

## The Nursing Record "At Homes."

No 8.

MISS M. B. MACKEY, AT THE HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT, GOLDEN SQUARE, W.

ALMOST within a stone's throw of fashionable Regent Street, lies the Golden Square Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Ear. A hospital which, though small and unpretentious in appearance, has carried on a most beneficent work night and day, never closing its doors to the reception of cases where life and death are concerned. It was founded by the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., who regarded it as his pet protégé; during his life he devoted much time to visiting the patients, and spared no trouble to promote its efficiency. His lamented death was a serious blow to the Hospital, and a great loss to the staff and patients, who alike looked up to him; and his great skill and kindness many of them had personally experienced.

I called, one day recently, on Miss Mackey, the popular and efficient Sister-in-Charge, and was immediately ushered into her own cosy private sanctum.

"Do you mind being interviewed for the NURSING RECORD?" I asked, "we are anxious to include you and your hospital amongst the series."

"I mind nothing which may be for the good of the hospital," was the sensible, candid reply. "I shall have great pleasure in telling you anything you may want to know. I will answer any questions you may choose to ask me."

It is easy to understand Miss Mackey's popularity; she is the essence of good humour; her kind bright face lights up as she speaks of the hospital and patients; she must be like a ray of hope and strength to the feeble suffering men and women who come here, often to undergo the most terrible operations. She at once inspires confidence. Here is a woman, one feels instinctively, who will not lose her head at the supreme moment, she will see in an instant what is needed by the surgeon, she will speak a kindly word to the nervous Probationer, her hand will smooth the pillow of the poor

patient, her cheery voice will speak the word of hope to the anxious relatives and friends. Yes, as I looked at Miss Mackey, I felt she was an ideal Nurse, born to be one of those ministering Angels who are now recognised by the public at large as members of the noblest profession in the world. Her pretty sitting room was order itself; on every side there were pictures, books, and flowers, many of them valued souvenirs from old friends and patients. Her desk was piled with letters and orders of admittance to the hospital; the beds in which are engaged long before-hand. Cases are dealt with in strict rotation, the very poor are admitted free, but the generality pay something weekly towards the expenses; there is one private ward which can be engaged when vacant, the charge made being 3 to 5 guineas per week.

"Will you tell me how you came to take up Nursing in the first instance, Miss Mackey?"

"I was always fond of it, I belonged to the medical profession as it were, my father was an army doctor in the famous Black Watch, the 42nd Regiment. It was not all plain sailing at first. I met with considerable opposition from my mother, as Nursing was not then the fashionable profession it has now become, and few ladies adopted it. I trained at the Bradford Infirmary in 1872-1873. I wish some of the Nurses of the present day could have my experience of hard work; it would astonish them. I had many difficulties to contend with, because being a lady was rather against a Nurse then. The work was very rough and



heavy."

"Do you consider Nurses should have to do this rough house work?"

"I think every Nurse should know how to do it in case of necessity, but a Nurse's period of training is none too long. If she is kept blacking grates, scrubbing floors, scouring lamps, coppers, &c., she can have no time to learn the real work of her profession, which will need every moment of her time."

"I suppose then you are a member of the Royal British Nurses' Association and are on the Register?"

Miss Mackey laughed. "Need you ask me?"

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