

into a Hospital. It is a well-built, commodious mansion house, surrounded by $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres of wooded park; it stands on slightly rising ground to the south-west, and is well sheltered from the north. There is a large protected walled garden. At present the house is arranged to accommodate fifteen patients. The ground floor contains two male wards, the resident Physicians' rooms, laboratory, store-room, &c. The first floor, which has a nice square landing, has three large wards for women, and two small rooms, with one bed in each. The Matron has a nice room just at the top of the stairs. At the top of the house are the Nurses' rooms and servants' accommodation. The house has been altered by a capable architect, under the supervision of Dr. Phillips. The wards are pleasant. The walls are painted a warm red, and the old fashioned panelled dado a dim blue green. The colouring struck me as too deep in tone, but it is somewhat relieved by the pretty grey blue of the blankets which cover the beds, and the white enamel of the iron stands beside them. I noticed that in the large wards they had those delightful little cases, which are a German patent I think; an iron frame with sides and shelves of plate glass forms a cabinet for locking up instruments and poisons. A most friendly Nurse received us in the wards—(what a difference it makes to be greeted pleasantly by the Nurse!) She told us most of the patients had been sent home for the day, to allow of the Hospital being opened for show. Only two remained, who were too ill to be moved. It seemed such a droll idea, a dozen patients having a day's holiday! The staff consists of the Lady Superintendent, and a Day Nurse and a Night Nurse. They had each a very nice little room. I could not help thinking they must have hated such an invasion of people, but they certainly did their duty by us most pleasantly. I felt afraid to ask what training they had had.

Edinburgh is so wonderfully different from London in its Nurses. Seeing them on the streets one is quite impressed by their superior appearance. The Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurses so neat and work-like. The Nurses of the two largest Private Nursing Institutions have the one black, and the other grey uniform, and they wear it with a wonderful uniformity. The Royal Infirmary does not give out-door uniform, and the town is spared a large amount of fancy dress, by the fact that the Infirmary Nurses are not allowed to go out in any uniform of their own. Alas! Though the outward woman of the Edinburgh Nurse is wonderfully tidy and Nurse-like, from all I hear the standard of Nursing is very low. I fear, till we can get more medical men and women to take up the R.B.N.A. scheme in its entirety, the public will grumble in private, but take no steps to improve matters. I wish the medical ladies, who are becoming a power in Edinburgh, would take up the question; but I am sorry to say they don't even have a trained Nurse at their own little dispensary Hospital for Women. I have a terrible dread of the editorial chair, but must just add one groan for the want of dignity in Nurses who allow themselves to be advertised thus:—

NURSE—Housemaid for 28th; some experience. Apply Cowe, 50, Dundas Street, after six.

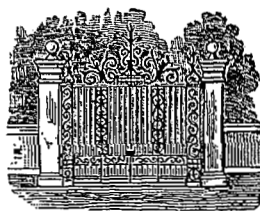
NURSES.—Several bright young Nurses, fresh from Hospital; good salaries, stamp.

KELVA.

— Outside the Gates. —

PARISH PARLIAMENTS.

A CHAT WITH ONE OF THE CANDIDATES.



During the last few weeks, there have been throughout the villages of England great expectations, great enthusiasm, great energy, such as was never known before, no, not even at the time of a General Election. The prospective Parish Meetings and Parish Councils have awakened the villagers to a sense of their importance. Tom, Dick, and Harry have risen high in their own estimation, and, proportionately, in that of their neighbours. The tradesman who is ambitious—even as a child he intended to take to books—cannot help seeing in imagination the gilded chamber of the House of Commons and himself therein. The farmer—but he was always somewhat pessimistic—has his fears. The squire—whose wife is always kind and charitable—thinks the country is going to the dogs. The blacksmith—a mighty man is he—is determined to get into the Council, and see if *something* can't be done. The Parson is not quite sure. He has learnt, and he has taught, that all men are equal *in* the sight of God, and that all are brothers and sisters—*in* Jesus Christ. But out of Him! Well, he'd rather not pursue the question. He is a staunch Churchman, and he fears for the Established Church, if it is no longer to sway its influence by means of pecuniary gifts, tea, sugar, and Christmas petticoats. He withstood all thoughts of the Council for a long time; but seeing that it became inevitable, he has made the best of a bad job, and, all honour to him, has sought for election; and, we are glad to say, there is in our parish a good chance of his being successful.

But we have another element, the widow. In our village of Morcar, the widow holds a very important place, for she is a member of our modest aristocracy; and, for upwards of a quarter of a century, has lived in her tiny cottage. The neighbouring vicarage has seen many changes in that time; vicars have come and gone, some accompanied by a crowd of children, and others not even by a wife. But this old lady still stays on. The older villagers remember when she was the Parson's wife, for a few months only, and how her husband, having met with an accident, was brought home one afternoon unconscious, and died a few weeks later. The younger generation know nothing of this, and she never alludes to it. Needless to say, she is a general favourite, both with high and low. Our late vicar, who was unmarried, found in her his right hand! He could tackle the men, but was afraid of the women. What wonder then that she was asked to stand at the election of Parish Councillors; and what wonder, that she is approached to give an opinion upon the development and extension of the principle of local self-government.

Accordingly I made my way to her cottage a few days ago. The afternoon was drawing to its close; lights were beginning to appear in all the windows; the children were leaving the village school; the

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