

be forgotten. And, as one of the survivors of that campaign, his experiences might be interesting and instructive as a warning for the future, though the art of war had so changed during the last fifty years that the conditions which existed then could never probably occur again.

That was a time when they might almost say with truth that the only known means of preserving meat was keeping it, often for years, immersed in brine, and when, field ovens being unknown, ship's biscuit, which it required a hammer to break, was the only form of bread for sick and well.

Turning to his experiences while in charge of a ward at the Base Hospital at Balaclava, in November, 1854, shortly after the Battle of Inkerman, the Colonel said there were no bedsteads, no proper bedding; the patients lay in their clothes on the floor, which, owing to the rain having blown through the damaged windows, and the traffic to and from the various outhouses, was as muddy as a country lane. There were no nurses, no washing conveniences, either personal or for clothing. Two old soldiers, called orderlies, did their ignorant best to attend to the wants of the patients, but were chiefly occupied in rude cooking and burying the dead.

There was no bread, and, of course, no milk, and if he remembered rightly, no tea; only the famous green coffee. There was certainly no beef tea, and substitutes had not then been invented, while tinned meats were almost unknown.

About mid-day a large iron witch's cauldron was carried into the middle of the ward, the patients crowded round to dip in their tins, those who were bedridden being dependent on the generosity of their comrades for a share of the contents of the pot—a mixture of lean mutton and fat salt pork, floating in the weakest of oily broth.

They were practically without medicines. The supply landed at the capture of Balaclava was exhausted, and the reserve gone to the bottom of the Black Sea with the winter clothing and several surgeons, in the Prince steamer. So that in November, 1854, the base hospital was without opium, quinine, and ammonia.

Sanitary science was then in its infancy, and sanitary precautions were not capable of being carried out when the living were so hard pressed to live and dead men were for days floating about amongst the ships in the harbour.

They would not be surprised to hear that many patients died, but probably owing to the windows being unglazed, they were free from what was then aptly called "Hospital gangrene," which carried off everyone of the 30 wounded Russians in the Town Hall not many yards away.

The medical department in those days were powerless to incur expense. It was to Miss Nightingale's bravery in setting all red tape at defiance that the success in reforming the great hospital at Scutari was due. If there was one lesson to be learned more than another from the breakdown of the medical department in the Crimea, it was that if the department was to be held responsible for the care of the sick and wounded, it must have the power, not only to administer pills and potions, but to secure at all costs proper food, shelter, and equipment for the hospitals.

Quoting personal incidents, Colonel Wrench mentioned that on one occasion he walked down the trenches with twelve officers, and went back to camp with two. The other ten had been killed or wounded. The men suffered in proportion, and the demands on the hospital staff were enormous, and the slightly wounded were not properly attended to for days.

A correspondent writes:—

A very pleasant garden party was given on Thursday, 23rd ult., at the Rotunda Hospital, by Miss Lucy Ramsden, Matron, and her Nurses, to the members of the Irish Nurses' Association. As Miss Ramsden is President, this year, of the Association, the occasion was more especially interesting. Tea was served in the nurses' dining hall, and Miss Ramsden and her nurses vied with each other in their efforts to pay their visitors every attention. They were assisted by the Master, Dr. Hastings Tweedy, Assistant Master, Dr. McCaul, the Clinical Clerk, Dr. Solomons, the Secretary, Mr. Quin-Fitzgerald, and a large staff of students. Amongst these latter were some from many countries, including England, Scotland, America, Canada, New Zealand, India, and Egypt. There were five gentlemen present from the Khedive's staff. This cosmopolitan element made the function a very lively one.

After tea in the beautiful grounds, tennis and croquet were provided, and—what was the best patronised by the nurses—all kinds of races, needle-threading, potato races, and egg and spoon races, as well as three-legged and relay races, in which, of course, only the students took part. There was a great deal

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