

get a school for training better educated women as private nurses, but he had failed in carrying it through. He is quite willing to take up the matter again, and can be a powerful ally as he is friendly with the Ministry. I told him that the two *necessities* for training nurses were:

- (1) Hospital wards to "frequentare."
- (2) A trained nurse as teacher.

The first he had recognized already as necessary, which proves his intelligence. Many people think lectures and demonstration classes will suffice. But he had not realized the second necessity: he thought doctors could train: everyone does think that here, I find. However, he listened to my explanations of the matter, and will speak to the "Regio Commisario," who is the head of *all* the Roman hospitals. He will see if leave can be obtained for teaching in a hospital with bigger female wards; we will then form a small committee of Romans (ladies and doctors), so as to inspire confidence in the teacher class, who naturally consider a foreigner as no security for the propriety of a career, nor for its lucrativeness.

All of this will take time; of course, but I should be glad if I could find at least one satisfactory pupil *now*, and get her a little trained whilst we work out the committee and its rules, etc. There is quite a good deal to do now; two patients who need massage (arthritis, and a curious case which is called neurotic), a bad case of exophthalmic goitre who needs also much rubbing, and several hysterical girls, who give us most unexpected crises to grapple with.

I have got very fond of several; they are so touchingly grateful, poor things—especially Carlotta, the arthritic *contadina*: and they all now *like* being washed and combed.

December 9th.

We have been making inquiries in various quarters for pupils. I felt discouraged about Signora P—. It is only natural she should give the best girls she knows to Professor D—, and he is beginning a fresh course of lectures now, before taking new pupils in his clinique.

Everyone was very polite, and, apparently, desirous to help, but no one knew anyone "quite suitable, but would inquire," and so on. To-day, though, a friend told me she knew two sisters whom she was trying to help support themselves, their father being out of employment (an employé in the railway, I think—clerk of some sort). She sent for the girls and talked to them, explaining that it would be a profession which would render them independent. The younger girl said, frankly, she would not have courage, but the elder seemed to wish to try. She said she would talk it all over with her parents, and let Mrs. B— know the result. I told her we would give her a small payment, as she was quite unable to come without. I believe they are almost starving, though they were very neatly dressed, and have done the necessary studies. She spoke very nicely, saying she hoped she would be able to satisfy us, and do *'un po' di bene al simile* ("do a little good to one's kind").

December 12th.

Bianca Bellini, the girl I saw the other day, came with her mother and a cousin to the clinica this morning, bringing a note from Madame B— to say they both wished to become pupils. I had to explain that I could only take one at present; and, as the Chief happened to be there, I spoke to him at once, and he accepted the girl. I told her, therefore, to come as

soon as possible, and we fixed on the 15th. She has some work ordered, and needs two days to finish it.

A new acquaintance came to see me to-day—English, but married to an Italian. I showed her the ward, introducing her to Suor. M—, who had known her husband, as it happened. But she was quite upset by the sight of so much suffering, and I had to take her out quickly. Poor Carolina, my Florentine cancer patient, was the one who impressed Madame P— so painfully. She happened to have an accentuation of suffering at the moment, and it was dreadful to be able to do nothing for her. Morphine is not yet ordered.

"I *could* not stay and witness such terrible anguish!" she exclaimed, when I took her to the doctor's room.

"But it wouldn't make matters better if we all felt that and left them, would it?"

"No. If one stayed altogether, and could do something for them, it might be different; but I could never just *visit*—it seems desecration."

So she felt just what I had years ago—that one must do *more* or nothing—must cast in one's lot with them, or give them up altogether. It is not the *best* road to self-dedication, but it may lead to the real one. Horror at suffering and death can never make one a comfort or support to those who have to undergo them; but such feelings may lead one to fight out the fear in oneself, and overcome it, and so learn how to help others to do it.

Still, all genuine sorrow for suffering is an immense help to those who have habitually to face it, and I felt grateful to Madame P—. Poor Carolina, too, was touched when I went back to her and said how overcome the lady had been, and how sorry not to be able to do anything to help her.

December 15th.

Signorina Bianca came at three, as I had requested. She was very quiet and nice-mannered; shy of the patients, of course, for she had *never entered a hospital ward in her life*. I tried to make her feel a little at home, and did not let her do anything for either of the bad cases; in fact, most of the time I let her help Grazia—the *supposed* neurotic girl whom I *masse*, and who is very attractive. I let Bianca help her manufacture fly whisks, fastening coloured pink or blue strips of muslin round bits of cane. Suor. M— was very kind to her, and I thought her quite a hopeful probationer. As we left, though, at seven, Suor. M— accompanying us through the three huge male wards (which is our only means of our exit in the evening), I felt the girl was getting frightened. We talked to her and she walked between us, but, unfortunately, one of the big doors was pushed open as we were coming to it, almost upsetting the Suora, as she exclaimed, "Signore! c'è la barra!" and the two *faechini* passed us, carrying the bier, to fetch someone waiting for the last journey. I saw Bianca get quite white, but thought it wisest to say nothing, and at the next door we parted with Suor. M—, I taking the girl home with me to fetch the calico to make herself some aprons. In answer to my inquiry how she liked being in the hospital, she only answered that it impressed her greatly (*mi faceva gran senso*); but she told my landlady, when I left them together to fetch the pattern apron, that she thought she could never find courage to be a nurse.

I put her in the tram, and said, "Good-bye till to-morrow at eight;" but my landlady says she is certain she won't come again—is far too frightened. *Povera me!*

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