

and he enquired if I had come to help. To which M. said, "No; my friend has only come on a visit." Then he said, "Then you were at St. Thomas's, too." "Oh, no," I replied; "I am from Yorkshire, near Leeds." And I was thankful he let the subject drop there without saying anything about Leeds Hospital.

The sixth case—in the same block of really poor little houses as the last, with doors opening out of the narrow passages, up a hill a long way from the "Bats"—was that of a poor woman of about thirty years of age, whose complaint was an internal one and difficult of diagnosis. Though a married woman, she had her mother living with her, and one or two other members of the family. M. attended to her and made her more comfortable. The people *all* looked pleased to see their Nurse coming, and some who were getting better told her *not* to give up coming even after they got well; to which she replied that would have to be only very occasionally, as she was so full of work.

Seventh case—Mrs. S., quite in another part of the town again, called "Old London"—had a bad leg, which was, however, nearly well. After seeing to it, and also to one of the children's arms, which was a little sore, and to which M. applied a little zinc ointment, we marched on to

Case eight, which was also a minor one; that of a little girl, who had a bad burn on the back of her hand (at least it looked like a burn), a deep sore, which had to have a pretty thick poultice to draw out the matter.

The ninth case was really to my mind one of the most interesting. We went up a flight of stairs to a rickety room, over a costermonger's stables. The patient, Mrs. R., who has had a long and tedious illness of eight weeks, as the chart over her bed indicated, the temperature having fluctuated very much, is now convalescent, and was lying down on her bed with her boy, a child of about a year old, and a very good child it was too. Mrs. R. has one of the sweetest, most refined faces I have ever seen; pale from sickness, but *not* thin. Such a pretty round face, beautiful large expressive eyes, long eye-lashes, small but sweet mouth, with altogether a slightly sad expression. The floor was full of holes; it was a wonder I didn't go through. M. made the bed while I held the baby, and the mother rested by the fire, looking with interest on all that was done, though rarely speaking. From the windows (two or three panes of each were filled with dirty old rags) was a splendid view of the country below, and the winding river, with changing foliage on one side. Then Nurse M. and I between us tidied up a bit as the patient looked so tired, washed up the breakfast things (amongst which was a lovely old plate, and a solid silver tea-spoon,

early English shape, with a hole in the handle), and cleaned the table—two tables together propped up with barrels, a chair and a bed was all the furniture. When first M. went they slept on straw—didn't possess a bed; so my friend got them one. The husband has been induced to wash the floor twice a week. We emptied the water and cleared away a few things, and I refilled the large bowl from a public tap outside; then we took our leave. I ought to say Mrs. R. is only twenty years of age; has two children; was married at the age of sixteen. Nurse M. thinks them not unhappy together; but, of course, they regret getting married so young in poverty, which does not seem so bad after the cases in London. They have enough good food; the husband is making a fair livelihood as a costermonger.

The tenth case.—Here we couldn't do anything, the time having fled. Little Mary, who is a special favourite with her Nurse (she suffers from a diseased hip-joint), sat working with her sister a hearth-rug when we entered. This is a large, struggling family—two babies, and several other little children. Mary's recovery is just possible, that is all. M. took her home to Warkworth with her for a visit in the summer, the Vicar paying her fare and board; but M. looked after her each day, and took her out for drives, and boating on the river—she and her friend, Miss D. This, and one or two other cases, were postponed for attention later on in the day. B.

Bishop Auckland.

NURSING ECHOES.

*** Communications (duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.*

It is earnestly to be hoped that Princess Christian will not allow her extreme kindness and readiness to help in any charitable cause to overtax her strength. Almost directly on her return to England she visited Blackheath, and opened the new building of the Blackheath and Charlton Cottage Hospital, Shooter's Hill Road. Accommodation is provided for sixteen patients—eight males and eight females—two of the three Wards being devoted to ordinary, and the third to special cases. The site of the new Institution, the erection of which cost £3,000, was generously granted by the Earl of St. Germans upon nominal terms.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS arrived soon after three o'clock at the principal entrance to the Hospital, and was welcomed by the Reception Committee, which included the Earl and Countess of St.

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