

the spinal cord have been found the most fatal, as apart from actual contact of bullet with it the shake or jar to all the tissues near the track of the bullet destroys so sensitive a structure as the spinal cord and causes death usually within a month at most.

I may say a word as to the classification of the wounded in the reports to the War Office. Wounds are officially classified as dangerous, severe, or slight. *Dangerous* wounds speaking broadly are those opening any of the body-cavities as the head, chest, or abdomen. *Severe* wounds are those involving crushing or fracture of large bones, *e. g.* the thigh, or entry of a large joint *e. g.* the knee, or cutting of a large blood vessel if the sufferer is fortunate enough to survive the immediate hemorrhage. *Slight* wounds are mainly flesh wounds, *e. g.* scalp wounds, perforation of muscles, or fracture of small bones.—

I cannot better close any disscursive remarks than by an allusion to the absolutely unanimous evidence of the medical officers as to the extraordinary courage and temper of the men. The British soldier has once again abundantly proved himself a gentleman. Old Dr. Samuel Johnson once said in his emphatic way,—“Sir, in my opinion every sick man is a villain. “But here every army surgeon, and every hospital officer, bears testimony to the opposite of that dictum, the willingness to wait till others are assisted, the cheery pluck and patience, the gentlemanly self control of the wounded man. Fredrick Treves, one of the greatest of living surgeons, has thought it worth his while to tell in the British Medical Journal how after Spion-Kop an unfortunate private who had lain out for more than an entire day and was finally brought in to Chieveley Field Hospital unable to speak, with a ghastly shell wound of the face in which the whole eye and upper jaw of one side were blown away leaving a blackened cavity in the bottom of which a poor tongue could be seen vainly endeavoring to speak, made signs at last that he wanted to write. When the pencil and paper were brought, what did he write? Not a request for food, or drink, or tobacco, but for information:—‘Did we win?’ Truly in the face of such pluck and temper no one need fear for the traditions of the British Army. No one had the heart to tell the poor fellow the truth of the situation.

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