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EDITORIAL.

"O MON DIEU, AYEZ PITIÉ DE MOI."

In this country where we are removed from the intense misery which surrounds the horrors of war it is not easy, except to those susceptible to influences which do not affect less sensitive natures, to form any adequate idea of the intensity of the wave of suffering in which the sick and wounded on a large part of the continent of Europe are engulfed. Their cry ascends to the highest heaven, and it is well that ears on earth should be attuned to hear its echo.

Listen then to the account of an eyewitness—the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*—who assisted a party of French and American ladies in feeding sick and wounded soldiers as they passed through a railway station, some fifteen miles from Paris, on their way from the front to hospitals in the remoter provinces of France.

"In the front of the train were the slighter cases who appeared at the windows. Towards the end of the train were carriages where no faces appeared at the windows, and on opening the doors one saw some ragged and helpless victim of the war lying amid straw, crying feebly for drink, and asking if here at last was the hospital where his sufferings were to end. Further back still were the great cattle wagons, the doors of which were fastened with iron bars, and which when opened revealed six, eight or even more men lying helpless in the straw, sometimes in total darkness, sometimes lighted by one lantern, the pale rays of which only added to the horrors of the scene. How can I describe the condition of these men? Some of them were crying like wolves: *A boire! A boire!*

"In one wagon eight of them were uniting in a ghastly chorus of suffering.

We could hear them before we had slid back the great wooden doors like voices crying from the tomb. . . . For nearly two days they had been in this dark and airless cattle wagon, burned by fever, their wounds throbbing and stabbing at every movement of the train. . . . One man had relieved himself of all clothing in the intensity of his fever, and was tossing about naked in the straw. I wrapped him up in a blanket and gave him some hot milk, but as I left the wagon I heard him still crying '*Mon Dieu! Que de souffrances! Qui l'aurait cru possible? O mon Dieu, ayez pitié de moi.*' . . .

"All through the night train after train rolled in from the battlefield. By seven in the morning, when others relieved us, thirteen trains, containing over 3,000 wounded had passed. Three thousand at one station in a single night. So it has been going on day and night for over fourteen days, and these are only the victims of one section of the battlefield. . . .

"The scenes that I witnessed have left an indelible impression on my mind, and as I write I can still see these pale suffering faces, hear those cries of pain from fine men laid low in the prime of life, and the pitiless grinding of those endless trains bringing men from the front as fast as other trains are taking them up."

Modern warfare is ruthless, pitiless, barbarous, accursed. No one doubts that the present war must, in the interests of humanity, be fought to the bitter end. But war between civilized nations should be abolished. As nurses we should do all in our power at the present time to mitigate its horrors, and as humanitarians we should work unceasingly to hasten the day when "the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled, in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

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