

I have elaborated these notes, and hope the enclosed will prove to be interesting.

Yours truly,

"BOMBARDIER."

On August 20th, the steamship *Maple Branch*, loaded with general cargo and prize cattle, left England bound for Chili and Peru. We had good weather, and were making a good passage until we were passing Cape Verde Islands, when our boat was stopped by a British armed cruiser. The cruiser "passed" us, but gave us no information. Four days afterwards, on September 3rd, at 6 a.m., we were stopped by a cruiser, which eventually turned out to be the *Karlsruhe*. A boat was launched by the latter, and some of her officers and men came aboard the *Maple Branch*, and after examining the ship's papers and interviewing the captain, gave orders for the British ensign to be hauled down.

We were given orders to pack up all our belongings and baggage, and at mid-day our lifeboats were loaded with the luggage. In the meanwhile, our prize cattle, which included bulls, one of which weighed 25 cwt., rams and fowls, were being slaughtered, so that when the boat was sunk the cattle would not be drowned. All the dead fowls and the best parts of the bulls were taken aboard the *Karlsruhe* for the officers' mess. In the afternoon the officers, engineers and crew were transferred to the s.s. *Crefeld*, a German passenger and cargo boat, which had been retained by the *Karlsruhe* for this purpose. She had no prisoners aboard when we embarked, and she had only just come from Rio Janeiro in answer to the wireless call of the *Karlsruhe*. The *Crefeld* was sent about 20 miles distant, the *Karlsruhe* waiting behind with the deserted *Maple Branch*.

We did not see the sinking of our boat, but the *modus operandi*, which the Germans used later, was to put two charges of dynamite, one in the bow and one in the stern, each being connected with a slow burning fuse. During the evening the *Karlsruhe* joined the *Crefeld*, and we on the latter had to follow the cruiser for three days, when she was joined by two more German steamships—the *Rio Negro* and the *Asuncion*. On September 6th, the latter came near the *Crefeld* and transferred the officers and crew of the s.s. *Strathroy*, which had been captured on August 31st. She was loaded with coal from Norfolk, Virginia, bound for Rio Janeiro. The *Strathroy* had not been sunk, but had been sent with its original Chinese crew, under the command of German officers and engineer, to Rocas Island, situated north of Brazil, for the purpose of supplying the *Karlsruhe* with coal when she required it. The *Crefeld*, *Rio Negro* and *Asuncion* were steaming about with the

Karlsruhe, but at about eight miles' distance, searching for British ships. On the afternoon of October 14th, the *Highland Hope*, of Liverpool, was sighted. She was bound for Buenos Ayres, in ballast, with a crew of 48, who joined us on the *Crefeld*, when the steamship was sunk.

Three days later the *Indrani*, bound from Norfolk, Virginia, to Rio Janeiro, loaded with coal, was stopped. She was not sunk, but had to follow the *Karlsruhe*.

On the 21st, early in the morning, the steamer *Maria*, flying the Dutch flag, was stopped. She was loaded with grain for Belfast from Portland, Oregon. As the *Karlsruhe* could not unload her she had to be sunk and her crew transferred to the *Crefeld*. In the afternoon of the same day the *Cornish City* was sighted and stopped. She was heavily laden with coal bound for Rio Janeiro from Cardiff. The crew was transferred to the *Rio Negro*, and later to the *Crefeld*. The *Cornish City* with her load of coal was sunk.

The following day the *Rio Iguassu* bound from the Tyne to Rio Janeiro loaded with gas coal was sighted. The crew were not immediately transferred to another ship, as the *Karlsruhe* attempted to tie up alongside the *Rio Iguassu* in order to coal from her, in which operation the captured crews were to have helped. After the first attempt the *Karlsruhe* gave up the idea of coaling from the *Rio Iguassu* as impossible. The crew was transferred to the *Crefeld* and the *Rio Iguassu* with her valuable cargo was sunk.

On October 5th, the *Farn* was captured. She was making for Monte Video from Barry Docks and was laden with coal. She was kept by the *Karlsruhe* as a coal tender, but all her British crew were put aboard the *Crefeld*—the *Farn* being manned by men from the *Karlsruhe* and her tenders. On the 6th and 7th October, two steamships, the *Niceto de Larringa* and the *Lynrowan*, were sunk with their cargoes of cereals and motor cars which were bound for Liverpool. The motor cars had been sent by Englishmen in the Argentine to the British Red Cross Society.

The officers and crew of these two boats were put on to the *Crefeld*.

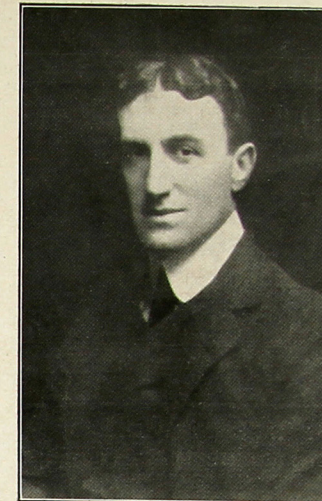
On the two following days two more steamships—the *Cervanteo* and the *Pruth*—both bound for Liverpool with general cargo were sunk. The former also had a few passengers, who, with the crews, were transferred to the *Crefeld*.

On October 11th, the steamship *Condor* from New York was stopped. The crews of the *Crefeld* and *Rio Negro* and the prisoners of the former had to help transfer the cargo, which consisted of oil and dynamite, to the cruiser.

By this time the *Crefeld* had 419 prisoners from 13 captured vessels on board and was full. As



Surgeon A. J. TONKINSON, R.N.



Lt. E. J. WYLER, R.A.M.C.



Lt. G. H. CHISNALL, R.A.M.C.

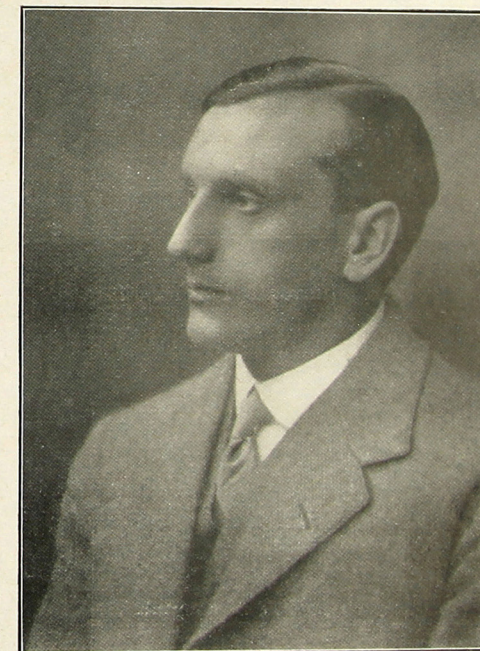


Photo by W. Crooke, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Surgeon R. T. BROTHIE, R.N.

water and food were beginning to get short, on October 13th she was ordered by the *Karlsruhe* to proceed to Teneriffe, with strict orders that she was not to get there until the 22nd. We arrived on the said date without being captured or even stopped by the British cruisers which were around the Canary Islands.

We were landed in Teneriffe on October 23rd, and owing to the exceeding kindness of the British Consul and of Mr. Hamilton, both of whom deserve the highest praise, we were accommodated in the best hotels in Teneriffe.

On Sunday, the 25th, some of the refugees sailed on the s.s. *Andorinha*—a smart little passenger and food boat, running regularly between Liverpool and the Canary Islands, calling at Las Palmas—for Liverpool. We were all excellently treated by the captain, officers and stewards, but were indeed pleased to land on November 3rd, at Liverpool. The rest of the refugees whom we left at Teneriffe arrived in Liverpool on the same day as we, having made the journey direct.

Here ended one of the most exciting, yet embittering, voyages ever made. In justice to our captors, we must state that we received every kindness and courtesy while on board the *Crefeld*. In spite of the accounts one reads in the papers of German horrors in Belgium, it is evident that the treatment they offered to their nautical prisoners does not leave anything to be desired.

[This message has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication, but takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statement].

“OUR EXPERIENCES AT ANTWERP”

Our little party, consisting of two surgeons, two dressers and three nurses, left Victoria Station at 10.30 a.m. on the Saturday morning, en route for Antwerp. We all shared the opinion that Antwerp was practically impregnable, and little did we know of the value of artillery fire against a well fortified city. This was to be well impressed on our minds during the next three weeks.

We sailed from Folkestone in the “Princess Clementine” for Ostend. The captain made himself extremely pleasant, and was kind enough to let us have three of the best cabins on board. There was a considerable breeze at the time, which made these additional comforts everything to be desired. We were unable to cross in the usual way owing to “mine-fields,” and consequently kept as near the coast as possible until we were beyond Dover, from where a more or less direct crossing was safely undertaken, under conditions

which were none too pleasant. We reached Ostend about eight o'clock that evening, and were rather pleased to hear from two men who had motored from the British Field Hospital at Antwerp to meet us, that it was necessary to spend the night at Ostend. After a very welcome dinner at our hotel, the dressers thought it would be rather a sound idea to see something of Ostend. It was very pleasing to note how well the people received us. We had not left our own hotel more than half-an-hour before an obviously rather important gentleman introduced himself to us, and was kind enough to invite us to his club, where we spent a very pleasing hour, and were introduced to some of the better people in Ostend. The next morning, after a typically continental breakfast, we continued our journey to Antwerp, and it must be admitted this proved to be extremely boring. It took us something like nine hours to travel seventy miles. We were fortunate in having a first class carriage reserved for us, the train being very crowded, and the third class carriages, to say the least, were terrible. Ten miles from Antwerp we had to go through the very common proceeding of having our passports examined. Everyone had to pass through a small doorway, and when one considers that there were quite two hundred people in the train, one realises how very dull this proceeding must have been for those who had to wait for over an hour for their turn. We were fortunate enough to be escorted through the crowd by a soldier who had come from Namur, and was one of thirty-five left out of three hundred. We eventually arrived at Antwerp about six o'clock, and found the base of the British Field Hospital for Belgium at 99, Boulevard Leopold, in an extremely pleasant part of the city. The hospital contained two hundred beds, which were then already full of wounded. We learned from the staff already there that many of these cases had arrived during the previous night in a more or less pitiable condition. We soon had our own beds to look after, and with wounded being constantly brought in were kept fully occupied. The wounds were mostly caused by shrapnel, and in spite of the immediate application of iodine, most of them, unfortunately, were septic. Fractured femurs seemed to be very common. Most of these were plated. Life in the city itself seemed quite normal during our first fortnight, and apart from the continual arrival of the wounded at the central station and in motor ambulances, it was difficult to realise the German trenches were within twenty miles of the city. The Germans did however remind us of their presence by sending an occasional Taube over the city. One would know at once when the Taube was about to arrive. All the forts would open fire on it, and one would see the aeroplane with perhaps ten or twenty small clouds of smoke around it, caused by shrapnel. It seemed very

remarkable that they would in almost every case return unharmed. On one occasion one of them came so low that from the roof of the hospital we could easily distinguish the aviator. One shot very nearly finished him, so he altered his course immediately and retired in the direction of Brussels. Before doing so, however, he dropped a bomb which killed a man about three hundred yards distant from the hospital.

Our introduction to the war was the first day we spent looking for wounded. Leaving Antwerp about half-past ten o'clock, we passed through the Malines gate, and in a little more than half an hour arrived at Malines. The first five or six miles of our journey seemed to impress on us how well Antwerp was fortified, for not only were the forts splendidly concealed, but the whole country seemed more or less a mass of barbed wire, the entanglement extending half way across the principal roads.

Malines itself looked very desolate. The Germans had already bombarded it once. The cathedral was shelled in several places, and one would occasionally pass houses which were completely ruined. No wounded had arrived that morning at the hospital, which consisted of two enormous rooms closely packed with beds; so we continued in the direction of the trenches. It was very essential on these occasions to have the "pass-word," otherwise one would not be able to travel many hundred yards. We were very often stopped by soldiers with fixed bayonets when we merely had to whisper the word in order to proceed.

Eventually we arrived at the Belgian trenches, after overcoming several obstacles in our way such as tree trunks thrown across the road. Everything was exceptionally quiet on this particular morning. The German trenches were only about two hundred yards from us. It was pleasing to notice how very cheerful these Belgians were in the trenches, in spite of the fact that they all looked remarkably worn. We found there were no wounded here, so it was decided to try another district.

About a quarter of a mile from these trenches was a magnificent castle, which had been occupied by the Germans only a few hours previously. Thinking it would be of considerable interest to us to see what damage had been done, we left our Minerva car outside and walked up the drive, and the first thing we noticed was a group of Belgians smoking their pipes, waiting for a German attack. The garden was magnificent and it was rather pathetic to notice five newly formed graves of Belgian officers who had actually fallen on that spot only a few hours previously. We were told that these men were walking up the drive quite unconscious of the fact that there were still some

Germans occupying the castle, when they were mown down. The interior of the castle was completely ruined, all the furniture broken and the glass smashed. Every room presented the same appearance. The Germans had to leave it rather hastily, and in their hurried retreat had left packs of playing cards on the floors. German culture was here seen to advantage, for not even the nursery was left untouched, and even the children's toys smashed to pieces. We met a Belgian officer here who told us he had actually seen the Germans capture a civilian and, after having removed his arms and legs, threw him on a fire. We left for Termonde. On our way everything was very quiet. One would occasionally hear a rifle shot and that was all. It was really terrible to find such a magnificent place that Termonde had been, completely in ruins. Not a house was spared. The whole city had been ruthlessly burnt to the ground.

On our return to Antwerp we passed several hundred Belgian soldiers returning from the trenches for a three days' rest. These men seemed completely worn out.

The second day we spent looking for wounded proved rather a contrast to our previous experience. Both sides were engaged in a very heavy artillery engagement. The Belgian forts were firing behind us, the British armoured train about one hundred yards on our left, and trenches filled with our own men and Belgians about two hundred yards in front of us. The German trenches were situated on the other side of the river Nethe with their artillery supporting them. The first case that came under my notice was that of a Belgian officer who had been shot through the abdomen. He was obviously in a serious condition, so after an injection of morphia we took him back to Antwerp, where it was found that he had been shot through the liver. Eighteen inches of small intestine had to be removed. The rest of the day was spent in picking up wounded and carrying them to collecting ambulances situated about two miles from the firing line.

Most of our time at Antwerp was taken up with ordinary hospital work. Many of the cases were very septic, and it can be imagined things were none too pleasant when we found one morning that the water supply had been cut off. Iodoform had to take the place of fomentations. It was rather remarkable that during the whole time we were in Antwerp there were only four cases of suspected typhoid. These were taken to an isolation hospital some miles away.

On one occasion we were privileged to see eighty German prisoners. They all happened to be of the "Landsturm," and it really was very pitiable to see them. Many of them over 50 years of age, and all seeming more or less sorry for themselves.

Our most exciting time came with the bombardment of the city. We were staying in the Rue Zurembourg, and on the Tuesday evening, after rather a hard day, we decided to retire early. We had previously taken a quick walk around the city, and it was very surprising to note how quickly the appearance of a city can change. Instead of gay activity, everything was desolate in the extreme. There was not a soul to be seen anywhere. It was indeed a city of the dead. We went to bed about nine o'clock, and at midnight we were awakened by the sound of a distant crash and the falling of bricks. This was soon repeated by a still louder crash, which told us the bombardment of the city had begun.

Having decided we had better get to the hospital as quickly as possible we dressed hurriedly, and by this time the shells were arriving at intervals of six seconds. One could never forget the walk to the hospital that night. Everything outside in utter darkness, and only the howling of dogs and the shrieking of shells breaking the silence. One would hear a distant rumble, and immediately after the shell would arrive with a very characteristic whistle which only too often heralded the ruin of somebody's home. On our arrival at the hospital we found everyone as busy as possible carrying the wounded (150 were in the hospital) from the wards into the cellars. The way in which these men bore their sufferings was beyond praise. They were packed in these cellars with the possibility that at any moment the whole of the hospital might be reduced to a mere ruin. One of them, an English captain, said "I don't mind being shot on the battlefield, but I do object to being killed like a rat."

At half-past two o'clock we were greatly relieved to know that every patient had been taken down safely, and by this time we all were simply longing for sleep. We therefore placed four beds together on the first floor of the hospital and took advantage of what rest we could get. This proved to be very little, as the shrieking of shells every few seconds, and the proximity of many of them, made sleep almost impossible. We would doze for a few minutes and suddenly be awakened by an enormous crash and the remark from one of our colleagues "D— close that!" "Most annoying!" "Oh dear!" The shelling lasted until half-past eight that morning, when it slackened somewhat for about an hour. Then the shells began to arrive even faster than ever, and this lasted the whole day. Having received orders that all our wounded were to be removed to Ghent, we began at twelve o'clock to get them into motor omnibuses. This proved to be by no means an easy task. Lifting men with fractured femurs from stretchers into a London motor omnibus is not the easiest of tasks. We had seven buses in all for one hundred and fifty wounded and the staff of the hospital, and

when one realises that many of these cases had to lie down, one can imagine the difficulties. Just before leaving the hospital one of the shells struck a house only two doors from us, causing a terrific explosion. We now had to make for the pontoon bridge, the only way out of Antwerp. The city did indeed present a very desolate spectacle. Houses smashed, with small fires here and there, live electric wires strewn across the boulevards, pavements torn up, and the sky in the direction of Malines gate almost black in colour. On arriving at the cathedral we seemed more or less out of danger, and it certainly looked as if they really were trying to avoid this magnificent structure. Eventually we came to the pontoon bridge, and it was very pitiable to find hundreds of refugees trying to escape at the last moment. We waited here almost two hours and were at last fortunate enough to get across. Already one of our men had died, and the conditions inside these buses were none too pleasant. It was indeed very impressive to look back on the city from the other side of the river and see huge columns of smoke rising from different parts of the city with an almost black sky over it. We could still hear the shrill whistle which accompanied the arrival of the shells. The hospital was indeed very fortunate in not being struck, especially when one considers how very close some of the shells were. One actually exploded in some trees at the back of the hospital. Several houses on the opposite side of the boulevard were also damaged.

Our progress to Ghent was very slow, mainly owing to the road being almost blocked with refugees from Antwerp. It was indeed a pitiable spectacle to see old men carrying all their earthly belongings, and women dragging and carrying children. We also passed many hundred Belgian soldiers retreating in perfect order and seeming perfectly happy. Their expressions only portrayed too clearly how really worn they were. It took us many hours to reach Ghent. About two o'clock in the morning we were passing through a wood when a Belgian officer rushed up and said, "Drive like the —, the Germans are only two hundred yards away." At that moment they opened fire on us, fortunately without any success. About ten minutes after this, one of the buses got stuck in the ditch, so we all had to help to clear it. It took us fully twenty minutes, and it was fortunate for us that there happened to be some horses near by, which helped us out of the difficulty. It was not really a very enviable position with German infantry in the neighbourhood, especially as we had no defence whatever. We eventually arrived at Ghent about eight in the morning, only to be told that the Germans were expected at twelve o'clock. We received orders to remove our wounded to Bruges, some eighteen miles away, and consequently our stay at Ghent was very short.

We had to leave some of our wounded here in a military hospital, their condition not allowing them to come with us. Here we left Lieutenant Foote, whose behaviour was really heroic, considering the fact that the previous day he had nine feet of intestine removed. Later, we learned he died here. It is hard for a life to be cut off in this way. But such a life has not been wasted. Where it ended there it was wanted, and what, when every human problem has been considered, can be surer than this—that to be where one is wanted, whatever the result, is the final object of our best worldly aims?

We had a similar experience at Bruges. Here we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting H. G. Winter, who was a Lieutenant in the R.A.M.C. He told us he was going into action that night. This was considered sufficient reason for light refreshment. He then seemed very full of life and none the worse for his experiences in foreign parts. We eventually arrived at Ostend, from where we brought about four hundred wounded to Dover.

W. H. SARRA,
EVERARD W. SHARP.

[This message has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication, but takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statement].

“DE L'AUDACE, ENCORE DE L'AUDACE, ET TOUJOURS DE L'AUDACE”

At 10.30 a peaceful and obscure citizen engaged in demonstrating the difference between the handle and blade of a scalpel; at 11.30, after interviewing a high authority, I was part of an Expeditionary Force, backed by the full weight of the British Empire. In command was the “Chairman,” the Chief of the Staff was the “Linguist.” I was the “Rank and File.” At 1.30 we were mobilised at the (—) and started strenuous work. Invading the sacred precincts, we carried the first line of defence by assault, and by a rapid flank movement entered fortifications, and commandeered our “identity papers,” in spite of protests, by the defending garrison. Here a delay occurred from the “Chairman” insisting on having entered a scar not usually “visible,” but after a temporary reverse we rallied and retreated in good order, much to the relief of the besieged. A final dash of superb audacity on the part of the “Chairman” carried us into the citadel, final orders were received, and the evacuation took place. In spite of red tape entanglements and a heroic defence by the garrison, aided by the boy scouts, the entire position was carried

in less than half-an-hour. This constitutes a record, and is an achievement we shall hand down to our children's children. After this the assault on the railway station was child's play, and at 2.5 we steamed out of Victoria on our perilous adventure.

No sooner had we started than we had an insight into the wonderful organizing power and foresight of our commander. Realizing the condition of the country we were about to invade, rendered bare and desolate by the Huns, at the short time at his disposal he had procured a commissariat capable of feeding his entire army for three days. How shall I describe that first meal in the train? Realising we were leaving home comforts behind, we tackled the roast pheasant and apple tarts, washed down by Perrier Jouet, with the aplomb of old campaigners, and never once regretted the steak pudding and small “Eagle” of our own palatial dining room, which now seemed only a memory. Afterwards we thought of those we had left behind us—when suddenly a porter called out —.

Here we embarked, the passport difficulty (we had none) being overcome by the “Linguist.” Talking his French to the English officials, who naturally concluded he was a German, he found every facility for doing harm put at his disposal with our well-known British courtesy.

The voyage was uneventful, and a little disappointing. No naval engagements were seen, no mines were struck, not even a Zeppelin was seen winging its way through the twilight to the siege of London—we might just as well have been ordinary tourists.

Calais was reached in the fog and the rain, and by a tour de force the “Chairman” carried the whole expedition ashore in the face of marked opposition. Here a dramatic episode occurred. “Lord —, I presume.” “Mr. Lionel —,” and the two long separated brothers embraced amidst the respectful cheers of the “Rank and File.” A strong contingent from the British Red Cross Hospital, under the command of an old “London” friend, Major Stedman, had come to meet us, and we were rapidly conveyed, by means of motor cars, into the British lines. Immediately our tour of inspection begun, and too much praise cannot be given to Major Stedman and his band of workers, amongst whom are several “London” men and nurses. From chaos they have produced order, and the Belgian wounded in Calais are now being as well treated as is possible, and the organization for dealing with them is nigh as perfect as it can be.

The question of accommodation then arose; true to his policy of never taking unnecessary risks, the “Chairman” retreated to the boat with the commissariat basket, from which he never parted,

while the “Linguist” and the “Rank and File,” disguising themselves as Belgian wounded, took refuge in a hospital ward and bravely supported the full rigours of war. In the morning whilst reconnoitering the “Linguist” was surprised by a sudden noise at the door; he took rapid cover in bed and prepared for the worst, but it was only Night Sister with an early cup of tea, which we drank with thankful hearts. After breakfast we made a rapid survey of all Major Stedman's excellent arrangements, and then securing a permit to travel we commandeered the embarkation officer's motor car, to his undisguised anxiety, and set out on the next stage of our dangerous journey. This was nothing more nor less than to penetrate into the English base at Boulogne, armed only with our native cheek. After losing our way several times, a difficulty that was overcome by the “Linguist” saying “Boo-long” in a loud and commanding tone to passers-by, we struck the long French highway and our difficulties seemed at an end. Our permit carried us safely through the numerous arrêts and procured us salutes from the courteous French soldiers, which our commander punctiliously returned. Indeed, so obviously important was our air, that once a small company of soldiers, seeing us coming, instinctively stopped and came to the salute. The dignity of our return salute was marred by the fact that our commander was engaged with a large slice of plum cake, the commissariat department once more being in evidence.

Arriving at Boulogne we were most courteously received by the highest authorities and shewn all the arrangements for dealing with the wounded.

The trains (we saw the first English converted hospital train, and it is a marvel of comfort) arrived at the side of the temporary hospital (clearing station), and the wounded are either treated here, drafted into the hospitals in Boulogne, or placed on board the hospital ship and sent to England. The personnel is abundant, keen and active, and the work is carried out without a hitch. Everywhere we meet “London” women and men, from Miss McCarthy, the Matron-in-Chief (late Sister Sophia), to third year men, clad in Red Cross uniforms, dining with Generals and hobnobbing with Aide-de-Camps. Satisfied with its work, the Expeditionary Force now broke up. Our beloved commander being left, whilst the “Linguist” and the “Rank and File” prepared to return.

Warned of the difficulty of leaving France without passports and informed of our liability to imprisonment, if not shooting, we approached the embarkation stage with caution. Stopped at once by detectives, we were soon the centre of a hostile crowd. In vain we pleaded—in vain we produced our automobile association tickets and our cards of membership of golf clubs (surely these shewed we were British!) the officials were adamant and we

saw visions of being marooned on these inhospitable shores. A happy thought—“Could we get anyone to identify us”? Time was getting short, the boat's whistle was hooting, and the “Linguist” left at the double to find someone to vouch for our harmlessness. The “Rank and File” continued to talk unceasingly and, worn out, the officials allowed him to go on board, where he took up a commanding attitude on the quarter-deck and gazed with longing eyes at the shore, where the “Linguist” was lost with the tickets. The whistle blew, the ropes were cast off, all seemed lost, when there was a sudden rush across the railway lines. Were the Germans attacking? No! for the rush was headed by the “Linguist.” On leaving the “Rank and File” he had rushed to the clearing station, picked up two old Fellowship men and prepared to return, met “Ginger” Porter, R.A.M.C., and added him. Pausing at the hospital they were reinforced by our commander, ever present in case of need, and an aide-de-camp. Adding numerous details—such as Dr. Stephens and several colonels as they sped along, the gangway was carried with a rush, and the boat started, amid what would have been a cheer if the shore party had had any breath left.

Of the home coming there is little to be said. We were medically inspected by having our pulses felt through our gloves—bluffed the special constables on guard about our passports, and 36 hours after leaving the (deleted by Censor) were once more private citizens.

RUSSELL HOWARD.

“OUR WARRIOR NURSES”

Up to the present date, November 22nd, the “London” has sent eighty-seven Nurses to the War Office and the Admiralty—twenty-five of these being “Old workers” who had only recently severed their connection with their Training School, or whom we could guarantee to be efficient and up-to-date in their knowledge of nursing. Sixty-two Sisters and Nurses have been sent direct from the London Hospital, and we expect to send more when we are officially requested to do so. (These figures do not include the multitude of “Old Londoners” who are nursing sick and wounded soldiers in various directions where their services are required).

We have not tried to meet the demands we have received from the many Homes which have sprung up all over the country in connection with Red Cross work. We could not deal with the emergencies in our own Hospital if we attempted to scatter our Nurses in accordance with the demands made for them.

We have received many post-cards and letters from our "Warrior" Nurses, but, unfortunately, they are not at liberty to write much that they would like to tell us and that we are eager to hear. However, we have the great satisfaction of hearing frequently that the various groups of "Londoners" who are together are well, and that they are enjoying their work.

The first to leave with the Expeditionary Field Force were attached to No. 3 General Hospital. They left England for an unknown destination on August 13th, after staying at Preston for five days. Mr. Brown and Mr. Batchelor were on the same boat.

Most of the Nurses who were sent abroad early found themselves moved from place to place very quickly, so that they had hardly begun to nurse patients in one locality before the approach of the enemy made the authorities transfer them rapidly to safer surroundings. On one occasion their retreat was so hurried that they were told they must leave all their belongings and their precious stores behind. We were amused to hear that two of our Nurses could not bring themselves to leave a good supply of eggs which they had just received for the Germans. So, they boiled them all until they were hard, and stuffed all available pockets and receptacles with them. These eggs proved very acceptable to their patients later on.

On October 30th, Nurse Dora Grayson wrote that No. 3 General Hospital had nursed five thousand wounded up to that time, and had, therefore, been very busy on many occasions. Miss McCarthy, R.R.C., Principal Matron of Q.A.I.M.N.S., who had been sent out by the War Office to inspect as many Hospitals as possible, and to arrange for obtaining adequate supplies of Nurses through Miss Becher, R.R.C., Matron-in-Chief, had inspected No. 3 General Hospital and expressed herself as very pleased with the arrangements, which was gratifying to the Nursing Staff.

The Nurses living under canvas at first enjoyed this experience. But, now the reports are to the effect that they are finding it very cold. Some groups of Nurses had a good deal of personal "roughing it" from time to time, but they bore all inconveniences with the cheerfulness we should naturally expect of them.

Nurse Florence Prichard wrote that whilst the Nurses were preparing some patients for removal to England one of them announced that he lived in Whitechapel, and expressed the hope that he might be sent to the "London." "Cos I been there before and knows all about it." He added that "it would be near for the Missus to come and see me." Naturally, it pleased him to discover that his Nurse was a "Londoner."

They write of having had many tetanus cases to take care of, and, although some are reported as

cured, they say that many of these poor men have died in spite of all that could be done for them.

No. 4 General Hospital left London on August 22nd, for a destination unknown, and the Nurses had rough experiences at first. Evidently, when they arrived at Versailles they found a very busy time awaiting them. They write quite enthusiastically of the excellent equipment at the temporary hospital at Versailles. One of our Nurses was on duty at Chautier Station, which many of the wounded from the battle of the Aisne passed through. This station was situated about fifty miles from the front. The worst cases were taken off the trains and kept there to be nursed. Others were fed and their wounds dressed, if possible, before proceeding on their way. Tobacco, cigarettes and such other comforts as could be supplied were given them ere they left.

The dressings were done at the railway station in a curious old shed, with an open front with just a curtain over it. Later on, this Nurse was sent to work at Trianon Hospital, where the equipment proved a pleasant contrast to the rough and ready resources which had to be made the best of when nothing else could be had.

The last letter received from the Nurses at Versailles was dated November 3rd. They were all still very busy, but they were expecting to be moved shortly. They were feeling the intense cold, but said they had plenty of work to do and that they continued well and happy.

The twelve Nurses attached to No. 10 General Hospital left England on August 20th. They worked in various places which they were not at liberty to mention. But, in November, their camp was situated on a Race Course two and a half miles from Rouen. The bell tents were very uncomfortable in wet weather, and it was necessary for them to wear gum boots and mackintoshes to go over to their Mess-tent. They had been very busy there, taking in one thousand four hundred and sixty-six patients within a few days.

The Nurses attached to No. 8 General Hospital left England on August 18th. Beyond the fact that they are well and happy, we have had little news concerning them.

Those Nurses who are fortunate enough to be working on the Hospital-ships seem to have very much enjoyed the busy life that has fallen to their share. There are four "Londoners" on the S.S. *Carisbrook Castle*, and two on the S.S. *St. Andrew*. These Hospital-ships do much useful work. They can accommodate as many as eight hundred patients, and, apparently, this is the usual number they bring across at a time. The Nurses say that the journey takes about thirty-six hours, and they go to and from Havre, Boulogne and St. Nazaire. When they have disembarked their patients at Southampton they tell us their

time is fully occupied on the return voyage in preparing dressings and making up the cots to receive fresh patients immediately on their arrival in France. As a rule, the Nurses are proving themselves to be good sailors. They speak well of the comfortable conditions provided for the patients on these boats. The Nurses are kept doing dressings for many consecutive hours as soon as they have their patients comfortably on board.

Miss Muriel Benington, an "Old Londoner," who left us three years ago to join Q.A.R.N.N.S., was one of the nurses on board the ill-fated *Rohilla* when she was wrecked. It was a terrible experience for them all. It appears that, owing to the darkness and to the violent gale which prevailed at the time, the *Rohilla* was driven ten miles out of her course. Nurse spoke with admiration of the courage and calmness of all present during the dreadful time they passed through before they were rescued. It speaks well for those nurses that the desire of them all is to return to work on another Hospital-ship. The Admiralty, after granting them a fortnight's leave to recover from the effects of the shipwreck, considerably thought they would prefer being stationed at home Naval Hospitals after what they had gone through. But, on learning that this was not the case, they kindly promised to arrange matters so that the nurses, whose courage seems to be of the same quality as that of our sailors and soldiers, should be on duty on Hospital-ships again.

Three "Old Londoners"—Nurse Chapman (*née* Maggie Bell), Nurse Meta Stack and Nurse Hilda Wells—went out with the Hospital of which Mr. Souttar was in charge, and won golden opinions for their work in Antwerp. We received a letter from Sergeant Russell, which was also signed by two of his comrades, saying how much they owed to the cheerful fortitude and presence of mind displayed by the nurses under most alarming conditions. I should like to quote a part of his letter:—

"I would like to mention the great coolness of the whole Staff whilst the town was being bombarded. We were all shifted from the various wards down to the basement and cellar in about 20 minutes, without the least excitement, our comfort being their (the Nurses') first thought. And then the rush from the doomed town. Late in the afternoon up came the good old bus, and we were packed in in no time without any hitch, and after a dreary time of it reached Ghent, and then on to Ostend and England. The last we saw of our kind Doctors and Nurses was shepherding a group of wounded Belgians who had travelled on with us from Antwerp.

While saying good-bye, I had the chance to ask one of our Nurses to write their

names down so that we could remember them to their fellow-workers in the London Hospital, and I hope I am causing you no trouble in asking you to acquaint all who know the undermentioned Nurses that the last time we saw them they were quite well and hoping to get some more work to do.

Nurses WELLS,
STACK,
CHAPMAN.

The Doctors' names I do not know, but if you could convey our heartfelt thanks to them all for their gallant and unselfish work, you will give great pleasure to the Royal Marines in this Hospital.

Believe us to be,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. RUSSELL (*Sergeant*),
F. GOWEN (*Motor Driver, R.M.B.*),
A. RUSHTON (*Private, R.M.B.*).

Some of our Nurses are working at Aldershot, Netley and other Military Hospitals in England. They have had busy times at intervals, and they have enjoyed these far more than the waiting which has fallen to their lot in between.

The "Londoners" at Haslar have found the long waiting with, comparatively, little to do rather disappointing, although there is much to study and to interest those who are fresh to the experience of working in a Naval Hospital. They are all keeping remarkably well since they have been living in the health-giving surroundings at Haslar. They had the welcome experience of receiving over a thousand wounded Belgians, which made them busy for a time, though, I understand, that a large number of these have now recovered and left that Hospital.

It will be known to many of you that up to the present one thousand one hundred and eighty-four British and Belgian soldiers have been received in our own wards, so that the "Londoners" remaining on duty here are taking a full share in nursing the brave defenders of our country.

I need scarcely add that many Sisters and Nurses who are doing their work faithfully here in their respective posts are equally ready to go to the front if any need for this should arise. But, meantime, their services are invaluable here in meeting the emergencies which the war has entailed upon us. We feel legitimately proud of the excellent work that our Sisters and Nurses are doing at home and abroad, and we may be allowed to rejoice in the knowledge that wherever their services may be required they will not be found wanting.

EVA C. E. LÜCKES.

WHAT THE WAR MEANS TO RUSSIA—HER POLITICAL STATE BEFORE THE WAR

Russia! What this word means to so many millions of men, what feelings it stirs in their hearts—in some, pride and love—in others, admiration—and in the enemies', fear and hatred.

Russia—the country so long despised and looked upon as barbarous has, in this war, shown what she is in reality, and proved that it is not her people who are barbarians, but those of another nation who called themselves the most highly cultivated of Europe.

Barbarism is in the outlet of the inner feelings of man, in their lowest passions which, to our cost, we have discovered, lay hidden in the German deep down beneath his outer covering of polish and Kultur, and so a poor badly educated Russian soldier from the peasantry possesses that good heart and religious instinct which places him on a higher moral plane than that of his enemy—but my object in this little article is not to abuse the Germans and their barbarisms to the whole world, but to let my dear English friends know what Russia is in reality at the present moment, and how our people bear the great task of this terrible and cruel war. What Russia was before the war and what she is now cannot be fully expressed in the little space of an article, and still less, perhaps, understood by anyone except a Russian. I will try to do my little best, and I hope that even if I will not be able to convey the full meaning, the reader will be able to form some kind of idea of Russia, the greatest friend of England.

There was a time, I will admit, when Russia was even unbearable for her own people. The country was ruled by an autocratic government, which sought the interest of only a comparatively small class of Russians, the so-called *Dvoriane* (in English, Squires). This class had privileges of every kind—in the army, navy, civil service and taxes, etc. As this class was the support of the Bureaucratic régime, the taxes were mostly imposed on the peasants, and the freedom of middle-classes was small.

To keep the latter well in hand a great power was given to the police, and the country was practically ruled by them. Owing to the passport system the police had every inhabitant, man, woman and child in their hand. For everything one had to get permission, and with the growth of civilisation, the position became unbearable. The highly-educated element of the land, especially students, tried in vain to break the walls—but the government was too strong—it had the army—then

came the great Japanese war, which was not a national, but a government disaster and defeat.

For a moment, at the outbreak of the war, under the name of patriotism, political feeling was put aside: but as soon as the absolute incapability of the government, the disgraceful organization of the army and navy with their badly trained officers, the swindling of the contractors, which were bribing the intendants, became clear—the war became more and more unpopular, until feeling broke out openly in manifestations, strikes, mutinies in the army, soldiers refusing to fight, and there were even reports that they were shooting down their own officers. The government, badly shaken, lost its prestige. The revolutionists united into strong partial organizations, and strikes in every branch of industry were proclaimed all over the country, so at last the Czar decided to give a constitution to the country. Since the 17th October, 1905, Russia gradually began her new existence. The election of the first Duma brought a great victory to the radical party, they are called in Russia "constitutional democrats," or shortly, kadet.

The assembled Duma were the pick of Russian intellectuality. It was composed nearly entirely of kadets, which occupied the centre, two members of the oktiabrist party had the right wing, and 50 or 60 socialist revolutionists, democrats and labour parties, made the left. I mention all this to show that the great majority in Russia has high ideas, and wishes for freedom of political and national rights. Everything was pointing out that our hope at last would be gratified, but alas, it was not so. The kadet, supported by the socialist and labour parties, over-estimated our strength, and completely ignored the military power of the government, and instead of trying to get a compromise with them (our government is appointed by the Czar and not from the parliament), boldly dashed ahead, wanting to crush the government and to establish themselves in power and govern the country.

The Duma refused to hear ministers, chased them from the house with shouts of "murderers, thieves," etc., and the end was that the greatest Duma Russia ever had was dispersed. Members flew to Vibourg in Finland, where they assembled for a last sitting, and issued the famous proclamation known as the appeal of Vibourg.

The members expected that the whole nation would respond to the appeal, and that the monarchy and the autocracy would see their last days, but it was not so, the government was still too great a military power, and the radicals had their first defeat. The law of election for the second Duma was slightly changed, and it brought already a contingent of monarchists and oktiabrists, but still giving the majority to the kadet party.

This Duma was also dispersed owing to the pretext made by the government that the socialist party was arranging a plot against the Dynasty. All the socialist organizations were crushed and dispersed, and a wave of reaction went through the country. The monarchists, with the help of the government, attained a strong position and a fine organization. The law of election was completely changed, which was an inhuman thing to do, as it meant breaking the law of the constitution, and owing to this new law the third Duma brought a great majority of oktiabrists and monarchists. The oktiabrist party, till the beginning of the present war, was still in the majority in the Duma.

I have no space to give details concerning the parties and their deeds, but I will just mention the parties which represent the nation in parliament. Three parties of monarchists to occupy the right wing, oktiabrists the centre, progressists, kadets, labour, social democrats and social revolutionaries the left. The monarchists mostly are supported by the military, aristocracy, priests, some land proprietors, rich peasantry and merchant classes. The centre, oktiabrists, by land and house proprietors, great number of merchants, a few barristers, and a big majority of members of the civil service. Radicals are composed of men of the highest education and free professions, such as professors, doctors, barristers, and the Jewish classes. The Poles have their own party called *Polskoe kolo*, but vote with the radicals.

Socialists and labour parties are chiefly the working classes, Armenians, Georgians of all classes, provincial preliminary school teachers, with a sprinkling of the Russian highly educated classes.

The hatred between monarchists, radicals and socialists is very great, and I do not think that your English Parliament has seen such scenes as have passed in the Duma. The right abuse the left, left the right, and the oktiabrist centre tries in vain to pacify them. How many times the president was obliged to close the sitting, and innumerable times was obliged to expel members from 1 to 15 sittings! I am writing about the parties as they represent the national feeling and ideas of the country. The radicals wish to have a parliament on the same principles as the English one, with a free vote, ministers elected from the majority and responsible to the Duma, Home Rule to Finland, Poland and the Caucasus, equal rights to Jews as Russian subjects, abolition of the police and passport system, liberty of speech, press and meetings, income tax and amnesty to all the political criminals. Not a single item of this programme will be accepted by the monarchists, while the oktiabrists do exactly what the government wishes them to do, although it is true that during the last 18 months, owing to the growing

audacity of the ministers, the oktiabrists began to lose patience, and there were cases when the oktiabrists voted with the radicals, but unfortunately those cases were rare.

It must be said that the work of the Duma has done some good to the country, but the principal questions, most precious to the heart of many liberally-minded Russians, were not even discussed. The heart-rending position of Jews did not improve in the least, the monarchists doing their best to incriminate their characters. The famous (or rather infamous) Kiev trial of *Beyliss*, the Jew, charged with ritual murder, was a provoked case brought about by the police and the leaders of the extreme monarchists. Happily they were defeated, and the great majority of Russia was so disgusted that a counter-reaction began in the country, although a feeble one. The great vodka question also could not be solved. There was a great discussion at one time in the Second Chamber (the Council of State), but it came to nothing, as the Government was making too much money out of it to lose it.

Home Rule for Poland was completely out of the question, and so we crept slowly along with all our State difficulties, without being able to find any solution or compromise. At the same time, it is true that many improvements were made, especially in the army, and I can say with confidence that Russia was the only one of the Allies who was preparing herself for the present war.

In a few words I have described the political position and its difficulties before the war, so that my readers can see how the whole country from the lowest to the highest has now changed in every respect.

Russia—the protector of all her Slavs, had for years very strained relations with Austria and her ally, Germany—when Austria tried to provoke war by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, Russia had to submit to the slap, as she was still weak from the Japanese war, and not ready to reply to the insult by arms, but the hatred against Austria and Germany increased—a Russian is a great sentimentalist, he loves his country, and is proud of it, also he is very fond of his brother-Slavs, and the knowledge that they are badly and unjustly treated by a Teutonic race set his teeth, so that when Austria, inspired by Germany, presented her infamous ultimatum to Serbia, being also a decided provocation to Russia, Russia felt that it was more than she could stand and began her mobilisation.

The declaration of war was hailed with intense and boundless enthusiasm, and this hurricane of patriotic feeling has swept away—in a moment of time—the prejudices and differences of class, and nationality, political quarrels, intrigues, drunkenness and crime.

The highest and best feelings of men came to the surface, uniting them under the flag of the beloved country, and the Holy War was proclaimed to deliver our brother-Slavs from the clutches of the Huns. There is not a man in Russia who is not ready to make any sacrifice for his country. When the Czar gathered the Duma in the Winter Palace to make his speech, moving scenes were witnessed when the leader of the radicals embraced the leader of the extreme monarchists, and they, like two happy children, were walking about the Palace arm-in-arm. The government appreciated the great patriotic response of the nation, and in their turn did everything in their power to settle the unsolvable questions. The Poles were promised the establishment of their country and Home Rule. The government monopoly of vodka was abolished and spirit prohibited to be sold in the country. A law has been passed introducing income tax, and the Jews, it is hoped, will receive equal rights. Steps were taken to regain their sympathy, for instance, *Paurishkevich*, the Anti-Jewish leader of the extreme monarchists, publicly apologised to them. The governor of Vilna attended the service in the Synagogue, and a Jew, named Katz, was raised from the ranks as a reward for his bravery, breaking by this, for the first time, the law which excludes all Jews from holding commissions in the army.

There is now no sacrifice that the nation is not ready to accept. The soldiers, from the lowest to the highest, are doing deeds of unforgettable bravery, going to death with singing and smiles. The wounded are fretting, not about their wounds, but because they cannot continue to fight. Our losses are very many, but we don't think of them, and the quantity of men ready to fight is inexhaustible. But it is not only those at the front who are doing great work. Every man, woman and child is working day and night to provide comfort to our beloved soldiers and their bereaved families. It is almost impossible to describe how wonderful is their work. Every branch of Society and corporations provide their own hospitals, as, for instance, the Duma 300 beds, Petrograd 150 beds, and so on. Every rich man who can afford to do so, arranges his own little hospital, and donations of every kind are pouring in from the richest to the poorest. One small quarter in Petrograd gathered 100,000 complete outfits in underclothing, and charity on this scale is repeated in every town of Russia. Taxes have been imposed on luxuries of every kind—theatre tickets, 1st and 2nd class railway tickets, also an additional stamp of five kopecks (1½d.) on every letter. Street collections and thousands of concerts have been organised for the same purpose.

One of the principal traits of the Russian character is his good heart, and his sensibility to the suffering of others, even his enemies, and

whatever the Russian does, he does on a large scale.

The scenes are specially pathetic in the poorer classes. They are ready to part with their last shirt and their last farthing. One peasant even brought a leg of mutton, asking for it to be sent to the front. They sold it by auction and it fetched a good price. Special praise must be given to the work of the Russian Red Cross ladies of the highest birth, as the sister of the Czar and his own daughters are working as ordinary nurses.

A great deal has already been said in the English papers about the Russian army, but I must add from my part, this, that never in all its glorious history has there been such enthusiasm, such spirit and such determination to crush the enemy. The Paris correspondent of the *Journal* telegraphs from Warsaw to France:—"Courage comrades and be patient, when Russian soldiers strike—God save the enemy." Our army now possesses all that is necessary to crush Germany, great generals, fine officers, brave soldiers fearing nothing, knowing they are fighting for the right cause. The army is well equipped with the latest modern guns and warm winter clothing. The supplies of men are inexhaustible, and it is certain that in case of great need 15 million men can be put on the field. The great bulk of Russian population is composed of peasantry who are accustomed to hardships of every kind, so that our soldiers can endure any weather and any work.

We, liberal Russians, hope that after the war is over the government will start a new policy, and that the Entente with two of the freest countries in Europe will bear influence, and that in the near future Russia will also be counted and looked upon as one of the free and liberal countries of the world.

VLADIMIR ROSING.

"POLAND"

Poland, considered as a geographical entity, comprises huge territories, some million square kilometres in extent, stretching between the Baltic, the Carpathians and the Black Sea. The eastern lines of demarcation touch the rivers *Dniepr* and *Dzwinia*, the western frontiers go as far as the river *Oder* and the slopes of the Bohemian Mountains.

Zones of hills and plains run parallel to each other on these territories. Immediately to the north of the *Carpathians* (Galicia) starts the "Little-Polish" plain, with the hills of *Lysagora* (Gov. of Kielce-Russian Poland) as its northern boundary. The middle *Vistula* divides this second hilly zone into two parts; the hills of South Poland (in

Russian Poland) to the west, and the large territory of East Central, Eastern Galicia, and Podole (in Russia) to the east.

A second and by far the largest zone of plains is situated to the north of the above. These lie from west to east: the "Great-Polish," "Masovian" and "Polesian" plains.

These huge plains have the Baltic as their furthestmost northern boundary, and are separated from the sea by a flat belt of low lying country—with very numerous lakes. The country slightly rises to the east in the hilly part of Lithuania.

Before the war broke out the northern and north-western countries belonged to the German Empire (Prussia), and they are known as the provinces of *East Prussia*, one part of *Western Prussia*, the province of *Posen* (*Poznan*) and *Upper Silesia*. The western and south-western countries belonged to Austria: they are the provinces of *Lower Silesia* and *Galicia*.

The central and eastern parts belonged to Russia: i.e., the *Kingdom of Poland*, *Lithuania* and the so-called "Western Governments" of Russia (*Wolynia*, *Polesie* and *Podolia*).

The plains of Poland are intersected by a number of rivers and streams. The majority of these belong to the system of the river *Vistula* (*Wisla*).

Starting in the western-most part of the *Carpathians* (the *Beskids* in Lower Silesia), *Vistula* takes its course sharp to the east along the Little-Polish hills and flows through Galicia in the first place. Leaving the Austrian territory and gradually turning to the north it forms the "inter-state" frontier between Galicia and the kingdom of Poland as far as *Sandomierz*. Hence, heading straight north, it runs through the kingdom of Poland as far as, and slightly above, *Warsaw*; somewhat north of *Warsaw* it bends sharply to the north-west and continues so until the second "inter-state" frontier between Poland and Prussia is reached. From the frontier (*Thorn*, *Torun* in Polish) it runs once more straight north through the flat belt of the Baltic zone and enters the sea at *Dantzig* (*Gdansk*), the estuary being formed by two sections: the *Nogat* and the *Leniwka*. The main tributaries of the *Vistula*, except four, are to be found in Russian Poland.

On its right bank it receives the waters of *Raba*, *Dunajetz*, *Wisloka* and *San* in Galicia, and of *Wieprz*, *Narew* with *Bug* and *Drweca* in the kingdom of Poland. On its left bank the rivers *Nida*, *Kamienna*, *Pilica*, *Bzura* and *Brda*, all lie in Russian Poland.

The western frontiers of Poland, as mentioned before, stretch as far as the system of the river *Oder* (*Odra*). The *Oder*, starting in Silesia, flows in a north-westerly direction towards the Baltic.

The tributary *Warta* with its two ramifications, the *Prosna* and the *Notec*, are the only waters of the *Odra* system that may be of importance for the purposes of this article. The river *Warta* starts just to the south of *Czestochowa*, almost on the border line between the kingdom of Poland and Silesia, reaches on its windy course north-westwards to a point midway between *Lodz* and the Silesian frontier, finally bends directly west at *Kolo* and leaves the territory of Russian Poland, passing into the province of *Poznan*. The city of *Poznan* lies on the left bank of *Warta*, which in its further course runs west beyond the boundaries of Western Prussia and *Poznan*, and reaches the *Oder* at *Kostrzyn* (*Kostrin*) in Brandenburgia.

Of the tributaries of *Warta* the river *Prosna* forms the "interstate" frontier between Russian and German Poland, and the river *Notec* starts in the N.W. corner of Russian Poland and enters the lake *Goplo* in the Russo-Polish territory. This lake is the largest one in this region—it is typical of the "Great-Polish" plain; and all the ancient and early history of Poland is associated with its name. The frontier line runs across the lake, the best part of which lies in the *Poznan* territory. Leaving the lake, the river *Notec* runs diagonally across the province of *Poznan* and reaches *Warta* not far from its junction with the *Oder*. The *Notec* in its upper course almost touches the *Vistula* system, with which it is connected by means of the *Bydgoszcz* (*Bromberg*) canal. The canal unites it with the river *Brda*, the northernmost tributary of *Vistula* on its right side.

It may be said without any exaggeration that all the important fighting in the Eastern theatre of war took place and is still proceeding between the two systems of *Vistula* and *Odra*. In fact it is a struggle for the mastery of the *Vistula* system, since the *Odra-Warta* system is—so far—in secure possession of the German armies. Should the Germans take possession of the western and northern part of the *Vistula* system, they will have to reckon with the powerful south-eastern ramifications of the system only. Should the Russians advance in sufficient strength to force the *Warta* and *Notec* zone, the river *Oder* will be their next—if not final—objective. I will leave out of account for the present the system of the river *Niemen*, which—all important as it is for the second line and the concentration area of the Russian force—is not of immediate interest and would unnecessarily complicate matters in this article.

The main centres grouped along the river *Vistula* have by now become familiar in this country. It is the *City of Cracow*, in the first place, situated on both banks of the river. The defences of the left bank of the river are much stronger here than on the right side, which is protected by two powerful forts only. This is one of the reasons

why the Russian attack proceeded from the south-east. The river *Raba* may be said to be the first line of defence of Cracow, whilst the possession of the river *Dunajec* with the town of *Tarnow* in its northern part, and *Nowy Sacz* (Neu Sandec) on its southern extremity, gives the virtual mastery of Western Galicia to any army that can hold its line. The river *Wisloka*, although it runs parallel further east, is not of such an importance on account of a rather awkward triangle between its lower part and the Vistula. The next river, *San*, is of utmost importance, as it forms the natural continuation south of the river Vistula at *Sandomierz*, and roughly divides Galicia into two parts. It runs almost as far as the main Carpathian passes, and on its northern extremity is as well as unprotected, and opens up the road to the eastern system of the Vistula and the second line of the Russian dispositions. This is the reason why the first Austrian offensive began by crossing the river *San*.

The next point of importance is *Ivangrod* (Deblin in Polish), a strong fortress on the right bank of the river Vistula on its junction with the tributary *Wieprz*. This river starts in the south-eastern corner of Russian Poland, runs north as far as *Lubartow*, and thence straight west to *Ivangrod*. Midway between *Ivangrod* and *Warsaw*, Vistula is reached by one of its longest tributaries, the river *Pilica*, which divides the south from the centre of Poland. It starts in the south-western corner some 60 miles north of Cracow.

Warsaw is mainly protected by the next junction of Vistula with its largest tributary the *Bug*. The strong fortress of *Modlin* (Novo Georgiewsk in Russian) lies between the Vistula, the *Bug* and its tributary, the *Narew*. The *Narew* runs across the north-eastern corner of Russian Poland, and forms a natural barrier to an invasion southwards from the south-western corner of East Prussia. It is protected by a line of secondary fortresses. This line, however, as well as the whole line of *Bug*, will have to be considered separately.

There is nothing of importance north of *Modlin* until we reach *Plock* on the right bank of the Vistula midway between this fortress and the frontier. Its importance lies simply in the fact that it is a "point d'appui" for any offensive movement, but is not fortified in any way, neither is it naturally protected. The towns of *Wloctawek* and *Nieszawa* are the further "points d'appui" within the territory of Russian Poland.

None of the points north of *Modlin* is of any primary importance because they are all unbridged. The only permanent bridges on the Vistula are the following: four at *Cracow*, one at *Ivangrod*, four at *Warsaw* and one at *Modlin*. The course of Vistula through the German territory is, however, well provided with bridges and very strongly protected.

L. W. RAJCHMAN.

(To be continued).

1812-1914. SOME HISTORICAL PARALLELS

The reader of dispatches from the Eastern fighting line is constantly arrested by names and districts familiar to him in the historic accounts of Napoleon's great Russian invasion.

The earlier stages of that super campaign, preceding the actual crossing of the Niemen, lie very much in the zone which is witnessing the present fiercely contested action.

To Barclay de Tolly, generalissimo of the Czar's forces, was due, in the face of much National hostility, the immense scheme for foiling Napoleon's plans. The interest attaching to his name lies in the fact that he was descended from an old Aberdeen family, the Barclays, whose ancestral home was the village of Tolly.

The prejudice of that age could hardly tolerate a general officer not of noble stock, hence the adoption of a title which, if the man retained any of his native humour, must have amused none more than himself.

A descendant of this Barclay is at present fighting in Nyassaland against the Germans, and he was present as an official guest, two years ago, at the Centenary of the Battle of Borodino, in the capacity of the descendant of a Protagonist. At this same Centenary it was reported that there were present one or two survivors of the actual battle—men who had attained the age of 130 years.

Napoleon left Paris on May 9th, on an expedition that did not reach its objective in Moscow till 14th September.

The first stage of the journey ended at Dresden, for much political work lay ahead there, and treaties, more or less essential, to the safeguarding of his bases had to be effected; the friendship of Austria, essential to the safety of his right wing, had to be secured; that of Prussia was more of a sullen acquiescence, over-awed as the nation was by the powerful French garrison; by this time the Tugendbund had prepared Prussia for a national rising against the French.

Further afield, an attempt to secure the allied help of Sweden in the north and Turkey in the south failed. Active assistance against Russia from both of these quarters would have greatly simplified Napoleon's schemes.

The court at Dresden, which extended over a period of more than three weeks, was one of the most brilliant ever held by Napoleon.

On the 29th of May the official mobilisation began, though troops had already been massing for six weeks. To gratify the local Poles, Napoleon inspected Posen. Poland had already furnished

him with men approaching 80,000 in number, many of whom regarded him as their "Great Liberator," and whose cavalry, the famous Polish Lancers, proved their worth in the Peninsula, and fought for him to the last at Waterloo. But in meeting the Pole Napoleon was on dangerous ground; his alliance with Austria precluded him from accepting the Polish offers to throw in their lot *en masse* with him. He had stipulated that the Austrian suzerainty of the Poles should be left undisturbed. For this reason Napoleon avoided Warsaw.

It was essential that Austrian friendship should leave Galicia guarding his right flank, for a general rising of the Poles would have raised Austria behind his right rear, and Prussia would not have hesitated to throw in her lot and cut him off from his western bases. Thorn—from which Von Hindenberg has just made his famous dash—was an advanced base for his supplies and munitions of war. Under his direction the town was strengthened and troops garrisoned there. Following the course of the Vistula down stream he arrived at Graudentz in Prussia, and included Dantzig and Königsberg in his tour of inspection.

On the 12th of June he held a final review, and directed the advance of his columns on the Niemen.

The total number of forces, including those along lines of communication, was estimated at 617,000, of whom 480,000 were present already in the advance on the Niemen.

Roughly their arrangement was as follows:—On the extreme left was Macdonald with 32,000; his objective—marching on Riga harrying and demonstrating towards the north. South of these, marching through Warsaw to Grodno, was Jerome, King of Westphalia, with 79,000 Westphalians, Saxons and Poles. On his right was Eugène, Viceroy of Italy, heading for Martan with a similar number of Bavarians, Italians and French. In the centre came the Emperor with 200,000 men. Immediately commanding these headquarter army corps were the King of Naples, Prince of Eckmühl and the Duke of Dantzig. These troops came from Thorn, and headed in a single mass for Kovno. The Grand Army marched on the Niemen in three separate parallel masses to Grodno, Pilsy and Kovno. The Niemen was reached on June 23rd, where Napoleon caught his first glimpse of Russian soil. It was on the morning of this day, whilst reconnoitring the river with his staff—the precise hour was 2 a.m.—his horse stumbled and threw him, an evil augury of disaster that dogged him till his return to Prussian soil five weary months later.

A few Cossack scouts only were seen, and these offered no resistance, and after standing a challenge, wheeled away and disappeared.

On the evening of the 24th June, the army crossed unmolested by three pontoons thrown across in the dark, and the Invasion had begun.

The weather now was intensely hot, and in the course of the march to Wilna the army suffered immense losses in horses, over 10,000 of which are reported to have succumbed to the heat. Numerous younger conscripts also died on the road from sheer exhaustion. In direct contrast to the system now obtaining in England with our new army in training, many of these younger lads had never held a gun before reaching headquarters, their drill instructions were carried out *en route*, and the weakly were quickly weeded out by this method. These facts account for the enormous casualties sustained in the early days of the campaign on Russian soil, where, without a single battle or skirmish, 25,000 sick men dropped out on reaching Wilna. The resources of this town were severely strained by the sudden concentration of 400,000 men upon it, and of the sick, accommodation could be found for 6,000 alone. Indeed, the gross failure of the medical arrangements and hospital accommodation for this mighty host appears to have been one of the original defects in the whole conception of the vast and ill-starred campaign.

In addition, a new element had entered into the strategy. In previous campaigns, Napoleon's armies had largely subsisted on the enemy's resources, but on this grand scale armies depend for their very existence on perfect transport of munitions of war and food, since foraging, even in a land of plenty, is only possible to the advanced screens of troops.

In 1812, Napoleon's rigorous concentration on details was not as much in evidence as in his earlier campaigns. Much was delegated to subordinates; on several occasions during the campaign Napoleon seems to have issued orders—perfect theoretically—for the rationing of his troops from convoys which were non-existent. The immensity of his schemes seems to have overpowered his personal interest and supervision of the no less important details of food transport.

It was in this campaign, too, that Napoleon discovered—as we hope is also becoming patent to the Dual Alliance—the presence of a fourth hostile element, in addition to infantry, cavalry and artillery, MUD! Possibly it was the significance of this historical experience that, in October, inspired the rapid German advance on, and retreat from, Warsaw, which probably had as its sole objective the hampering of the Russian advance by the breaking up of the roads, and which was never meant, primarily, as an attempt to give battle on Polish soil.

It was in the first stage of this march to Wilna that occurred one of the most dramatic scenes of