

many victims here. There were seventy of these huts, and in every one were at least fifty Frenchmen. Every time it rained the water came through the make-shift roof, and fell upon the straw which served as bed, and soaked the poor fellows' clothes. They were, in fact, condemned to death. Others were quartered in the passages and lobbies and low-pitched casemates. These were even still more to be pitied; for when they were shut in at night the heat was like that of a furnace, the air was fetid, and the smell sickening, and breathing was as difficult as in the nethermost hold of a foul vessel."

"A more sickening and heartrending scene could scarcely be imagined than that which one met with in the Amputation Ward of the Hospital. Hundreds of men were there, lying on their little iron bedsteads, some without arms, some having lost one or both legs, feet, or hands, and as I passed among them they would try to wave their poor stumps and utter cries and moans which pierced my very soul. When the fever came to add its tortures to the agonising wound, the amputated patient became mad with pain. One evening I was sitting at the bedside of one thus doubly afflicted, watching him as he lay there with haggard eyes, blackened lips, and shaking frame. Suddenly he rose upright on his bed, and raising the stumps of his two arms to heaven, he exclaimed,—

"'Adieu, my mother! Adieu, France! Adieu, all my comrades!'

"With these words he bounded to the floor, rushed through the Ward at full speed, upsetting tables, chairs, and bottles of medicine, and then, like a flash of lightning, he jumped through one of the windows. We ran down after him and picked him up. His head, shoulders, and chest were severely lacerated by the glass, pieces of which were still sticking in him, and we had all the trouble in the world in getting him back to his bed. He was so bruised and cut about that his body looked like one huge wound, and his mattress was soon soaked with the blood left in his broken veins after having saturated our own clothing. He died in my arms a few moments afterwards, and no death ever made such a deep impression on the numerous witnesses of it as this one did."

"Without having the luxury and comfort of those of Carlsruhe, the lazarettos of Rastadt were very well kept, and, thanks to the efforts of several noble souls, they were supplied with all that was necessary. The Duchess of Hamilton was the first to visit our sick men, and was munificent in the gifts she distributed among them.

The Countess Zeppelin, too, behaved like a real mother to our poor captives, from the first to the last day of the hard trial. Every morning she arrived with cartloads of linen, clothing, bottles with something in them, medicines, and knick-knacks, and as she divided them among the men she had a kind word for each. One day, after having distributed all she had brought, she stopped before a subaltern just deprived of a limb.

"'Ah, my poor friend,' said she, 'there is nothing left for you.'

"'Madame,' he replied, 'a smile from you will content me.'

"Here was an instance of French gallantry, cropping up amid the most horrible surroundings! A Turco, bald and black, and repulsive in his dirt and ugliness, on another occasion passed close to her.

"'See, Turco,' she said, offering him a long white shirt, 'here is a new suit for you.'

"He donned it on the instant, as proud as Artaban, and strutted round the Wards shouting, 'Me go marry now!'"

"Numbers of our wounded owed their return to health to the admirable Nursing of the brave Countess Zeppelin, who did not shrink from soiling her aristocratic fingers in dressing the most frightful and sickening wounds. I noticed that many of the men would only consent to amputation after she had advised and even urged it, and when they yielded it was on condition that she should hold in her hands the limb about to be taken off. The Countess, however, did not limit her good deeds to the Rastadt depôt, but extended them to the whole of Germany, and there was not a single place of internment which did not profit by her assistance, both in money and goods. If there was ever a lady who merited some national recognition for what she did for France during this period, it was the Countess Zeppelin. Yet she was never even thanked!

"Another lady, Fräulein J. Schill, was anxious to devote herself to our poor wounded. She gained admittance to one of the Wards, and passed the whole of her time there, fearing, not without reason, that if she once went out she would not be allowed to return. The Prussian managers, however, would not permit her to remain, and gave her peremptory notice to go. In vain the French patients begged that she might be left with them—the Baden soldiers dragged her out. All the authorities of Rastadt were then implored to re-admit her to the Hospital, but it was all in vain; they remained deaf and dumb to all entreaties. At last, one day, the young lady came and knelt at the doorstep of the lazaretto,

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