage and lodged in one of the cervical vertebræ. There was now only occasional shooting pain to the shoulders, and limitation of head movement to 10 degrees in a horizontal plane, not improved by constant massage throughout the voyage. In a third case the bullet entered below the right eye and passed out to the side of the seventh cervical vertebra. The patient spat blood for three weeks, and his jaw was fixed. Now, by massage, he could open his mouth one inch and take convalescent diet.

B. *Chest.*—1. Penetrating (11). Six of these were shot through the right lung, the right side being of course the least dangerous. One was shot through both sides ; and of the remaining four which entered the left side, three bullets were so far spent as to remain lodged, while the fourth traversed the left upper lobe just above and outside the pericardium. The hæmoptysis varied in duration and quantity from a teacupful to a quart in all, from three days to, at most, a fortnight. One man, probably typical of all, had a temperature of 100 degrees after two days, and once again of 99. But in one case an empyema developed, with pyrexia to 104 degrees, and a copious fœtid discharge. The lung was now expanding well. Another case, in which suppuration might have been expected, was one of the most extraordinary cases I have met with in the campaign. The bullet had passed in at the left axilla,

and was found subcutaneously in the right, with its nose upwards, indicating the resistance encountered from the elastic skin. No empyema followed, but a profuse surgical emphysema right down to the pelvis on the left side behind, and on both sides of the chest in front. There was profuse hæmoptysis at first, but the wounds healed primarily, and after five days the patient—a young officer—said he had felt perfectly well. The report says that he had considerable cough and dyspnœa till a month after Colenso; but on board ship he was as active as if he were going out to the war. He could take a deep breath without pain, and he was only troubled with a deep cough, and by being occasionally overtired by his exertions. On examination there was good entry of air and only a slight general bronchitis discernible. In this, as in most cases, it appears that the bullet, by the force of its passage, seals the visceral pleura to the chest wall both at the entrance and exit of the wound. The wounds appear to granulate up in two or three weeks; and the only signs left are a slight bronchitis (if any) with some limitation of movement of the arm, owing to the scar formed by the bullet in pectorals or latissimus dorsi or scapular muscles. The cutaneous scars are usually free and soft. It must be added that auscultation is notoriously difficult and untrustworthy on board a steamer.

C. *Abdomen* (5).—In these there was definite evidence of visceral penetration in the form of hæmatemesis, melæna, or hæmaturia, varying in duration from one day to three weeks; one man, who was shot from side to side, having recovered after a fortnight's hæmatemesis and three weeks' melæna, with only slight pain on micturition, or taking a deep breath. The bowels have, in most cases, acted regularly from the first. One of these cases—one of the surgical triumphs of the campaign—had his bowel severed and perforated in eight places, and the abdomen full of blood, when he was operated on at Estcourt by Dr. J. G. Neale, Surgeon to the Johannesburg Hospital, eight hours after receiving the wound on November 27th. He had been carried over ten miles to the hospital, and had had no food for twenty-six hours. Fifteen inches of gut were resected, and the ends sewn together by Czerny-Lembert sutures. He was now practically well, eating solid food and walking about in a healthy way, with only a slight pain at times, due to damage of a small cutaneous nerve in the hip on exit of the bullet (see *supra* p. 195, and *B.M.J.*, 1900, vol. i., p. 604).

D. *Extremities*, 1.—Bones (37). In a few arms there was half an inch or so of lengthening, and often considerable increase, up to an inch, in circumference from callus formed. In this the musculo-spiral was not infrequently implicated. The fractured legs and femurs could still bear but little weight on them, but improved notably with practice on board ship. A few had been kept in plaster too long, and were only released a few days before or after embarkation ; but it was remarkable that, even so, they had a good range of movement, one man, for instance, with a fractured arm, after seven weeks in plaster, being able to flex and extend his elbow from an angle of 80 to 135 degrees. All these improved materially under systematic massage, and would have been still further improved by the administration of nitrous oxide gas for breaking down adhesions, as the Major in command considered it inadvisable to administer chloroform at sea, unless in case of emergency. On a future occasion gas will probably be provided. The hands, of course, presented a variety of local wounds, scar-contractions, severed tendons and nerves, nerves implicated in callus, and stumps insufficiently covered. Each of these was sufficient cause to disable a man from duty.

2. Joints (9). The swelling for the most part had almost disappeared, leaving some limitation of movement and pain on pressure, which cleared off well under massage, when this was available. Untrained massage was of comparatively little use.

3. Large blood-vessels (5). This included four arterial or arterio-venous aneurysms, respectively of the femoral, popliteal (2), and plantar arteries. The femoral aneurysm had been operated on by an incision nine inches long, and the thigh was in consequence painful, weak, and tender. The others did not sensibly change during the voyage. The hum could be heard by the stethoscope from the popliteal space down either branch of the artery. In the fifth case, a bullet had damaged the femoral artery in a flesh wound, gangrene developed, and the limb had to be amputated at the seat of election. This was successful.

4. Large nerves (11). In one of the above cases of popliteal aneurysm the external popliteal nerve had been severed and had been united by operation. No improvement had as yet taken place in the useless limb. In the case of amputation just mentioned, there was after the operation intense tingling pain referred

to the toes, and morphia had to be given every night for five weeks. The nerves, it was thought, were implicated in the scar and would have to be separated. These symptoms, however, entirely passed away on board ship. Another case of injury to the sciatic nerve resulted in paresis with throbbing pains in the feet. Under massage this improved steadily, slight movement returning by Jan. 3rd, with twitching movements of the toes. On the voyage, the pain cleared up, but power did not return. The case, in which a bullet lodged in the body of the fifth lumbar vertebra, presented at first almost complete paralysis of the left leg, but this cleared up so far as to allow good walking and only occasional bouts of shooting pain.

5. Uncomplicated flesh wounds (52). These for the most part had left but very slight traces. Externally the scar in one typical case measured at entrance ·187 inch; at exit ·250×·750, the diameter of a Mauser bullet being about ·273. The entrance wound had obviously contracted in. The scars were frequently supple and free on the surface, when the muscles beneath were still limited in their action. This limitation passed off to a large extent on use, with massage, and the rest they had enjoyed for two months had not been entirely for their good. It was in hands, as much as in any part, that real massage was of use, and it was here that scar tissue became troublesome. In a few instances large cutaneous wounds had been allowed to scar over without grafting, and trouble had already begun.

Besides gun-shot wounds there were a few contusions, one of which was interesting. A cavalry sergeant was thrown from his horse on Christmas Day, the horse falling across his pelvis, causing total loss of power in the legs, but not of the viscera, and violent pains in all and especially the lower parts of the body. This pain passed off gradually, and slight power returned to the thighs, but the back was always very tender, and, without any direct evidence, it was thought the pelvis must have been fractured.

Other surgical affections included eight cases of hernia, three of synovitis of the knee, five of otorrhœa and deafness, three of ophthalmitis due to shell dust and corneal ulcers, one of piles, one of varicose vein, one of boils, one of an old fractured thigh of last May, which caused trouble on the march, and one of an old fractured toe which gave similar trouble.

The thirty-nine venereal cases showed secondary and tertiary symptoms often brought on by the hardships of the campaign; while others were suffering from slowly developing strictures or from gonorrhœal rheumatism.

II. Medical.

Of the medical cases there is little to say, in the absence of a weighing machine, the chief test of convalescence. It is to be hoped that the ships will in future carry a simple weighing machine, and so allow careful records to be made.

a. Dysentery (71). As has been found on previous occasions, dysenteric cases profited markedly by the sea voyage. Experience of this dysentery shows that there is no distinction between the simplest diarrhœa with slight colic, and the acute disease in which the bowels are open fifty or sixty times in the day or oftener and the patients die away from sheer exhaustion. Whether this is a distinct acute catarrhal dysentery as described by Osler, or a form of the tropical variety, it is difficult to say, and it has been difficult to make a systematic examination of the stools. But as to the treatment, there is no doubt that the two essentials are rest and a light diet; and these were easily obtained on board ship. Further than this, bismuth and morphia, in some form or other, seemed the most useful treatment for the slight relapsing cases, although castor oil and opium at frequent intervals, ipecacuanha by mouth and by rectum, and sulphate of magnesia, were each found useful on occasion. Intestinal irrigation was impossible in the absence of a suitable long tube. An interesting fact brought out in the after-treatment was the effect of strychnine in irritating the intestine, a favourite tonic containing Liq. Strych. ℿii. having the almost invariable effect of causing the dysenteric symptoms to return. A tonic of Ferri et Quininæ Citratis gr. v. was substituted, and was fairly efficacious. Most of these cases came on board decidedly weak, and still with occasional pains and two to eight liquid motions a day. They left it, with but few exceptions, sound and healthy men.

b. Rheumatism (44). Mostly cases of subacute rheumatism, giving an almost invariable history of exposure to wet and cold, followed within two days by the rheumatic pains and pyrexia to about 102 or 103 degrees. A few cases were probably in reality

gonorrhœal in origin, besides those diagnosed as such, and it was at one time thought that the number included a proportion of malingerers. What seemed more probable in the end was that very few were real malingerers, but that several men, reservists especially, in the hope of getting home, had made the most of their real ailments, and it was impossible, with certainty, to distinguish reality from exaggeration. These cases also, on salicylates and iodide and a light diet, improved to a marked extent and showed no complications of interest.

c. Enteric fever (9). Practically all but one convalescent, and that one died. None had been inoculated; and, from their reports of cases in Maritzburg, it would seem that the inoculated have been far less liable to catch the disease, and, if they caught it, it has usually been of a mild type, although there was one striking example to the contrary. They improved noticeably on the usual tonics.

d. Heatstroke (7). Except for one case already mentioned, these improved slowly but noticeably, although a persistent headache was often difficult to control, and was often brought on by exposure to sun even for a few minutes, or simply by the heat of the tropics.

e. Other medical affections (40), include the following: Cardiac, 6; malaria, 5; simple debility and nervous exhaustion, 6; epilepsy and *petit mal*, 4; cirrhosis, etc., 4; pleurisy and tubercle, 3; simple continued fever, 3; pneumonia, 2; dyspepsia, 2; bronchitis, 1; sciatica, 1; lumbago, 1; Bright's disease, 1; and Hodgkin's disease, 1.

NOTES ON A TROOP-SHIP.

S.S. NILE; *Sunday, April* 1, 1900.—We have had a severe bout of pneumonia on board; and as the 15 first cases belong to the East Yorks, they must have brought the infection on board with them, and the epidemic has assumed a most virulent form. The local signs were considerably less than usual in proportion to the general signs, and were less commonly confined to the base of the lung, several beginning with severe gastric pains and vomiting, and the pneumonic signs developing along the interlobar septum or in the upper lobe. Five of these cases became delirious, and three have died from heart failure, after their temperature had remained steady between 103° and 104° for some days.

Treatment has been difficult, as the ship's hospital, though amply

fitted for the usual work on a transport, was not fully enough staffed nor stocked for so great a strain. There was difficulty in putting on ice-poultices and fomentations regularly, although the pleurisy was frequently severe; there was a dearth of thermometers when the non-official thermometers had been broken, and there was a drug famine, the giving-out of the digitalis being especially serious. It is fortunate that the sergeant of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, the civilian compounder, and the only orderly did not break down, the atmosphere in hospital through the tropics being most oppressive.

There has been more than the usual run of minor complaints, diarrhœa and colic (owing to something in the food), with especial prevalence amongst the officers.

NOTES IN AN UP-COUNTRY STATION.

WOLVEHOEK, O.R.C.; *July* 19, 1900.—In the small hospital now established here, with beds for eight, and floor accommodation for treble that number, there have been a few cases of fever of all degrees of severity, from the mild attack lasting two or three days, to the prolonged fever which ends in obvious typhoid. In the slighter cases the symptoms are just as in the early stages of typhoid, with a rather gradual onset, malaise and lassitude, headache and back-ache, and perhaps a slight congestion at the base of the lungs. Typical rose-spots are rare, but they may be masked by the conditions. The temperature is two or three degrees higher in the evening than in the morning. The bowels are usually constipated on admission, but soon become freely open, and in a few cases there have been typical enteric stools. In marked cases there are mental dulness and extreme weakness, which continues long after the temperature is normal and other signs have vanished. There is a great tendency to relapse, and in many cases this relapse has taken place within a day or two of the early return to a diet of "rations without meat," that is, soup and soaked biscuit. In other cases it has occurred to men released on June 5 from prison at Waterval, where they say they suffered from enteric fever—this, then, at an interval of some weeks.

One case, watched here for three weeks, was that of a healthy-looking Canadian sergeant, who reported sick after three days'

malaise with a temperature of 101·2°. In the evening his temperature rose to 103°. Weakness increased and there was slight diarrhœa; but on the 12th day of illness the temperature was normal in the morning, although 101·2° at 6 p.m. On the 15th day, the temperature was normal also in the evening; on the 16th, eggs were ordered in addition to milk and bovril; on the 17th, rations without meat, as the patient looked the picture of health, feeling only slightly weak. On the 19th day the diarrhœa recurred and the evening temperature rose to 100·4°. The diet was changed, but the temperatures the next two days were normal to 101° and normal to 101·2°, and the diarrhœa and weakness continued. The patient was sent down to Kroonstad for comfort and good nursing.

Other cases are variants on the same theme, one or two becoming delirious, and even, after their arrival at Kroonstad, losing consciousness; while others shake the illness off in ten days, a week, or even less, and return to duty. In these there is no sign of malarial symptoms or history, and quinine has no obvious effect, except as a "placebo." It is a pity that a proper study of the disease is impossible; but Widal's test is an impossibility, and there are no facilities for bacteriological work. Until such a methodic study is made, it is useless for anyone to express an opinion on the identity or distinction of the so-called "enteric" and "simple continued" fevers. Unfortunately such opinions are too frequently expressed, and in the most dogmatic terms. It follows that the statistics on these points are valueless, as different General Hospitals and different doctors will classify their cases differently. Nor has any return been made of cases of this "simple continued fever" after inoculation. As these cases will be omitted from the inoculation statistics, the experiment of this war will be incomplete. The writer, like many others, prefers to group all these cases under the simple heading of "fever."

WOLVEHOEK, *August* 3, 1900.—In a recent visit to Kroonstad, an old Wynberg colleague was found in the Grand Hotel, now used as an officers' hospital, lying dangerously ill. At the end of May he had enteric fever, and after no less than seven attacks of hæmorrhage with purpura and two days' hiccough, from which it was thought out of the question that he could recover, he recovered. For most of last month his temperature was normal,

he was on solid food, and went out for carriage drives. On Tuesday, a week ago, after a small dose of calomel, which moved him freely, he was seized with a sudden attack of vomiting and abdominal pain; his temperature rose again slightly, and rose higher and higher each evening, until last Friday he had a regular septic temperature, varying from normal in the morning to 103° and higher at night. He was in extreme abdominal pain, referred rather to the right hypochondrium; there was no distension; the bowels were easily kept open. He had no signs of perforation—which would be almost impossible in the tenth week of the illness, after enteric and febrile signs had disappeared for a month; but he was evidently suffering from peritonitis. What the cause can have been it is difficult to decide, and there was no indication for operation; but the prognosis must be extremely serious.[1]

WOLVEHOEK, *August* 17, 1900.—A colleague passing through here on Monday described three interesting cases of *exophthalmic goître*, following wounds. The symptoms were typical, and did not abate as the wound healed. They followed close on the occurrence of the wounds, and the wounds were of various kinds, but in no way related to the symptoms, one, for instance, being a scalp wound, and another a wound in a limb. One subject was certainly of a nervous temperament; but another was equally stout-hearted, even under fire. The cause, however, appears to have been nervous shock.

The student of *mental diseases* finds a good deal of interest in military medicine. The nervous relaxation of the sphincters under fire is a commonplace of this as of all wars, and officers who have taken part in any of the disastrous incidents of the campaign will give abundant evidence on the subject. In an early letter of this series (*vide supra* p. 148) a case of apparent general paralysis was described, in which the patient developed the most alarming symptoms in a very short space of time after he had been sent down

[1] The case cleared up without any treatment beyond the most careful nursing, and the vigilant attentions of the civil-surgeon in charge of the case. A similar but milder attack was developed a month later and cleared up in the same way. The patient has now returned to duty in South Africa. The diagnosis lies between a pylephlebitis and a residual abscess outside the gut, enclosed in adhesions which may have been broken down by the action of the calomel.

from the front.[1] More common are cases of melancholia; and the writer has to regret the loss of an old school-friend, an officer who, after performing the most responsible duties in General Buller's relief column, developed acute melancholy and shot himself on the way home. He had only been married a month before being ordered out to the war.

TREATMENT IN THE FIELD.

WOLVEHOEK, *Aug.* 31, 1900.—It may be useful for those likely to travel under similar circumstances, to have a short description of the medical field equipment used in the army, and of its use. With a few minor exceptions, the former could hardly be improved.

The staple equipment consists of No. 1 and No. 2 Medical Panniers (see pp. 521 and 526).

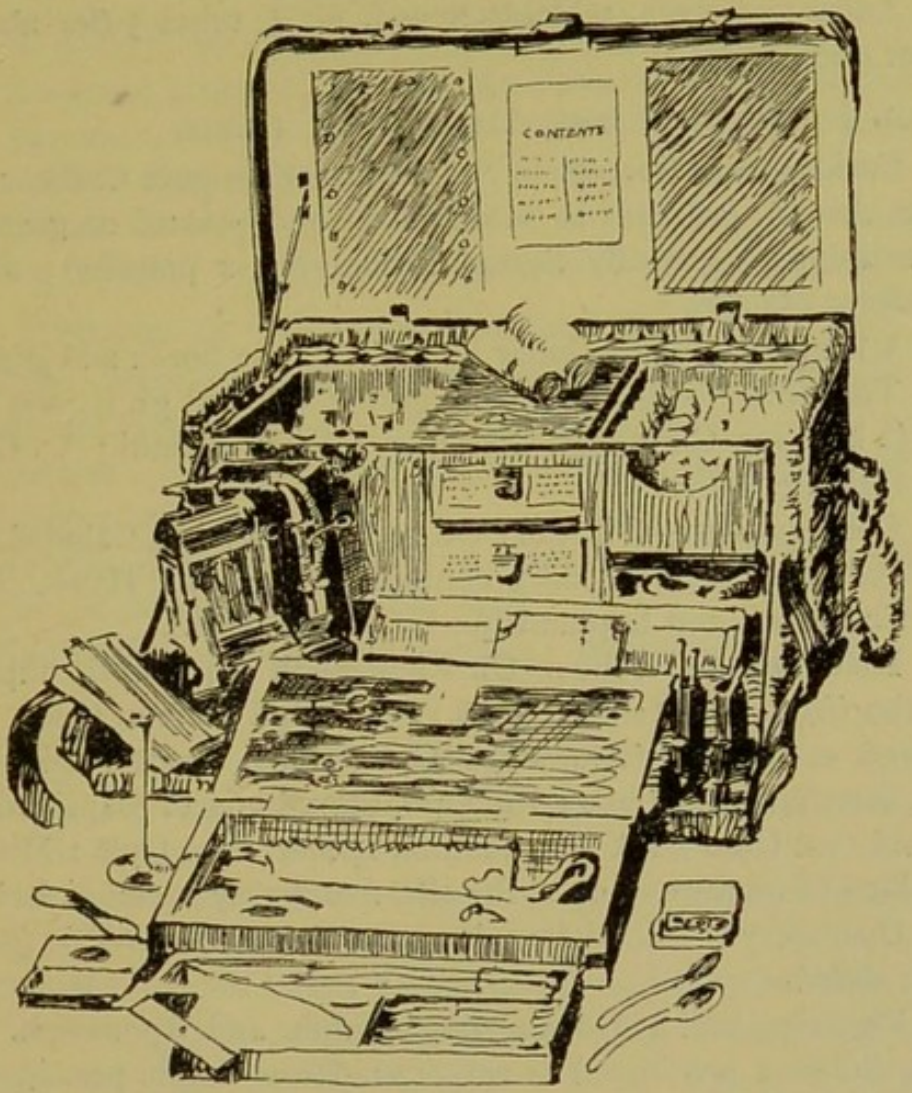
These are made of basket-work covered with cow-hide, and fitted inside with green baize compartments for bottles, with baskets, drawers, and trays, the whole weighing respectively 91 and 72 pounds. The two together may be strapped on either side of a mule or horse for pack-transport, their combined weight being equal to that of a man weighing eleven stone nine pounds. Their dimensions are about two and a half feet by one by one. Most of the drugs are in the form of tabloids in small two-ounce bottles, about twelve dozen tabloids to a bottle. One bottleful is sufficient for most drugs, but there are nine bottles full of quinine, three of ipecacuanha, and several different preparations of opium. This store is about sufficient to last a battalion of 1000 men for three months, if they are engaged in no considerable action during that time, and if their more serious cases can be invalided from the battalion every few days.

The contents and their use may be classified therapeutically as follows, *suggested addenda being put in italics.* The amounts given are those provided in each No. 1 Pannier. Where no amount is given, one small bottleful is provided.

N.B.—It will be understood that treatment in the field is only treatment of minor complaints, or of the more serious in their early stages. The conditions enumerated below, include all that the writer has seen during five months' work at the front.

[1] This patient died shortly afterwards.

A. No. 1 MEDICAL PANNIER, containing medicines and instruments.



The lid is raised and the front lowered. On this front are seen, from left to right, note-books, candle-lantern, irrigation-tin with rubber tubes and clamps, tin sterilizer with lamps and spirit, vulcanite medicine cups and mortars in one, with pestles, and lastly a couple of minim measures.

On the ground in front lies open the box of instruments, from which the tray of knives, etc., in front of it has been taken out. To the left, metal stethoscope, tongue-depressor and hypodermic case. To the right, spoons and box of hypodermic tabloids. These all fit away into compartments under the bottles.

ANTISEPTIC SOLUTIONS :—Hyd. Perchlor. tabloids (sufficient for 144 pints of 1 in 1000) ; Carbolic, pure liquefied (for 8 pints of 1 in 20) ; and Boracic powder (for 3 pints). But usually the pure Carbolic and the Boracic powder provided will be used for other purposes.

ANTISEPTIC POWDERS :—Borax (oz. 2) ; and Iodoform in vulcanite dredger (oz. 3).

ANÆSTHETICS :—

1. General :—Chloroform ℥xvi (for about 12 operations).

2. Local :—Cocain, tabloids hypod. gr. $\frac{1}{4}$, tubes 5 (for about 50 minor operations).

FOR DISEASES OF THE ALIMENTARY TRACT.

1. Carious teeth (forceps in No. 2 pannier) :—pure Carbolic Acid ; Tinct. Aconiti (tabloids to be dissolved and painted on gum) ; hot fomentations, especially Spongiopiline (No. 2 pannier) ; *Darby's Capsicum plasters.*

2. Ulcerated gums :—lunar caustic (oz. 1) ; borax and *glycerine.*

3. Tonsillitis :—Pot. Permang. gargle, tabloids gr. ij., one to the pint (2 bots.) or Garg. Hyd. Perchlor. ; Tinct. Aconiti ; Ac. Gallic. ; *Pot. Chlor. et Ferri.*

4. Constipation :—Pil. Col., Cal et Rhei (No. ix.), Calomel, and a Pil. Podoph. Co. (No. xiii.), containing Podoph., Hyos., Tarax., Col. Co., Jalap, and Leptandrin ; Ol. Ricini (℥xvi.).

5. Diarrhœa and colic :—Ol. Ricini with Aq. Menth. Pip. as a placebo (from Ol. Menth. Pip. ℥i.) ; Ext. Opii ; Tinct. Opii ; Tinct. Chlorof. et Morph. Co. ; Pulv. Opii ; Pulv. Ipecac. Co. ; Pulv. Cret. Aromat. cum Opio ; Pil. Opii, Camphoris et Capsicini ; Pil. Plumbi cum Opio ; Pil. Cal., Antim., Ipecac. cum Opio ; Mist. pro diarrhœâ (a mixture of essential oils, found very useful in India).

6. Dysentery :—Ol. Ricini ; Ipecac. (3 botts.) ; *rectal irrigation ; Mag. Sulph.*

7. Vomiting and poisons :—Zinci Sulph. and Apomorph. Hyd. gr. $\frac{1}{10}$ (tubes 2 pro injec.) as emetics ; Atrop. Sulph. pro. injec. gr. $\frac{1}{100}$ as antidote ; preparations of Opium and Sodæ Bicarb. as sedatives ; *gastric lavage.*

8. Dyspepsia (see to teeth and food) :—Sodæ Bicarb. ; Pot. Bicarb. ; preparations of Opium ; Ol. Menth. Pip. ; Pil. Opii Camphoris et Capsicini ; *gastric lavage ; bismuth.*

9. Piles (cold bathing ; aperients) ; Gallic acid powdered and mixed with vaseline.

FOR DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM.

1. Coryza :—sniff up Boracic powder or Pot. Permang. solution ; Pulv. Ipecac. Co. ; Quinine.

2. Tracheitis :—Rigollot's mustard plasters (tins 2) ; Pulv. Ipecac. Co. ; Ammon. Carb. tabloids, gr. iii. ; *glycerine.*

3. Dry pleurisy :—mustard plasters ; Ol. Terebinth. as liniment ; adhesive plaster for strapping ; Pulv. Ipecac. Co.

For Diseases of the Circulatory System.

1. Disordered action of the heart (D.A.H., a recognised disease in the Army) :—Strychn. tabloids gr. $\frac{1}{100}$ pro. injec. ; Sp. Ammon. Aromat. ℥viii. ; Brandy ℥xvi.

2. Varicose veins :—Ol. Terebinth. as liniment ; bandage or puttee for support ; *suspender* (for varicocele).

For Diseases of the Uro-gen. System.

1. Gleet :—Zinci Sulph. as injection (8 tabloids gr. v. to Oj.).

2. Chronic orchitis :—*suspender ; Iodine* for painting.

3. Stricture :—olivary-headed catheters (6), nickel (1), silver (2) ; vesical trocar and cannula.

4. Syphilis :—Iodof. ; Lotio Hyd. Perchlor. externally and the same (℥iv., in die) internally ; *Pot. Iod.*

5. Hydrocele :—trocar and cannula ; strapping ; *Iodine ; suspender.*

For Diseases of the Nervous System.

1. Headache (see to teeth) :—Aperients ; Antipyrin (*and Caffeine*) : Pot. Brom.

2. Insomnia :—Antipyrin ; Chloral Hyd. ; Opium ; Morph. pro injec.

3. Debility :—Tab. Quin., Ferri, Arsen., and Strychn. (No. VI.) ; Blaud's pills ; Strych. pro injec. ; Quinine ; Sp. Ammon. Aromat. ; Brandy ℥xvi. ; *Ferri and Quin. Cit.*

For Rheumatism and Lumbago.

Sod. Salicyl. ; Sodæ and Pot. Bicarb. ; tonics and Ol. Terebinth, as liniment.

For Malaria (Acute and Chronic).

Quinine (9 bots.) tabloids gr. ii. and gr. v. ; Quin. Hydrobrom. gr. ss. pro injec. ; tonics ; Blaud's Pills ; *Ferri and Quin. Cit.*

For Diseases of the Eye.

1. External :—Pulv. Ac. Bor. ; Hyd. Perchlor. ; Vaseline ; lunar caustic ; cocain tabloids gr. $\frac{1}{20}$; hot fomentations.

2. Internal :—tabloids Atrop. Sulph. gr. $\frac{1}{200}$ (tubes 2) ; Cocain gr. $\frac{1}{20}$ (tubes 3) ; Eserin Salicyl. $\frac{1}{800}$; Homatrop. Hydrochlor. $\frac{1}{40}$;

Homatrop. Hydrochlor. $\frac{1}{20}$ and Cocain gr. $\frac{1}{20}$; Morph. Hydrochlor. $\frac{1}{300}$ (tubes 2); Morph. Sulph. and Atrop. Sulph. aa. gr. $\frac{1}{300}$; with forceps and camel's-hair brushes (2).

FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR.

Syringe; Pulv. Ac. Bor.; Hyd. Perchlor.

FOR EXTERNAL SORES ("Veld-sores," Saddle-chafe, Boot-sores, etc.).

Hyd. Perchlor.; Pulv. Ac. Bor.; Vaseline (small boxes 2); hot fomentations; *Hyd. Ox.* for ointment.

FOR RICKED MUSCLES, SPRAINS, AND SYNOVITIS.

Ol. Terebinth. for liniment; *Iodine; Liq. Epispast.*; mustard plasters; strapping; bandages; splints (see No. 2 Pannier).

FOR HÆMORRHAGE AND PAIN FROM WOUNDS.

Morph. Hydrochlor. tab. gr. $\frac{1}{6}$ pro injec. (tubes 5); Morph. Hydrochlor. gr. $\frac{1}{6}$ and Atrop. gr. $\frac{1}{180}$ tab. pro injec.; *warm rectal injections.*

FOR WOUNDS, DRESSINGS, FRACTURES, AND FOOD see contents of No. 2 Pannier.

The remaining contents, instruments, and appliances of No. 1 Pannier are as follows:—

1. Hypodermic cases (2), each with two needles; cocaine gr. $\frac{1}{4}$ (tube 1) and morph. gr. $\frac{1}{6}$ (tube 1).

2. Case of hypodermic and ophthalmic tabloids (detailed above).

3. Tin case of tabloids and pills (9 in. × 6 in. × 1½ in., containing small quantities of most important drugs detailed above); useful for a day or two's expedition.

4. Instrument box, enclosed in two tin trays (for use to hold lotions and instruments) containing the following metal-handled instruments:—amputating knives (6, 9, and 11 inches) 3; bistouries (1 hernia) 4; scalpels 4; saws (1 movable back) 2; scissors 1 pair; trephine; trocars and cannulas (rectal and scrotal) 2; needles ($\frac{1}{2}$ curved in vaseline in vulcanite case) 6, ditto for wire 12, Liston's with handle 1, aneurysm 1; forceps (Spencer-Wells 6, dissecting 2, artery 2, bone, bullet); director; elevator; probes (metal 1, bullet 1) 2; tracheotomy cannula; probang; catheters (olivary 6, nickel 1, silver 2); tourniquet; wire and pliers.

5. Steriliser (about 1½ pints), lamps, and spirit.

6. Irrigator tins 2; rubber-tubing and bone nozzles 2; pinch-cocks 2.

7. Thermometers 2; stethoscope (aluminium); tongue-depressor; test-tubes 3; and test-paper books 2.

8. Spare bottle 1; minim measures 3; vulcanite medicine-cup and mortar combined 2; pestles 2; stopper-loosener; nested gallipots 3; tea-spoons 2; camel's-hair brushes 6.

9. Scissors; safety-pins (3 doz.).

10. Candle-lantern; candles 6, and wax-matches, water-proof.

11. Writing materials, viz.:—ink-pellets and bottle; pens (3 doz.) and holders 2; indelible pencils 4; labels 100; paper (½-quire); note-book and pencil; book of specification-tallies and pencil.

12. Corkscrew; gimlet; screwdriver.

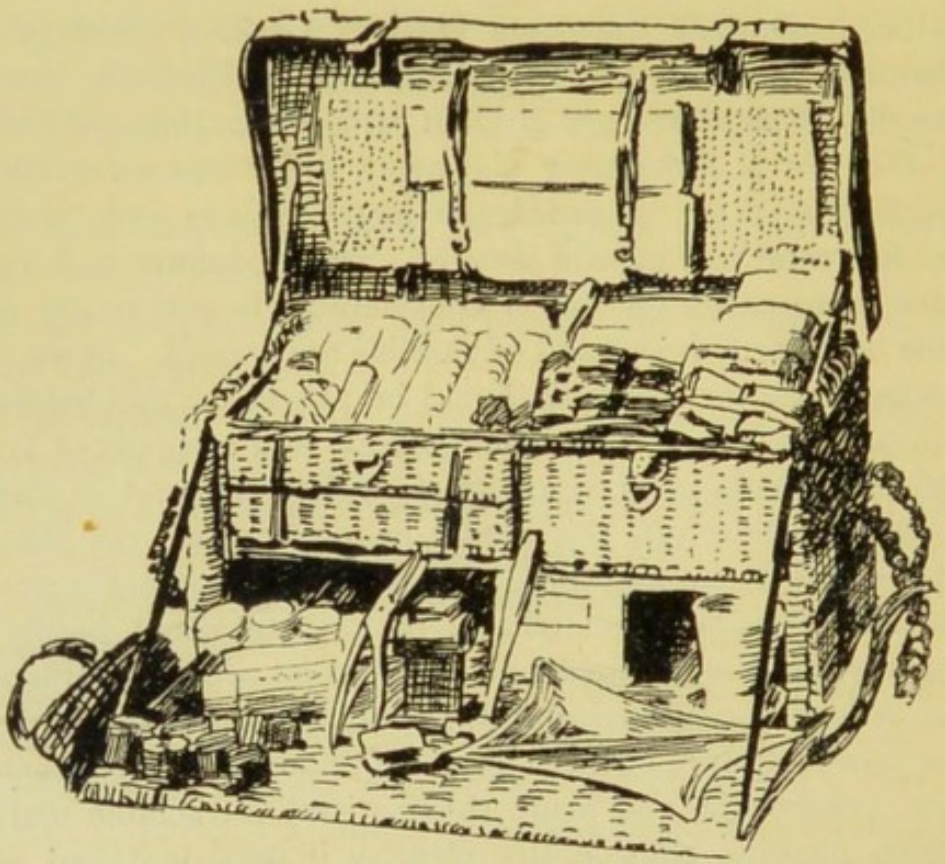
The following (marked in italics above) might with advantage be added:—Darby's Capsicum plasters, Carbolic Acid tabloids, Glycerine, Pot. Chlor. et Ferri, Mag. Sulph., Bismuth, Pot. Iod., Iodine, Liq. Epispast., Ferri et Quin. Cit., Antipyrine and Caffeine, Hyd. Ox. (for a stimulating ointment), with some more Spencer-Wells forceps, a few suspenders, a metal syringe, and tubes with funnel for rectal and gastric lavage. More iodoform and boracic powder, more castor-oil, and a considerably larger supply of turpentine or other liniment and of vaseline are needed. Some means of testing urine for albumen should be provided; and before long it is to be hoped that a small microscope and a supply of typhoid culture with Widal's tubes will be furnished and put in constant use. As yet, however, this would be premature. On the other hand a rectal trocar may be dispensed with, the ergot is probably useless in arresting hæmorrhage, pilocarpine could hardly conceivably be used in the field, and the olive-oil seems superfluous.

The following cases, roughly speaking, have therefore to be sent to the base:—Fevers of three days' continuous duration (including enteric, pneumonia, and acute rheumatism), intractable diarrhœa, nephritis, pleuritic effusion, dry pleurisy if persistent and severe, uncompensated cardiac lesions (very rare on active service), malarial cachexia and other cases of pronounced debility, intractable septic wounds of limbs, heat-stroke after third attack, melancholy or mania, severe fractures, sprained ankles and synovitis of knee, and all gun-shot and shell-wounds, except mere grazes.

The treatment given above is materially modified by the absence

of some useful drugs and by the exhaustion of others. But it is generally possible to ensure the most important part of the treatment in the form of rest; rest for the digestive organs in the form of milk and bovril; rest for the body by ordering "To be carried on transport-waggons," "Light duty two days," or "Excused outposts"; rest for a saddle-sore by attending to the under-clothing and ordering "Excused riding two days." At the same time in work at the front the extreme must be avoided; men slightly ill or weary must often be made to march and continue their duties; and sprains, slight fractures, cases of synovitis and old adhesions after wounds must be moved earlier and more freely than under ideal conditions of practice.

B. No. 2 MEDICAL PANNIER, containing material.



On the front, which is folded down, are seen, from left to right, tins of strapping, packets of dressings, clippers, anvil and hammer for splints of perforated zinc, two triangular metal dressing-dishes, and food-warmer. The drawers of basket, with lids removed here, are full of dressings in paper packets, and tins of milk and bovril for emergencies; with two housewives and roll of dental forceps. Inside the cover are strapped sheets of perforated zinc and two prescription-books.

1. Dressings: double cyanide gauze in 6-yard packets (48 yds.), ditto wool in 4-ounce packets (16 ozs.), boric wool in 2-ounce

packets (6 ozs.), loose woven salalembroth bandages (3 doz.), triangular ditto (1 doz.), calico (4 yds.), jaconet (3 yds.), black waterproof (4 yds.), spongio-piline (½ yd.).

2. Canvas housewives (2), containing common and safety-pins, sewing-needles and thread, surgical needles, tape and scissors.

3. Splints: 1 long jointed wooden thigh splint, 6 sheets of perforated zinc 23 in. × 9 in., with shears, anvil, hammer, and rivets, tape (12 pieces).

4. Plaster: adhesive tape (6 yds. × 1 in.) 6 tins, adhesive india-rubber 1 tin, transparent isinglass (12 yds. × 1 in.) 2 tins.

5. Drainage-tubing (3 sizes in antiseptic solution), catgut in carbolic oil 1 tube.

6. Set of 3 tinned copper dressing basins.

7. Screw tourniquet.

8. Pouch of dental forceps, 3 pairs—hawksbill roots, lower wisdoms and upper roots.

9. 2 prescription books.

10. For emergency food: bovril (for 32 pints), extract of meat (for 32 pints), tin-opener, and food-warmer with spirit lamp.

Besides these panniers, Field-Hospitals and Bearer Companies are also supplied with some or all of the following:

C. Field Fracture Box (weight 72 lbs.), plaster of Paris with instruments, perforated zinc with instruments, paste-board, another jointed thigh splint, counter-extension apparatus, and 100 bandages.

D. General Fracture Box (weight 94 lbs.), double-inclined M'Intyre, 2 jointed thigh-splints, 6 splints or pairs of splints in wire for forearm, upper-arm and thigh, 2 sets of japanned leg-splints and cane-splints, Salter's cradle, dislocation apparatus, counter-extension apparatus, paste-board, gutta-percha, and plaster of Paris (with instruments and material for splints), wool, tow, and bandages.

E. Antiseptic Case (43 lbs.), bandages, dressings, drainage-tubing, silk, gut, and housewives.

F. Surgical Haversacks (7 lbs., one for each Bearer-Squad), containing small dressing-case, hypodermic case, a few dressings and a few splints and emergency remedies.

G. Medical Companion (13 lbs., for sergeant of each Stretcher-Section of 4 squads), containing pill and tabloid tin, hypodermic

case, chloroform, housewife and a few splints, bandages, catheters, and other emergency-remedies.

H. SURGICAL SADDLE-BAGS (32 lbs. the pair), with hypodermic and dressing cases, 2 dozen instruments and other surgical material.

When, however, a section of a field-hospital is sent off, as was the case for two months with General Smith-Dorrien's (19th) Brigade, these boxes may be made up to suit the case ; and, in that instance, a No. 1 Medical Pannier, a field fracture-box and an antiseptic case were adapted for the purpose.

Since aseptic surgery, as understood in the London hospitals, is impossible in the field, the constitution of these cases leaves little to be desired ; but the splints provided should be revised, and inasmuch as wood is not always available, whereas long biscuit-tins are, metal corner-clamps might perhaps be provided, with which some very useful tin-splints might be made. At present it is impossible to make a good leg-splint, with foot pieces, from the materials provided.

APPENDIX B.[1]

AUTHOR'S OUTFIT

(Slightly revised in the light of experience. See p. 8).

"*Everything that may conceivably be wanted, either for the veld or Cape Town.*"

A. Packages as follows:—*For hold.*—Case containing camp-furniture; case containing bicycle; 2 Saddle-boxes, tin-lined, at 15/6 (one labelled "For use on voyage," the other only half full).[2] *For cabin.*—Large Gladstone bag; large kit-bag (half full); bundle of wraps; Kodak (No. 4 cartridge folding) and field-glasses (Zeiss, No. 7, binocular).

B. Contents of above (including articles worn on Oct. 20):—

1. *Case of camp-furniture* (mostly as recommended by Director-General):—Brown canvas Wolseley valise, containing small canteen (full of useful articles for purposes of cooking and eating), hair-pillow in green canvas, treble sack Jaeger blanket, single blanket, cork mattress, nightcap and socks, green canvas bath and bucket, and 2 large bath-towels. Camp-bed, -table, -chair, -lantern (with candles), -looking-glass, tent-pole -strap with hooks (quite indispensable) and enamelled basin with leather cover (most useful at the front, as a separate package, to contain washing- and shaving-kit, and other small articles).

[1] The author has so often been asked by men going out to S. Africa what they should take with them, that the following list is given of the outfit he himself has found useful.

[2] It would have been better to have had both labelled in this way. You never know what you may not want to use or refer to on the voyage; and, unless thus labelled, boxes were stowed away underneath waggons and ammunition, and all sorts of immoveable things.

2. *Wraps:*—Rug ; thick Mackintosh sheet 7 ft. by 4 ; Mackintosh coat and straps ; ulster[1] ; umbrella and stick ; riding whip ; tripod for kodak.

3. *Two boxes and two bags* for clothes, books, and instruments: —(*a*) *Head-gear*—Khaki helmet in case, with blue serge field cap ; Panama straw hat ; soft grey felt hat ; linen cricketing hat ; mufti cap.

(*b*) *Leg-gear*—Two pairs brown boots, patent aluminium trees, 2 doz. laces and 2 bottles of polish, buckskin tennis shoes, white canvas shoes at 1/6, evening pumps, felt slippers, Stohwasser gaiters, puttees.

(*c*) *Outer body-gear*—Khaki drill[2] tunic and trousers, khaki serge do., do., 6 linen and 2 celluloid uniform-collars, thin Bedford-cord riding breeches, dark grey flannel suit, light cloth suit, dress suit, dress jacket, 2 pr. white flannel trousers, blazer, old Norfolk jacket.

(*d*) *Under-gear*—3 coloured flannel[3], 8 striped cotton, and 6 white linen shirts, 3 suits pyjamas, 1½ doz. white collars, 4 vests, 4 pr. drawers, 9 pr. socks (1 dress), suspenders.

(*e*) *Odds and ends of clothes*—Gloves, 2 pr. doeskin, 2 pr. tan riding ; ties and bows, 7 day, 1 doz. white evening, 1 black evening ; neck scarves, 1 silk, 1 white cashmere, 1 hunting stock ; handkerchiefs, ½ doz. bandanna silk, ½ doz. white silk, ½ doz. white linen ; towels, 2 bath, 2 hand ; braces, 2 pr. with extra ends ; housewife with needles, threads, plain and safety pins, buttons for boots, waistcoats, coats, tunics (brass and leather), trousers and underclothing, tie-pin, tie-clip, 2 pr. sleeve-links, 3 sets shirt-studs, 6 collar and 6 odd studs, 1 doz. collar-pins.

(*f*) *Toilet articles*—Sponges, safety razor-box and 4 blades, with strop, brushes (hair-, clothes-, shaving-, and 2 tooth-) and comb, 3 cakes soap and shaving-stick, court-plaster, tin vaseline.

(*g*) *Books and stationery*—Technical : Erichsen's *Surgery* (2 vols.), Jacobson's *Operations*, Heath's *Anatomy*,[4] Stevenson's *Wounds in War*, Osler's *Medicine*, Manson's *Tropical Diseases*, Whitelegge's *Public Health*. General : Bryce's *S. Africa*, ½ doz. paper novels,

[1] Afterwards replaced by a grey cavalry coat with plain buttons.

[2] Most useful, because cool and washable.

[3] This is a minimum.

[4] The most important, especially because of pictures.

Unicode, Map of S.A.; note-books for this journal, etc.[1]; prose and poetry and music *ad lib.* Stationery, etc.—small leather despatch-case,[2] fountain pen[3] and bottle of ink in wooden case, refill-pencils for case and rubber, 2 packets foreign note-paper and envelopes, foolscap, 2 packs cards, visiting cards, elastic bands, paper-clips, etc.

(*h*) *Medical instruments and sundries*—Surgical dressing-case, case of 4 thermometers, aseptic tabloid hypodermic case, B. & W.'s pocket "emergency" tabloid-case, stethoscope, 2 prs. dental forceps,[4] box of capsicum dental-plasters, long rectal tube and metal funnel,[5] chloroform drop-bottle and tongue-forceps, toilet paper, Keating's powder.

(*i*) *Other instruments and sundries*—Kodak and field-glasses (as above, *A*), aneroid barometer, pocket luminous compass, "Bee"-alarm clock, stop-watch and wrist-strap, Webley blued revolver,[6] belt, pouch and ammunition, flask, small Berkefeld filter, aluminium cup, folding knife, fork and spoon in case, 4 briar pipes, 'baccy for voyage and 500 cigarettes, bicycle-lamp, pump, lock, repair-outfit and cleaning apparatus, key-chain and key-ring, whistle, barbed-wire-nippers, pocket tape-measure. Add to this gun and 500 cartridges, or cricket-, golf-, or tennis-outfit according to taste.

[1] Including Smith's automatic self-registering pocket diary, which was most useful.

[2] Most useful at the front.

[3] Indispensable.

[4] Curved Reed's for upper teeth and Hawksbill Roots for lowers—enough for most work in campaign.

[5] For saline injection, in case of internal hæmorrhage from wounds.

[6] Useful for amusement on board ship; not otherwise.

B. P. Co. 250,000. 6—99 Forms I. 1202 20 — A TYPICAL

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No. 1 General Hospital, at *Wynberg.*

Diet Sheet of	Rank and Name.	Corps.
	M'Inroy, T.	*2nd Blk. Watch.*

Ward *B 7* No. *10*	Number in Admission and Discharge Book. *A 1678*	Admitted into Hospital. *2.xii.1899*

If allowed up, the hours, and if fit for light hospital duty state so,	Date.	Diet. First time Name in Full, afterwards by initials.	Diet Drinks. Quantities in Words.					
			Lime Juice.	*Lemonade.*	*Barley Water.*	*Tea.*	*Bread.*	*Butter.*
			Ozs.	*Bots.*	*Pts.*	*Pts.*	*Ozs.*	*Ozs.*
	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	2	*Plain Milk*	—	—	—	*one*	*eight*	*half*
	3	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	4	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	5	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	6	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
	7	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	8	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	9	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	10	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	11	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	12	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
	13	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	14	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	15	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	16	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	17	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	18	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	19	*P. M.*	—	—	—	—	—	—
	20	*P. M.*	*four*	—	—	—	—	—
	21	*P. M.*	*four*	—	—	—	—	—
	22	*P.M. Milk A. B. J.*		*two*	—	—	—	—
	23	*M.*	—	*two*	—	—	—	—
	24	*M.*	—	*two*	—	—	—	—
	25	*Roast Chicken*	—	*two*	—	—	—	—
	26	*R. Ck.*	—	*two*	—	—	—	—
	27	*R. Ck.*	—	*two*	—	—	—	—
Up 2 hrs.	28	*R. Ck.*	—	—	*two*	—	—	—
	29	*Convalescent*	—	—	*two*	—	—	—
	30	*Conv.*	—	—	*two*	—	—	—
	31	*Roast Chop*	—	—	*two*	—	—	—
Total in figures,			*eight*	*twelve*	*eight*	*one*	*eight*	*half*

I certify that the above Diets, Drinks, and Extras were prescribed by me absolutely necessary.

This case reported sick on the 6th and reached Wynberg on the 10th day of illness. Note food prepared for patients on admission but not given in this case, which after day; initialing of all alterations; the limited number of columns given on Dec. 12, on account of slight collapse; and note change of temper-

SIMPLE DIET SHEET.

Army Form I. 1202.

Month of *December, 1899.*

Regtl. No.	Squadron, Troop, Compy., or Battery.	Age.	Disease.
4023	*A.*	*28*	*Enterica.*

Discharged from Hospital. ...../...../.....

Case Book, Vol. *II.* page *15*

Religious Denomination } *Presb.*

Extras. Quantities in Words.						Initial of Medical Officer (First time, name in full). All spaces in which no entries have been made must be severally obliterated by the Medical Officer thus —— before he signs his name or initials,
Whiskey.	*Soda Water.*	*Milk.*	*Beef-tea.*	*Egg-flip.*	*Arrowroot.*	
Ozs.	*Bots.*	*Pts.*	*Pts.*	*No.*	*Ozs.*	
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
three	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. Jones.*
—	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
—	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
—	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
~~two~~	*two*	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
—	*two*	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
—	*two*	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
—	*two*	*one*	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
—	*two*	*one*	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*two*	*one*	—	—	—	*A, B. J.*
~~three~~ *six*	*two*	*one*	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*one*	*one*	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*two*	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*two*	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*two*	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*two*	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*one*	—	*one*	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*one*	—	*one*	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*one*	—	*one*	*one*	—	*A. B. J.*
three	*one*	—	—	*one*	*two*	*A. B. J.*
three	*one*	—	—	*one*	~~two~~ *A.B.J.*	*A. B. J.*
three	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
three	—	—	—	—	*two*	*A. B. J.*
three	—	—	—	—	*two*	*A. B. J.*
three	—	—	—	—	*two*	*A. B. J.*
three	—	—	—	—	*two*	*A. B. J.*
—	—	—	—	—	*two*	*A. B. J.*
—	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
—	—	—	—	—	—	*A. B. J.*
sixty	*twenty-eight*	*five*	*three*	*three*	*twelve*	*A. B. J.*

solely for the use of the above-named Patient, for whom I consider them

A. B. Jones, Civil Medical Officer in Charge.

For Diets see Table of Diets, p. 534. N.B.—*A.B.J.'s dieting was decidedly bold. required a stimulant instead. Note the repetition of same order in full day and therefore of Extras which can be given in one month. Note extra Whiskey ance diet-drinks, of which the private soldier soon tires.*

F. & T. 2000 4—97

8-75-56

Forms
I. 1203
14

Military Hospitals.—Articles composing the

Milk.	Plain Milk.	Beef Tea.	Chicken.
Bread - - 12 oz. Rice - - 2 oz. Milk - - 3 pts. Sugar - - 1 oz.	Milk - 3 pints.	Beef - - 8 oz.* Bread - - 14 oz. Salt - - ½ oz. Tea - - ¼ oz. Sugar - - 1½ oz. Milk - - 6 oz. Butter - 1 oz. * 10 (if with bone).	Fowl - - Half Bread - - 16 oz. Potatoes - 8 oz. Salt - - ⅓ oz. Tea - - ¼ oz. Sugar - - 1½ oz. Milk - - 6 oz. Butter - - 1 oz.
BREAKFAST.			
Milk - - 1 pint Bread - - 4 oz.	Milk - 1 pint	Tea - - 1 pint Bread - 5 oz. Butter - ½ oz.	Tea - - 1 pint Bread - 6 oz. Butter - ½ oz.
DINNER.			
Rice Milk - 1 pint Bread - - 4 oz. Sugar - - 1 oz.	Miik - 1 pint	Beef Tea - 15 oz. Bread - 4 oz.	Fowl - - 8 oz. Roasted, boiled, stewed, or made into chicken tea 12 oz. Bread - - 4 oz. Potatoes - 8 oz.
SUPPER.			
Milk - - 1 pint Bread - - 4 oz.	Milk - 1 pint	Tea - - 1 pint Bread - 5 oz. Butter - ½ oz.	Tea - - 1 pint Bread - 6 oz. Butter - ½ oz.

Note.—Drinks for patients are to be made and

Barley Water.—Barley, 2 oz.; sugar, 2 oz.; for every five pints.

Rice Water.—Rice, 2 oz.; sugar, 2 oz.; for every five pints.

2 oz. of pepper may be issued for every 100 diets except tea and milk diet.

The following rates will be allowed for substitutes:—2 oz. lime juice = 1 lemon. potatoes = 5 oz. fresh potatoes. 1 oz. preserved vegetables = 10 oz. fresh

Army Form I. 1203.

different Diets for a Day.—Avoirdupois Weight.

CONVALESCENT.	ROAST.	VARIED.
Meat { Beef or Mutton } - 8 oz.*	Roast Joint, Chop, or Steak.	Meat { Beef or Mutton } 12 oz. *
Bread - - - - 16 oz.	—	Bread - - - 18 oz.
Potatoes - - - 8 oz.	Joint { Beef or Mutton { with bone } } 10 oz.	Potatoes - - 16 oz.
Barley - - - - 1½ oz.	Chop ,, { with bone }	Salt - - - - ½ oz.
Salt - - - - - ½ oz.	Steak, without Bone 8 oz.	Tea - - - - ¼ oz.
Tea - - - - - ¼ oz.	Bread - - - - 18 oz.	Sugar - - - 1½ oz.
Sugar - - - - 1¾ oz.	Potatoes - - - 8 oz.	Milk - - - - 6 oz.
Milk - - - - 6 oz.	Salt - - - - ½ oz.	Vegetables - - 4 oz.
Vegetables - - 4 oz.	Tea - - - - ¼ oz.	Butter - - - 1 oz.
Butter - - - - 1 oz.	Sugar - - - - 1½ oz.	—
Flour - - - - ¼ oz.	Milk - - - - 6 oz.	Meat—roasted, baked, or stewed.
	Vegetables - - 4 oz.	
*10 (if with bone).	Butter - - - - 1 oz.	* 15 (if with Bone).
Tea - - - - 1 pint	Tea - - - - 1 pint	Tea - - - - 1 pint
Bread - - - 6 oz.	Bread - - - 6 oz.	Bread - - - 6 oz.
Butter - - - ½ oz.	Butter - - - ½ oz.	Butter - - - ½ oz.
Soup - - - - 15 oz.	Roast Joint; Chop; or Steak roasted or stewed.	Meat - - - - 12 oz.
Meat - - - - 8 oz.	—	Bread - - - - 6 oz.
Bread - - - - 4 oz.	Meat - - - - 8 oz.	Potatoes - - - 16 oz.
Potatoes - - - 8 oz.	Bread - - - - 6 oz.	Vegetables - - 4 oz.
	Potatoes - - - 8 oz.	
	Vegetables - - - 4 oz.	
Tea - - - - 1 pint	Tea - - - - 1 pint	Tea - - - - 1 pint
Bread - - - 6 oz.	Bread - - - - 6 oz.	Bread - - - 6 oz.
Butter - - - ½ oz.	Butter - - - - ½ oz.	Butter - - - ½ oz.

charged according to the following proportions:—

Gruel.—Oatmeal, 2 oz.; and sugar, 1½ oz., to two pints.

Lemonade.—Two large lemons; and sugar, 1½ oz. to two pints.

1 oz. of mustard may be issued for every 20 beef diets.

3 oz. rice, or 3 oz. flour, or 8 oz. bread=16 oz. potatoes. 1 oz. preserved vegetables. ½ oz. coffee=⅙ oz. tea. 1 tin condensed milk=2½ pints.

APPENDIX D.

COST OF THE WAR.

FROM a monthly return issued on Sept. 4, 1900, by the War Office it appears that the following statement represents the casualties in the South African Field Force reported up to the end of August :—

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Killed in Action	399	4,172	4,571
Died of Wounds	129	1,440	1,569
Died in Captivity	4	93	97
Died of Disease	254	10,154	10,408
Accidental Deaths	14	407	421
Total Deaths in S. Africa	800	16,266	17,066
Missing and Prisoners (excluding those who have been recovered or who have died in captivity)	8	560	568
Sent home as Invalids	2,379	53,106	55,485
Total Loss to Army in S. Africa	3,187	69,932	73,119

SUMMARY OF PERMANENT LOSSES.

	Officers.	Men.	Total,
Deaths in South Africa	800	16,266	17,066
Missing and Prisoners	8	560	568
Invalids sent home who have died	6	396	402
Invalids sent home who have left the service as unfit	—	3,610	3,610
TOTAL PERMANENT LOSS TO ARMY	814	20,832	21,646

The difference between the total loss in S. Africa and the total permanent loss to the Army is accounted for by the fact that the great majority of the men invalided home have

recovered and rejoined for duty. Of those sent home as invalids, 740 are now in hospital.

Most of the MISSING AND PRISONERS are accounted for:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Total reported	351	8,799	9,150
Released or escaped	339	8,146	8,485
Died in captivity	4	93	97

8 officers and 560 men are therefore at present lost.

The SERVICE-FATALITY OF WOUNDS (including all killed and wounded) is surprisingly high, 41·2%:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Total Killed and Wounded (excluding Wounded Prisoners)	1,886	21,763	23,649
Total Wounded and Recovered (Wounded minus Subsequent Deaths and those Unfit for Service)	1,358	12,541	13,899

Not quite half of this Service-Fatality consists of those killed on the field. Subsequent deaths and permanent unfitness account for 27·2% of those reported wounded, not killed. Probably the assumption, on which these figures are based, that those unfit for service are incapacitated by wounds, is not so accurate as it seemed.

The SURGICAL FATALITY OF WOUNDED, who are not killed on the field, is 1,569 out of 19,078, or 8·2%. With the exception of the Cuban war, comparison with similar results in other wars is impossible, no statistics as to treatment being founded on proper data. It would certainly be most favourable.

The PERCENTAGE OF OFFICERS TO MEN lost as a result of action is 2 to 1; as a result of disease nearly 1 to 2.

The RATIO OF KILLED TO WOUNDED is 4,571 to 19,078, or 1 to 4·2, as compared with the 1 to 4 given by Longmore and 1 to 3·2 by Fischer (probably the most accurate) for previous wars, the 1 to 4·4 for English in the Crimea, the 1 to 5·4 for Germans in 1870-71, and the 1 to 2·1 for Russians in 1877-78, when there was much attacking of entrenched positions (Fischer's Statistics).

APPENDIX E.

ABBREVIATIONS.

A.A.G., Assistant Adjutant General (see *e.g.* p. 290).
A.D.C., Aide-de-Camp (p. 26).
A.O.D., Army Ordnance Department.
A.P.D., Army Pay Department.
A.S.C., Army Service Corps (p. 297).
B.M.J., British Medical Journal (p. 196).
B.O., By Order (p. 283).
C.I.V., City Imperial Volunteers (p. 246).
C.O., Commanding Officer (p. 282).
C.S., Civil-Surgeon.
D.A.A.G., Deputy Assistant Adjutant General (p. 378).
D.S.O., Distinguished Service Order (p. 176).
F.H., Field Hospital.
F.R.C.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (p. 289).
G.H., General Hospital.
G.O.C., General Officer Commanding (p. 360).
G.S.W., Gunshot Wound (p. 67).
i/c, in charge of (p. 132).
K.O.S.B., King's Own Scottish Borderers (p. 379).
L.D., Light Duty (p. 382).
L.S.A., Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries (p. 87).
M. and D., Medicine and Duty (p. 382).
M.I., Mounted Infantry (p. 278).
M.L.A., Member of the Legislative Assembly of Cape Colony (p. 228).
M.O., Medical Officer (p. 273).
N.C.O., Non-Commissioned Officer (p. 57).

N.Y.D., Not yet Diagnosed (p. 139).
O.C., Officer Commanding (p. 282).
O.M.O., Orderly Medical Officer (pp. 59, 132).
P.M.O., Principal Medical Officer of a Division or district (p. 43).
R.A.M.C., Royal Army Medical Corps (p. 2).
R.H.A., Royal Horse Artillery (p. 112).
R.I.R., Royal Irish Rifles (p. 391).
S.A.L.H., South African Light Horse (p. 308).
S.M.O., Senior Medical Officer (p. 171).
S.P.G., Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (p. 276).
T.A., Thomas Atkins, the private soldier (p. 120).
V.C., Victoria Cross (p. 107).
W.P.C.C., Western Province Cricket Club (the chief cricket club in South Africa), (p. 151).
Z.A.R.P., Zuid Afrikansche Republieke Polizei, the South African Republic Police (p. 262).

SPECIAL TERMS.

Bâtman, A soldier who devotes part of his time to act as servant to an officer (p. 327).
Batta, Gratuity, in lieu of prize-money, paid to every officer and soldier in the army at the end of his share in the campaign (p. 4).
Buck-waggon, South African farm-waggon (p. 265).
Dam, Pond made by retaining water at foot of sloping ground by a low embankment (p. 396).
Donga, The dry bed of a stream (p. 279).
Fed up, Weary (p. 306).
Khaki (pronounced karkee), a mud-brown colour; hence drills and serges of that colour (p. 530).
Kopje (pronounced copy), Hill (p. 229).
Machonachie's army ration, 1½ lbs. of tinned Irish stew (p. 298).
Padre, Army-chaplain (p. 255).
Pom-pom, Vickers-Maxim machine gun, firing one-pounder shells, one a second; so-called from the sound made in firing (p. 223).

Rail-head, Temporary limit of the repaired railway (p. 295).
Reim (pronounced ream or rim), A leather thong (p. 293).
Sjambok (pronounced shambok), Whip of rhinoceros hide (p. 327 .
Spruit (pronounced sproot), A small stream (p. 268).
Stellenbosch, to, To appoint to a post of safety an officer who has held command under difficulties without conspicuous success (p. 94).
Trek, to, To travel by ox-waggon; hence to march in column or otherwise (p. 265).
Triple, to, Of a pony, to move so that the four hoofs strike the ground at separate intervals in regular rhythm (p. 384).
Uitlander (pronounced atelonder), An alien resident of the Transvaal (p. 174).
Veld (pronounced felt), The upland plains of South Africa; the spare grass growing on the plains (pp. 273, 330).
Wallah, Officer, fellow (pp. 166, 173).
Winkel, Store (p. 317).

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