

Paris to their aid, of course they soon found to their sorrow their mistake. The Prussians closed in upon them, planting cannon on all the hills surrounding the plateau in front of the town and then opened such a fire upon them, that after fighting stubbornly for the best part of the day, they began to retreat to within the walls of the town itself, at first orderly, then the numbers increasing more and more all vainly attempting to cross the river on the one narrow bridge, finally a panic seized the main body and with a tremendous rush this immense multitude of artillery, cavalry and infantry came tearing down to the entrance of the bridge, those who were directly in front of it were carried over safely, but the mass of beings extended out far on either side of the bridge and in the terrible rush and struggle were crowded over the banks and into the water. Others on top of them, men and horses all heaped together, those still farther behind being driven over those in front again, until this small river was almost dammed at one place with men and horses. On crossing over this bridge I found large parties busy shooting wounded horses and other parties at work in all directions, covering up dead men and horses; I say covering up because they did not attempt to dig graves, they merely got them enough under ground to put them out of sight. This was done principally by French prisoners, of whom nearly 100,000 were confined for eight or ten days upon a small island in the river, with no shelter and scarcely anything to eat but horse flesh. Here and there could be seen charging across the plain large droves of beautiful Arab horses, some of them still hampered by saddles and bridles which had never been removed, others perfectly free. These horses had been imported from Arabia by Napoleon for his light cavalry and were all entire horses.

The whole of the horses of this immense French army had now been running at large since the surrender. One could buy a most beautiful thoroughbred Arab stallion, with saddle and bridle complete, for a couple of francs. A great many of these horses were used for food. I, myself, have gone for two days with no other. This, of course, I would not mind very much, but unfortunately we made a discovery on the 11th day after the battle which forever sickened me of horse flesh. Two French Zuaves, during the heat of the bombardment, made their way into an underground cistern in the barracks, which at this time we were using as a hospital, to get shelter from the fire, but the poor fellows only escaped one death to find another, as they both perished in the cistern and this was the water that for eleven days we had been using to make horse soup.

I have often been asked if a surgeon is ever in much danger on active service. Yes; sometimes unavoidable, sometimes avoidable and owing to bravado, very often through curiosity and an all-consuming desire to see what is going on; sometimes relic-hunting will get one into trouble. I had a little experience myself in this line, in walking around the ramparts of the fortification in which we had our hospital.

We now got orders to follow up the army to Paris, where we remained with headquarters at Versailles until the city was completely hemmed in. Then we started with the Bavarian army to besiege the city of Orleans, which was soon captured after some desperate fighting. Almost every church, barn and house in the vicinity was filled with wounded.

Our routine was generally as follows: During the battle all ambulance wagons and stretchers were in the rear of the army, in the most sheltered spot available. All the surgeons went with it but one or two who remained to receive the wounded in a previously selected church or other building; those on the field took up the wounded, merely dressing their wounds, arresting hæmorrhage, etc. They were then carried on stretchers back to ambulance wagons by which they were conveyed to places of shelter. When on the march some of the surgeons rode on horse-back, some on the ambulance waggons, and sometimes we walked, having our horses led. Towards noon and night two of the junior members always galloped on in advance to secure lodgings for us in the villages through which we passed. On one evening, while on our march from Rouen to Paris, two of our youngest surgeons were sent forward as usual to a village, the inhabitants of which were in a very excited state owing to a visit having been made on them that day by some Uhlans, who carried off all the cattle and sheep they could collect. So when our two fellows arrived suddenly in the village on horseback, just at dusk, they were quickly surrounded by the peasants,—men,

women and children,—dragged from their horses, and in spite of their protestations had their hands tied behind their backs, mounted on a cart, drawn to a large tree, ropes put about their necks, and when we appeared on the scene (although they were two pretty lively fellows) they were both devoutly saying the prayers their mothers had taught them. In ordinary times each surgeon had 50 wounded men to attend to. We dressed their wounds once a day; this was considered a good hard day's work. The mortality was excessive, owing to the large number of men and horses killed and wounded. The air for miles around was polluted with decomposing animal matter. The wounds suppurated beyond anything seen in civil life. The gunshot wounds were of a more serious nature than formerly, owing to the improved firearms. When a ball from the chasseur or needle gun strikes a bone it is usually shattered beyond all hope of saving it.

It is difficult to believe how the bone can be so broken up. Death nearly always followed these cases, especially if in the neighbourhood of a large battle. The rifle now used in the British army is just as deadly, perhaps more so, if possible. I was surprised at the small numbers of simple fractures encountered by the surgeon, considering the rough life. Wounds from bayonets and swords were few in number, though I saw a great many dead with sword thrusts. It appeared that when they came hand to hand that they finished their job, as numbers of the dead had evidently received several thrusts. Ordinary diseases were very few indeed. Diarrhœa was the prevailing complaint outside of the one terrible scourge,—pyemia. This was the worst enemy surgeons had to contend with, slight wounds and even mere abrasions of the skin proving fatal. Now, as to an outfit. The very least number of medicines possible and the very least number of instruments possible should be the aim of the military surgeon. I shall name a few of the most indispensable:—Chloroform, morphia, for hypodermic syringe, and plenty of it. Chlorodyne, cathartic pills and disinfectants. In addition to military amputating case and pocket case, catheters, &c., a simple rubber syringe bulb and gutta percha nozzle. A Nelaton probe, bullet forceps. Smith's anterior splint, loads of bandages, and last, but not least, French charpie.

A SURGEON-GENERAL'S PAY.

Dr. Darby Bergin, M.P., as all the world knows, was with the expeditionary force in the Northwest in 1885, as Surgeon-General. For his services as Surgeon-General for 153 days, from April 1 to August 31, he received from the Dominion Government \$1,861.49. This was at the rate of \$12.16 $\frac{2}{3}$ per day, the equivalent of £2 10s. in English money, which was taken at the rate of which a medical staff officer in the Imperial army would have been paid for similar services. The rate, however, was regarded as a trifle below the mark if anything, and during the season of 1891, in order that there might not rest upon the Dominion Government the unseemly imputation of having fallen even one cent short in rendering due recompense to the gallant doctor, a vote passed the House giving him \$700 more. But even this additional solatium does not seem to have been fully sufficient. New light has since been thrown upon the rates of remuneration of Surgeons-General in the Imperial army and other cognate matters, and the new light has been the cause of further emolument to Dr. Bergin. He has been in the capital several times since last session, on business it was understood in connection with quarantine and other matters, and a few weeks ago an order-in-Council was passed granting him \$1,600 more for services as Surgeon-General in the Northwest during the troubles of 1885. It is understood that this order-in-Council definitely sets at rest, so far as that is possible, the perplexing question of the rate at which a Surgeon-General should be paid.