

her voice and arms than half a dozen members of the Metropolitan Police. She could neither read nor write; but still she was a good old nurse of that day.

On Thursday evening, October 18th, in the Museum, Belfast, Mr. J. Taylor gave an interesting and instructive lecture on "Representative Modern Painters," to the members of the Ulster Branch of the Irish Nurses' Association. The lecture was illustrated by a beautiful collection of lime-light reproductions of the best known pictures.

In connection with the engagement of a nurse for the Poor Law Fever Hospital at Lisburn, one guardian suggested that a nurse should be sent from the Infirmary, her place being taken by a pauper, and, on Dr. Mackenzie pointing out that a pauper could not do a nurse's work, one member asked to be informed what were the special duties of a nurse that a pauper could not attend to for a couple of days: and another who resented the doctor's attitude, proposed to refuse to pay the nurse's wages in order to elicit a decision from the Local Government Board as to "who was boss in the matter"—the Guardians or the doctor. We imagine that the Local Government Board would prove to be "boss" under these circumstances and insist on the due observation of its Nursing Order.

Writing in the *Friend*, "Agnes Barrow" speaks warmly of the work of the Queen's Nurses who are working through Lady Dudley's Fund in the poorest districts in Ireland, to some of whom she had paid a visit. "At this time of year many of the nurses were away on holiday, but we were fortunate in being able to meet several, and were much struck by their bright sympathetic manners and capable appearance. The one whom we met on Achill Island has the largest district, a population of 5,064, and for this population there is one doctor and a midwife working under the Local Government Board. Seen as we saw it, under blue sky and brilliant sunshine, this county of the West seemed an attractive one to work in, but the crossing of miles of mountain and bog on dark winter days and nights is a very different matter. As far as possible, the nurses go about on bicycles, and car-hire is provided when necessary. The people are, of course, always glad to give the nurse a lift on the way. Said my car-driver at Cashel, 'Shure anybody would help her—a nice civil girl who works so hard too.' There are,

however, calls to places which cannot be reached in this way, and which mean long walks, or riding behind a man on a pony across the bog, or even in some cases the necessity of being carried half a mile across the bog, on a man's back. It is an extremely lonely life, as there is probably no one of her own class for the nurse to associate with, and books and papers are a great boon.

"I was fortunate in being able to spend some time with Nurse Leyden at Cashel, and to visit her house. She has been here since February, 1904, and has been of very great help to the district. She took me into one cabin where the baby, a fine healthy child, was ill simply from neglect of cleanliness. It was the ordinary one-roomed cabin with mud floor, small windows, and dark with smoke from the peat fire on the hearth. A nice little black calf put its nose into my hand, and the fowls scuttled away from under the bed in the corner. The baby, in a deplorable state of dirt, was lying in the cradle under a heap of clothes. None of the nurse's instructions had been carried out. 'The old women in the village had told her she would kill the baby if she washed him,' was the mother's excuse, and instead she had adopted the general remedy for all kinds of ailments, a mass of butter and dirty grey wool on the child's chest. There was nothing for the nurse to do but renew instructions, and say she would come next day to see if they were carried out. I thought she showed great delicacy of feeling in her desire that the woman should not think I had come simply to look at her as a 'show.'

"Having worked for some time as a District nurse in Manchester, she had been accustomed to meeting ignorance and lack of needful utensils, but she told me it was nothing to what she had to face here, for the superstition and ignorance and real dread of soap and water were almost unbelievable. Calling one day to dress a woman's leg which had been very badly cut, she found it covered with a black, sticky mass, which proved to be an application of cobbler's wax. After a visit to her pleasant little house, she was obliged to leave me, in order to get some miles farther on her bicycle to visit a woman and her seventeenth baby, and in the afternoon she was going over to one of the islands to a bad case of cancer. One was filled with admiration at the splendid work these nurses are so cheerfully carrying out."

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