

In the *American Journal of Nursing* Miss L. L. Dock gives one of her inimitable little sketches of old world French hospitals. So graphic it is, that we can see the sweet and lovely place. Writing of the Hôtel Dieu of Beaune, she says:—

The little city of Beaune in France is so exceedingly beautiful, and its wonderful old hospital such a rare and perfectly preserved gem of the fifteenth century, that one cannot imagine, after visiting it, why every traveller does not go there. The whole place is so unspoiled and picturesque, the walks are so lovely, and the remains of old walls so bewitching, that one forgets the world quite, and, on entering the Hôtel Dieu, founded in 1445, simply cannot believe that time has not turned back five hundred years. This famous hospital has been carefully preserved in the most perfect manner, and has, indeed, become such an important sight for visitors that regular visiting hours are fixed for tourists, during which one may walk decorously about in all directions as in a museum. The sisters wear the very prettiest dress of any hospital nuns; the bedside tables shine with old pewter tankards for milk or water, and with brass basins brilliantly polished, which are used instead of our prosaic porcelain utensil. Here one sees marble fountains in the middle of the ward, and log fires burning in enormous and stately fireplaces. In the large wards are the quaintest possible beds, built solidly down each side of the ward, of hard wood, like little rooms open at both sides, with a hard-wood ceiling. Wooden partitions separate these little rooms from

each other, and the patients lying in bed have their sides to the ward, as in a Pullman sleeping car, instead of their feet. Heavy curtains are fastened to rings on the bed top. The beds are not built right up to the wall, but a passage way is left with box-seats, in which the patients keep their clothes. On the heavy partitions of hard wood between the patients, in this solidly-built row of beds, are little shelves where books, flowers, medicines, and trinkets are kept. The beds look some-

thing like choir stalls in a church. The great ward is richly decorated like a church, and the bed curtains and counterpanes are of crimson. Upstairs is a museum full of beautiful historic relics, which silently tell the tale of the hospital. It was founded and endowed by a pious and wealthy bourgeois and his wife — Nicolas Rolin, who became a Chancellor, and Guigone de Salins, a charming, cultured woman, of ancient family, who was her husband's chief inspiration. They lavished every luxury and appointment on it, and it was their dear delight. The first sister came from Flanders to manage it, her name, Alardine Gas-



CHILDREN IN COSTUME OF THE NURSING SISTERS AT BEAUNE.

quière. She was a notable executive, and of masculine strength of character, but devout to bigotry, an iron disciplinarian, and carried religious observances and penances to excess. No sister could even take a drink of water without her permission. All this was repugnant to the Chancellor, who disliked strict religious rules in a hospital, and he tried to persuade Sister Alardine to modify them. So autocratic was she that she refused, and even told him that after his death she and her nuns did not intend to obey his heirs.

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