

## The Hospital World.

### THE JAMES WEIR NURSES' HOME, DUBLIN.

On Friday in last week the James Weir Nurses' Home, in connection with the House of Recovery and Fever Hospital, Cork Street, was opened by the Lord Lieutenant. He was received by members of the Committee, headed by Mr. Abraham Shackleton, and including the Lady Superintendent, Miss Carson Rae. The proceedings took place in one of the rooms in the new building, where a dais was erected.

Mr. Shackleton, in presenting an address on behalf of the Managing Committee, gave a history of the hospital from its foundation in 1801. The demand for nurses specially trained and inured to fever nursing led to the establishment of a private nursing staff. A legacy from Mr. James Weir enabled the Committee to build a much-needed home, and the result was the building of the institution they had met that day to open.

The nurses of the institution worked in the typhus epidemic in Sligo, where Nurse Isabella Faichney died of fever contracted in the discharge of her duty; in the small-pox outbreak in Glenties, under Sister O'Brien; they had the entire nursing of the late small-pox epidemic in Dublin, they worked throughout the small-pox outbreak at Achill, they had charge of the small-pox patients at Waterford. When the plague visited Glasgow, the Home and its staff were placed at the disposal of the Corporation, and they were ready to take charge of any cases which might arise in the City, and in 1903 all the Corporation's convalescent small-pox patients were taken charge of.

His Excellency, in the course of his reply, said: "Your hospital needs no panegyric. It is a sufficient claim to praise that within its walls close on a quarter of a million of patients have been treated, and that from its gates no urgent case of fever has ever been turned away. No part of your work is more valuable than that which is in part the occasion of our being here to-day—I mean the training of certificated fever nurses, whose usefulness is not confined to Dublin, but finds an outlet all over Ireland wherever danger threatens most. The whole question of the provision of nurses for the sick poor in Ireland is, as you probably know, very close to the heart of Lady Dudley, who would be here to-day if she could, and it is a question in which I myself take a deep interest. No story of quiet heroism is finer than the tale of the unobtrusive way in which so many members of the nursing profession have devoted their lives to the good of humanity. And none have played a worthier part than those zealous nurses who have been trained in your hospital. . . . It is with great pleasure that I declare the James Weir Nurses' Home, established in connection with the House of Recovery and Fever Hospital, Cork Street, to be now open."

## The Hospital World on the Continent.

The Ospedale Civile in Venice was my first Italian hospital, and a never-to-be-forgotten one. As everything in Venice is more beautiful than things of its kind anywhere else, so this hospital is more stately and superb and impressive in its special way than other great hospitals having its general character.

For the Ospedale Civile is established in an old Dominican monastery six hundred years old, its entrance being through the former Scuola di San Marco, on the Campo Giovanni e Paolo, and I mean now to compare it with other large hospitals established in old monasteries, of which one finds many in Italy, and not with such hospitals as the General Hospital of Milan or the new hospital in Rome, which are of entirely different styles.

Besides its imposing beauty, the Ospedale Civile also surpasses some other large hospitals that I have seen in Italy in its strikingly thorough cleanliness throughout, and its fresh, pure atmosphere, entirely free from odour, in the wards. In these two particulars many of the great general Italian hospitals, however interesting otherwise, are quite deficient according to our ideas. We asked a "Portier" to take us about, and in order that we might make the proper impression (remembering the advice I had had about the lowly condition of the Italian nurse or "infirmière") I announced myself as a "Dottoressa," for which fib I hope to be forgiven. I found later it was not necessary to take this trouble. Simply to say one is an American and would like to visit the hospital is enough to ensure every attention and courtesy. (The "Portier" should receive a small fee for his trouble.)

The first ward into which we were shown, after passing through fine old halls and passages, was a sight to make one open one's eyes. It had been the library of the monastery, and was a room of majestic proportions and having a particularly fine carved wood ceiling, of a height which we never see at home except in public buildings.

It had no pillars, and contained one hundred beds in four rows without any appearance of crowding, and yet one end was furnished with altar-pieces and set aside for the religious observances. (Every Italian hospital has its chapel, and in many they are in direct communication with the wards.)

There were windows on three sides and plenty of light and air. It was also pleasantly warm, as modern "central-heating" has been cleverly introduced into the old walls. The hundred beds were all full—it was a men's ward—and perfect quiet and order prevailed, yet, strange enough to my eyes, not a nurse was anywhere to be seen.

The next largest wards to this one that I have ever seen are in the County Hospital in Chicago, and

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)