

a small space. We have had charge of this Ward ever since we have been here; we have also had charge of Wards, both in the right and left divisions, where there was an extra amount of enteric fever. At this time of year the Hospital is comparatively empty, as nearly all the troops are sent up to the hills during the hot weather (four of the Sisters have gone up with them, and just now they are nursing in camp); but as sometimes happens, there has been a run of extremely severe cases, although the cool weather after the rains is generally considered a more unhealthy time.

Each Ward is in the charge of an Apothecary, who is expected to visit his patients every two hours during the day; and one Apothecary has to remain on duty all night, and he can always be sent for, should anything be needed. These men are Warrant Officers; they are responsible for the discipline of the Wards. Though not qualified as doctors, they have to undergo three years' college and Hospital training before they can pass the entrance examination into the service as Apothecaries. They do all the dispensing, are supposed to superintend the Nursing, to carry out the Doctors' orders, to take and chart all temperatures, pulses, respirations, &c., &c., and though not allowed to order active treatment, many minor points must, of course, depend on their discretion during the Surgeons' absence; this is, of course, the old régime. Now the Sisters are absolutely and solely responsible, under the Medical Officers, for the patients under their charge, and I am happy to be able to add that the evil prophecy that I mentioned above has, so far, proved entirely untrue.

The Apothecary of the Ward, with the Sister, attends the Medical Officer as he makes his rounds, and enters all prescriptions into his book from dictation; but all directions as to the treatment of the patient are given to the Sister in charge, and, of course, she undertakes to carry them out.

I believe that many prejudices which were entertained against Nursing Sisters before their arrival have been greatly modified by the discovery that they really *mean* work, and *do* it! What was expected of us I can't quite think; but, certainly, the amount of labour, care, and time which we have thought it right to bestow on our patients, has been a considerable source of surprise to many people.

The Medical Officers visit the Hospital during the cold weather at nine o'clock; at 7.30 a.m. all through the spring; at this season they come at 6.30 a.m. They do all their work between that time and eight and nine o'clock, and they do not come to the Wards again till

the evening. When the Deputy Surgeon General makes an inspection, he comes not later than ten o'clock. There is, therefore, a long, quiet time through the middle of the day; but during the great heat the patients are often worse, and require frequent and prolonged sponging to keep the temperature down, so there is generally plenty to do. The heat also causes severe congestion of the brain, and often excessive delirium; and the course of illness here is often very rapid: a man, apparently fairly well, will sometimes change and die in a couple of hours. Then, on the other hand, when every one seems as bad as possible, perhaps there is a thunderstorm, which cools the air for a few hours, and every one in the Ward seems to revive at once.

There are four, even sometimes six, Orderlies attached to the Fever Ward; they are on duty only one at a time, for four hours each. The other Wards do not have any English Orderlies at all, so the patients look after themselves and each other. Of course, the majority of these cases are trivial, but not all. If the Fever Ward happens to be full, they often get very bad before they can be transferred, or before the Medical Officer in charge sends to the regiment for a comrade to look after the sick lad. And, after all, when the comrade has come, and is duly installed as Hospital Orderly, he has no idea that a case of typhoid must on no account sit up or get up when he has a mind to, and he does not realise the desperate importance of scraps of bread being added to the milk diet.

Hospital Orderlies are all volunteers for the work, and, consequently, there is a great element of uncertainty about them. Some of them are splendid fellows, keenly interested in their work, anxious to learn all they can, endlessly good to the sick—altogether admirable Nurses. But many go in for Nursing merely to escape daily parade, and because they get rather more liberty. These men are not always steady; and sometimes, also, just as one of them may be getting into the work and becoming useful, he gets tired of it, or he thinks himself overworked, and he says quite suddenly, "Sister, I think I will go back to my regiment," and he goes. One has to begin afresh with a new one.

Not that they do work very hard, for Tommy Atkins is very much the gentleman in this country, and all fatigue work is done by the natives.

All the Coolies and Ward-servants belong to the "Native Hospital Orderly Corps," the recruits for which are enlisted on the same terms as other recruits in the Bengal Army, but for Hospital service only. They wear a partial uniform, consisting of a large red and blue turban, and a cotton tunic with a brass badge; but the rest of

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