

closed, which it is universally recognised in Sierra Leone would be a calamity.

Writing on Dispensary Work in Toro, Uganda, in *Mercy and Truth*, Miss Hurditch has many interesting things to say:—

"It was May last that things looked up. We had a medical visit from Dr. and Mrs. A. Cook, who brought together in the new large dispensary a daily attendance of 200 to 400; it was a really grand time for our sick folk, and they were not slow to show their appreciation and wonderment when surgical patients found themselves with "resurrected eyes" and "new bodies." Since then the Toro Dispensary has become amalgamated with the Mengo Medical Mission and been well supplied with medicines. The chief diseases treated have been skin complaints, malaria, dyspepsia, pleurisy, bronchitis, besides paralysis, muscular rheumatism, and dysentery. Owing to the ignorance of the dispenser nothing surgical has been attempted beyond lancing abscesses, gums, cutting tongue-tied infants, and stitching up leopard-scratched hunters. One man was brought in from a leopard hunt in a terrible condition; limbs and body were badly damaged, while the face was scarcely visible, the flesh of forehead and one cheek having been torn away, exposing bone and teeth.

"It is sometimes difficult to arrive at an exact knowledge of the patient's ailment; one will describe her complaint, pointing to her lungs, 'There is a voice inside that says chew, chew'; another assures me that 'a spear is piercing my whole body from within.' Their ignorance of the human frame is quite remarkable; a lad recently came to the dispensary, and on being asked what the numerous tiny cuts were round the waist replied that 'he had swallowed poison, and the medicine man had cut him open, seen the poison, and taken it out. These native doctors are dreadful old heathen, and some of their practices which I have seen in the people's homes are too horrible.

"As for ideas of hygiene these are absolutely lacking in the native mind; when a person is very ill, regardless of her station in life, she is carried into the dirtiest and smallest hut. This is soon crowded up with well-meaning and sympathetic friends, whose one idea of sympathy seems to be to assure the invalid that she is on the point of dying. The hut continues filling till the only inlet for fresh air (the tiny doorway) is entirely blocked, by which time the condition and atmosphere of the hut become so indescribable that it is a wonder that anyone comes out alive.

"These things suggested to my mind that a few elementary lessons on hygiene would not be amiss; so, taking to my afternoon women's class a diagram of the human body, I described to them the anatomy of the frame, blood circulation, &c. Their surprise was great when they learned that the blood did *not* circulate from the head, our knowledge was tucked away in the brains and *not* the heart, and that women *were* possessors of hearts. They said that King Kabarega, who some time ago had raided the whole of Toro, used to kill his wives, cut open their bodies, and never found a heart. 'What a delusion!'

Reflections

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR



In accordance with a request conveyed through the Mayor, the King and Queen have graciously accorded their permission to the inhabitants of Islington to name a ward in the Great Northern Hospital the "Edward and Alexandra Coronation" Ward. The endowment of this ward is one of the objects promoted by the inhabitants to celebrate the Coronation, and the name to be given seems a fitting complement to the opening of the hospital by their Majesties in 1888.

An interesting "At Home" was held at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress on Monday last, to meet Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and the Duke of Argyll, on the occasion of the centenary commemoration of the London Fever Hospital, and was well attended. The Lord Mayor made a forcible appeal on behalf of the hospital, and said that the amount of scientific knowledge and practical experience gained by the medical and nursing professions for the benefit of mankind in general, had been incalculable. The Duke of Argyll also made an earnest appeal, and spoke of the excellent work which the hospital had accomplished. Donations to the amount of about £1,800 were announced.

Sir J. A. Cockburn presided at the Hotel Metropole on Monday last, at the annual festival of King's College Hospital, and, as an old student of the Hospital, spoke of his delight in meeting King's College men in all parts of the world. He spoke also of the need for additional support of this most excellent institution. Viscount Dillon complimented the medical, surgical, and nursing staff on their work, and at the same time said that there was no diminution in the usefulness of the institution, but great changes and expenditure were needed. Subscriptions amounting to £1,800 were announced.

At the annual dinner of the London Orphan Asylum at Watford—at which the Prince of Wales presided at the Hotel Cecil, subscriptions amounting to over £9,000 were announced.

Sir Edward Sassoon, M.P., has consented to preside at the festival dinner in aid of the funds of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest to be held at the Hotel Cecil on May 27th.

A cheque for £100 has been sent by the Duke of Westminster to the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, to start a purse of £1,000 for presentation to Princess Henry of Battenberg, when her Royal Highness visits the hospital on the 8th of May, to lay a memorial-stone in the new building now under construction in Hackney Road. The committee ask for

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)