

## Reflections

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg has acceded to the request of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh to visit the city some time near the end of the present month, to open the new pavilion added to the Infirmary for the accommodation of female patients. It is probable that the ceremony will take on Friday, the 26th inst.

At a meeting of the committee of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held at the offices in Gray's Inn Road, it was reported by the secretary (Mr. W. G. Bunn) that the receipts from the workshops and business houses of London from January 9 to September 8 had amounted to £8,889 11s. 2d., as compared with £9,027 during the corresponding period of 1899. The expenditure since January had reached £1,356 10s. 1d. The annual special Hospital Saturday collection in industrial establishments, arranged in lieu of the abandoned street collection, will be held to-day, Oct. 13th. The committee hope that the ultimate total will not fall short of that realised last year—viz., £20,000.

At the recent meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, under the presidency of Sir E. Galsworthy, the Hospitals Committee—referring to the resolutions of the Board approving of certain steps for dealing with cases of plague and deputing certain managers to represent the Board at a conference on the subject with the Local Government Board—reported that the conference had taken place, and various projects for dealing with plague cases were discussed. Both at the conference and since, the urgent need was felt for a medical adviser who could give his time and experience, and survey the matter in all its bearings, and the Committee had authorised the engagement of Dr. Arthur Shadwell. Since his appointment he had visited hospitals, and submitted a report, a copy of which had been sent to the Local Government Board.

It is officially notified that the Local Government Board has received information of a fatal case of plague in Wales. A sailor named Garnett arrived in the river Tyne on September 23rd on board a vessel from Rosario and soon afterwards travelled to Llandaff. He was unwell at the time, but was supposed to be suffering from fever. Suspicion having been aroused, however, he was sent to the isolation hospital, where he died.

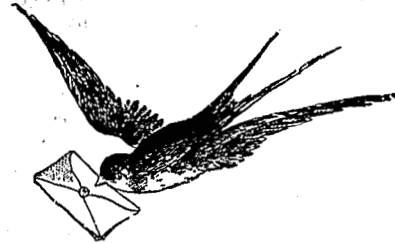
Between five and six o'clock on October 4th a van heavily laden with Bovril left the Company's Works at Bunhill Row, *en route* for the Docks for shipment. On the road the driver stopped at a coffee-shop for a cup of coffee. He was only in the shop a couple of minutes, but when he came out to resume his journey, he discovered that the van and horses had disappeared. He returned to the Company's Works and reported the matter. Steps were immediately taken to elucidate the mystery, and after a prolonged search on the part of the Company's Servants and the Police, the van and horses were discovered meandering through Hackney. The van, however, minus its valuable contents, namely, about £250 worth of Bovril.

## Our Foreign Letters.

JOTTINGS FROM LETTERS FROM BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

(Continued from page 282.)

October 23rd, 1899.



"I'm in hospital again finishing up three fever patients. One is a terribly drunken engineer from the river; a black-haired Scotchman with a nose

and mouth like Ally Sloper's, and suffering from the discomforts of alcoholic gastritis cum malarial fever. You know it must be a terribly bad feeling in the hot weather before the rains—engineering on the river. We in our cool righteousness on the hills can't realize the temptation.

\* \* \*

Zomba, Nov. 27th.

"You musn't blame me unheard—you forget that letters take two months to come—so that you must not expect answers in a few weeks; your letter came as a surprise, yesterday. Didn't know the mail was due, I was sitting on the hospital verandah with three of my patients having tea, when we spied a nigger coming up the hill with a bundle of letters. All the aches and pains were instantly forgotten, whilst we devoured our mail, that is the way to describe a home mail, isn't it? One literally *devours* letters, and sighs when one comes to the end, to think that one has eaten all the cake, and there won't be any more for two or three weeks.

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"I have been gadding about a good deal since I last wrote. I went for ten days to Fort Johnston on Nyassa. One of the nurses brought a patient to Zomba, and I went back with him. We went down in our machillas by night to a little place called M'pimbo on the Shire river. A tremendous thunderstorm came on, and our "boys" staggered along by the light of the flashing lightning. There are funny little clean, white stern-wheelers that run up and down the river. Very fresh paint, and white-ducked enthusiastic skipper and engineer. The river widens out into a big lake some ten miles before you get to Fort Johnston. It was like being on the sea lying back on a deck chair under an awning watching the birds—large, white cormorant things, and the tall nigger in spotless white silhouetted against the sky at the wheel. These boats are steered from the front, one nigger sits on the lower deck with a long pole, taking perpetual soundings and singing out to the pilot, a motionless nigger perched on the upper deck, who, with a wave of his hand directs the man at the wheel. He guides the boat almost entirely by the look of the water—the sand ripples and wave ripples, and the way the crocks swim or flies dance. They are really very clever at it. I enjoyed it all immensely.

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"The skipper is an Hungarian, naturalized

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