

MORE typographical errors to notice. In Miss Wood's letter, printed in our last number, it should have been added after her name, *Late* Lady Superintendent, &c. As most Nurses know that the Great Ormond-street Hospital has lost Miss Wood's distinguished services, the mistake would mislead few, if any, of our readers; but, of course, the statement, as it stood, was incorrect, and so it must be mentioned. Once more, in our issue of August 30, I said that Miss McLaughlin had gone out to Central Africa, and would take up the work carried on by the late Mrs. Smithies. I put the paragraph in inverted commas, as it was sent to me in the form of a newspaper cutting by a kind correspondent. A well-known and much-respected member of the Nursing world writes to me, however, to correct this, as follows:—"It should be Mrs. *Swinney*, not *Smithies*. As Miss McKenzie, she was trained at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, in 1879, and had charge of the male Surgical Ward there for a year before accompanying her brother, the Bishop of Zululand, to his sphere of work."

"IN Zululand she married his Chaplain, Mr. Swinney, and they were stationed at the Memorial Mission at Isandlwana, till they were compelled to return to England on account of his health. In 1884 (I think) she accompanied her husband to Central Africa, taking her little girl, of a few weeks old, with her. Stationed at Lukoma, she did good service to the Mission by her knowledge of Nursing, which she had acquired with the intention of devoting it to Mission work. She lost husband and child within 10 months of each other, but stayed on bravely at her post, though suffering at times severely from fever."

"YIELDING at last to the persuasions of Archdeacon Maples, she consented to come to England for a time, and left Lukoma on Easter Monday, this year. She was a bad sailor, and suffered much from sea sickness after leaving the Cape. A severe attack of fever supervened, and she was too weak to rally, and died on May 31, near the Equator, and was buried at sea. Those who were her fellow-workers at Cambridge, can testify to her bright, energetic spirit, and her unflinching devotion to her patients; and I think, judging by my own feelings, that they will wish Miss McLaughlin God-speed, for the sake of the one she has gone to replace, as well as on her own account."

I AM very glad to hear of a most useful and wise step taken by the British Nurses' Association. I am asked to announce that Miss C. J. Wood, one of the Hon. Secretaries of the

Association, will be glad to see any Nurse who wishes for help or advice on any matter, or for any information about the Association, on Thursdays, from three to six p.m., after the end of this month, at 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W., and that any member requiring advice or assistance may write at once to the Hon. Secretaries, at the same address. This is just one of the methods of practical help that I expected the Association would institute for the good of its members.

I AM glad to hear that Miss Isabel Jones has been appointed Lady Superintendent of the West Kent Hospital, Maidstone. Miss Jones was trained at Guy's, then took charge of the Sister Dora Convalescent Home for a few months, and for the last four years has worked as Ward Sister in the Leicester Infirmary, where she will be much regretted.

THE same kind correspondent who sent me the above news, also informs me that Miss Lydia Tanner has been elected Lady Superintendent of the Trained Nurses' Home, Leicester. Miss Tanner gained her certificate in the Leicester Infirmary, and after working as Ward Sister was this spring appointed Matron of the Sister Dora Convalescent Home. S. G.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

ONE more proof of woman's devotion to duty is exemplified in the following pretty story. Morro Castle, at the entrance of the Havana harbour, is occupied by a garrison of two hundred men. One summer, now many years ago, the inhabitants of this region, owing to the unusual heat, became stricken with fear of their deadliest scourge—yellow fever. At length it became known that the fatal disease had actually broken out at the Castle, and the authorities of the town decided that the garrison must be cut off from communication with those outside. Day by day the heat grew more intense, and the signal of distress waved in vain from the Castle's flagstaff. The inmates were known to be in terrible need of food and medicine, yet no one dared brave infection so far as to go to their relief. At sunset each day crowds gathered upon the piers to watch the funeral procession wind down the hill to the garrison cemetery. The accompanying salutes told the number which had succumbed thus far to the plague, and it was known that the poor fellows were dying by the score. One morning all Havana seemed gathered on the pier to watch the spot where death reigned triumphant. Suddenly a boat, loaded with pro-

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