

Nurses of Note.

MISS E. SATCHWELL,
Matron, Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

We have pleasure in publishing this week the portrait of Miss E. Satchwell, the Matron of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, an institution familiar to Londoners through the picturesque uniform of its old pensioners, which is frequently to be seen in the thoroughfares near the hospital, though the institution itself, which has so many visitors from elsewhere, is very little known to those in its immediate neighbourhood. This is a pity for "it is," as Miss Satchwell says, "the dearest, quaintest, old place imaginable, with great courts and gardens, where I am sure the spirit of sweet Nell Gwynn, the reputed foundress, must love to come back and wander."

Miss Satchwell had a cosmopolitan upbringing, for her father, who was partly of French extraction, served in the Army for forty years, and wherever his Queen sent him, his family went also, so his daughter grew up, and was educated in many different countries, and cherishes happy memories of them all, as each of them in turn was "home" to her for a time. Her first recollections are of South Africa—the South Africa of thirty years ago, when travelling was very different to what it is at the present day. Thus she tells of a certain ride in a light mail cart flying over what did duty for roads, these not being over wide at times, or along the side of a mountain, where the rains had swept away the edge of the tract, which was in consequence so narrow in some places that only the pace maintained kept the cart from going over the side into the valley below. The chief impression left by the drive on Miss Satchwell at the time was a big bruise caused by a jolt which brought her head into contact with something harder than itself.

When she came to England and first saw snow and ice she was quite a big girl, and was just getting

to know the different flowers, trees, and birds, and to get used to a Christmas Day in mid-winter, when she was transported to that fairyland in the ocean described by Shakespeare as the "still vex'd Bermudas," where over 300 tiny islands covered with juniper trees and beautiful foliage are dotted about in azure blue water—water so clear that the coral, and the red and green sea fans growing at the bottom can clearly be seen, and one half expects to see the mermaids reclining amongst them.

It was with some difficulty that Miss Satchwell obtained permission to begin her nursing career. The expression of her father's face when she first

broached the subject is, she says, not to be forgotten. He had all the old-world objections and prejudices, but fortunately a relative who had been trained and was alive to tell the tale, was then holding the post of Matron, and as it was anticipated that Miss Satchwell would be at home again long before her trial month was over, her desire was not prohibited. As she was supposed to be delicate she took the precaution to consult a doctor, an old friend of her family, who happened to be on the staff of the London Hospital. He decided that her delicate appearance was the only thing against her, and undertook to write to the Matron on her behalf. In due time she began her training and was assured by various Staff Nurses that she would never last it out, comparisons, not to her advantage, being made to another new pro., a



Miss E. SATCHWELL.
*Matron of the Royal Chelsea Hospital;
Member of the Matrons' Council.*

strong looking, sturdy little Welsh girl, a goddess of health and beauty. Fate, however, decreed that Miss Satchwell should get through her training without a day off duty except during an attack of scarlet fever, and a poisoned finger during her last year. The sturdy probationer succeeded her as night probationer in a ward where there were several bad typhoid cases, from whom she contracted the disease, and, sad to relate, died.

At the conclusion of her training Miss Satchwell was appointed Night Superintendent at the County Hospital (then the infirmary), Bedford, where she

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)