

Nursing Echoes.



We are officially informed that the new Regulations for the employment of Nurses for the Navy in time of war have not yet been decided, the matter still being under the consideration of the Lords of the Admiralty. We hope that their Lordships will recognise the right of trained nurses to freely volunteer for this honourable and responsible duty, and that a Nursing Department, with a Matron-in-Chief at its head, will be formed at the Admiralty to deal with nursing matters. It is contrary to the spirit of the times that nurses should have no freedom of action in such a matter, but should be supplied by contract, as medical and surgical appliances are supplied, and the adoption of such a system would not be calculated to encourage the sense of patriotism so necessary in such a Service.

Now that a course of preliminary training for probationers is to be inaugurated at St. Thomas's Hospital, it is interesting to enumerate the training schools for nurses in connection with which such courses have been established. The first school in the United Kingdom to found such a course was the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, when Mrs. Strong was Matron. The London Hospital followed suite, and then came Leicester Infirmary, Guy's Hospital, London, the Royal Infirmary, Bristol, and now St. Thomas's Hospital. Such courses are most useful and necessary, but it is only the larger hospitals which can face the expense entailed, or which have the necessary number of new probationers at one time to form the classes which provide the necessary stimulus to study. We look forward to the time when courses of preliminary training for intending probationers will be established in connection with central colleges of nursing in University centres.

Miss S. A. Villiers, till recently Matron of the Fountain Hospital, Tooting, under the Metropolitan Asylums Board, has now taken up her new duties as Matron of the Park Hospital, Hither Green, Lewisham, a fine hospital where much interesting work is done. Miss Villiers will have the good wishes of many of her colleagues in the nursing world with whom she is deservedly very popular.

The current issue of the *Chelsea Infirmary Nurses' Journal* is mainly devoted to a report of the International Congress of Nurses, admirably summarised by Miss Barton, who has extracted most of the kernels.

"Pat" (with his affectionate mistress) presents his photograph with his compliments as a frontispiece to this number of the *Journal*. It is reported that he is very anxious to know if he is eligible to become an Associate of the League. He has been in the Infirmary for more than three years, has attended several lectures and examinations, and has excellent conduct marks! We feel sure, should "Pat" be elected to some post of honour in connection with the Chelsea Infirmary Nurses' League, that he will be warmly welcomed as an affiliated member of the National Council of Nurses, in recognition of those noble canine characteristics, love and loyalty, which it would be well for "humans" to emulate.

The matters brought before the League meetings during the year, prove that the League does well to discuss a wide range of subjects—State Registration and Territorial Nursing from a professional standpoint, and Tennyson and the Guild of Service, to widen the literary and social outlook.

The address on Tennyson given by Archdeacon Bevan must have been delightful. The history of the love story of the great poet is touched on in the summary of the address, and recalls personal recollections of one's childhood. The Sellwoods lived at Horncastle, the little market town near to Somersby, in Lincolnshire, the birthplace of Tennyson. To this little town, came early in the nineteenth century our great uncle, the Rev. Edmund Palmer, who became in due time an intimate friend of the Tennyson family. As a little child we well remember being taken to gaze upon a window in what was formerly the Sellwood home—through which, we were told, in former days, Miss Emily Sellwood, reclining on a sofa was often visible—an object of emotional interest to all the young ladies in the district, our own mother amongst their number! It was in this house she spent many of the fourteen years of her informal engagement awaiting her marriage with Alfred Tennyson. Think of it—the Beatrice of the sweetest singer of the past century—day after day for those weary years, gazing out into that commonplace little cobbled market square, loving and faithful, waiting for the recognition of the genius of her lover, so long in coming! Those were the days of the patient Griselda!

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