

Papers and letters from after 1860

Publication/Creation

1860-1959

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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
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December 1860

for as that Freddy is acting
as my amanuensis: too
much writing has given me
some schreibkrampf, but I'm
getting better.

My thoughts to day are
much with your dear sister,
in the sweet little church
where a clapping and with
songs were secured to me an
unceasing joy. I am
increasingly thankful for
the gift of every clapping.
I trust that the union

I'm your man - the
person I shall corres-
pond to is V. Collman,

of your cousin with Mr.
Goldman may be accom-
panied with every happiness.

I am My dear Miss
Hightington

Yr faithfully &c
Harry Forman

Intention to send —
let to Brother & —
Wood cut —

MS 9071/2

23 Jan

1861

My dear Miss Nightingale

I have to thank you for the
most interesting book which
you were so kind as to
send me, & which I shall
keep for ever as a remembrance
of whom I honour & respect
& who deserves the gratitude
of her Country & of the
world in general for the high

example she gives, for
the virtues, the fortitude,
the courage she has
shown in the fulfillment
of the highest duties.
May your health & strength
be preserved.

with my warmest thanks,
I beg you to believe me
truly & sincerely
Your friend

Hague Jan 23^d
1861

The Queen of Holland
asked me for my
Notes on Nursing.
I did not volunteer
it — FN

Dear Sir Henry

I have kept your
most interesting letters in
hope of showing them
to my daughter but I
fear that I must not
~~now~~ interrupt the quiet
quiet in which it is
necessary to keep her -
She has been so much
upon her mind & is so
anxious to return to her
work that we are obliged
to refrain from offering
any thing additional
to her already overtaxed
hours - many of the
Commission with which

the was working are
now or left in the same
state of exhaustion &
are therefore

Abney Ellis Sater

Dear Mr Harry,

I am obliged
to you for your
note, enclosing
Miss W's Memoranda.
With your best good
wishes express my
thanks to Miss W -
& to say that I will
lay her papers before
the Committee.
Meanwhile I have
obtained some

Measurements
of which I enclose
a Paper; & I request
you to send the
same to Miss R
for her opinion
thereon - & to
forward her
answer to me.

Dear Mr Harry
Mylers
Warrington

Ashebury Infirmary
Trees

The Row of Elms is distant from
the North side of the new
Infirmary 36 ft as to one Ward
and 80 ft as to the other Ward.

The height of the Building from
the ground level up to the Eaves
of the Roof is 38 ft and the
tops of the Trees stand higher
than the Eaves of the Roof.

MS 9071/5

Dear Parthi P.S. many thanks for your letter.

I have got Fido's hair quite safe I always
carry it about my person in my pocketbook, I often
look at it, send you news about her.
your affec^{te} friend F. M. C. O. L. S.

Fido's hair for my Maggie -
to remind ^{him} when he is in trouble
what hard things have been put to her to
do in life, & through whose help she has done
them, & how in little as in great matters this
will, perhaps, has been her law, & how she has done it,
with all her might.

With M^r's kindest regards

REGULATIONS

AS TO

The Training of Probationer-Nurses under the Nightingale Fund.

1. The Committee of the Nightingale Fund have made arrangements with the authorities of St. Thomas's Hospital for giving a year's training to women desirous of working as Hospital Nurses.
2. Women desirous of receiving this course of training should apply to Mrs. WARDROPER, the Matron, at St. Thomas's Hospital, subject to whose selection they will be received into the Hospital as Probationers. The age considered desirable for Probationers is from 25 to 35; a certificate of age and a testimonial of character according to a form which will be supplied by Mrs. Wardroper, will be required.
3. The Probationers will be under the authority of the Matron of the Hospital, and will be subject to the rules of the Hospital.
4. They will be supplied at the cost of the Nightingale Fund, with separate lodging in the Hospital and with board, including tea and sugar, and with their washing; and they will be furnished with a certain quantity of outer clothing. They will serve as assistant-nurses in the wards of the Hospital.
5. They will receive instruction from the Sisters and the Resident Medical Officer. They will be paid, at the end of the 1st quarter a sum of £2; at the end of the 2nd quarter, £2 10s.; at the end of the 3rd quarter, £2 10s.; and at the end of the 4th quarter, £3.
6. At the close of a year, their training will be considered complete, and they will be expected to enter into service as Hospital Nurses in such situations as may be offered to them.
7. The names of the Probationers will be entered in a Register, in which a record will be kept of their conduct and qualifications. This will be submitted at the

end of every month to the Committee of the Nightingale Fund. At the end of a year those whom the Committee find to have passed satisfactorily through the course of instruction and training will be entered in the Register as certificated Nurses, and will be recommended for employment accordingly.

8. The term of a Probationer's service is a complete year, and they will be received on the distinct understanding that they will remain for that length of time. They may, however, be allowed to withdraw upon grounds to be approved by the Committee, upon three months' notice. They will be subject to be discharged at any time by the Matron, in case of misconduct, or should she consider them inefficient or negligent of their duties. They will be eligible, upon proof of competency, during their year of training or at its close, to permanent appointments as extra nurses in St. Thomas's Hospital. The Committee look forward with confidence to being able to find situations for their certificated Nurses, either in St. Thomas's or some other Hospital.

9. The Committee will allow gratuities of £5 and £3, according to two classes of efficiency, to all their certificated Nurses, on receiving evidence of their having served satisfactorily in a hospital during one entire year, succeeding that of their training.

The first quarter will commence on the 24th instant. Applications should be made to Mrs. WARDROPER, *St. Thomas's Hospital, London, S.E.*,—if personally, between 10 and 11 A.M.

1st June, 1860.

A. H. CLOUGH,

PRIVY COUNCIL OFFICE,
Secretary.

FORM to be filled up by Persons applying for Admission as Probationers.

NAME.	AGE.	Place of Birth.	Where Educated.	Previous-Occupation.	Whether Single or Married, or Widow.*	If Married, or a Widow, whether with Children, and if so, with how many.	REFERENCES.

* The Marriage Certificate will be required.

I declare the above Statements to be correct.

Signature _____

Dirge of the Lover's Heart

Wring hands
And weep
With ribbons black & candles
blue
For him that was of men most
true

Beaumont & Fletcher

The new direct Bouland Mail Route
to India via Marseilles

"Flattery Finery & Folly
May I ask your Protection
I want a little rational conversation

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

(Talk given by Mrs. F.G. Newton - Victoria League, Brisbane)
12/9/56.

I often think, as the years pass, that one of the compensations of old age is the way one's store of memories grows constantly richer. And since my own store happens to include memories of someone as famous and as beloved as Florence Nightingale, it is naturally a great pleasure to share some of those memories when opportunity offers.

Actually the first link between Florence Nightingale's family and my own was in 1858, when Florence's only sister, Parthenope, married my grandfather, Sir Harry Verney. (Incidentally this was, for my grandfather, a second marriage, in middle life, my own grandmother having died some years previously).

Then, in the next generation, my father, Frederick Verney, was closely associated with Miss Nightingale, and her work, years after the Crimean War - and I should like to tell you a little more about this presently.

In regard to the third generation, I suppose one of the early contacts with Florence Nightingale must have been the direct result of my own imminent arrival into the world. For it was then that my brother and sister were packed off from our London home to the old Verney home, Claydon, where Miss Nightingale was then visiting her sister and brother-in-law.

And in charge of those two children was a very charming nursery-governess called Nina Shalders. And many, many years later she described this experience. I have a copy of her letter, and I think you would be interested to hear what she wrote:-

"My first meeting with Miss Nightingale was unexpected and unconventional. My pupils and I were staying at Claydon House in Buckinghamshire, with their grandparents, Sir Harry and Lady Verney. Lady Verney was Florence Nightingale's sister. I had, of course, heard a great deal about Miss Nightingale, and before I met her I had stood proxy for her at the christening, in Claydon church, of my pupils' baby sister, to whom Miss Nightingale was godmother."

(And here I must tell you that I have in my possession the letter Florence Nightingale wrote to my parents to say she would be my godmother). Miss Shalders goes on:-

"One day I was trying to shoo my little charges, Ralph and Gwendolen, upstairs. In the laggard way of children, they would not budge, until suddenly they caught sight of a figure standing at the top of the stairs. They flew up to her, crying, 'Aunt Florence! Aunt Florence!' And there she was - a little, frail lady, dressed in black, with a lace lappet on her head. She smiled at me (she had a beautiful smile) and said 'You must be Miss Shalders. I have heard much of you from Ralph and Gwendolen. You must come and see me, and we will have some talks.' Of course, I was delighted, for I thoroughly appreciated the privilege and honour of talks with Miss Nightingale. Visits to her were very wonderful. Her knowledge was varied and deep, and on

"whatever matter we were talking, one would think that
 "that was the only subject to which she had given her
 "whole mind."

Well, those happenings I certainly cannot claim as personal memories, though I believe my brother, Ralph, can still recall the excitement of being told by Aunt Florence that he had a second little sister.

But to go back, or rather to go forward, to where my personal recollections do begin. A few of these I set down, some years ago, in one issue of the "Queensland Countrywomen's Journal". The article was subsequently re-printed (in the "Australasian Nurses' Journal" for November, 1948), and, if I may, I will use parts of this article as they fit in to my sequence of memories. After the opening paragraph I wrote:-

"It has occurred to me that fellow-members of the C.W.A. might be interested to receive first hand memories of Florence Nightingale through one who is perhaps now the only person in Australia to have known her. True, when I first remember Aunt Florence, 'she was an old, old, old, old lady' and I but 'a child who was half past three', but early memories are very vivid, and mine are not the less happy for being so entirely spontaneous, and so detached from all knowledge that the great-aunt was such a GREAT great-aunt. On the occasion of an invitation to her room, I would be escorted by Harriet, my dear old nurse, up two long flights of glowing, red-carpeted stairs. Then came a winding passage, past doors labelled 'Miss Nightingale's Dressing Room', and 'Miss Nightingale's Bedroom'. Then came the big, carved cedar door of the Blue Room. At my special request, Harriet would let me knock, waiting to turn back along the passage till she heard the sweet voice call 'Come in, dear child'. And if for a moment one stood a little overawed at the threshold, there were always arms outstretched in welcome, and within a few moments all shyness would be forgotten in the absorbing fun and interest which a visit to Aunt Florence never failed to bring.

"She would be settled on her long sofa, with the blue patterned chintz cover. How vividly my photograph of her brings it all back, and with what reverence I looked at this sofa when I re-visited Claydon some years ago. Its position in the Blue Room had remained unchanged, and the same chintz still covered it, while, folded upon it, lay the gay, homely woolen rug, crocheted no doubt by some village friend, perhaps in gratitude for a husband nursed in the Crimea. It was always in use, and its bright colouring contributes as distinct a touch in one's mental picture as do the snow-white cuffs with their edging of Bucks pillow-lace, or the framing of the dear, benign face in the softness of a lacey scarf.

"Sometimes it was to Miss Nightingale's bedroom that I was admitted and if the breakfast tray was still on the big bed, I would climb up beside it, among the endless papers and letters which always strewed the counterpane. Perhaps fingers of toast were waiting to be buttered for Aunt Florence, or she would have some crumbs ready for me to give the birds, whose firm friend she ever was. At the further end of this room tall French windows opened on to a balcony. The stone balustrade around it was far above a small child's head, but, while scattering crumbs, one could look through the stonework down to the terrace and the smooth expanse of green lawn, with a grassy bank on each side, and stately cedars and elms, towering along the upper terrace."

"How glad I am that I can remember, if only very dimly, "seeing Aunt Florence in that lovely garden, her quiet, "gentle figure moving slowly along the terrace, or sitting "on the lawn with her sister and my grandfather."

During the following years, I think it was through my father that we realized increasingly Aunt Florence's amazing personality and her amazing achievements. His father had represented North Bucks in the House of Commons for many years, and Florence Nightingale's keen interest in Parliament as an instrument for achieving reforms dear to her heart, must have greatly strengthened the close bond between her and her brother-in-law, so that each was to the other, as it were, Guide, Philosopher and Friend.

My father subsequently occupied the same seat in the House of Commons. He was also an active member of the Bucks County Council, and was able to use his influence there to forward enterprises and reforms of a local character, which he would discuss in much detail with Aunt Florence.

And here I will quote from another paragraph in my Article:-

"In later years, when Miss Nightingale had to give up "making the journey to her sister and brother-in-law at "Claydon, we used often to visit her in London. She must "then have been over 80 years of age, but it was always "necessary to make an appointment beforehand. For bedridden "though she was for so many years, her physical health having "entirely given way after the strain of her war experiences, "Miss Nightingale's remaining days were given up to arduous "work. She devoted her great organising power to "inaugurating reforms so urgently needed in such matters as "sanitation, the management of hospitals, army medical "supplies, hygiene in public institutions, and many other "subjects. Her advice was constantly sought by eminent "professional men, and members of the Government would come "to her bedside to discuss with her things destined for debate "in Parliament."

My father would often tell us in the evenings about the work he had done that day with Aunt Florence, and I recall his profound admiration for her mental vigour, and her grasp of essentials in complicated problems. She must have had an extremely methodical mind, and she realised that to carry out any reform, you must collect all possible facts and figures, and use them as a scaffolding from which to construct your arguments.

And here an incident comes to mind, which I would like to mention, though it is completely out of its place chronologically. It appears that in 1947 (less than 10 years ago) a Select Committee on Estimates was appointed by Parliament to enquire into methods adopted by the Accounts Department of the War Office. It all sounds very complicated, and I'm sure it was. Each one of the many sections was closely examined, and the official finding disclosed that one section only was administered on really sound lines. That section was the Army Medical Department. So the Committee decided to send for the official responsible, and ask him to re-plan all the other sections along the same lines. There must have been something of a sensation when it was discovered that the originator of that system was Florence Nightingale, and she had planned and inaugurated that system in 1859 - 88 years previously.

Well, there were many evils - some far away and some nearby - about which I know Aunt Florence used to pour out her ideas to my father. And since my talk today is largely concerned with our family life in the old days, when Aunt Florence was at Claydon, I should like to mention one of the nearby evils,

namely the low standard of living - not only in the crowded cities but in the country villages -

I suppose of all the crying needs in the country villages none was more acute than WATER. Anyone of my generation, brought up in the English countryside, would recall the familiar sight of men - yes, and women too - with wooden yokes across their shoulders, and a bucket hanging from a chain at either end.

The village well might be a hundred yards, or three or four hundred yards from their homes - and the road might be thick with dust in summer, or thick with mud in winter, but that was the only way of providing water, for drinking, washing and everything else. Occasionally passing tourists would pause and watch the waiting group of cottage folk beside the well, with its shingle roof and the big wheel for lowering and raising the buckets. "How picturesque!" they would say. And again, "How picturesque!" as they passed the old cottages with their thatched and re-thatched roofs, and the black beams, and the little lead-paned windows, often not even made to open. And then people wondered why village children were often so pale. Apparently it needed a Florence Nightingale to expose the iniquity of such things. I do know that when my grandfather was planning to build new cottages, Aunt Florence suggested innovations such as rainwater tanks, and windows that would open wide to let in the fresh air and sunshine.

Whilst on the subject of the Claydon villages, it is strange, looking back, to realise that one frequent occurrence when I was about five years old, was perhaps a source of extreme annoyance to Aunt Florence, confined as she often was to her room upstairs. I am thinking of my afternoon outings with Grandmamma when, as the Lady Bountiful, she drove round the villages, distributing soup and gruel to sick people.

The routine never altered. Bradley, the old coachman beloved of us children, would slow down the horses till the carriage stopped at the cottage indicated by Grandmamma. Then Charles, the footman, hopped down from his seat beside Bradley, and was shown by the maid which bowl to carry to the gate. Usually a small girl emerged from the cottage, and curtsied, as she took the bowl. And if there was an empty bowl to return, that meant another curtsy.

Of course, I never remember Grandmamma except as a hopeless invalid. She suffered from acute arthritis, and had to be lifted in and out of the carriage. But I am quite certain that had she been as hail and hearty as her Scotch maid, Mrs. Davidson, she would never (and neither would Mrs. Davidson for that matter) have crossed the threshold of one of those cottages "for fear of catching something".

I suppose at five years old one takes everything for granted, whereas ten or twelve years later one's outlook is more critical and intelligent, and less selfish. But it is rather depressing to remember that those outings with Grandmamma, in about 1888, must have been some fifty years at least after the time when Aunt Florence, as a girl, had been roused to indignation and disgust by what she once described as "the black filth of the rural slums". No doubt the villages around both her homes were primitive and dirty. The Nightingale family spent the winter in a beautiful home called "Embley" in the New Forest in Hampshire. For the summer months they moved to the other stately Nightingale home, "Lea Hurst" in Derbyshire. And there can be no doubt that most of Florence Nightingale's young contemporaries took all those conditions in the villages for granted.

Do you remember singing lustily a favourite hymn of our childhood, "All things bright and beautiful"? I still love the tune, but of some of the words I could only now say, "Them's not my sentiments".

"The rich man in his castle,
"The poor man at his gate;
"God made them high and lowly
"And ordered their estate" - and so on.

I feel that that hymn, and other similar ones of contemporary date reflect what one might call the social outlook of the early Victorian period. And, to me at least, it is cheering to realize that such lines would, today, neither be written nor accepted.

Recently I came across a rather telling comment on the attitude of mind, particularly of the young people, in that narrow-minded period. The writer was Mrs. Woodham-Smith, whose admirable life of Florence Nightingale created such a stir a few years ago. This is her comment:-

"It was thought a good thing that young girls should
"see for themselves how miserable and poverty-stricken
"and diseased other people were, in order that they might
"appreciate the more their own prosperous and fortunate
"lot."

What a terrible indictment of a previous generation!

Anyway, we know that Florence Nightingale was just not that sort of a girl. When she went into the cottages, either at "Embley" or at "Lea Hurst", it was to work. I have read how she got down on her knees, and pulled out from under the dirty beds, bags of rotten potatoes, and old rags. She washed the children, whom she dearly loved, and she scrubbed the floors. All to the utter horror of her family - a family whose butler (and I know this to be a fact) was expected to wash all coins before his mistress or the young ladies handled them.

But this is reminiscing back to perhaps 1838 - and I do want to tell you about Florence Nightingale's work and its contacts with our family life, more than fifty years later.

I suppose of all the plans and schemes upon which Aunt Florence laboured so indefatigably, the Training of Young Nurses was the one dearest to her heart. You see, on her return from the Crimea, she had been presented, by a grateful nation, with no less a sum than £45,000, and with that money she planned to found a Training School for Nurses. But the obstacles in her way must have seemed almost as insuperable as the obstacles at Scutari, though of a very different kind. For what Florence Nightingale was chiefly up against in this campaign was the appalling illiteracy of the ordinary members of the community.

It really is difficult for us in 1956 to realise that in 1856 there was literally no recognised standard of education. Indeed, it was not until 1870 that the epoch-making Compulsory Education Bill became law, and up till that time one might almost say that education was a luxury of the rich. One of many instances of this illiteracy was so closely connected with Miss Nightingale that it is worth recalling. It appears there was a certain Mrs. Roberts, who was one of Florence Nightingale's most devoted nurses in Scutari. She was experienced and resourceful and skilled - in fact, she combined every quality of the ideal nurse. So when they returned to England, Miss Nightingale was determined to secure for this much loved nurse, a really responsible position. What must have been her amazement and horror when she discovered that Mrs. Roberts could neither read nor write!

However, by about 1890 - say 35 years later, the St. Thomas's Training School for Nurses was very much a going concern, and one with which Florence Nightingale kept in the closest touch. I mentioned earlier the old family home, "Claydon", with its gardens and trees and terraces - and here I would like to read another paragraph from my article:-

"The lawn at Claydon is as rich in memories as are its banks in primroses and crocuses and snowdrops with the return of Spring, and amongst the most vivid of the memories is the party for young nurses, who came to spend a day at Claydon once every year. They were probationers from St. Thomas's Hospital, and the Nightingale Home, where they were receiving their training, was founded by Miss Nightingale with the money presented to her by the nation on her return from the Crimea.

"Long tables would be arranged in the cool shade of the elms, and when the nurses were all seated, with my mother and older members of the family presiding at the ends of the tables, we children were allowed to help with the waiting, and from a table on the terrace, we were given plates of delicious country fare to set before the girls. Afterwards, when all the tables were removed, the guests sat about the lawn laughing and talking. Then the nurses in turn would be taken into the house, through the black and white hall, where the famous inlaid staircase finds its way to the domed roof. Each step is exquisitely fashioned in mahogany, ebony and ivory, while the balustrade of wrought iron is designed in the graceful lines of waving wheat. An archway leads to another hall, and from there the young probationer would be shown up the red-carpeted stairs, and so to the precious experience of a few minutes with Miss Nightingale. I am sure, as she came down to rejoin the happy party on the lawn she must have felt uplifted, and full of fresh inspiration and zeal, after so close a personal touch with the great lady who was, to each of the probationers, her life's heroine."

Perhaps some of the items of sound advice given to those young girls may have been included in a little book called "Notes on Nursing" - the only book Florence Nightingale ever wrote, though in another sense she must have written columns, with all her Memoranda and Reports. Here is a typical phrase from that little book:-

"It has been said that a nurse needs only to be devoted and obedient. This definition would do just as well for a porter. It might even do for a horse. It would not do for a policeman".

Miss Nightingale was always vivid in her language. No doubt another source of friction with her family in old days. Her mother, Fanny Nightingale, would surely have "succumbed to the vapours" could she have heard some of her daughter's outbursts, such as, for instance, "the women of Victorian England, raised in religious ignorance of their bodies."

Even Queen Victoria herself was once rebuffed by Florence Nightingale. It was during the Crimean War, when Her Majesty had graciously conceived the idea of despatching to her beloved troops at Scutari thousands of bottles of Eau de Cologne. The story goes that Florence Nightingale, amid a welter of work, hurriedly pencilled a reply to this suggestion, to the effect that "someone had better tell Her Majesty that her troops would much prefer a little GIN".

I don't think that story appears in "Notes on Nursing", nor would it have been told to the young probationers when they

visited Miss Nightingale at Claydon.

I have sometimes wondered recently whether any one of those original young nurses could still be living. I do know of one who passed on not very long ago, at a ripe old age, and she was that same Nina Shalders who escorted my brother and sister to Claydon in 1883. For as a direct result of her contact then with Florence Nightingale, she developed a fervent desire to become a nurse herself, and, needless to say, Aunt Florence enabled her to fulfil her wish.

Many years later Miss Shalders became Superintendent of a large Training School for District Nurses outside London, and her outstanding service in the First World War won for her the title of "Queen's Nurse", of which I think there are very few. About five years ago, when she celebrated her ninetieth birthday, she received a personal letter of congratulation from Queen Mary.

Even in these days, we do regard ninety as a pretty venerable age, and that Florence Nightingale should have even nearly reached that age before her wonderful mind began to fail, suggests not only a first-rate constitution, but also, I think, colossal willpower. There's a modern slang word which admirably describes the quality which Florence Nightingale displayed to such a unique degree. That word is GUTS. (And how her family would have loathed the expression!) Without GUTS she never could have created order out of the appalling chaos she and her nurses encountered on their arrival at Scutari. Guts, plus unflinching persistence, and boundless courage in ruthlessly cutting through Red Tape and official opposition. Guts won success for Florence Nightingale where failure would have dogged most men, let alone a sensitive woman. "It was in November, 1854, that she and her nurses landed at Scutari, and barely four months later the death rate among the 10,000 or more soldiers in the hospitals had been reduced from 42% to 2%." Miss Nightingale loved statistics, and surely those figures must have been intensely gratifying to her.

But time is rushing on, and I do want, before I close, to mention a broadcast given by Mrs. Woodham-Smith for the B.B.C. under the happy title of "The Nightingale Tradition". For there is one paragraph in this broadcast which sums up Florence Nightingale's work very eloquently. This is it:-

"On Florence Nightingale's achievements in the Crimea was built up what is surely one of the most remarkable, as it is surely one of the largest of modern organizations - one which succeeds, as perhaps no other organization has succeeded, in rising above class, creed, nationality and sex - Modern Nursing".

And I am sure no one could hear those words without feeling at once how they apply with equal force to that other world-wide organization, Red Cross.

Moreover, there is actually a sort of personal link between the founders of the two organizations. For you know it was only five years after the Crimean War that the Battle of Solferino took place. And when that splendid Swiss philanthropist, Henri Dunant, witnessed the horrors of that battlefield, is it not more than likely that he recalled stories he had heard about Florence Nightingale and her nurses at Scutari, and that those stories fired him with a desire to try and organize help for the poor soldiers around him along the same lines. This is not just an idea of my own. For not long ago I read about an eminent Red Cross speaker who was quoted as saying these words:- "It is my belief that the real inspiration of Red Cross came from an Englishwoman, in no less a person than Florence Nightingale."

Be that as it may, the ideals of Red Cross and the ideals of the Nursing Profession are common ideals the world over. And for every worker who enlists in either of their ranks, there is surely no single personality which brings greater inspiration and practical encouragement than the personality of Florence Nightingale.