

The financial report presented at the half-yearly meeting of the Bristol General Hospital was not a very hopeful one. There was a falling off in donations and legacies, and, after much trouble, but a very little increase of subscriptions. The Committee have done much to increase the efficiency of the institution of late years, and deserve encouragement from the citizens if further progress is to be made.

The new Royal Victoria Hospital at Belfast, built at a cost of £100,000, and formally declared open by the King during His Majesty's recent Irish visit, was last week, for the first time, occupied by the patients from the old Royal Hospital in Frederick Street, who, to the number of over 100, were removed in ambulances, cabs, &c. The undertaking, which commenced at an early hour in the morning, was a very delicate one, attended with considerable risk and great anxiety, but happily the transfer was accomplished without a single case of relapse or untoward incident. The distance between the two institutions is nearly a mile and a-half.

Mr. Charles H. R. Stansfield has been appointed Director of Greenwich Hospital, vice the late Mr. John H. Giffard.

Norfolk County Council has enlarged its Thorpe lunatic asylum at a cost of £70,000 and increased the accommodation to 1,000 beds.

Captain J. M. Crocker, of the steamer *Baron Innerdale*, which recently arrived in Birkenhead from Buenos Aires with two sailors on board suffering from small-pox, has been fined £40 and costs by the Liverpool port sanitary authority. An officer who boarded the vessel said that the two sailors were working between decks among the grain with labourers. The disease was in the infectious state.

On the 7th inst. Mr. Frederick Mocatta laid the first stone of the new hospital which is being erected at Aix-les-Bains in memory of the late Dr. Brachet, in recognition of his eminent services.

It is announced from The Hague that the Dutch Government is about to invite an international competition for plans for the new Palace of Peace, in connection with The Hague Tribunal, which is to be erected out of funds granted by Mr. Carnegie.

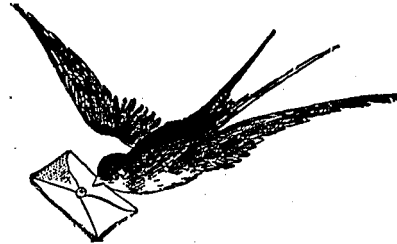
An amusing incident took place at a meeting of the Melbourne Hospital Committee when it consulted the medical staff on the desirability of establishing a new department for the treatment of diseases of the nose and throat. The Chairman, in advocating the change, read extracts from a book, when Dr. Williams requested to be furnished with the authority on the management of hospitals quoted. The reply given was: "Sir Henry Burdett, one of the highest medical authorities in England!" "Why, he's not a doctor at all," ejaculated several medical men together; "we do not agree with him, nor accept his authority." Daring doctors! That is how we regard his attempt to pose as an expert on nursing matters.

Our Foreign Letter.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOME HOSPITALS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By Miss EDLA R. WORTABET,
Late Lady Superintendent, St. George's Hospital, Beyrout, Syria.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL (*continued*).



Never shall I forget a little boy who came over by himself from Tripoli; he was brought to the hospital by a fellow-passenger whose acquaintance he had

formed on the steamer. The out-patient nurse came to me and said that a lame boy wanted particularly to see me. I went to the out-patients' department and saw a solemn little fellow, with a big head and a meagre body, standing on a thin leg (the other being drawn up), supported by crutches.

"What can I do for you?" I said.

"Is your ladyship the Superintendent?" he inquired, in polite Eastern language.

"Yes."

"I have heard about you and your good works and charitable deeds in our town, and I have come to you. I have a bad leg, I am in pain; I am tired, for I have been travelling; and I am a stranger. Will you let the doctor see me before the others?"

No courtier, no diplomat, no lawyer could have spoken with more courtesy, wisdom, and justice.

The little fellow did not appeal to me in vain. I took him at once to the doctor, lifted him myself on to the table, and began to uncover the leg. "With your permission," he said, and forthwith proceeded to unbandage his leg, wrapped up in some unwholesome septic rags, and soon showed us an enlarged suppurating tubercular knee, for which there was no cure but amputation.

We questioned the boy about his relatives, and found he lived alone with an old grandmother, so we told him we should have to write and tell her we were going to perform a rather serious operation and get her permission first.

"What are you going to do," he said, looking us straight in the face—"cut my leg off? Cut it off—the sooner the better; I cannot bear this pain any longer. I have borne it long enough."

"We cannot do so without your grandmother's permission."

"What! It is my own leg, and have I no right over it?"

"We will talk about this another time," I said, and, taking him in my arms, I took him to the bathroom and bathed him myself as gently as I could—poor suppurating little cripple. He never spoke all the time, but he never took his eyes off me. When he was dressed he took my hand and kissed it. I carried him to his bed, brought him a bowl of broth, and sat by him and watched him take it. When he finished I laid him down and covered him up, and he soon fell asleep, never having once looked at the other patients

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