

way, does not satisfy the Roman Catholic girl, and so long as Catholicism exists in France so long will the nun and the convent find supporters.

I saw clearly how things stood when I was at Bordeaux; several of the doctors gave me to understand that they did not approve of lay nurses working where there were students—that the students would not respect them. It was not the slightest good trying to argue with them and to tell them that they ought to re-educate themselves and their daughters.—“Vous n'allez pas changer notre caractère; pour le Français la femme est un idéal ou un jouet.” How very true, I thought to myself. Take all the French painters. When they are not paid to paint a portrait, all their pictures of women are either the Virgin or a nude. Another doctor said to me:—“Say nothing about nuns—*nous les aimons.*” But Bordeaux and other provincial towns are one thing, Paris another; firstly, there is a different intellectual atmosphere; secondly, secularisation has been effected, and as long as this government lasts the deed will not be undone.

It is worthy of note that Dr. Bourneville stood and fought almost single-handed, with every doctor against him—even Protestant, even *Lutheran* surgeons regretting and bewailing the nuns, but Dr. Bourneville had the *law* on his side and won the day, and not only were the hospitals secularised one after another, but their names were changed and the wards which bore the names of saints were changed into the names of benefactors or renowned surgeons and physicians, and all signs and elements of religion were eradicated; his name became a name of terror and the clerical party and nuns up till now shudder at it.

I went to see this terrible lion in his den—he lives in the Rue des Carmes, near the Pantheon—a tiny, little, narrow, old-fashioned street. When I reached the number of the house I saw what looked like a church and a chapter house, underneath a tiny book or newspaper shop. Not knowing what to do, I went into the shop and asked them whether they could tell me where Dr. Bourneville lived.

“Mais oui,” they said, and opening a side door they showed me the staircase. I went up the narrow little staircase and knocked at the first door. A gentleman dressed in black and wearing a black skull cap opened the door. “Dr. Bourneville?” I said.

“Mais oui,” was the answer, “but he is occupied”; and the gentleman who afterwards turned out to be the doctor's secretary, opened a door and ushered me into a library. The walls consisted of book shelves, which reached to the ceiling, the tables and chairs groaned with heavy volumes, the windows were old Gothic windows. I rubbed my eyes in order to make myself realise that I was not in a dream—that I was living in the twentieth century, and not in the Middle-Ages. Presently I heard the doors open and shut—a visitor had gone—and then the door of

the library opened, and in entered a courteous, grey-haired old gentleman, also dressed in black, and also wearing a black skull cap. He took off his cap, and giving me a courtly bow, said “What can I do for you?” I said, “Nothing; I only want to talk to you. I have come from the part of —.” His face at once lighted up. “Come into my study,” he said. He then gave me a comfortable chair, and we sat and had a most delightfully interesting interview. By the time I left we had become friends, and I soon understood that this dear old *savant* had spent his life in fighting the nuns and the clerical party because of their crooked ways, and that, in reality, he was the very personification of uprightness, honour, benevolence, and charity. He was very pleased to hear that I had read his books, and that I was attending the municipal lectures at the *Salpêtrière*; but when I told him I had come to Paris to start a training-school on English lines, he gave a grunt. I might have told him I had come to reform the French Army with equal approbation! But I must say, of all the people I went to see and interview, I found him the nicest and kindest.

I also had an introduction to Madame Dr. Edwards Pilliet, the daughter of a doctor, married to a doctor, and a doctor herself—a woman of considerable ability and strong character, but equally strong unreasoning prejudices. The English nurse to her is as a red rag to an infuriated bull. “She is stupid, and she is dirty, and utterly ignorant of all knowledge of asepsis. She has only one good quality—her uniform is neat and her deportment (*tenue*) in the wards good; in all other respects, she is unworthy of tying the shoe-laces of the French lay nurse.” She abhors the nuns. In fact, no mother could protect and defend her little ones as Madame Dr. Edwards Pilliet protects the French nurse. She says, and with truth, that many of them have been devoted to their work, notwithstanding that they have been underfed, overworked, badly lodged, and that the majority are capable, skilled nurses.

Dr. Edwards Pilliet has done much for the nurses, and she is lecturer at the *Salpêtrière* and *Lariboisière* for the municipal schools of nurses. She has also started, and is at the head of the “*Ligue Française des mères de famille*,” the object of this society being to provide trained midwives for district nursing, and for teaching the mothers how to feed and bring up their infants. I think it is the first and only lay society for nursing the sick poor in their homes in Paris, and Dr. Pilliet was the first lady House Surgeon admitted into a French hospital.

My interview with Mr. Mesureur, the Directeur-Général de l'Assistance Publique, in whose power all the Paris hospitals lie, was most satisfactory, for a few days after he sent Mr. Montreuil, the director of the *Salpêtrière*, to London to study

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