

S. Giacomo even for the lessons, I have arranged for her to come to me in the evening for them. Her notes have shown such complete ignorance and want of comprehension, poor girl, that she needs private coaching to succeed in passing the examinations; and as for getting a diploma, she must change a great deal before we can think of granting it.

*March 21st.*—We are thoroughly at home now amongst our gentlemen patients; and, contrary to the Inspector's forebodings, very gentlemanly have they all been. We have done "special" to several men, one only of whom died, and all have been perfectly well-behaved and pathetically grateful. The least easy was not a surgical case, but a male nurse down with pneumonia. Except for the complete *skinning* of his back and chest by a too-zealous application of mustard poltices during the night (a fellow *infermiere* was guilty of these), he made a very straight walk through his crisis. Clotilde and Virginia, who were his "specials" through the day, are back in the surgical ward.

Principessa S. came to-day to see me, and brought good news from Naples. Sister G. is well again, and nursing a child with typhoid at the Istituto, so splendidly that everyone, doctors included, are "*aux anges* over her genius and goodness." This surely will help the school forward, as the doctors see what real nursing is, and will desire it more for other patients.

The Principessa was very much interested in our hospital. I showed her everything; and, introducing her to Professor Cappello as he was disinfecting outside the operating theatre, he invited her to witness a laparotomy which he was preparing to perform. The theatre has a place *behind glass* for students, so I took and stayed with her there. She waited till it was all over, repeating several times to me that she felt it very "solemn and sad," but yet most wonderful and interesting. Clotilde was helping, and the Principessa was much struck with her *contegno*; she was quiet and self-possessed, but yet tender in expression. She spoke very nicely to all three nurses, and to our pet boys and old men, and admired the beautiful airy white ward contrasting it rather sadly with the Gesu e Maria ones. Apropos of those dear wards, I had another most amusing letter from Sister G., telling me that "the wards are going very smoothly, but exactly as you left them," adding: "I am delighted to tell you I have given two bed-baths, but this is no approach to establishing a precedent, for one victim was No. 3, who always liked washing, and the other was a young boy who had made a pretence of entering the bathtub and who afterwards confessed he had never been washed before because his people thought it bad for his lungs."

"The other day we had a moving scene. The Chief had accused the men of not keeping the ward clean, so they got up at 3 a.m. and slaved for five or six hours. On entering, he merely looked at the floor, which the students had thronged over with their dusty feet, and shortly declared that the ward was still dirty. Imagine the disappointment of the men (I can, for I know how devoted to him they really are), until I promised to explain matters. When I finally got hold of the Chief it was almost evening. I interceded and convinced him, and he said, in his absent, dreamy way, 'Let us go and praise them.' Can you not imagine the scene? He poking about in corners for dust and passing his fingers along ledges, and taking apart the tables, and

finally consoling their heart with praise? His benevolent soul loves such scenes." . . . And so do the patients and the servants! for are they not all Neapolitans, who abhor nothing so much as monotony! But without Sister's intercession would it all have ended so happily? I very much doubt anyone else having told him he had been mistaken.

*March 22nd.*—We have got leave to wash our patients! I have had doubts as to the rightness of accustoming them to the joys of soap and water just for a few weeks, and then abandoning them (as we must) to existence without it, but Cssa. S. said for the *nurses'* sake I must show them how to do it. So I spoke first to Professor Postempski, who was delighted, and then to the Ispettore, who was also quite in sympathy, and ordered Suor M. Cecilia to provide basins, waterproofs and soap. This she smilingly did, and so we began this morning—cautiously, lest some should object; but no one made difficulties, and most were touchingly grateful. One poor old man did at first refuse, but when asked why, he explained that he had been ill so long that his feet had not been washed for months, and so he was ashamed. Also some of the young men made jokes about its "being Holy Thursday." But those who were up helped us to change and fetch water, and the whole scene was most cheery and friendly. As there are so hopelessly many to wash, we can only give one or two real bed-baths, but washed the feet of a quarter of the ward (Prof. Postempski's), and to-morrow will devote ourselves to Prof. Cappello's twenty-five patients.

*March 28th.*—Kind little Cssa. Augusta came to-day with her camera and took several views of the ward. One of the friars was in the ward, and she took him with one of our especial pet boys, Annibale, the little fellow who amuses the doctors so by crying "*Voglio essere medicato da Miss o da Postecchi!*" He is only a gland excision case, and is nearly well, but our other especial baby, Tito, is now really dying; tubercular meningitis, blind for the last fortnight—but no convulsions. He is most appealing, poor baby, with his bright eyes seeing nothing, and the hungry little mouth held open, as he begs for food of anyone he hears pause near his bed. He is so good and patient, and so loving to his mother, who sits for hours holding the little hands. She told me he was always the favourite child, delicate and studious. Both parents are so pathetically hopeful, repeating to me the young surgeons' ingenious evasions—"Nou c'è che la testa ammalata; se quella guarisce, il bambino starà bene."

*March 29th.*—We left S. Giacomo to-day with vivid regret; but my days are few now, and we want to have the first examination before I go, at S. Giovanni, which is the real Alma Mater to the "Scuola Infermiera." My little Tito died during the morning, and I was with him a good deal till he went; as he was the only dying one, it was easier to leave knowing that he needed us no more.

*April 1st.*—Back at S. Giovanni, all of us feeling a little lost. Antoinetta has certainly improved, concentrating herself more on her work; but it has been decided that she is not to take examination with the others to-morrow. I have found her grasping of the subject (gynæcology) too insufficient, and so she must wait till we have the set of lessons over again.

*April 2nd.*—Examination over. Prof. T. and Prof. M. interrogated, and three of the Committee ladies were present. The girls were nervous before, but did not show any sign of it at the time. And after-

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