

## **Aid for the wounded.**

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## AID FOR THE WOUNDED.



THE St. John Ambulance Association owes its origin to the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, founded in the year 1092, to provide a hospital at Jerusalem, and to afford protection to the poor pilgrims who visited the Holy Sepulchre there.

In later times the knights of the order ministered to the sick and wounded in battle.

To render aid to the distressed, to minister to the dying, and to bury the dead, such were the noble objects of the order.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," sang the old Latin poet, in the true spirit of self-sacrifice, and it is that same spirit of self-sacrifice which is exemplified in a soldier's life and in a soldier's death—which prompts him to deeds of tenderness and self-devotion to the wounded and the dying after the battle is over.

The object of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England is to render aid to the sick and injured in time of peace as well as to the wounded in time of war. Amongst its objects are the organisation of a relief fund in time of war; and the maintenance of cottage hospitals and convalescent homes in time of peace. It also provides nourishing food for convalescents of hospitals, and, under the name of the "St. John Ambulance Association," has instituted a system of instruction carried on by lecturers on its staff, in order to disseminate useful knowledge. In many cases—such, for example, as in the case of dock men, navvies, policemen, and others, and at nearly all the country "centres"—this instruction is rendered gratuitously by members of the medical profession. Such knowledge is particularly useful to men employed on the railway, in dockyards, and mines, but it is also very useful to the general public. Most people have at least heard, if they have not had it brought under their personal observation, of a sudden emergency arising and no one knowing what to do. Not very long ago a guide cut his leg with some glass bottles on the top of one of the Swiss mountains, and bled to death, simply because no one knew what to do; and only a few months ago a little boy was shot in the leg, and instead of any steps being taken to stop the bleeding, he was placed in a cart, in a sitting position with his leg hanging down, and driven at a furious pace to the nearest hospital; the consequence was that on his arrival he was nearly dead, from loss of blood.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," we were told when we thought of getting up a class of the St. John Ambulance Association, but *elementary* knowledge is not a dangerous thing, and if it is elementary, it may be sound as far as it goes. The preliminaries of

getting up a class are the same as those of classes of a similar nature, and circulars giving full particulars may be obtained from the chief secretary, Captain Perrott, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. The next step is to obtain a sufficient number of paying members, so that if possible the more intelligent of the poorer classes may be admitted free of expense. The *matériel* sent by the Director of Stores consisted of charts, diagrams, Esmarch and roller bandages, splints, tourniquets, and handbooks. For male classes a stretcher is also required.

The long-looked-for day had at last arrived, and the two large charts were hung up in a conspicuous place. The lecturer opened his remarks by showing the need and object of the instruction, and proceeded to explain the functions of the human body, and to describe the muscles, arteries, veins, the nervous system, the circulation of the blood, &c. After fully describing the physiological chart, he turned to the other, comprising the bony framework of the human body. An instruction in the art of applying the roller and triangular bandages followed, which, being of practical utility, was not the least interesting part of the lecture.

"Tea and bandaging" became the order of the day, and great was the rivalry as to who should accomplish the neatest bandage. The Esmarch bandage, according to the picture, can be applied in thirty-two different ways, and being always at hand in the form of an ordinary pocket handkerchief, it is the most generally useful.

The next lecture described the points at which pressure is to be applied in order to stop arterial bleeding, how to use the tourniquet or to extemporise one on an emergency. We were also taught the difference between arterial and venous bleeding, how in the former case the blood is of a bright red colour, and jerks out suddenly, whereas in venous bleeding it wells out slowly from the contused part, and is of a purplish-red colour. In the former case pressure should be applied above the wound, and in the latter case below. The third lecture treated of broken bones, and of one very common accident in the hunting-field, a broken collar-bone; we learnt how to pad the armpit and to put the arm in a sling, also to distinguish between dislocation and fracture of the collar-bone. Of dislocations themselves we learnt nothing, as they have to be left to a surgeon. Broken legs, broken ribs, a broken collar-bone, sprain of the knee, how to treat wounds, formed a part of the instruction of the third lecture, and we were warned against the common error of giving too much brandy in the case of broken bones, bleeding, &c. We were told that enough is often given to cause intoxication on the part of the sufferer.

The fourth lecture was perhaps the most valuable of all, treating of the apparently drowned or suffocated by noxious gases. We were taught the usual method



### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

EAR, dost thou mark the children run  
 Where sunlit flowers are spread?  
 Dear, canst thou hear the laugh of fun  
 That greets the postman's tread?  
 All hail to sweet St. Valentine,  
 That, when we both were young,  
 In the glad spring-time made me thine,  
 Where new-blown garlands hung.

Till in my dreams I see the glen—  
 The violets clustered o'er;  
 No heart had cared for me till then,  
 And burden deep I bore:  
 When didst thou come, oh, truest, best!  
 Then sought thy soul for mine,  
 When did I enter into rest,  
 Amid the warm spring-shine.

Sometimes the clouds came, dark and chill—  
 Oh, hold me forth thine hand!  
 God hath had mercy on us still,  
 For side by side we stand;  
 The little child we held so dear  
 Sank wearily to rest,  
 Of orphan children, year by year,  
 Dwell round and make us blest.

And when the old home seems to shake  
 And echo with their joy,  
 We whisper softly, "For his sake,"  
 And seem to see our boy:  
 He waits amid the flowers above,  
 And we shall soon go Home—  
 God grant, my husband, in His love,  
 That side by side we come!

M. S. MACRITCHIE.

of artificial respiration, as sanctioned by the Royal National Life-boat Institution, the lecturer demonstrating it on the little boy we had engaged for that purpose. The patient's mouth having supposed to have been cleaned from weeds and dirt, and the tongue secured, he was turned over on his back and his arms were gently raised over his head, and pressed down into his sides at the rate of fifteen times a minute. This means of artificial respiration should be continued until the doctor pronounces life to be extinct, people having been known to come to life again after these means have been proceeded with for two hours, and sometimes longer. We were also taught to distinguish an epileptic fit from hysteria, and what to do in case of intoxication, fainting, and apoplexy; and the immediate treatment of burns and scalds, poisons, bites of mad dogs, and of venomous snakes, formed a valuable part of the fourth lecture.

The last lecture was on nursing, and is for women only, the corresponding one for men being on lifting and carrying the sick. The course of lectures had come to an end, and preparations were made for the examination. We were given four or five questions to answer, and an hour to write them in, and then followed the practical part, when each candidate was taken separately and examined *viva voce*, and told to put in practice what she had learnt.

One was told to treat a broken collar-bone, another to stop the brachial artery, and a third to bandage a scalded hand. Each candidate was given three different things to do of practical utility. To know what you are going to do, and to "keep your head cool," are golden rules at all times, and if a candidate loses her head on a feigned emergency at

an examination, she would, in all probability, lose it completely in a case of real danger.

Calmness of mind, combined with decision and energy in case of accident, is the object of the course of lectures given by the St. John's Ambulance Association. The certificates at length arrived, signed by the Deputy-Chairman, Lieut.-Colonel F. Duncan, R.A., and also by the examiner, the lecturer, and the local secretary.

The second, or nursing course, is only open to those who have passed the first course; it also consists of five lectures, followed by an examination. To those who intend taking up nursing as a profession these lectures are invaluable; but as at any time every woman may be called on to act as nurse in her own home, their practical use is in no way limited. The details of the sick-room, of the nurse herself, of the treatment of fevers, &c., are fully entered into.

To women nursing comes intuitively, but knowledge combined with intuition can alone render them competent nurses. Upon all who are able to do so, I would strongly urge attendance on the courses of instruction put forward by the Committee, and not to be content with a simple certificate, but to present themselves for re-examination, in order that they may receive the medallion of the Association. Such re-examination is necessary in order that the knowledge once acquired may not be forgotten.

I think few if any who have gone through a course of lectures can fail to be interested in the subject, and I doubt if they will grudge the trouble of learning, when they reflect that the knowledge thus gained may be the means of saving life, and will in all human probability lessen a fellow-creature's suffering.

## SIGNORINA LESSIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SO BLUE: THE STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL," ETC.



THE old-fashioned red-brick house known as Mulgrave Lodge, with its green lawns and wooded plantations sloping down to the banks of one of the prettiest backwaters on the Thames, was taken, so it was said in Mulgrave, not only for the summer but for good, by a widowed lady with two daughters. In one important respect, however, this report was inaccurate; for the two girls proved to be neither Mrs. Ingram's daughters nor sisters to one another. The curiosity aroused in the neighbourhood by the singular discovery that all three ladies bore different names was soon gratified, as the new-comers were frank, friendly people, with nothing in their history

to conceal or make a mystery of. The youngest of the girls was the daughter of Mrs. Ingram's sister, who had married an Italian gentleman, and died soon after the birth of her only child. Little Alessandra Veglio had spent her early childhood in Italy, but had passed on her father's death, when she was only fourteen, into the guardianship of her aunt, then residing in Dresden. Mrs. Ingram was the kindest of women, and Lessie, or the Signorina, as she was often called, was happy enough, studying diligently under various foreign masters, and thoroughly enjoying the summer months, during which it was her aunt's habit to travel about the Continent. The second winter, in Dresden, a singing-mistress was engaged for her in the person of a young English girl, one of a large and poor family, and the possessor of an exquisite voice, which had undergone training for the profession at a first-rate Conservatoire. There was no trace of poor birth or poor upbringing about Marion Ellis; her face and figure were those of a delicately-nurtured aristocrat;

her manners self-possessed, graceful, and exceedingly fascinating; her voice was low and musical, her speech refined. Mrs. Ingram literally fell in love with her, and it was not long before her infatuation reached such a pitch, that nothing would content her short of having the girl to live with her always. Poor Lessie found herself suddenly of no account, for Marion became to all intents and purposes the mistress of the establishment. She might invite friends, order the carriage, dismiss servants just as she chose; and though her manner lent a charm to everything she did, Lessie was not happy under the new administration.

Marion was never reluctant to tell her story, and she had a pretty way of alluding to her own absolute poverty as compared with Lessie's easy means, and to the vast debt of gratitude she owed Mrs. Ingram. Only one thing about herself she was careful to keep secret from her Mulgrave acquaintance, and this was her engagement to a Mr. Austin Longworth, whom she had met at Dresden. He was a man of good family, and already devoting himself with so much energy and success to political life, that his parents had refused their consent to his marriage with the penniless Marion, whom they deemed unworthy of the position to which their son would raise her. While the matter remained thus in abeyance, it was only natural that the girl should not care to make it public.

To outsiders it seemed as if Marion and Lessie must be the greatest of friends, yet such was very far from being the case. Attractive as Marion was, she lacked the real warmth of heart, the unselfishness, and especially the sincerity, which a nature like Lessie's demanded. The sensitive Italian girl, embarrassed in company by the shyness of her temperament and by the consciousness of an incurable though slight foreign accent, formed the greatest possible contrast to the beautiful Marion, who felt and used her power with a skill worthy of better aims. We have seen how blindly Mrs. Ingram gave way to her. Mulgrave was not slow to follow suit, and Marion queened it here, as she had in Dresden society, by the mere force of a strong selfish will, acting behind a person and manner of most exceptional charm.

Yet one man in Mulgrave seemed proof against the spell she exercised so widely. Mark Watson, the young and able doctor of the place, had the perversity to pay the most marked attentions to the dark-eyed Signorina, while he almost ignored the brilliant Miss Ellis. Marion was piqued. Dr. Watson was the finest and cleverest man in Mulgrave, and his indifference was an insufferable slight. She exerted herself to please him, and against his will Dr. Watson found himself brought continually into contact with her—called upon to take her down to dinner, to accompany her on her rides, to turn over the leaves of her songs. He was no awkward youth, but a man who had seen much of the world; and while he never really swerved from his first allegiance, he responded to Marion's advances with a grace that seemed to the inexperienced Lessie like the humble submission of a lover. The poor child saw, wondered, distrusted, and grew sick at heart.

"Does Dr. Watson know you are engaged, Marion?" she asked one day.

"Certainly not," replied Marion hastily, "and I do beg of you to keep that secret from him and every one else in England. Supposing Austin's parents are obstinate, do you think I should want it known that I had been thrown over?"

"Of course not," answered Lessie, "but I *cannot* understand the way in which you flirt with every man you meet just as if Mr. Longworth never existed."

It was the first time Lessie had ever so addressed Marion, for they were not on terms to make friendly remonstrance possible.

Marion smiled softly to herself, and, laying her hand lightly on Lessie's shoulder, looked penetratingly into the young girl's face. "Poor little Signorina!" she said in a significantly compassionate tone—"poor jealous little Signorina!"

Lessie shook herself free, and for a moment her eyes flashed dangerously. Then, restraining herself, she said coldly—

"Remember, Marion, that if I were jealous, I could satisfy my jealousy at any moment by telling Dr. Watson of your engagement."

Marion laughed sweetly. "I know you better, Lessie; you are not capable of acting so meanly."

Lessie made no reply, and Marion left the room, not without a faint sense of compunction. Nevertheless, when Dr. Watson made his appearance that evening, she monopolised him in just her usual gracefully selfish way, and the proud pale Signorina stole out into the garden to suffer in lonely silence. Marion's wonderful voice was borne out to her on the quiet, fragrant evening air, and she pictured the group inside—Marion at the piano, Dr. Watson at her side, and Mrs. Ingram in an easy chair by the window, listening contentedly.

"Signorina!"

She looked up with a start of surprise at Dr. Watson, who had come out to her in the middle of Marion's song. He sat down beside her and tried to talk, but Lessie was ill at ease and only saved herself from betraying disquiet by responding with curt, chilly dignity. Mark rose at last, gave a sort of sigh, and returned to Marion.

Next day Lessie was in the plantation by the water-side, when the soft plashing of oars fell upon her ear, and a boat containing only Dr. Watson and Marion passed up the backwater. The young man was just dipping his sculls lazily into the water, evidently absorbed in what he was saying to Marion, who listened with down-bent head.

Lessie leant against a tree, and watched them with a sore heart. As soon as the boat had passed, and she could move without fear of being seen, she hurried to her room. No tear fell from her hot eyes, no sob eased the aching of her breast, for the girl was on her mettle and resolved to maintain self-control.

"I will *not* give way—I will *not* give way," she repeated over and over again, clasping her hands and