

Even if apparently cured for one month, the exposure caused a return. There was an order that no man with venereal disease was to be sent up to the front, but it was usually disregarded.

I have now exhausted the strictly medical portion, and will turn to the active work. There were several Army Hospitals in Cape Town, all of which were well equipped and doing good work. Parts of the town are very pretty, but, as seen here, there is in that city two races that can hardly be said to live in harmony, and so the evil effects were manifest.

There are no medical colleges in South Africa, but the best work in medicine is done at Grahamstown, the centre of a thriving English settlement.

After six weeks stay in Cape Town, we went on a supposed secret expedition along the East Coast: secrecy was the weak point. Its destination was known, so the expedition came to naught. We then went back to Durban, and here found two large hospital ships. They were well suited for purpose and had good accommodation. Then a trip through Zululand, a pretty country but very rough. Around the capital, Eshoewa, is one of the nicest spots in South Africa; rolling country, well watered, with clear running streams, fringed with a thick belt of trees and a very fertile soil, makes it a place much to be desired. A short stay there, then a ride of 120 miles back to Durban, past sugar plantations, and orchards where oranges, bananas, pineapples, etc., grew in abundance. Hindoo shrines and Hindoo laborers caused one to think of India. These Hindoos have been imported for the sake of cheap labor with the result of becoming a serious drawback to the welfare of the country. Then by train, past Ladysmith and Dundee to Newcastle, where we disentrained, and for want of better accommodation slept in a church with no blankets. We then marched through Laing's Neck and reached Buller at Ingogo, and were assigned to No. 3 mounted brigade under Lord Dundonald, and the serious work began.

The next day we started on an advance towards Standerton. No Boers were seen, and at night the men were fully convinced that they never would see any, and that the war was practically over. The next day we heard the blowing up of the railway bridge at Standerton by the Boers. We entered Standerton, and found it a small town built mainly of stone or plaster houses. It had as all South African towns have, a general air of untidiness. There were several stores, but little in them. Every person in this town was intensely loyal to England. However, this was the rule and it always disappeared with the departure of the British troops. We made a short stay in Standerton and then went westward to clear the railway towards Pretoria. On July