

One of their leading journals, beginning by "A noble woman is dead," gives eloquent testimony to the value of her work. It says, "Since her arrival here the management of the Philadelphia Hospital has been completely reformed and has become one of the best in existence. Her services have not been confined to Philadelphia alone, but at the breaking out of the typhoid epidemic at Plymouth, in this state, in 1885, Miss Fisher asked and obtained leave of absence 'for a holiday,' which she spent in organising the hospital service there. She was about two months absent on this self-imposed duty. Besides this, her advice was sought and freely given for the benefit of many hospitals."

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"MISS FISHER felt deeply the kindness shown to her by the many friends she had made in the city. She died as she had lived—a Christian woman. She desired to live that she might continue her usefulness, but she contemplated the prospect of death with serenity, and during the intervals of her distressing symptoms she exhibited her usual cheerfulness. A leading physician in the town who was interested in all her plans for the improvement of nursing in Philadelphia and at Blockley, when seen in reference to her death, said that the city had suffered a loss which was irreparable. Others, he said, there might be who would carry on in the directions indicated by her the beneficial work she had begun, but there could never be another who combined her energy and unswerving strength of purpose with the personal magnetism and sweetness and gentleness of character which made her loved as well as respected."

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"HER work was extraordinary, both in its quantity, which would have worn out many strong men, and in its quality, showing a masculine force and breadth of understanding with a feminine tact and insight into character which made her one of the moving forces of any community in which she lived, and justifies, in his opinion, the statement that she was one of the most remarkable women of her time. As to the loss felt by her personal friends, that could not be expressed in words. Her place in their hearts can never be filled." Her too-short life shows what a wonderful amount of good one earnest worker and devoted woman can do for others in the Nursing world; but like the work of medical men, a Nurse's value is often not realized till too late for her to hear its praise.

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It is reported that Miss Stevenson has been appointed Matron of the Children's Hospital at Bradford, and that she was trained at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary; but as she has not forwarded me any details, such as I shall always be glad to receive from any successful candidate, as to her place of training and past work and appointments, I cannot do more than wish her all success in her new post.

I HEAR that Miss Lawrence has been the successful candidate for the vacant post at the Dorset County Hospital. She has recently been working with Miss Guinness at the Maidstone Hospital, but was previously Night Superintendent at the Salisbury Hospital, where by-the-bye she had much of the housekeeping duties to perform. And this evidently stood her in good stead, because it is said that it was her experience of these matters which gained her the post. Miss Lawrence must have the good wishes of every one interested in Nursing progress, and her career will be closely watched, and if successful where so many have previously suffered so much, she will be cordially congratulated. She must have a good deal of courage, for I fear the opponents of all reform are many, and endowed with astonishing ignorance and vulgarity.

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A CORRESPONDENT sends me a local paper in which appears a letter from a person whose place of origin is quite beyond doubt. Among other remarks of equal lucidity he derides "the absurd expenditure of £126 15s. for converting the Hospital roof into dormitories and bath-rooms for the new Nurses, which had not been found necessary for forty-five years. (The italics are mine.) Does the man mean the new Nurses, or the dormitories, or the Hospital roof, or the £126 15s. had not been found necessary for forty-five years? With equal lack of grammar, good taste and sense, he scoffs at "the individuals pluming themselves as Lady Superintendents, Lady Nurses or Nursing Sisters," informs a hushed and listening world that he has "no sympathy with such maudlin sentimentality" and "no patience with the idea of rigging out Nurses and perhaps the Matron with mob-caps, to be followed I suppose with scuttle bonnets, scull-bands, strings of beads and stopping shoes." What does the man mean? There is a long column of similar delirious babblings, or ridiculous ignorance and vulgarity, I don't know which. But it quite explains why so many Matrons have left the County Hospital, if they were exposed to the sort of language which this Dorchester person would probably employ to a Nurse whom educated people with "maudlin sentimentality" considered a gentlewoman.

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It is comforting to turn to the growing interest felt in Nursing and Nurses by all ranks and conditions of men and women above the very lowest stratum. On all sides one hears Nursing matters discussed, and meets daughters of great historical families who are adopting the profession as a life work, instead of wasting days in dawdling and nights at Society "crushes." The medical profession are cordially forwarding the wishes and aspirations of the Nursing community by shrewd advice and ungrudging assistance. The public spirited proprietors of the leading medical journal, the *Lancet*, are, I hear,

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