ing in a recognised Hospital. Then, there immediately arose the crucial questions as to the precise length of training which should be requisite, and as to the body which should undertake the work of Registration. And once the question had reached the stage of practical definition, it rapidly grew in importance, as we shall show next week.

SAIREY GAMP AGAIN.

"YOUR behaviour is a disgrace to your sex, and both I and the Jury are sorry the law does not allow us to return a verdict of manslaughter against you"—was the comment made by the Coroner at an inquest recently held on the death of an old lady in Surbiton, and addressed to the drunken Nurse who had hastened her end The circumstances were these: An old lady of 80, a widow, suffering badly from bronchitis, had a Nurse—a Mrs. HOUNSELL—sent to attend her, by a friend. To the latter, the Nurse applied for whisky, brandy, and port-wine *for the patient!* The next day the friend fortunately called, and found the helpless old lady in a painfully agitated condition owing to the horrors she had endured the night before, and the suffering entailed by her efforts at self-defence. The Nurse had become very drunk, and had almost suffocated the patient by "pawing" over her, and by pressing her hand heavily over her mouth to stop her cries for help. Finally, she had fallen asleep on the bed, and rolled off on to the floor. Can anyone over-colour the cruelty of the position for the feeble invalid who had to get out of bed over the prostrate body of the drunken Nurse, and with her poultices slipping off, and clad only in a nightdress, totter to the cold staircase to cry for help in a voice so weak that no one heard? It is not to be wondered at that the victim speedily sunk from fright and exhaustion, and it is a pity that the Nurse is at large to pursue her evil courses. All who have carefully studied the subject of alcoholism know that the craving for intoxication indicates actual disease when it over-rides all the ordinary considerations of prudence, duty, and humanity. This woman's character as a Nurse, professional interest in the patient's case, common pity of woman for women—all these considerations were utterly lost sight of in her craving for drink. She is diseased; the diagnosis of the disease is painfully clear; its effect upon her actions has made her exceedingly dangerous as a citizen, and by all that is common-sensed, she ought to be put where the disease has a chance of being cured, not only for her own sake, but for that of other people. But as things are, there is nothing to prevent Mrs. HOUNSELL from being engaged on some important case again, where a life depends on the care and vigilance of the Nurse in charge, and where there may *not* be a friend to drop in and give tardy succour to the dying victim next day. It is yet one more evidence of the desirability of allowing such a valuable body of women, as Nurses, to keep their professional fame untarnished, by giving them a Charter; by giving them Registration; and by giving them power to deal with those who bring scandal on a glorious calling.

VERY ANCIENT HISTORY IN FOOD!

FROM last week's issue of the *Alliance News*, we cull a most interesting account of a unique feast, given by a gentleman at a recent club-dinner, and taken from a Chicago paper. It is as follows:—"I have eaten apples that ripened more than 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread it with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing bare-foot with the boys of Genoa." The remarkable "spread" was given by an antiquary named Gorbel, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. The apples were from a jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, that buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the smaller pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where it had lain in an earthenware crock in icy water, and the wine came from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple-jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was as sweet and the flavour as fine as though put up yesterday.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IN Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON'S book, *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, there is a painfully suggestive account of the early abuses of the "Foundling Hospital." It was started in 1741, and we read that "it became a lucrative trade to convey infants from remote country places to the indiscriminate care of the Charity." Once a wagoner brought eight to town, seven of whom were dead when they reached their destination. On another occasion a man with five in baskets, got drunk on the road, and three of the poor little passengers were suffocated. Finding that their inmates were more numerous than their funds could support, the Governors applied to Parliament and obtained a grant of £10,000, but it was coupled with a condition that they were to receive all comers. A basket was accordingly hung at the gate, and on the very first day no less than 117 infants were placed in it. It does not answer to offer to relieve people from their moral obligations. The Foundling is not the best way, even under the improved conditions of to-day, of dealing with not-wanted-at-home children."

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