

It happened on one occasion that the Biblical compressing was entrusted to my hands. I felt somewhat diffident over my task (had I been ordered to put on the "Encyclopædia Britannica" I should, doubtless, have attempted it), and I compressed and bound my patient to the admiration of all beholders, more especially those who knew least about the matter! Possibly I felt somewhat elated at this unexpected promotion to Nursing honours, but if I bore them meekly I did not bear them long, as you will see. It was an evening round, and I retired to rest soon after, being very tired.

At the witching hour of two a.m. I was awakened by a sort of scratching noise at my bedroom door, that I knew from dismal experience meant a "turn out" to "somewhere." I was doing extern duty then. It was our Night Nurse. She rejoiced in the name of Swindler, from the fact, I presume, that she was far too guileless to swindle anybody.

"Where have I got to go to?"

"It's not a 'hout' case, ma'am, but will you please to come to Ward No. 4?"

"What's the matter there?"

"Mrs. Brown wants to know if she can have that book took off?"

"What for?"

"It's got wrong somehow, and she can't get no rest for pain."

"I'll come and see about it."

In putting on my wrapper I felt there was a case against me or the book! The compress *had* slipped down, and the lower part of the book was lying over the pubis, which gave rise to the cystic distress of which the patient was complaining, not without cause. I removed the tome, and, as far as I was concerned, never put it on a patient again. I re-adjusted Mrs. Brown's binder, and put some napkins for a compress. Anxious for information, I asked "Swinnny" (as we used to call her) if she had ever known the book to slip before. "Oh, yes, ma'm, lots of times. The patients can't a-bear it." Commiserating the patients, I left the Ward, and soon resumed my broken slumber.

The pincushions were of the legendary sort, with "Welcome, little stranger," marked out in pins so extremely small they were no use for anything. Bows of narrow satin ribbon, generally pale pink or blue, adorned the four corners of this crowning glory of the baby's basket. It was stuffed very tightly with sawdust to show the mottoes well up, and altogether it was about as hard as a brickbat.

My readers must not imagine that this æsthetic article was ever visible *in* the Hospital; but we are just going "outside" to a "swell" case, and

mean to tell you what sometimes happened to it. The Doctor is a young man, with a reputation to make—on the pincushion! There is serious *post-partem* hæmorrhage, and he wants a compress. His eye falls upon the interesting article we have just described; he makes a wild lunge at it, and ere the astonished Nurse can recover from the shock her feelings have sustained at such a piece of sacrilege, it has disappeared from her gaze, and the Doctor is fastening the binder over it in a way peculiar to young practitioners, that leaves us in a state of dubiety as to which we shall pity most—patient or pincushion.

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESS OF HYGIENE.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION BY DR. W. B. CHEADLE.

(Continued from page 310.)

THE College of Physicians of Paris held a solemn inquiry into the causes of the disease and the proper mode of dealing with it. The conclusions at which they arrived are curious, and sound oddly in our ears now as an utterance from the fountain head of science. They attributed the epidemic to a struggle between certain constellations, the sun, and the waters of the Great Sea giving rise to a pestilent and deadly vapour or mist. Their manifesto was as follows:—

"We, the Members of the College of Physicians of Paris, after mature consideration and consultation on the present mortality . . . make known the causes of this pestilence more clearly than could be done according to the rules and principles of Astrology and Natural Science. We therefore declare as follows:—

"It is known that in India and the vicinity of the Great Sea the constellations which combated the rays of the sun and the warmth of the heavenly fire, exerted their power especially against that sea, and struggled violently with its waters; hence vapours often originate which envelop the sun and convert his light into darkness. These vapours rose and fell alternately for twenty-eight days; but at last sun and fire acted so powerfully on the sea that they attracted a great portion of it to themselves, and the waters of the ocean arose in the form of vapour; thereby the waters were in some parts so corrupted that the fish which they contained died. These corrupted waters the heat of the sun could not consume, neither could other wholesome water, hail, or snow, or dew originate therefrom. On the contrary, this vapour spread itself through the air

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