

But it was not till 1860 that the great wish of her life was compassed, and the opportunity was given her of studying and training at Kaiserswerth. However, she had undergone capital preparation in her Irish home, for no other lady in that wild, sparsely populated district was so ardent a visitor among, or sympathetic friend to, the poor. Indeed, it was no unusual sight to see her tripping along over the hills with a basket of good things in her hands on the way to the bedside of some sick or helpless creature.

Not the least interesting part of her interesting diary is that in which she describes the daily round of work at Kaiserswerth and the devoted lives and charming manners of the Sisters resident there, who, like herself, had a share of "the menial" work of the wards.

After her term of training in this Nursing Home, she entered St. Thomas's Hospital—then the best Nursing School in London—as a Nightingale probationer. She gives a picturesque and graphic description of her life in the wards. "The Nightingale Nurses," she remarks, "had on a grey stuff dress, neat with white aprons and caps, but rather too round and coquettish, I thought, for Sisters." However, Miss Agnes Jones was no Puritan. She was always brimming over with happiness, and fun, even to wit. Of a deeply religious nature, she believed with the Bishop who said that "Good humour is nine-tenths of Christianity." Of one of her queer patients she wrote: "He opens his mouth for me to pop in a pill, and then stops to thank me before he swallows it."

Her first appointment was as Superintendent of a small Hospital in Bolsover Street; and next she took in hand the guidance of the Great Northern Hospital. Never robust, the hard work soon prostrated her, and she had to return to her home in Ireland for rest and change.

Here she received a number of earnest appeals to undertake to control the destinies of the now memorable Liverpool Workhouse. Doubtful of herself, she hesitated, till these appeals were strengthened by others from Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Wardroper—her close personal friends—who each knew well her splendid qualities of heart, and head, and hands.

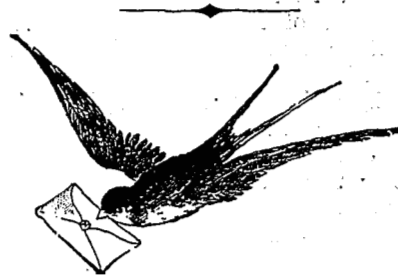
In 1865 we find Miss Jones hard at work in the Liverpool Workhouse, whose comfortless wards and desolate appearance struck a chill into her on her arrival. But she soon changed all that. Twelve Nurses from St. Thomas's were, by the advice of Miss Nightingale, sent to her aid. Soon, by the introduction of a high moral tone, and the assistance of more efficient workers, and her own undoubted power of organisation, combined with her magnetic

power over others, she produced order out of chaos, to the astonishment of "the paupers, and the Vestry, and the Nurses, and the Poor Law Board."

Miss Jones had under her 50 Nurses, most of them of an inferior class, 50 pauper scourers, and from 1,290 to 1,350 patients, that is, many more than the number of beds, so that at times she had to persuade patients to sleep three and four in a bed.

But three years of such work killed her. She died in 1868 in the Hospital where she had done so much. Her body was taken to Ireland, where she was buried amid the peaceful pastoral scenes of her parents' home. Sympathetic messages were received from every part of the country, and the Protestant Bishop of Derry performed the last ceremony.

Only three years' work! But it was real—the outcome of a rich character and wide experience. What it did was to awake apathy and arouse the consciences of Boards of Guardians, and thus pioneer the way to further Workhouse Nursing Reforms.



Our Foreign Letter.

AN extraordinary story relating to the Hospital of Arles has recently been one of the topics of the hour in France. It sounds so much more like a farce than a veracious report, that unless there were good reasons for accepting its veracity, I would not offer it to readers of the NURSING RECORD.

On occasion of a visit of the President, M. Felix Faure, the administration of the above-mentioned Hospital conceived the curious plan of giving completeness to their Hospital interior by adorning the numerous vacant beds of its wards with figurants. The Board actually engaged a number of mock-patients, who were neatly put to bed in wards shining with cleanliness, before the arrival of the important visitors.

M. Felix Faure arrived in due season. Accompanied by the staff, he began his survey, that at first had every appearance of satisfying his expectations. Then, unfortunately, M. Faure's usual kindness in showing individual

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)