

Elliot's letter, asserts that the whole fabric of nursing is wrong, and advocates compulsory training in nursing in schools for all classes of society, from the workhouse schools to those patronised by the highest classes. She further asserts that if every house were built "with a room destined for a domestic hospital, a bed fitted on to suitable drainage would enable nursing to be done without inflicting intolerable labour on persons of desirable sensitiveness."

While of opinion that a room may with advantage be set aside as a sick-room in houses of sufficient size, and that hygiene and physiology might well be taught in all schools, we are sorry for the patients who are to be nursed by anyone who has received "compulsory training" in nursing. The art of nursing cannot be so acquired, and certainly, in our opinion, no one who is so "sensitive" that she cannot attend to the requirements of a patient, and keep him clean and comfortable, will make a capable nurse. Every detail can be performed with a refinement which leaves no room for repulsion.

The sensitiveness of the nurse who recently resigned her position at the Exeter Workhouse because "it made her quite ill to wash and clean the expectoration cups" proves that every woman is not temperamentally suited for nursing work, for this is clearly a duty which every nurse should be ready to perform.

No incident in history appeals to us more than the martyrdom suffered by the great Napoleon, stranded on the little sea-girt rock away in the South Atlantic, on which his monster spirit battered out his fettered human life. Had he lived a century later, no doubt a trained nurse would have ministered to his wants during those last terrible months of agony; as it was, he depended upon his faithful cook, Pierron, for meals and medicine.

A new Napoleonic document of somewhat tragic interest, though it contains the most ordinary matter, is described in the *Eclair*. It is the account-book kept by the cook Pierron, who served Napoleon from 1818 to 1821, and provided the Emperor's meals and medicine during his imprisonment on St. Helena. The figures set down by the cook were controlled by Monthalon and confirmed by the Emperor. Here and there Pierron has entered the remark, "These words were written by the Emperor's own hand," and they exhibit the characteristics of Napoleon's nervous handwriting. The daily menu is extraordinarily simple. "Eggs," "pigeons," "chicken," occur most frequently.

The sick Bonaparte could only digest light and plain foods. On August 15th, 1819, Pierron wrote in his housekeeping book, "Birthday of the

Emperor," and gives a list of "extraordinary expenses," which included "artificial flowers, £1 15s." Pierron also furnished the august captive with all his needs as a gardener—as "shears," "two rakes," "a watering can," &c., &c. The expenses of his garden amounted in one case to "£4 10s." Las Casas has related how Napoleon, near the end of his life, was tortured alike with bodily pain and mental home-sickness, which threw him into such paroxysms of rage that on one occasion he smashed his bed. This latter fact is incidentally confirmed by an entry in Pierron's book: "For mending the Emperor's bed, £2 sterling."

We learn that, lately, private nurses have been in great demand in Cape Town, but our correspondent adds:—"I fancy many London private nurses would resent many of the duties expected of them. The want of domestic labour in South Africa is really terrible; servants seem to be a lost set entirely, and people, especially the women, get ill through the need of them. Housekeeping out here is enormously difficult, and with the mistress ill, and no domestics, nurses find it just all they can do to manage the house as well as their own duties. All the same, I believe it does us good. We have become somewhat soft in the comfy old country, and women do enjoy the responsibility and push, and feeling that they are 'in it' that is life in general, even if they have to drudge a bit. Speaking metaphorically, no one offers to "hang" for one because one is a woman here, and a good thing too. The Nurse Popes would find themselves at a loose end—no one to patronise. Our BRITISH JOURNAL warmly welcome weekly; it is just the one thing one cannot do without."

There is an interesting article on "Medical Work amongst Women" in the *Zenana*. It consists of extracts from a paper read by Dr. Lillingston at the Bangalore Missionary Conference. She speaks of the value of Medical Missions in softening the hearts of those who would never, unless ill and fearful of death, willingly put themselves within sound of the humanising truths of the Gospel. Dispensary work, she points out, is useful, as through it the doctors and nurses can get in touch with the greatest number of patients, but it is from the wards that the most lasting results are to be looked for. Reference is made to the value of native nurses:—

"All over India, in different Medical Missions, nurses are being trained on the lines of our home hospitals, and crippled indeed is the woman doctor who has no fellow-worker devoting herself entirely to nursing and the training of nurses. And for nursing in private houses there is undoubtedly a field for India's most earnest Christian women when training days are over, and as certificated nurses they are called to the homes of the people. Who else has such an opportunity

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