

## OBSTETRIC NURSING.

— BY OBSTETRICA, M.B.N.A. —

## PART I.—MATERNAL.

## CHAPTER VI.—LACTATION (DUTIES DURING).

*(Continued from page 279.)*

OUR next step in advance will be getting the patient into another room for a few hours in the day. Let us assume that we have entered into the third week from delivery, and if all is going on favourably we may safely prepare for a move; but it must depend upon the fact that the sitting-room is on the same floor as the bedroom, so that the lady can be wheeled on her couch from one room to the other. The time for the "journey" will be as soon as the patient is up, washed and dressed. More underclothing will be put on than was required in the bedroom; but the loose warm wrapper will still be continued. The arrangements of the couch will be the same as usual; but instead of pillows we can use sofa cushions, and they must be warmed by the fire before placing them. There is another duty that must claim your attention—that is, to see that the sitting-room is prepared for the lady's reception. If there has not been a fire in it for some time, it is better to have one lighted the day before the room is wanted, and have the window and door open to ventilate it. If there has been a fire in the room recently, it will be sufficient to have one *early* in the morning, to get the room warm. Also remember to raise the temperature of the air of the room up to 68 degs. Fahr., and do not take the patient into it until it is the same temperature as that of the bedroom. This change of room is anxiously looked forward to, as a rule, by the patient and her friends—a sort of domestic event!

How much our portion of Nursing work lends itself to all that is ideal in the home! Can Nursing be idealized anywhere else? As I write, a bright recollection rises to my mind and heart. A fair young mother, beautiful exceedingly, whom we are going to move into the drawing-room—in this instance, opposite the lady's bedroom. The ladies of the family have entered into a "conspiracy of surprise"—to give a welcome to our invalid when entering once more into her own domain. How brightly the spring sun shone into that old-fashioned but comfortable drawing-room! How deliciously fragrant the spring flowers were with which it was adorned! How cheerily the fire burned up in the ample fire-place on that breezy morning! Nurse has the lady packed up on her couch, and takes charge of the foot, whilst the husband takes the head, to wheel his wife

into the other room—part of the conspiracy. He is *décoré* for the occasion, and has had a choice camellia presented to him for a buttonhole. "Paddy," the pug, walks gravely by his young mistress' side, his tail rather more curled than usual (I was under the impression at the time he got it in a knot), and appeared to quite take in the situation. The "procession" is met at the drawing-room door by the ladies, the couch wheeled up to the fire, the door closed, and everything made comfortable. Our invalid is delighted with the floral and other arrangements. In the midst of these congratulations a ring is heard at the front door and a step on the stairs. Nurse opens the drawing-room door, and a gentleman enters, whom we were not quite prepared to see—the Doctor! We all left the room, as in duty bound, and descended to the dining-room. The husband's face wore a somewhat troubled expression. Had we done wrong? We all felt somewhat abashed, except Uncle Frank—who had just come in from morning parade to have lunch with us (part of the programme). "Never mind," he said, tucking his sword somewhat defiantly under his arm; "we must face it." "Or wheel her back again," said another of the conspirators, taking a weak-minded view of the situation. When Dr. R. came downstairs he looked into the dining-room, where we all were. He was not a bit cross. Instead of the reproaches we rather feared, he broke out into smiles, and said he thought we ladies "had managed things very prettily; that Mrs. W. was not to sit up too long, and to be kept as quiet as possible." These instructions we dutifully promised to obey. When the Doctor left, the lady's husband ran upstairs to inform her we were all rejoicing in a general amnesty. When he rejoined us, we resolved ourselves into an *impromptu* "Mutual Admiration Society" (including "Paddy"), and applied ourselves to our luncheon. As for this last mentioned, he received "bits" of everything from everybody; and how he ever survived the occasion is one of those things it would take a good many "fellahs" to understand.

When the patient has left her bedroom, the window, or windows, must be opened top and bottom, the bed made, and the carpet swept, fire grate cleaned up, and everything made straight and tidy. When all these duties are done, have the bedclothes turned back from head to foot, so that the bed is well exposed to the fresh air. This holds good in town or country houses, weather permitting. Of course, a good fire must be kept up, and the room be shut up and got warm before the lady returns. She may be glad to come back to her room after she has had her

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