

"The Retreat"; Miss Blenkhorn, Matron of the City Infirmary, and Miss Woodhouse of the Nunthorpe Hall V.A.D. Hospital. The latter has been the victim of a recent Zeppelin raid; an incendiary bomb dropped on the building, setting fire to the upper portion of it. Fortunately all the patients were located on the ground floor, and no one was injured.

Miss Wishart, in a few gracious words proposed a vote of thanks to the speaker, and said that she was sure the meeting was entirely in agreement with her, and that they were very glad to be further enlightened upon such an important subject.

Miss Stewart hospitably entertained her guests to tea in her sitting-room afterwards, with the aid of the Assistant Matron. She thoroughly succeeded in making the occasion as pleasantly sociable and informal as she had wished it to be. Several Nurses applied for membership of the State Registration Society.

AS SEEN BY A NURSE FROM STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

On beautiful Easter Monday we were sitting idly at our windows watching the holiday makers flocking into the Green, which, as you know, is a small park laid out in gardens for the people. Numbers of Sinn Feiners were passing to and fro, but we have been so accustomed for months to see hundreds of them parading the streets, we thought it was only a holiday parade. Suddenly a few explosions took place, which sounded like motor tyre valves, but presently the people, looking terrified, came streaming out of the Green, driven by a little uniformed man who now and then discharged a revolver in order to hurry them up. At first everyone thought a little madman was running amok, but then we noticed men inside the railings hurriedly digging trenches! The gates were shut and barricaded from the inside, one being left open so that the deadly work contemplated could be carried out. The first man attacked was a doctor who drove up in his car, the little "officer" ran over with revolver in one hand and a small hatchet in the other. The revolver was pointed at the doctor, who promptly knocked it out of his hand, but before the rebel brought down the hatchet, his colleagues in the Green called him for bigger game. This was a tram car. The driver was held up and the people ordered out. A gentleman who went to the driver's assistance was shot and wounded, but managed to escape. After that, every vehicle was stopped, and a barricade made across the street opposite the Shelbourne Hotel so that nothing could get past. By this time the whole Green was in the rebels' hands, and what was going on with us was going on at every gate. The Countess Markiewicz was

in the trenches opposite us, dressed in her dark green uniform, shooting up at the windows of the hotel and different clubs on the Green. The ghastly work went on till late night. The rebels took the house next this, and were on the roof looking into our side windows! Not by any means agreeable companions! All Monday afternoon quantities of ammunition were carried from the Green to those men on the roofs. Many were killed in this zone, for it was a case of three or four rebels firing on one object. There was no sleep for us, and at dawn we were at the windows again! Great preparations for "cover" were going on in the Green, a fight was evidently in prospect. At 5 a.m. the first volley was fired by the military, and several rebels fell mortally wounded and rolled over into their trenches. From then on rifle fire and machine guns went on at intervals all day. The rebels on the roof shot ruthlessly at civilians, but were soon cleared off by the military. To take the Shelbourne Hotel was a main object, and when they found that impossible they were going to bomb and set fire to it. But the gun fire from the Shelbourne kept them out of bomb range. The hotel windows have been greatly damaged and I suppose the inside of the rooms, but it stands as bravely as ever, and we are grateful to its defenders. The College of Surgeons was early taken by the rebels and a flag of the "Irish Republic" fluttered from its flagstaff for five days! You remember the beautiful hall where we held our Reception and Pageant of Nursing in the year of the Conference? Some of the portraits had bullets through the heads. Queen Victoria was considerably damaged, and in a vacant space was written "Long live the Kaiser." On Thursday morning I went with some nurses to help with a temporary hospital, and for over a week we helped to nurse a number of the gallant Sherwood Foresters, who were badly hit when getting into Dublin. None of them liked the "job" they were on, and one could not wonder. The ruin of the city is terrible. I went for a drive as far as the Rotunda Hospital. In Sackville Street there is desolation; it reminded me of the pictures of Ypres! The post office is a shell! and Eason, our large newspaper place, ruins. The looting in that part was very bad, women in bare feet going about in coats worth £100, black silk dresses on the top of rags, diamond rings and gold watches were offered for 1s. and 2s., and pianos were taken and quarrelled over! There was absolutely no panic, and although we all had to come and go under hails of bullets, I know of no one who was afraid. The risk, of course, was stray bullets, but many sad cases occurred where these found a mark. The tales of sorrow and ruin are distressing, and one wonders what can be the "ideals" of this Sein Fein Society, which will allow its members to cause such distress and suffering to their fellow countrymen.

In spite of what the Premier stated, the rebels had machine guns.

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