

letter on the treatment of confluent small-pox, he speaks of his friend, Dr. Goodaall, as follows:—"Dr. Goodaall was the friend who, when many men ventured to assert that I had done but little in the investigation and cultivation of medicine, threw himself in the way of my maligners, and defended me with the zeal and affection of a son towards a father." Two years later Sydenham brought out an important work on Gout and Dropsy, and this was dedicated to Dr. Short, who had recognised, and publicly expressed his high opinion of Sydenham's writings when they had been slighted by others. This book is regarded as his master-piece. He had indeed exceptional opportunities for observing the symptoms of gout, as he was himself a great sufferer from the disease.

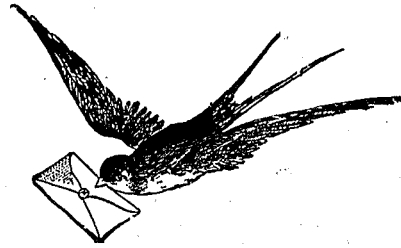
On September 29th, 1689, Sydenham laid down his pen to write no more, and on December 29th, he died at his house in Pall Mall, and was buried two days later at St. James's, Piccadilly. Here the original monument which marked his grave having disappeared, a tablet was in recent years erected by the College of Physicians, which at last has recognised him as "a physician famous for all time."

The references to nurses which occur throughout the book are interesting to the nursing profession, though they cannot be considered complimentary. Sydenham strongly objected to the accepted treatment of small-pox, "wherein a great pudder is wont to be kept, and the patient frightened into enduring the torments of being kept whole weeks sweltering in his bed, and of being burnt up with cordials. And during all this time nether the use of small beer or any thing else that is accustomed or gratefull to his palatt should be allowed him, but instead thereof he should be constrained to drinke possett drinke, or some such mixture, and likewise to take cordials of sundry and severall forms *quaque hora*." He indignantly asks if the most robust person, "the stoutest porter, or some such person under the happiest circumstances of health and vigour, would survive such treatment, if for experiment sake he should be put to bed where, with the curtains close drawn, and a large fire in the room, he should be kept in a sweat for some weeks, being in the meantime *carefully assisted by a nurse or two*, who, upon the least moving from his furme (bed), or putting a finger out of bed, should correct his error by heaping on more cloathes."

A certain Henry Stubbe took great exception to this sentiment, and finds it "most intollerable" in Dr. Sydenham that he seems to attribute the evil consequences of the small-pox to the errors of those who attend the patients, be they nurses or physicians. Nurses indeed can scarcely be blamed for errors of treatment, for then as now they were simply required to carry out instructions not to question treatment. Other references are as follows:—"After the male quacks came a great crowd of females—midwives, *nurses*, and 'wise women' to sweep up the remaining crumbs of the medical feast!" And again, "what with 'Virtuosi,' the medical quacks, royal favourites, surgeons, prescribing apothecaries, astrologers, base empirics, midwives, and old women, it was a motley rout of competitors the honest physician had to contend with." The honest nurse of the present day finds herself in much the same position as the "honest physician" of Sydenham's time, let us hope that she too will eventually find protection from her motley rout of competitors in State Registration. M. B.

Our Foreign Letter.

TORONTO NURSES ORGANIZE.



A MOST delightful gathering took place at the Tem le Café, Toronto, when, for the first time the Alumnæ Association of the Toronto General Hos-

pital Training School for Nurses, met together for the first annual luncheon. Fifty nurses were present, and the whole affair went off with great *eclat*.

The café was screened off for the occasion, and the guests sat down at separate tables, which were tastefully decorated with roses. Miss Alice J. Scott, president of the association, presided. Among those present were Miss Snively, superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital school; Miss Mary Dougal, assistant superintendent, and Miss Sharpe, night superintendent of the same institution; Miss Sheppard, of Guelph; Miss Chilman, of Stratford; Miss Bowman, of Hamilton; Miss Hollingsworth, of St. Catharines; and Dr. Helen McMurchy.

After doing ample justice to a "lovely lunch," the toasts, to which the following mottoes were attached, were proposed, and Dr. Helen McMurchy's speech was remarkably clever, and brilliantly delivered:—

TOASTS.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Queen and Country."

"Queen, as true to womanhood as queenhood,
Glorying in the glories of her people,
Sorrowing in the sorrows of the lowest."

"Fair is our lot, oh goodly is our heritage,
(Humble ye, oh people, and be fearful in your mirth)."

Miss DAVIS.

"Alma Mater."

"Lest ye forget."

Miss FAULKNER.

"Absent Graduates."

"It is easy enough to say how we love new friends,
And what we think of them, but words can
Never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old."

Miss BOWERMAN.

"Supts. of Training Schools."

"You must be infinitely kind and patient,
And above all things clear sighted."

Miss BOWMAN.

"Hospitals."

"Battered and bruised are mended here."

"And ye shall succor man,
'Tis nobleness to save life."

Miss M. TWEEDIE.

"Medical Profession."

"Be to their virtues ever kind,
Be to their faults a little blind."

Dr. HELEN McMURCHY.

"Press."

"Once a journalist, always and forever a journalist."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)