

the sick and wounded soldiers returned from the Soudan campaign, with that of our American sisters, and not to our advantage; it says:

"A sad feature of the home-coming of our Grenadier Guards from Omdurman, some pitifully worn and weak, was the burial of those poor fellows who reached London only to die. There were plenty of cheers and there were some theatrical entertainments offered to the gallant Guards, but none of our great ladies appear to have had the humanity to resolve themselves into Sisters of Mercy, as many kind-hearted American gentlewomen have done. An American lady writes to a friend in London from New York—

"The poor soldiers have been in everyone's thoughts, and so many have been caring for them. An old friend of Miss Cromwell's opened her house at Cornwall and nursed twenty-two. Miss Cromwell and I called daily, and when the soldiers were well enough, took them out driving. Most of them have been wounded, and also suffered from yellow fever and typhoid, as well as malaria. Poor wrecks they came, but left laughing and happy. One Virginian whom I knew quite well was shot on the 2nd July while bearing a wounded man from the field. The bullet yet remains in his body after passing through his lungs. His relatives heard of his death, as his name yet remains in the list of killed. He says he could not have lived two days longer but for good nursing at Cornwall.

"I dare not tell you of all their awful sufferings. I saw the 200 who were left of the 71st Regiment return to New York. They were 1,060 strong when they gloriously tramped down Broadway. The 200 rode up Broadway, and shocked the multitudes who came to see them. Such poor, weak wrecks, hollow-eyed and shrunken! It was pitiful, and people stopped cheering to weep. I drove with some of these very men in Cornwall, and they are almost well, and are happy now. I tell you of these heroes that you may know how deeply I can feel for you in your sorrow. These men call Mrs. Woods the angel who saved them.

'The North and South are united; and the Virginian said he ate at table with coloured men, for they fought like heroes, and nursed the wounded white men like women. Mr. Walker said the most gallant charge of the war was by coloured troops. Those who went up the hill left only a blue line on the ground—all shot! Soldiers are now home on furlough; but so many homes are desolate!'

Hail, Columbia! indeed when her fair daughters enoble themselves and set shining examples by such self-sacrificing devotion to the maimed victims of the fight for Cuba."

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It must be remembered, however, that English women, with very few exceptions, were in every way discouraged from taking any active part in the Soudan campaign, and also, that upon the return of our soldiers to England, beautiful Netley, and other comfortable military hospitals awaited their reception, with thoroughly trained and devoted Nursing Sisters to attend to their needs. At the same time no doubt soldiers might be invited for rest and change of air and scene to many of England's comfortable homes. Surfeiting the Sirdar is not the whole duty of a grateful nation to its Army.

The Hospital World.

WHERE PHTHISIS IS TREATED.

CITY OF LONDON HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST, VICTORIA PARK.

THE Victoria Park Hospital, which stands in its own grounds, is a handsome red brick building faced with stone. Some curious carving in stone decorates the principal entrance, the design including roses, and thistles, snakes and frogs. Over the door are figures of various saints, a fact which seems the more remarkable when one learns that the Hospital was built chiefly by Quakers.

The ground floor is given over to the various administrative offices which open on to a wide corridor. Above this is the floor for the female patients, and over it again that for the men. Each floor contains accommodation for 82 patients, but unhappily many beds are at present closed for lack of funds. A Sister, with twelve nurses working under her, eight by day, and four by night, is responsible for 82 patients, which seems an unusually large number to be under the supervision of one Sister, but the arrangements of the building do not lend themselves to sub-division. The Sisters and the Staff Nurses are required to have general training. The nursing, as in most special hospitals, is a difficulty. It is not easy to hold out sufficient inducements to attract, or to keep, really competent nurses. The wards vary in size, some have only a few beds, others are large. All seem airy and at the same time comfortably warmed, and the corridors are also warmed. I noticed attached to most of the beds a little wire sponge basket, in which the bit of muslin used as a handkerchief is kept, and this is burnt after use. The porringers into which the patients expectorate always contain 1 in 20 carbolic, and these are emptied into tins containing sawdust impregnated with carbolic to the extent of 1 in 20, and the sawdust is then carefully burnt.

There is a large out-patient department, some six or seven hundred patients attending daily. A most comfortable sitting room has recently been furnished for the nurses on the representation of Miss Beatrice Isabel Jones, the Matron, that a sitting room—which had not hitherto been provided for the nurses—was urgently required. The use of such a pleasant room should certainly make it easier to obtain nurses for the institution, and no doubt, under the efficient management of Miss Jones, nurses will find that posts at the Victoria Park Hospital are a desideratum.

The basement of the hospital is devoted to kitchens and larders.

Lastly, there is a large church, capable of seating 500 people, connected with the hospital.

M.E.

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