

washing the clothing, instituting tow for cleaning wounds instead of one wretched dirty sponge, which went the rounds from one patient to another. I had a proper receptacle found for the personal possessions of the patients, which consisted chiefly of huge bundles of rags, cloths, cooking utensils and old shoes. These had been kept under their beds along with their allowance of fuel, which consisted of dried cakes of cow dung. Many will say, perhaps, that my work was a very curious medley for a Lady Superintendent, but I never lost sight of what I meant to carry out, and for which I was enabled to lay the foundation before leaving this place.

There was no means for having any of my meals in the Hospital, so having only had an egg with toast and a cup of tea for chotahazri, I felt ready almost to eat up my kind friend and hostess on my return at noon.

The Doctor arranged to have quarters built for me in the new wing, and they were all but finished when I had to go away.

My life here was, on the whole, a quietly happy one.

In rain or sunshine, I never missed going twice a day to Hospital, except for a very short interval, when I had a poisoned finger; sometimes I drove, sometimes rode, and not seldom, especially in the early mornings, I walked from my home to the Hospital.

There were only twenty or thirty Europeans in the station, and I went to most of their small social gatherings; these were principally dinner or tennis parties. I attended very few of the latter for two reasons: the hours rather interfered with my Hospital work, and I preferred spending my spare time on horseback. I had no lack of mounts, for I may say everyone offered me their horses, so I took long solitary rides out across the wild open country, which was bare of either trees or boundaries of any description.

I had a few applications from natives to visit their women as a Doctor, but my Nursing training saved me from any temptation to be a "quack."

On one occasion I went with a friend to visit a rajah and his wives. The rajah consulted me about the health of his only daughter, a delicate child of about five years of age, whose mother had died of phthisis. I recommended fresh air and plenty of good milk, and on my leaving the palace I was presented with a large tray piled up with fruit, and on the top a roll of satin and fifty rupees as a "fee," though I explained that I did not pretend to be a doctor. I was very much amused while going through the Zenana to see the curious way in which some of the rooms were decorated, one having a shelf about a couple of feet from the ceiling, with alternately a large plate

and an empty brandy bottle (the gilt label being turned outwards) placed on it.

When I had been some months in my appointment here, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught came to the station, and I had the honour of being presented to them. H.R.H. the Duchess was good enough to express warm interest in my work, and to listen to my plans for training native women in Nursing. I proposed that the native princes who were present should be made acquainted with Her Royal Highness's approval and interest, and asked to establish one or two scholarships for Nurses, each in their own respective State, and send candidates up for training.

This was arranged, with the kind assistance of the Political Agent and the Medical Officer in Charge, and the whole arrangements concluded for the reception of Nurse Probationers in an amazingly short time. At this important turning point I was informed of a vacancy for a Matron Superintendent in the largest Hospital in India, and on my obtaining the post I left these primitive wilds with much regret, but with hopes that some one would come who could more worthily fill my place, and continue the work which my good fortune had enabled me to initiate.

The Hospital of which I am at present Matron Superintendent is worked on the most stringent red-tape system, which has many advantages to those who like discipline and order. My reminiscences would be very incomplete did I not acknowledge my great gratitude and respect for the kindness and sympathy in aiding all my plans, both for the comfort and good of patients and Nurses, which I have met with from H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, as well as from Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin, H.E. Lady Reay, and H.E. the Lady Connemara.

HOSPITAL MEMORIES.—No. 1.

THE THEATRE.

MOST Hospital Nurses will retain a vivid remembrance of that important moment in their early career when they were first permitted to accompany their patients to the Operating Theatre. For a beginner it is a nervous time, looked forward to with some beatings of the heart, and in its realisation it is, at any rate at first, a *mauvais quart d'heure*. There is a good deal for a novice to get accustomed to—the heat of the place, the hissing of the steam, the smell of the anæsthetics, the mysterious instruments, the covered basins, the unknown appliances, the constant swinging of the Theatre door, the crowd of eager faces. A Nurse may consider herself

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