

sign of rejoicing was provided in the wards for the very men whose energy and courage have so largely helped to make our country what it is. The Military and Prisons Hospitals stand out as the only ones where 'no Christmas' is allowed." If this is true, surely this piece of red tape should be snipped at once.

We are glad to observe that Miss Louisa Stevenson and Mrs. Marcus Dods have been re-elected on to the Board of Management to represent the Board of Directors of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. As this is the only leading hospital where women have been accorded representation on the Committee of Management, it is eminently satisfactory to note their re-election.

At the General Court of Contributors to the Edinburgh Infirmary, a most satisfactory report of the year's work and progress has been presented, and the Lord Provost Mitchell Thompson said:—"The number of patients who have been treated was very large, being 9628 indoors, and 28,697 in the out-patient departments. The accounts were very similar to former years. One gratifying feature was that the workmen's contributions throughout the city and in Leith were this year larger by about £200. This showed that the working men were taking a lively interest in and feeling the benefits of this noble institution. The ordinary expenditure had been increased by a total sum of £1803 2s. 5d. The electric light had been recently introduced into the infirmary, and telephone communication had been established throughout the entire building. He had no doubt the telephone would add to the efficient work of the staff, and he had no doubt the electric light would be a great benefit. During the night it would be of great use and service, and the atmosphere would be kept much purer than could be done by the use of gas. The first portion of the new laundry had been completed, and the managers were thoroughly satisfied with the work, so far as it had gone. Estimates amounting to £31,261 had been received for the new pavilion. A little hitch had occurred in regard to the stone, but it was anticipated that, in one or, possibly, two months, they would be able to get over this. Anyone who had had to do with the Royal Infirmary must have felt the urgent need there was for a pavilion with wards devoted entirely to the treatment of diseases of women. That it would fulfil a much-needed want and add materially to the use of the Royal Infirmary no one doubted. The amount given by will and otherwise large amounts had not always been placed to the capital fund, but had been used in the course of the year. He thought it would only be a satisfactory position of matters if every shilling of these large sums were placed to the capital sum, and the interest alone used in the course of the year. He hoped they would attain that some day, but such a state of matters ought certainly to be aimed at."

We regret to record the death of Mr. Ernest Hart, the late Editor of the *British Medical Journal*. The funeral service took place at Marylebone Parish Church on Tuesday last, the coffin being covered with lovely flowers—the tokens of regard sent by many friends. Mrs. Ernest Hart, who nursed her husband during his long illness with devotion, was present. She has been the recipient of much sympathy in her bereavement.

Our Foreign Letter.

IN AN ITALIAN HOSPITAL.

Pages from an Englishwoman's Diary.

(Continued from page 419.)



March 10th.
ERMINIA has been again dying. Her "Strigati, Madonna mia, non mi far più soffrir," haunts me; yet still she lingers. To-day she was

wretched at hearing from her brother-in-law that her little dog was ill. She loves the little animal, and is always telling me how sensible it was, and how it behaved whilst she nursed her husband through his last illness—crying and sympathising with her. Italians are not supposed to care much about animals (by English people), but Erminia certainly loves and understands her little beast. She was expecting to see it to-day, as Suor. M—— had given her permission to have it brought, so when her brother-in-law came without it she was bitterly disappointed, and he found it difficult to persuade her that it was not dead. He assured her that it was only ill, and that always when she was worse the little creature grew ill too, lay in a corner, and could not be induced to eat or move. This sounds so very imaginative, that I doubt the existence myself of the poor little beast, and must get the address and go and see if it really be still alive.

March 22nd.

It was not possible to get to Erminia's "cognato" till to-day. Somehow, in Rome, one constantly defers: it seems almost a tangible force at times, which prohibits performance. However, to-day we did manage it. A friend came with me (as we had arranged beforehand at the hospital), and we took a cab and went to fetch Erminia's two little nieces and the dog. We found them all ready, the children in their festa dresses—bright plaid and Tam-o'-Shanter hats; the little dog—a small tan creature, cross between pug and terrier, I should say—in collar and muzzle, and with a bright blue ribbon. They are evidently quite well-to-do people, and live in an airy large apartment. We drove straight to the hospital, the little animal shaking with excitement, and apparently understanding it was to see its "padrona." We entered the ward, but at first it did not recognize her, perhaps not expecting to see her in bed, or perhaps because she has changed, but directly she called out "Non mi riconosci?" ("You do not recollect me?") it gave one bound, and jumped into her arms, quivering through its whole body, and covering her with ecstatic caresses.

The patients and infermiere were quite moved, and one heard nothing but the exclamation, "Pare un Cristiano!" ("It seems a Christian"). It remembered all its old games, and Erminia seemed to find new vitality in watching and embracing it. It really was very touching—the poor dying woman, momentarily excited and happy, and the loving, exulting little beast. She turned once to me, poor woman, and said so gratefully, "Debbo anche questo a Lei" ("This too I owe you").

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