

as much and as often from the writer of the above as she is good enough to contribute to these pages.

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OUR contemporary, *Public Opinion*, has been commenting adversely upon the want of sympathy sometimes displayed by Trained Nurses, and appears to arrive at the conclusion that Hospital work turns women into admirable but heartless machines. These reflections have elicited the following capital letter, which certainly deserves a place here—and to which I need add nothing:—
 “Sympathy and Hospital Nurses.—To the Editor of *Public Opinion*.—Sir,—A Hospital Nurse myself, I feel bound to make some protest with regard to what was said in one of your articles concerning Nurses. A Nurse who is not truly and thoroughly sympathetic is only second-rate; she may be trustworthy, well-trained, conscientious, be to outward seeming admirable, but she is a failure. To an inexperienced person the calm exterior, the quiet demeanour of a Trained Nurse when attending to a ‘bad case’ or severe accident seems to betray a want of sympathy. Because her cheek does not blanch, because she does not utter many and voluble expressions of condolence, they think her hard-hearted. They forget there is the sympathy of ignorance and that of intelligence. Those who have suffered much will best appreciate the distinction.—Believe me, Sir, yours truly, A TRAINED NURSE.”

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I AM glad to hear that Miss Elma Smith has been appointed Sister of Wards at the County Hospital, York. She was trained at St. Bartholomew's, and has since acted as Staff Nurse in the same Institution, where she was deservedly trusted and popular, and will be much missed. There is, I am told, great rejoicing at “Bart's.” Miss Henderson has been appointed Sister in charge of the Nursing Home, and as she has for some three years been at the head of the Special Probationers' Home, and has won for herself there the admiration and love of many successive relays of Pros., the universal pleasure felt at her promotion to this important position can be well understood.

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I HEAR that Miss Sabina Seymour Carey has been appointed Matron of the Halifax Fever Hospital. Miss Carey was trained by the Bradford Nurses' Institution, and remained there for upwards of four years. Since then Miss Carey has been engaged in Private Nursing, chiefly in Halifax, Huddersfield, and other large Yorkshire towns.

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I AM asked to state that, largely through the assistance of readers of this Journal, Mrs. Duyck,

whose sad case is summarised in our Benevolent Fund column, has polled one hundred and fifteen votes. But it seems certain that she must obtain at least one thousand before she can secure the Annuity which she is trying for. There are very few readers of this paper, who, if they would obtain a copy of the list of subscribers, would not find some friend or acquaintance's name therein, from whom probably she could easily obtain votes for this poor Nurse. I would only say this—Nurses do a great deal for the public; cannot they do something for each other? I am sure if each one of us only made an earnest attempt to help in the way I have suggested, we could secure Mrs. Duyck's election very soon.

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A CORRESPONDENT writes to me, that Miss Margaret Haynes, who has completed her training at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, has been appointed Matron of the General Hospital, Barbadoes. It contains two hundred beds, and is nursed chiefly by native attendants.

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I HAVE just seen the plate which is to be presented with each copy of the Christmas number of this Journal, and have been laughing over it, as thousands will probably be laughing in a fortnight's time. It is entitled “Fifty Years,” and consists of two engravings, the one representing the Nurse of 1838, and the other her successor of 1888. The latter is the Nurse (drawn by Miss Sutcliffe) who appears every week upon the front page of this Journal. The former is a wonderfully clever caricature of Cruikshank's famous engraving of Mrs. Sairey Gamp, sketched by Mr. Harry Parkes, who is rapidly becoming famous for his skill in life-like delineation of the human face and figure. The good lady is represented turning her eyes up and away from her companion, and evidently not in a fit condition to perform any delicate Nursing duties. Our Nurse, of course, has her sign—the Red Cross. But the artist has endowed Mrs. Gamp in the same place with her historical umbrella, crossed in the most Hogarthian manner with an empty spirit bottle; the effect, of course, not only being most suggestive, but also most grotesque. They are both thorough works of art, and, as arranged now, on one sheet, will frame well, and make a most valuable and instructive picture of the past and present of Nursing.

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“THE irrepressible British Matron,” says the leading Medical journal, the *Lancet*, “has written to an evening contemporary to complain of the hard work of Nursing as a profession. She considers it far beyond the untrained and imma-

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