

&c., &c. One does not see how they can be well-trained, or well-disciplined, with no lady Superintendent to teach or control! But the Professor insists on educating them himself according to his own ideas, and resolutely declines to allow any Nurse to interfere in the matter.

He knows our London Hospitals well; in fact, it was there he got the idea of having young lay Nurses instead of nuns; so it is not ignorance of what another nation has proved satisfactory, but prejudice against it, that makes him think he can do something better! I wonder what he objected to in Lady Superintendents—why he covets and maintains the post himself? It is a great pity he has this craze though, for he might have made use of me as a very humble directress; but he is not a man who will own himself mistaken, so all I can ask from Signora P— is a few pupils who would like training in a *medical* ward, since she would not like to give me any whom she thought suitable for Professor D—'s surgical ones.

November 5th.—No answer from Professor R—. Time seems to matter even less here than in Florence. Probably the clinique will not open to-morrow, after all. I took my note to him yesterday, after getting his address at the Hospital; the porter said he was in Rome, though not in, so I left it.

The Hospital is wonderfully picturesque outside; I did not venture in. A long line of pale red buildings, windows high up, pots with cacti on the edge of the roof, standing out against the wonderful blue sky. It is built by the river, one part of it, ending up with convent and Church. Another part is on the opposite side of the road. The central door is beautiful, and by it is the curious little old turnstile box, which has received Heaven knows how many thousand unfortunate baby foundlings!

After the Hospital, I went to ask Signora P— about pupils. She was very amiable. (I had a letter of recommendation from Marchesa G—, one of the patrons of her school.) She struck me as a woman of unusual power, and, considering her birth and education, of unusual breadth of perceptions. A woman who has succeeded in all she has undertaken: a small class of 8 sewing children, having grown to a school of some 800 girls and children, who learn all the arts that are thought useful here. It is not wonderful, therefore, if the world revolves a little round her as its pivot!

She said she would find me exactly what I wanted, but that I must set aside many of my national ideas. I wondered *what* ideas she attributed to English Nurses as mistaken! and if her opinion thereon had been formed by Professor D—. But, of course, I told her I was very Italian in feeling and sympathy—had lived in an Italian Hospital before going to an English one, and so she must not look on me as a stranger. She then began to explain that educated girls cannot be expected to perform "bassi servizi" menial services; there must always be a servant for that part of the business. I gave her the ethics of the question, but she was not at all convinced. I could not tell her that the very reason why Professor D—'s girls were not thought good Nurses by private patients was their want of dexterity in simple details, accounted for by their never practising them in Hospital.

On one point, however, I found her very enlightened; she allowed that, in time and with tact, I may get girls to nurse in male wards. It would not do to mention the matter at first; *she* had not told Professor D—'s girls of the possibility, but, after a few months, one of

the more enthusiastic and intelligent had volunteered to nurse some particularly serious case after operation, and since then they had had no difficulty; the girls nursed in the male wards as in the female.

November 6th.—A note from Professor R—, saying I may come to the clinique to-morrow. That is only two dates later than the original date fixed. He said they only began taking in patients to-day. I am to meet him, meanwhile, to-night at dinner; Donna Maria kindly asked him, and as it is really thanks to her that he is lending himself to help the scheme, I am glad to meet him first at her house.

To-day I have been getting into two little rooms which I have taken just opposite the Hospital. Such appalling furniture, *Tout ce qu'il y a de bourgeois*; negro sofa cushions, stuffed apparently with the proverbial brickbats, endless tawdry ornaments on walls and tables, photos of strange-looking men and women scattered everywhere; in fact, a *milieu* in which short sight is a thing for which to be thankful! But there is brilliant sunshine, only two quiet women (plus the husband of one who is out all day), and I shall be absolutely free to go and come as it suits me. The proximity to the Hospital compensates for all ugliness, especially, in the winter months, it is essential to be within a few yards of it.

November 7th.—Professor R— was extremely amiable last night, but I don't feel sure that he really understands or sympathises with our scheme. I received a strong impression that he consented to co-operate solely because Donna Maria ordered him to do so! She can be charmingly imperative. However, he was all that is kind and courteous, said it would be a difficult position for me, as each ward had one of the most capable nuns as Head-Nurse, who would, he feared, resent the presence of a stranger.

He might possibly, he suggested, get one of them put elsewhere later on, and consign the ward to me; but we agreed that that was not very feasible, as it would put the whole community hopelessly against us; and therefore cause dislocation and inconvenience to patients and doctors. No stranger could undertake management of a ward without having thoroughly studied the organisation of work, and without being perfectly *d'accord* with the authorities of the various departments.

Professor R— seemed relieved at our not wanting him to make this attempt, and explained that even if the Administration allowed him to do it, he was uncertain how long it might hold good, as he is only Clinical Professor during the absence of Baccelli who is Minister of Public Instruction in the present Government. As the Ministry seems rather shaky, it would be too great a risk attempting any such radical change in the hope of its holding its ground. How strange it seems though that the internal workings of Hospitals should be let or hindered by changes of the Ministry! But most things in beloved Italy slide thus into one another, a straight line of division—ethical, or commercial, or functional—is hardly ever to be found.

Professor R— asked me to go to the Hospital "about 10." Of course I went as the clock struck, and found him in a sort of doctor's room. He was kind, but seemed worried; saying I must have patience, for my mission was not understood even by the doctors, much less by the nuns, who thought they knew everything, and wished to keep all Nursing in their own hands. I asked him to explain to them on every opportunity, that my aim was solely to suppl

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