

ceremony should be performed by a gentleman so universally respected, and who has himself taken so important a share in the inception and organization of the Association.

It has been very interesting to us on many occasions to observe that almost invariably now the chief appointments in the Nursing world are gained by Members of the British Nurses' Association, thus indirectly, but most strongly, confirming the opinion which we have often expressed as to the Association possessing the *élite* of the profession amongst its Members. But a correspondent points out a curious but hitherto unnoticed fact, which still further proves that it is the leaders of the medical profession who have been the first to support the Nurses' Association. "Last year the Doctors who received New Year honours—the two baronets created—Sir William Savory and Sir Henry Acland, were both early members and strong supporters of the Association. This year the same story is repeated. The two Doctors honoured—Sir Richard Quain and Sir George Humphry—are two of its earliest members and strongest supporters."

THE following painful paragraph deserves a prominent place in this column, for it points a moral which the public is taking to heart as regards events at a more important institution, where a most careless and not very dissimilar occurrence took place, and if possible will, I am told, be given in evidence before the Lords' Committee on Metropolitan Hospitals; only this case, of course, was "hushed up." "Nurse Owen, of the Birmingham City Asylum, was last week found guilty by a coroner's jury of the manslaughter of Annie Lane, thirty-one, an epileptic inmate of the Asylum. The deceased, who was a cripple, was taken from her bed and put in the bath, which contained three inches of water, scalding hot. The patient screamed with pain, and was immediately lifted out; but her body was seriously scalded, and she died the same afternoon. The coroner asked if the bath was used simply to save the delicate hands of the delicate Nurses. Dr. Whitcombe, the Asylum Superintendent, said the water should have been tested by a thermometer before the patient was immersed. When his attention was called to the patient her scalds had been dressed, but she was suffering greatly from shock. He should say the temperature of the bath was at least one hundred and twenty degrees."

THE memorial to the late Mother Superior and foundress of the All Saints' Sisterhood is likely to become a worthy record of one whose life,

though quiet and unostentatious, was characterised by exemplary piety. The foundation-stone of the Children's Hospital at Eastbourne, to be erected in her memory, was laid by the Duchess of Albany on the 19th of July, and is now nearing completion. The amount already subscribed reaches over £6,200. A memorial to Sister Harriet Mary (recently deceased) is being privately raised by the outer sisters of the society, and is to take the form of a reredos in the chapel of the Home for Incurables in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, where Sister Harriet Mary was for many years in charge.

THE *Queen* says:—"The following details of the visit paid to the lepers in Constantinople by Miss Kate Marsden have reached us, and will prove of interest to those who are following her in her mission."

"MISS KATE MARSDEN had an idea that in this city of unused palaces one or other of them might have been turned into a bright Hospital for the lepers, where, tended by kind, well-trained Nurses, they might find such mitigation of their sufferings as skill and gentleness could bestow; but one after the other of these palaces were left behind, and she knew that idea must be given up. Away through the crowded streets they drove, and made no halt until they reached a large open space outside the city; but if she expected to find the lepers stowed away here she was mistaken. The guide took a boat, and after a long row they landed on a cold, dreary-looking spot; here again they took carriage and drove towards a place which, in the distance, looked like a forest of cypress trees, and yet no. The white stones, just distinguishable, made her think it must be inhabited; but, as the carriage drew nearer, she saw that they were not houses, as she imagined, but hundreds and thousands of graves packed as closely as it was possible for graves to be, even in Turkey, with the tall, dark, gloomy cypress trees planted every few yards apart. She asked the guide why the cypress trees were planted there so thickly; his answer was, 'Because, madam, it helps to kill the stench from the graves.'

"SHE drove a long way into this forest of the dead and the cypress until all view of the sea was gone, and she found herself shut in. Yet she was not alone, for here in the very midst dwell the poor outcast lepers, driven here by the Government. The guide was simply horrified when he discovered Miss Kate Marsden's intention of going in among them all; he absolutely refused to go a step nearer."

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