

curve laterally, so as to fit *over* the hip bone, and not *around* it, as is the case and fault of those in ordinary use; it was laced up the front and kept in position by india rubber tubing perineal bands. This excellent belt, which I feel sure will answer its purpose admirably, was designed and entirely made by Miss Reeve, who assists in the Linenry at St. Bartholomew's. One splint, covered with yellow oil silk, beautifully padded, was worthy of notice; also an exquisitely sewn, many-tailed interlaced flannel bandage, admirably adapted for keeping a jacket poultice or breast dressing in position. The bronchitis jacket was also a specimen of dainty workmanship. From the National Hospital, Queen Square, I observed a poroplastic jacket, made by a Nurse, which might have been turned out of a specialist's shop, and two very well made capelline plaster of Paris bandages, used, so I was told, for some of the wonderful operations on the brain for which the Hospital is becoming so justly celebrated. Miss Cooper's antiseptic dressing-table I should like to see in use in every Surgical Ward, so complete is it, with its surface of spotless white tiles, and nooks and corners for every convenience, down to a "sweet thing" in pepper pots, which emitted an odour very suspicious of iodoform, which was business-like, if not altogether pleasant.

A District Nurse's handbag, which was shown by Miss Mansel, Lady Superintendent of the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, was very complete, and it was quite miraculous how so many useful articles could be stowed away in so limited a space, until one observed that every thing had its place, and was arranged with method and forethought; a bag of this sort, slightly modified, would be a most useful addition to a Private Nurse's kit.

I heard that many Institutions which did not apply for space till late in the day were unable to obtain it—"The early bird gets the worm"—but that it is hoped that next year, owing to the success and popularity of the present exhibition, ample space will be allotted to the Nursing appliances and inventions, and that prizes will be awarded.

SISTER DAMIAN.

— LIGAN. —

IT happens now and then, when, in greater contrast than ever to our quiet anchorage, we hear the bleak wind and the seething billows in angry warfare beyond the gates, that among the many who seek harbour and come riding in on the flood-tide, some drift into haven so battered and derelict, that we are ignorant alike of their homes, ages, occupations, and their very names. In the

great accident wards, where every variety of misadventure by road, rail, river, street crossing, scaffolding and petroleum lamps—and a long, long list besides—is more or less honourably represented, it is far from uncommon to see a helpless and entirely nameless wayfarer, introduced by a laconic sponsor in the form of a policeman, whose concise epitome of the facts relating to the new comer would have won the heart of the late Mr. Colton. And there among strangers, away from home and kindred, our new patient lies for hours—perhaps for days. The old inhabitants, who have seen generations of their fellow-patients come and go during their sojourn, speculate as to his identity and profession. The laconic policeman drops in to inquire, and gazes meditatively over his stiff collar at the unconscious waif, who, but for his prompt and ready help, would have sunk beneath the eddying currents of that chilly ocean, outside the harbour bar; and sooner or later the new occupant of the bed in the quiet corner awakes to a sense of his present surroundings, and comes back—whence, I wonder—to his daily life and daily cares, which have been as utterly blotted out as if they had never been, until to-day.

Sometimes, in the period of quiescent oblivion, when to call him by his number would interfere with traditions cherished by old neighbours of former 7's or 22's, the nameless arrival returns to consciousness with a friendly sobriquet bestowed on him, which, provided he raise no objection, graces him till he and his quiet corner part company. This was the case once when we had a Hansom cab driver brought in, senseless and astray; he, his cab, and his "fare" having represented the three points of a triangle—a patient to whom was allotted a bed sacred to no less illustrious a memory than that of 14, the patentee of the remedy for melancholia in all its branches.* Now it would have been rank heresy to confer the honourable title borne by their old friend and neighbour with such distinction on a weather-beaten and speechless stranger, very much the worse for his recent experience—so much the worse, indeed, that Nurse, as she makes the bed ready, with a private conviction that a bitter struggle for life and death will be fought over its pillow, remarks to herself, "Enter Hortensio with his head broken," which is an exact statement of the case. Her comment, however, overheard by a loyal adherent to the departed 14, is received with high favour by the community at large; is decreed in committee, without one dissentient voice, to be both fitting and convenient to bestow on the recent arrival. And though, as time wears on, and Hortensio proves himself so worthy a successor to the former

* Vide "Flotsam and Jetsam," in No. 32, p. 449, of this Journal.

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