

nurses last year, and we learn from the report that it was divided in the following way:—

Freetown, Sierra Leone .. ..	£
S. Aidan's, Durban .. ..	20
Poona Hospital .. ..	20
Haifa, Palestine .. ..	10
Peking .. ..	25
Tokyo, Japan .. ..	10
Kobe .. ..	10
Chemulpo, Corea .. ..	10
	£125

The Loan of Exhibits of Missionary Interest were arranged in side rooms, and to all those who value the splendid work of the S.P.C.K., and the Universities' Missions, could not fail to be deeply interesting. One little room was fitted as a facsimile of a medical ward of the Cambridge University Mission Hospital, St. Stephen's, at Delhi—with white walls—showing the simple wooden frame bed and sacking—which the native can really "take up and walk"—the simple little string stools, made on a firm frame of straw on which the patient squats, the simple cooking and tin utensils in which food is cooked and remains undefiled, the curious and porous "gumla" or water-pot, in which the water is cooled and kept, all of which gave one a graphic idea of the lack of luxury, which one can imagine being the chief joy of existence in countries less civilized than our own, where so much valuable time is wasted over "beginning to live." A "burka" was also on view: this is the long cotton cloak-like hooded garment in which the lower class women envelope themselves on leaving the seclusion of the house; two little peep-holes, covered with net insertion, are allowed, but it is *de rigueur* that the "burka" should be worn soiled. It is, therefore, dipped in dirty water before being used; only women of ill fame are permitted the luxury of appearing clean, a custom which must add a terrible temptation to immorality.

Interesting relics of Bishop Patterson and Bishop Harrington were on view; Curios from Central Africa and the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, and native articles from Zululand. But the slave-shackles, and slave-yokes taken from living victims, appealed to us most forcibly, and we have since read "The Capture of the Slaver," by the Rev. D. Gath Whitley with the deepest interest, in which he describes the night on the lowlands which stretch along the sea shore of Eastern Africa, "The land of pestilence, the land of the mangrove and the mosquito; the land in which the white man feels that the dark and unwholesome vegetation breathes a creeping horror o'er his frame, and over which, by day and night, Death spreads his wings."

And how graphic is the description of the passing of a slave gang!

"But hark! what sounds are these? Tramp, tramp, tramp!—clink clank! The grass rustles beneath the tread of human feet, and gives warning of the approach of marching men. No voice is heard, no single word proclaims the presence of human beings, and only the regular and heavy tread indicates the advance of a considerable body of men. The sounds draws nearer. The high grass opens in front, and in the darkness a long string of men in single file is seen approaching, accompanied by others who walk beside them. It is a gang of slaves.

The melancholy procession passes by. Of the slaves, every two of the men are secured by heavy logs of wood with forks at their ends, through which the men's necks are placed, whilst their hands are also tied. The women—of whom there are many in the gang—are not confined in the slave sticks, but are fastened to the men either by chains or cords, and they carry heavy burdens on their heads. The children walk by the side of the men and women, wearied and ready to drop, but nevertheless driven pitilessly on by the merciless slave drivers. The traders march by the side of the slaves. They are Arabs or half-caste Swahilis of the coast, and are well armed with rifles, knives, and hatchets. The gang marches by in perfect silence, for the slave traders have good reason for quiet and secrecy in their movements. They know that the white men are opposed to slavery, and that the arrival of a slave-gang may be reported to Europeans on the coast. And so the slave caravan avoids the villages, and marches by night along by-paths and unfrequented tracks, in order that suspicion may not be aroused."

And it was these instruments of torture, the horrible thonged whips and the heavy chains and anklets, the rough wooden yokes, which were to be found amongst the Loan Exhibit of the Nurses' Missionary Association, and which brought home to one the physical horrors of the African slave trade with force and loathing.

Addresses on Missionary subjects were delivered during the afternoon, and we were fortunate in entering the room in time to hear Miss Mary Kingsley's remarks—made doubly interesting by her delightful sense of humour; and which we intend to publish in full next week.

## Appointment.

LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

MISS AGNES F. ABBOTT has been appointed Lady Superintendent of the City and County of Kingston-upon-Hull Sanatorium. She was trained at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Miss Abbott held the post of Sister to the Clinical Hospital, Manchester, from 1884 to 1891. She was Matron of the Southern Hospital, Manchester, from 1891 to 1893, since which date she has held the appointment of Lady Superintendent of the Wirral Children's Hospital, Birkenhead.

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