

Bookland.

A NEW French slang dictionary is to be published and is to be in two parts, French-Slang, and Slang-French, just like any dictionary of two languages.

An interesting little anecdote about Wordsworth is told in the *Author* for May. A lady tells how, when she was a little girl, she used to stay at Rydal Mount, the poet's house, and that he used to make her read aloud to him, not for his amusement, but in order to train her voice. "He used to constantly interrupt me to correct my enunciation whenever I raised my voice unduly, either in reading or speaking, and would quote Shakespeare's 'sweet, low voice, an excellent thing in woman,' till I conceived a strong dislike for Cordelia, which was only removed by Ellen Terry's splendid acting of the part."

However hateful it is to be "preached at," Shakespeare's famous dictum on sweet-voiced womanhood might form a most instructive text for Hospital wards. A soft, low voice is an excellent thing in a Nurse, and for those engaged in private work, the power of reading aloud melodiously is a priceless gift to the patient.

Mr. George Moore has announced that the scheme of his new novel—as yet unnamed, and which will not be ready for two years—deals with the career of a *prima donna* who feels uneasy about the life she is leading and submits herself to a priest for advice. He counsels that she should enter a convent. So she becomes a nun, and Mr. Moore professes to disclose the secrecies of life in a nunnery.

Dr. Arabella Kenealy, discussing in the *Author* some controversy which has arisen with regard to that passage in "Jane Eyre," where she hears the cry of blind Rochester from afar, and which, it has been suggested, Charlotte Brontë copied from Defoe, says:

"That the dire need of some loved one in distress—the cry across the gulf of separation of one human soul to another in sympathy—may make itself heard in some plane of emotional consciousness normally latent is a truth too vital to have confined itself to the recognition of Defoe alone. For my own part, that little note of Mr. Sherard's confirms a conviction I have always had, viz., that the love of Jane for Rochester is the story of some unrecorded love in Charlotte Brontë's own life."

I have never read the passage in question without having been strongly impressed with the sense that that cry for "Jane! Jane! Jane!" had at some time or another entered iron-like into the writer's own soul.

The intense and passionate tenderness portrayed—the love tearing itself up by its bleeding human roots in order that its ideal shall not suffer—is too vivid to have taken origin wholly in fancy. The writer *interprets* a passion she knows—a thing as different from mere *delineation* of a passion she knows about, as genius is from talent. In "Jane Eyre" Charlotte Brontë has interpreted, perhaps more truly and touchingly than any other writer, a woman's love—intense, sincere, high-minded, yet all the while tenderly human. I greatly doubt that Defoe had anything to teach her.

Coming Events.

May 10th.—General Council Meeting, Royal British Nurses' Association, 17, Old Cavendish Street, W., 5 p.m.

May 11th.—Annual Distribution, by H.R.H. Princess Christian, of medals and certificates of National Health Society, in the Rubens Gallery, Grosvenor House, W., 4 p.m.

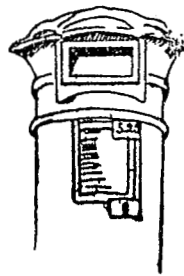
May 13th.—Reception at the Society of Water Colours, Piccadilly, of friends and members of Women's Liberal Federation.

May 14th.—Annual Council Meetings Women's Liberal Federation, Westbourne Park Chapel, Porchester Road, W., 10 a.m.—Princess Henry of Battenberg opens Bazaar at St.

Martin's Town Hall, in aid of the Building Fund of the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital.

May 15th.—Annual Public Meeting Women's Liberal Federation, Queen's Hall, Langham Place, 8 p.m.

May 17th.—Duke of Cambridge presides at Festival Dinner of Gt. Ormond Street Children's Hospital, at Hôtel Métropole.



Letters to the Editor.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

"NO NURSES ADMITTED."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I have read with interest the letters from your three correspondents in last week's issue of your valued journal. As far as I can learn, the only plea of justification, so called, advanced by the managers, is the fear of infection inspired in their visitors by the sight of our uniform. Surely a Nurse knowing so well the consequences, would be the last to take infection to her friends, and even if circumstances, sometimes uncontrollable by the wealthiest of us, compelled her to go among others when in charge of an infectious case, her training would enable her to take the most scientific precautions, such as an untrained individual would necessarily neglect. As among the jury there is often a worse thief than the one they try, so, doubtless if facts were known, among the visitors to the Langham are centres of infection with which poor Nurse could not vie.

Apparently, it is not the fact that one is nursing an infectious case that the proprietors object to, but the exhibiting to their visitors the outward and visible sign of the vocation (the uniform); if dressed *à la mode* one may go even from cholera to their hospitable board. As well, then, might they expel clergymen, from whose garb we infer that they spend their time among the outcast and sick, or doctors, by chance revealing some of the insignia of their profession.

How far persons keeping a house for entertainment of the public have a right to refuse to supply one of that body when conducting himself or herself with decency, I am at present unadvised. But even if we have no legal redress we may memorialise the proprietors of hotels, that of their courtesy they will give us—pariahs though we be—a place in the regulations (even though they include us, as "A British Nurse" suggests, with our four-footed friends) that at least a public notice may secure us from the ignominy of a public expulsion! How far this policy of expulsion is a sound fiscal one I cannot say, but I may truthfully declare that having once been offered as a sop to the Langham "Visitors," my friends and I will not again seek its hospitable doors.

I am, dear Madam, Yours faithfully,
INDIGNATION.

HOSPITAL ENGAGEMENTS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—A wise man has said "My son, let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." I suppose the dictum applies equally to the daughters of to day, and I am determined that the sun shall *not* go down till I have expended a portion of my wrath on paper. We have had some very interesting

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