

We regret that we received the interesting account written by Miss Taylor—sent with a party by the St. John Ambulance Association to France—of her journey to and from Paris, to which we alluded last week too late to print in full, because her letter disproves the mis-statements which have been circulated. The party arrived there at an inopportune moment, owing to the expected bombardment of Paris by the Germans, and with other Britishers it was directed to return to London. She writes:—"I must not forget to mention that just as we entered the station, two bombs were fired, and an aeroplane followed our train as far as Asnières. En route we thought of every possible way to endeavour to remain in France and render our services to some of the poor wounded, who were sadly in need of nurses, but in vain. . . . One poor French soldier exclaimed:—'Et pourquoi retournez-vous? Il n'y a pas une femme pour nous aider sur le champ de bataille.'"

After that sentence our readers may well imagine how heart-breaking it was for fifteen fully-trained nurses to return and leave behind those who were suffering and needing their care.

It will be remembered that Miss Violetta Thurstan left for Brussels on August 17th, and wired for the party of 40 nurses selected by St. John Ambulance Association to be in her charge for active service in Belgium. Later Miss Ward took charge, and Miss Thurstan left for Charleroi with two nurses. Later, when Miss Campbell and Miss Sartorius went to Charleroi, it was found that Miss Thurstan and her companions never arrived there. We feel sure, knowing Miss Thurstan's power of resource, that she will turn up by and by, with, no doubt, a very interesting story to tell.

RETURNED FROM THE FRONT.

We are requested by the Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S., to contradict the statement made by the *Daily Mail* that four wounded Army Sisters arrived at the Royal Herbert Hospital last week, as it is not correct. Three of the Sisters are convalescent from minor injuries. The fourth met with an accident, and is progressing well.

Amongst those who have returned from Brussels, where she has been nursing since August 15th, is Miss Martha Sadler, who formed one of a party of twenty-one trained nurses sent by the Catholic Women's League. They were affiliated to the St. John Ambulance Association. Fourteen of one party were sent to the Royal Palace, fitted as a hospital, the Matron (L'Infirmière en Chef) and the Assistant Matron held Belgian diplomas for six months' training. Miss Sadler nursed both Belgians and Germans. The surgeons were

served in two theatres by their own nurses from Paris.

The wounds were chiefly from shrapnel, and most were high up, through the chest, in many cases the lung being pierced, ribs fractured, and spines injured and the patients paralysed. Miss Sadler says many of these sad cases succumbed to their injuries. There were also terrible cases of gangrene, resulting from torn limbs being left for days before help was available. This hospital had been intended for surgical cases only, but after the Germans occupied Brussels on August 20th, many medical cases were admitted chiefly suffering from pneumonia.

The only aperient in the hospital was castor oil. No powder for backs except that provided by the nurses themselves.

As far as Miss Sadler could judge, the Belgian wounded were treated in every way the same as the Germans, being brought in as they were picked up, and as carefully dressed and tended. She heard nothing of cruelty to the Belgian wounded. Upon the advice of an English gentleman, Miss Sadler returned to England with seven other nurses, as he feared, perhaps, they might not get away later, plenty of German nurses are now available, fifty having recently arrived. There was very little difficulty in getting away owing to the kind offices of the American Consul. With some little delay on the way the party arrived safely at Ostend, some remaining there awaiting the necessary funds to complete the journey home.

Another sister writes:—

"I shall always remember that first night in Brussels, lying awake listening to the wounded being brought in, and then when the dawn came seeing straight in front of me through the window a big golden cross on the top of a dome. It stood there, a symbol of victory over sin, sorrow, and suffering (and a few hours later—it was Sunday morning—many of us gathered strength from the same source and knew that He was with us). A week passed, and we were still amongst the unemployed, and so able to see the Germans take possession of the city. Many of them marched past our hotel looking more dejected than triumphant. Very soon afterwards, our party was a scattered one, and some had commenced work at ambulances. Those who had been given work at the Palais Royale Ambulance had to wait until they were wanted, and this meant meeting outside the gates for orders every morning at nine a.m.

It was arranged that hospitality should be given us by Belgium ladies as there was no room at the Palace. Work was definitely started on the night of August 27th, and our patients were Belgium, French, Germans, and one Englishman—by name Samuel of the Suffolk Regiment. He was very ill with pneumonia, and had been hauled out of a train at Brussels by an English doctor, when on his way, a prisoner to Berlin.

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