

I AM glad to hear of the success of the Trained Nurses' Home at Wethersfield, Braintree,—one of the many Institutions which have sprung up all over the country since Princess CHRISTIAN proposed the foundation of Homes of Rest for Nurses—yet another example of the many ways in which Her Royal Highness has benefitted the profession. I heard, the other day, most glowing accounts of the Princess' charming Home of Rest at Brighton, and that it has, during the summer, been crowded with visitors from many south country Hospitals, and I am told that, during the last few months, no less than fifty Nurses have been unable to obtain admission to the Wethersfield Home. Miss PARMENTER, the Superintendent, informs me that she therefore proposes, as soon as accommodation can be secured, to take another house to meet the demand for rooms. The present Home has attached to it, a large garden and meadows with a river running through them, which affords good boating, and there is a tennis court in the adjacent villiage, so that athletic amusements are not wanting.

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I HEAR that Mrs. ISABELLA BROTHERS has been appointed Superintendent of Nurses at the Devon and Exeter Hospital. Mrs. BROTHERS was trained at St. Thomas's, and remained on the staff there for three years after her year of training. She then became Night Superintendent and Assistant Matron at the Public Hospital and Dispensary at Sheffield, a post which she vacates for her new appointment.

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I AM told that Miss AMY LANG has been appointed Sister of Wards at the Greek Hospital, Alexandria, and left England last week to take up this important work. Miss LANG was trained at St. Bartholomew's, and is a member of the R.B.N.A., and a Registered Nurse.

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I LEARN that Miss MARY A. JONES has been appointed Deputy Chief Nurse at St. Andrew's, Billing Road, Northampton, taking up her duties under the name of Sister May.

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THE *Pall Mall Gazette* published a most interesting interview with Miss KATE MARSDEN in its columns on Saturday last. Miss MARSDEN, I may say—as it is not a fact which is generally known—is an English Nurse, who held the position of Matron at more than one Australasian Hospital, and who took the keenest interest in the work of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and did much to forward its success among the Nurses of New Zealand. She was deeply interested in the lepers of Australia,

and came home to England in the summer of 1889, determined to devote her life to improving the conditions under which lepers live. Finding that those in the British possessions are as a rule well cared for, but hearing terrible rumours of their sufferings in Asiatic Russia, Miss MARSDEN made up her mind to leave home and friends and comfort, and seek out the best methods of assisting these unhappy outcasts.

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TO QUOTE the sympathetic words of our contemporary:—

“Miss Marsden, a lady without knowledge of the country or the language, without means, without help, set resolutely out for the land of the Great White Tzar, and obtained, by sheer enthusiasm and zeal, the protection of the Empress of Russia and of that all-powerful man M. Pobedonostzeff. She has now come back for awhile, crowned with splendored success, and is on the point of starting again for another journey yet further east than Yakoutsk, where more lepers are living in indescribable misery deep in the trackless forests of Siberia. Miss Marsden goes to Kamchatka by way of America, and in crossing the States she will deliver a series of lectures on the Siberian lepers, the proceeds of which will, of course, be used for the benefit of the poor outcasts—‘my lepers,’ as Miss Marsden calls them.”

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MISS MARSDEN gave the following graphic account of the lepers and of her own arduous journeys:—

“No words can tell what their existence is. As soon as the disease shows itself, the leper becomes a lonely, helpless outcast. He may be man, woman, or child; it makes no difference. Henceforth he has no home, no relations, no connection of any kind whatever with any human being except with other outcasts like himself, if there are others in the district. The villagers build him (or her) a wooden hut in the forest, and there the leper lives. Food is taken to a certain spot by the villagers, and the leper has to go there and fetch it. Can you imagine what this means when the disease has reached the stage at which, joint after joint, the hands and feet have dropped off? It is terrible even during the summer, but try to picture to yourself what it must mean in a Siberian winter. And the winter lasts nine months. The roof of the leper's hovel is covered with dried cowdung, which also serves as fuel in the winter; there are openings for windows, and when the cold weather begins one of the villagers comes and puts sheets of ice in, four inches thick, which serves instead of glass. And thus the Siberian leper is allowed to die slowly and by inches. Some succumb sooner, some later; if two or three lepers live together, the survivors put their dead comrade into a rough coffin and bury him somewhere in the neighbourhood.”

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How did you reach the lepers' haunts, since there are no tracks through those forests?—I had a band of twenty-nine natives of Yakoutsk, who had volunteered to act as my bodyguard. They were all mounted. I also rode on horseback, in a costume consisting of a long coat, wide trousers, tucked into high boots that came up to my knees. I had never before been on horseback, and was obliged to ride astride because there was no horse to be found that had ever carried a lady. If I had known anything about riding I should, of course, have risen in the saddle, and saved myself much suffering. As it was, the riding was torture from first to last. Often, after a long night's ride,

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