

other room where he would be free. He was most reluctant to move, and required two infermieri to carry him off, whilst the Chief was arranging for the other patients. He had accepted three, but had refused a fourth sent by Dr. C—. Finding that he must open the "camerette," as no one in the ward was fit to be sent away, the Chief asked me to find Dr. C— and tell him his man might stay. I did not find the doctor, but was *just* in time, to seize the poor patient, who was being dragged away to try the "Incurabile." Seeing how very ill he was, I dispensed with the regulation bath (in a damp, vaulty, un-heated room), and we supported him upstairs, his wife crying, and invoking endless blessings. All was confusion however in this ward (the one I am least in), no mattress, sheet, or blanket! Another remarkable patient, Trabuco, a revolutionist Garibaldian, who came from Paris with visiting card of Italian Ambassador, was in the bed which the Chief had destined to the new case. We got him up, and I caught an infermiere and told him to lead the great man to Sala I, whilst we got the poor new heart case in his bed. The rule is, of course, clean sheets, etc.; but so many new patients yesterday coming in had exhausted the supply, so, as the man needed immediate rest, his wife undressed him whilst I ran to another ward to borrow a shirt. There was great difficulty in procuring mattresses, blankets, and linen for the other patients' beds. The poor 'syndic' lay on a bed wrapped in a blanket till we got his own bed made, crying his usual litany. One of the new patients, tubercular, was pretty bad, but it was nearly an hour before we could get him into bed. The barber had come, and was working at two of the patients; the remaining two, who were well enough to stand about, the barber carried off to the bath room. By 12.30 everyone was in bed, and I sent the infermiere to fetch their dinners, telling him that as it was too late to wash them before eating, he must do so later in the afternoon. He replied that it would be impossible to do all by himself, for there were the two fairly well patients to take to the bath-room, and the two really ill ones to wash carefully in bed. I knew that, as a matter of fact, he was not capable, so went to the *Economio* and got his promise to send another infermiere to help. Going back to tell the man this, I found that Dr. G. and C. had come to wash the poor old syndic's stomach, I left to distribute the medicines in Sala III., and was at the medicine cupboard for this purpose when in flew Dr. C—, his white coat streaming behind him. "What is it?" I asked, guessing he was after a hypodermic. "The syndic!" he exclaimed, "a collapse after the washing," (non si sente piu il polso.) He seized the syringe and bottle of caffeine; I the ether bottle and some cotton wool, and he flew off again, almost upsetting a few convalescents en route. I trotted after him, and meeting Padre Filippo explained as I hastened past. He came, too, and remembering the syndic's unshriven condition (it was over the question of confession that the syndic had been rude) exclaimed "bisogna confessarlo," and also began to run, lifting high his skirt so that I saw cotton breeches. It was extremely funny! flying doctor in the distance flying priest next, myself flying after, past various poor people in the cortile, then up the narrow stairs. After all it was not serious. The patient was beginning to

regain consciousness, and after an injection of caffeine he completely revived. We covered him up with blankets and ordered a hot bottle; then left him, much relieved. By the time I finished giving out the medicines it was 1.30; happily, I have lunch given me alone at the convent, so no one is kept waiting.

On getting back to hospital I found the second infermiere in the "camerette," and between us all four patients were duly bathed. The syndic was quiet till towards evening, then he began again to ask if they would wash his stomach to-morrow!

November 21st.—Ida Montesano (the younger probationer) came to say that her father had refused to let her come yesterday, and declared he should stop her traicing altogether. He seems alarmed at the amount of students about (it is a Clinical Hospital, and the lectures are now beginning), but also he thinks it "bad for her health," and told her brutally that "if she got ill, he would not have her at home as an expense, but she should go to the hospital to be nursed." I told her to ask her father to go and talk to the Principessa; but I fear the girl is really not strong enough, and she is also too young and attractive to be a good pioneer here where there are so many youths to stare at or talk to her.

Ida told me that Cajati was not coming any more and was writing to the Principessa and to me to explain that her want of health forbade her aiding us in our noble philanthropic enterprise.

November 28th.—Ida Montesano had to give up, so I am simply trying to get things in as much order as is possible before my colleague arrives, and I return to Rome. I like G. B.'s letters always more, and it is magnificent on her part giving up offer of the Vice-Superintendentship of her hospital to come over to the poor "Gesù e Maria" and help me pioneer. She wrote that she felt "Italy was her patria." But very few women would give up so much for so seeming an uncertainty as "Hospital Reform" in our adopted patria Marchesa G. wrote from Rome that our five girls continue working, but that one, they fear, is tubercular and must be examined. The Direttore had asked to send one of them to a private case, and the Committee had decided they might let the girls go from time to time, to encourage them. This is all most irregular; and shows that I ought to return as soon as possible. It is dreadful to think of their going to private cases with only the muddly and indecorous ways of nursing they have learnt from the existing staff at S. Giovanni. But the Committee are naturally pleased that the doctors should already begin to appreciate the pupils. G. B. is due the beginning of January, and I have promised the Roman Committee to be back on the 15th of that month.

A Deserving Charity.

The annual Ball in aid of the London Hospital Convalescent Home at Tankerton, is fixed for Wednesday, April 30th, at the Grafton Gallery. The list of patronesses includes all the great social leaders. The Ball promises to be a great success. Everyone knows the Grafton Gallery is the best place in London for dancing, and the supper arrangements are in the hands of Messrs. Benoist. Tickets (price £1 1s.) may be obtained from the Honorary Secretaries, Mrs. Spender, 29, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and Mrs. Theodore McKenna, 22, Portland Place, W.

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