

Infirmary has proved how perfectly adapted it is in every detail to fulfil the purpose for which it was built. Its open, healthy and beautiful surroundings also are of the greatest benefit, not only to the patients but to the staff." The debt on the building fund has been defrayed, and all the beds have been kept constantly occupied, and it has been difficult to avoid an increase in their number. Having a regard to the question of maintenance, however, the Committee do not feel justified at present in adding more than two cots, though there is accommodation for eighteen more beds when the funds necessary for their maintenance are forthcoming.

The Walsall Memorial of the Diamond Jubilee is to take the form of an institution for providing district nurses for the poor of the borough. The name of the memorial is to be the Walsall Victoria Nursing Institution. The sum of £2550 has now been contributed towards the funds.

The New Nurses' Home at the Bradford Workhouse consists of three divisions, a central block and two wings, built round three sides of a square. The wings are connected with the main part of the building by corridors with glass roof and walls. On the corridor communicating with the wings are situated the superintendent nurse's rooms, the charge nurse's rooms, the probationers' room, the visitors' room, and the dining room. In the wings are situated the nurses' bedrooms, thirty-six in number. The necessity for building a home has been occasioned by the increase of the nursing staff, owing to the decision of the committee to train their own nurses, as they found by experience the difficulty of procuring a sufficient number of properly qualified nurses. The action of the Local Government Board in forbidding the employment of pauper assistance has also occasioned an increase in the nursing staff. The guardians are to be congratulated upon the new home.

We regret to notice that the York County Hospital, which began the year with a balance in hand, reports a balance due to the treasurer, at the end of year, of £345 7s. 1d. We hope that the citizens of York will soon defray this debt and place their hospital in a more satisfactory financial condition.

It is probable that the memorial of the town of Bolton to its late Mayor, Sir Benjamin Dobson, will take the form of adding a new wing to the Infirmery, and of endowing the District Nursing Association. The proposed memorial appears to be an especially suitable one, as Sir Benjamin's last official act was to sign a circular appealing for public support for these purposes.

We regret to record the death of Sir Richard Quain, Bart., which took place at his residence in Harley Street, on Sunday last, and by which the Royal British Nurses' Association loses another of its illustrious Vice-Presidents. As he leaves no son the baronetcy becomes extinct. Sir Richard Quain will long be remembered in connection with his "Dictionary of Medicine." The fame of this will abide when perhaps his brilliant medical career has somewhat faded from the memory of posterity.

## Professional Review.

### "THE WOUND DRESSER."

DR. R. M. BUCKE has done good service by collecting and publishing, under this title, the letters of Walt Whitman, written to his mother, from Washington, during the American War from 1862-64. The book is published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., U.S.A., and we cordially commend it to our readers as worthy of their perusal. The letters, themselves, are full of interest, and we must all of us surely be the better for the glimpse which we get of the man who wrote them. Originally going to the front to care for his brother, who had been wounded in battle, Whitman was so impressed by the suffering which he saw in the camp hospitals, that he stayed in Washington, in order to afford what help he might to the sick and wounded. Amateur help in hospitals is usually a questionable benefit, but the exception proves the rule, and the exception seems to have been met with in this instance. As we read of Whitman we are reminded of Evangeline, the prototype of American nurses, and Longfellow's description of her, as "with light in her looks she entered the chamber of sickness," for we read: "From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers; they embraced him, they touched his hand, they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer; for another he wrote a letter home; to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper or a postage stamp—all of which, and many other things, were in his capacious haversack; from another he would receive a dying message for mother, wife, or sweetheart; for another he would promise to go an errand; to another, some special friend, very low, he would give a manly farewell kiss. He did things for them which no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every cot as he passed along. The lights had gleamed for hours in the hospital that night before he left it, and, as he took his way towards the door, you could hear the voice of many a stricken hero calling, "Walt, Walt, Walt; come again! come again!" The personality of a man who could inspire such enthusiasm at such a crisis must have been exceptional, and could have found its mainspring only in the "patience, and abnegation of self, and devotion to others," which are the foundation of all good nursing. Whitman's letters to his mother are what one would expect from such a man—a record of facts, and life in the hospitals as he saw it, chronicled truly and simply, without any straining after effects, but rather written as a relief to the feelings of a tender-hearted man, over-weighted with the burden of the horrors he saw around him, to the mother who he knew would sympathize with his emotions. Strong to help those who needed his help, Whitman was in common with most strong and highly organized natures very sensitive to suffering and keenly affected by the horror of it. Listen to him: "Mother, when I see the common soldiers, what they go through, and how everybody seems to try to pick upon them, and what humbug there is over them everyhow, even the dying soldier's money stolen from his body by some scoundrel attendant, or from the sick one, even from under his head, which is a common thing, and then the agony I see every day, I get almost frightened at the world."

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