

Album relating to Florence Nightingale and to her service in the Crimea

Publication/Creation

1854-1860

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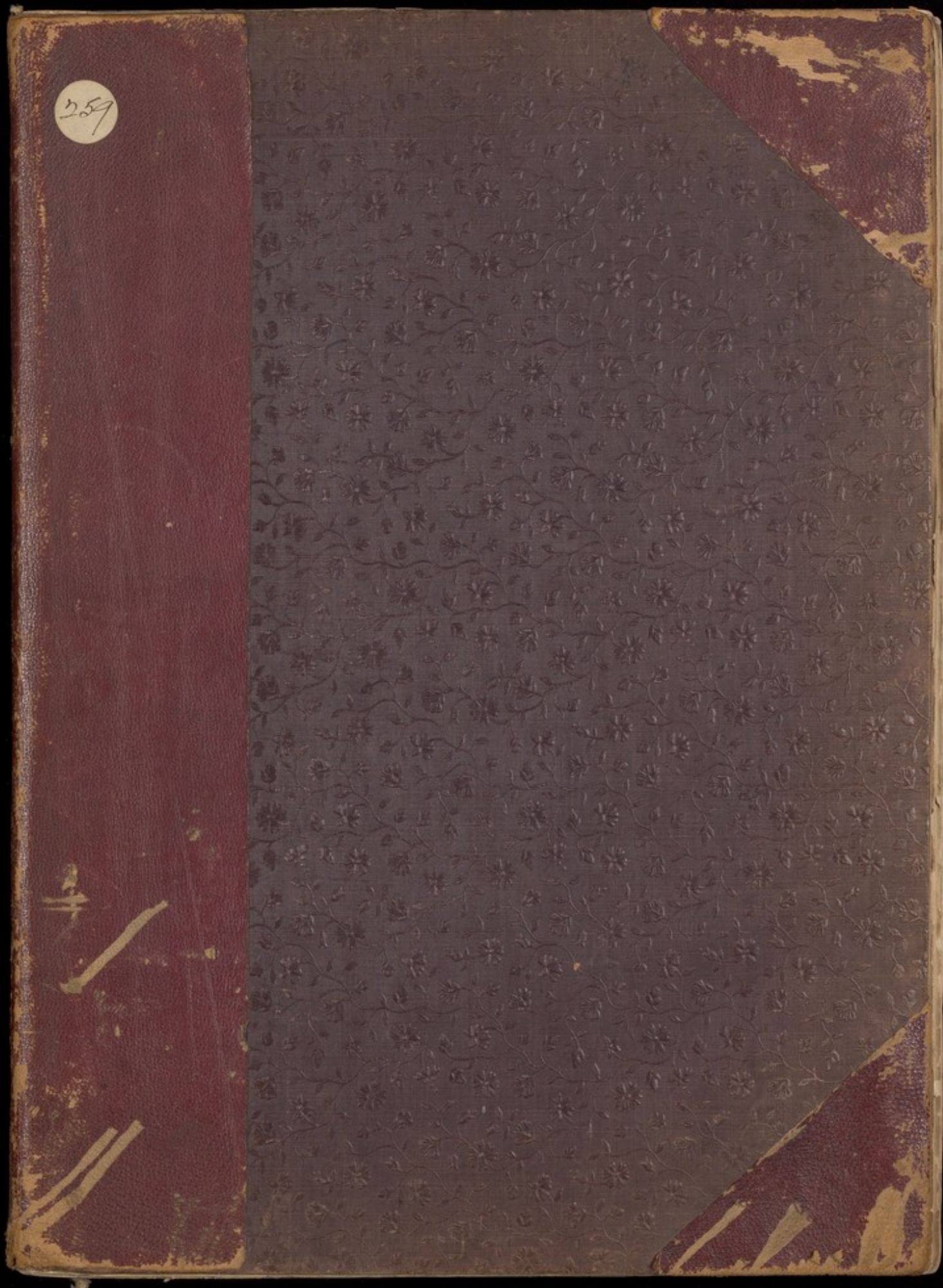
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Miss Highgate. - It
 will be interesting to our readers
 says the *Sheffield Examiner*, to
 learn that Miss Highgate, who
 has received the high honour of
 being placed at the head of
 arrangements for furnishing En-
 glish nurses to our wounded
 & sick troops in the East, is of
 the ancient Hallamshire family
 of Shore. She is, in fact, the
 grand daughter of the late
 William Shore Esq., of Tapton.
 From the pedigree of the family
 in Hunter's Hallamshire, we
 draw the following: - William
 Shore Esq. of Tapton, 3rd son
 & 3rd son of James Shore Esq.,
 of Sheffield & Newcastle, married

MS. 5484

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MS. 5484

26th November, 1792. Mary, da.
of Geo. Evans Esq^r, of Cromford,
Derbyshire, widow & heir of Peter
Nightingale Esq^r, of Lea, Derby-
shire. The only male issue of this
marriage was William Edward, the
apportioner of the name of Nightingale,
by the Queen's Remedy, & was
dated 4th February, 1815, in pursu-
ance of the will of his maternal
uncle, Peter Nightingale, he
married 1st June 1818. Frances
da. of William Smith Esq^r, M.P.
for the city of Norwich. Miss
Frances Nightingale is the issue
of that marriage. She has been
distinguished during all she
has known her by that and
get famous because she
has filled her for the difficult
responsible task she has been
undertaken. Nov 21. 1854.

MS. 5484

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the History of Medicine

Accession Number
52269
Press Mark

MS. 5484

home poor - & that in connection
with under the circumstances,
that as the cap may be
God will guide her on her
whole work & upon that hope
I must be most rest.
Dear Lady Stuart I feel
sure that we shall have
your sympathy whatever
may hinder us our bond
is short & I must close
even your affectionate
D. Nightingale
41 Cavendish Sq., London

I have nearly to better to answer. The past
Saturday, it has been a perfect weather
from the Duke of Devon to the south.
And every one giving a
help & sympathy
your affection
and health.

but wish you
- Wh it ought to
me done -
hope every thing else

MISS NIGHTINGALE

The following letter addressed by Mr. Henry Herbert to Miss Nightingale has been published:-

[illegible][illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

only. From all we could learn of Miss Knight's life, she was a woman of the same kind of mind and temper as the woman before us. There were some differences in her tastes, and in her habits, but she was a woman of the same kind of mind and temper as the woman before us. There were some differences in her tastes, and in her habits, but she was a woman of the same kind of mind and temper as the woman before us. There were some differences in her tastes, and in her habits, but she was a woman of the same kind of mind and temper as the woman before us.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a vertical crease near the right edge. There is no text or other markings on the page.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

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This image shows a vertical strip of a manuscript page. On the right side, there is a dark, textured binding edge. The main part of the strip is a light-colored, off-white surface, which appears to be the edge of a parchment or paper leaf. There are some faint, irregular brownish marks along the binding edge, possibly from glue or wear. The overall appearance is that of a narrow, vertical section of an old book's inner cover or a page edge.

I read on and on
the Times with
thought of the p
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-advantageous
-improved; the
reports may
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heard of 8000 Nightingales on
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heavily weels at lastly as I
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not associated with those who
must attend an unstable
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leaves of their early years

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cized journal will
be given the next for
of the devoted work-
who administer the
department, I think,
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twenty 0,000. Also
hundreds, 600 to the
Turkish line may be
This vessel was given
the Ottoman Govern-
ment, which has re-
doles or lying about
in his breast, and
epitaphs. Two long
double row of beds,
and 25-centil-pair,

ness, however, to appoint that say
the public may be influenced by
has no such alcohol the public;
the public may be expected daily
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it drops more than the most
large addition to the number of
they have lost, the public
is willing to do his best, the
may be again found beyond the
the public, the most serious
has been placed at the disposal
of the public of the greatest service
in the public, the most serious
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the public, the most serious
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of 1,500 are placed in the great
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clearly representing health and
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not they are alone, and the most
of the public, the most serious

[illegible]

10

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book.

[illegible]

18

room across, the best of the greatly enlarged. The new building is prepared for the most serious work, with an underground parking lot. The new building is brought down from the street, to provide others immediately, answers to all the

most of this improvement will be in another ward is being preparation of wounded, in an order just received. The hospital to receive the wounded Blackhawk after the 15th, and, while accumulating for 1,000 together with surgeons and men.

[illegible]

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not very recent date, acknowledged age of we are compelled to our hand, and persons truthful we can also very pleasing in the individual society.

needed alternatives,
thing here, and to allow
and surrounding their farms,
of snow by the roadside
collected.

[illegible]

NOVEMBER 1,
1881

To-day the Vestia arrived, with Miss Nightingale and 27 nurses for the sick and wounded at Scutari.

...

A close-up, vertical view of the fore-edge of an old book. The pages are aged and yellowed. A dark, vertical strip, likely the binding or spine, runs down the right side of the image.

[illegible]

our city. From all we could learn of Miss Highbridge and her companions, we are convinced that she is equal, if not superior, to this undertaking, to which the English Government has given its support. Twelve men from the regiment at Newroad, under the charge of their superior, in fact here, have also volunteered to

the spirit of brotherly love to be many of them. I have only some spade trowels, and even then I followed my prayer, though his almost made it inarticulate. You have quickly one duty now when I tell you I have and five or six and a sermon, besides, during the collection time. I love, I love,

are held in
chests, and
give a few of
the books we
require. It is not
supposed that
a month's use
of more vol-

* With light in her looks she entered the chamber of sickness,
Narrowly moved along the midnight couch attendants,
Maintaining the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the restless eyes of the dead, and controlling their fears,
Whom, on their way to the silent land, they saw.

Many a longed-for, yearned at Kewy's entrance,
Turned on its pillow of pain, to gaze while she passed; for her presence
Full on their hearts: like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison."

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—There has been so much well-meant nonsense spoken and written upon the subject of "nurses for the East," that I am sure you will find room for a few counter remarks which I am desirous of making upon that subject.

I will premise by declaring, in all sincerity, that I fully appreciate the admirable devotion which has induced Miss Nightingale, Lady Maria Foveister, and many other generous and brave English gentlewomen to volunteer to go out and attempt to palliate the misery which the sick and wounded at Scutari were enduring in consequence of official mismanagement and neglect. I must add, however, that I by no means so fully appreciate the discretion and administrative resources of the statesmen who have accepted the services thus tendered to them.

A score of practical dressers, assisted by 50 or 60 hospital orderlies, who might readily have been collected from the military and naval hospitals at home, would, in all probability, have sufficed to meet the existing emergency; they would have been under perfect control, being amenable to the Military Act; they would have been accustomed and able to lift maimed men in and out of bed, to dress their wounds, to assist at the operating table, and to perform those various and numerous necessary services for sick and wounded men which it would be highly improper and unnecessarily indecent for them to receive at the hands of young women.

There would have been no difficulty whatever in lodging and feeding them, for they would have required no better accommodation and food than any other class of private soldiers; they would have needed no attendance to wait on them, to cook and to wash for them, never having been accustomed to any; and, if stricken down by fever or cholera, they would have simply stretched themselves on the beds of the ward in which they had previously been officiating as assistants.

How will it be with the lady-nurses who have already proceeded to the East, and with those who are to follow them as soon as they have learned in our hospitals—where many are actually studying—to bear the sight of blood without fainting, and to refrain from joining in the patients' shrieks when under the scalpel and the saw? Many of them, born and bred in the enjoyment of every luxury up to the present hour, willing as they may be to forego those luxuries in such a good cause, will find their ability to endure fatigue and bear up against disgust sadly inferior to their anxious desire to do so.

What control, too, can they be under? Mr. Herbert, in his letter entreating Miss Nightingale to accept the command, intimated to her, as an inducement, that her position would be an official one (7), and that her powers would be supreme. It is difficult, however, to imagine what the powers are with which Mr. Herbert has endowed her, beyond the simple one of dismissing a refractory or inefficient member of her corps. A peasant Sister of Mercy who has slept at her post, shirked her turn of duty, or attempted too successfully to drown disgust in brandy, cannot be lodged in the black-hole, mulcted of her pay, or brought before a court-martial, as would be the case with a hospital orderly under such circumstances. She can only be dismissed, and, if dismissed, must be sent home, as she has been sent out, at the public expense.

There is another point, too, in which I feel convinced the position of Miss Nightingale and her associates will be an anomalous one. The medical men who are at the head of the military hospitals at Scutari may very possibly and very justly object to the sort of imperium in imperio now, for the first time, introduced into their department. It is more than probable that they may chance to differ from these ladies as to the best mode of conducting a military hospital and of dealing with its inmates. They may not be pleased, moreover, to have it supposed at home that they are unable to do justice to the sick and wounded intrusted to their charge, and that Her Majesty's Ministers have found it necessary to send out an enthusiastic and accomplished female amateur to supervise them.

And, if such a result should unhappily occur, in what a difficult position will Mr. Sidney Herbert be placed, when called upon to decide between Miss Nightingale, entertaining the opinion we know to be entertained of her judgment, her experience, and her discretion, and some hard-headed Scotch army surgeon, about whom he knows nothing, save that he objects to any interference of any kind? In the discharge of his duties, which he believes himself perfectly competent to fulfil, if Mr. Herbert will only take care that reasonable quantities of dressers, orderlies, lint, and medicines are within his reach when he requires them.

The Sisters of Charity, whose assistance is so highly and so justly valued in the French hospitals, chiefly owe their utility to the fact of their belonging to a religious order. They are bound by vows of obedience and poverty, from which they can in no case be released. Before they are admitted into the sisterhood they are required to undergo a most severe probation; nor are they ever employed as nurses until it has been proved beyond a doubt, by trials within the walls of their convents, that they possess the health, the strength, and the moral firmness, as well as the enthusiastic desire, to discharge the trying duties incidental to their admirable calling. Their bed, their fare, their raiment, and their work, when on duty, are not a whit harder or coarser than they have been ever since they first entered their convent.

They are also by reason of their religious profession under the most complete control. Against the commands of their superiors appeal is impossible; they have no choice but to obey.

Giving them all credit, as they deserve, for their reckless devotion, it is out of the question to expect from English ladies—who, we are told, are now for the first time giving up the intellectual and physical luxuries to which they have all their lives been accustomed in order to encounter the hardship and disgust incidental to servitude in the military hospitals of Scutari—services at all commensurate with those which have long been rendered by the experienced and trained Sisters of Charity who minister to the hospitals of the French. And, if they do not prove as useful as Mr. Sidney Herbert anticipates, their presence, backed as they are by his enthusiastic sanction and support, must prove sadly embarrassing to the responsible medical authorities in charge of our sick and wounded in the East.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
COMMON SENSE.

A LADY'S REPLY TO "COMMON SENSE."

Would you know who wrote the letter
Lately published in the Times,
All about the gallant ladies
That have sailed to Eastern climes

Sure it must have been some cracky
Bachelor, that at his club
Grumbles away over morning papers
Or his solitary grog.

Some fast-beated, narrow thinker,
City born and City bred,
That a woman never smiled on,
No soft influence ever led.

Or if married, which I doubt much,
What a helmsman rules his course
Shrinking at the breath of danger,
Reply frightened of a mouse!

Ladies like his dainty daughter,
Romeans say whose fashions flourish,
Never seek the poor and wretched,
Never tread their lowly home hearts

Lost their love should be often led,
Or their previous garments stained,
Or some dread infection gathered,
Or, forsooth, their feelings pained.

Daughters of my country, tell him
That a Christian lady's part
Is to encounter human anguish,
And to bind the broken heart.

Tell him that the man whose glory
Fills a mighty nation's ear,
All were born of British mothers,
Nourished not in stables here;

And the spirit these ladies inherit,
Joined with warm, untinged love,
Shall seek our gentle pilgrims
Lower, flatter thoughts above.

Tell him that from the lip of woman
Those last noble accents come,
That when Scutari's glory faded,
Still of death or freedom spoke.

Tell him—but my words are wasted
On an ear so dull and cold—
That he knows not our true woman,
Or he had not been so bold.

Only one had with me said him,
Our traitors were and grim,
That the influence he ascribed
Never may be used for him.

Not long since one of the Chaplains in walking through the field among heaps of dead and dying, saw a poor Soldier who was mortally wounded, with his Testament lying open beside him. It was completely saturated with blood; but there it lay with his face-finger resting upon the first few verses of the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. John, viz.—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, &c."

Repeating the same spot after the discharge of duty, the Chaplain paused. The Soldier and the Christian were brightly exhibited in the mangled corpse. The brave man's finger was cold and stiff, but it yet rested upon the same page of sacred truth; and he had no doubt entered those blessed manes upon which the eyes of his faith had so recently gazed.

That Testament had probably been the means of his conversion; if not, it is certain that it was of his spiritual consolation. Let me urge you then to continue your exertions as long as you have so many willing, gay, anxious readers. And while the Church of Christ is paying for a blessing upon these efforts of Christian charity, who can doubt its rich bestowment!"

MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE NURSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—My attention has been directed to a letter in yesterday's Times, written by a gentleman who has assumed to himself the modest designation of "Common Sense." The letter, however, appears to me by no means illustrative of the quality whose name is subscribed to it.

As I believe that I was the first person who proposed (by letter to the Bishop of London dated October 17) to take out a body of ladies and other female nurses to Scutari, it seems incumbent on me to defend myself, and the counsel of this house and the ladies who have devoted themselves to this work of mercy, against the imputation of having spoken or written or encouraged any "well-meant nonsense" upon the subject.

I would begin, Sir, by stating the fact, universally acknowledged and evident to the commonest sense, that a woman is a better nurse than a man. I might illustrate this fact, and suggest the reasons of it at considerable length; but, as "Common Sense" would probably condemn me as "romantic," I will avoid the danger of so fatal a charge.

Taking it, then, for granted that a woman is a better nurse than a man, and that nurses are wanted in our military hospitals in the East, why are our sick and wounded soldiers to be deprived of the better nurses—women, and be handed over to the care of men? "Common Sense" undertakes to show that "50 or 60 hospital orderlies" should have been preferred to women as nurses in the hospital at Scutari. The first reason which occurs to him in support of this opinion are to be found in the third paragraph of his letter. The orderlies, he says, "would have been under perfect control, being amenable to the Military Act." The inference from this sentence is, that ladies not being "amenable to the Military Act" cannot be kept "under perfect control." This difficulty so presses upon the mind of "Common Sense," that he recurs to it at considerable length in the sixth, seventh, and eighth paragraphs of his letter. "What control," he asks, "can they be under?" His imagination pictures "a refractory or inefficient" lady or nurse—"a peasant Sister of Mercy, sleeping, shirking, drinking! What shall be done unto these? They can be but dismissed. This is the difficulty. I am ashamed, Sir, to reproduce it in your columns, and in the name of all the ladies and nurses who have devoted themselves, and of all who are eager to devote themselves to this work, I reject the suggestion of the writer as extremely unjust and unreasonable. All the women who have gone to Scutari have voluntarily, by written agreement, placed themselves under the control of Miss Nightingale. They are not likely to be "refractory." It is a gratuitous piece of rudeness to suggest such a thing. But they may sleep; so may orderlies. They may shirk the work. This intimation shows how little the writer knows of his countrywomen. The other suggestion is so gross that my indignation will not suffer me to reply to it with good temper. But, in the event of any evil occurrence, the offender will be dismissed, and will not, as "Common Sense" supposes, be "sent home at the public expense." I cannot imagine a greater punishment to a pensioner woman than to turn her out of doors 3,000 miles from home. I am not afraid that this or any other punishment will have to be inflicted. These women are Christians, who are under more "perfect control" than the orderlies, who (if reports speak truth) are often drunk, in spite of the Military Act.

Toussaint the "imperium in imperio" which the writer supposes, will be established in the hospital at Scutari upon the arrival of Miss Nightingale, there is no just cause of alarm. It has been again and again stated that Miss Nightingale will set only under the direction of the medical authorities. As for the medical men chancing "to differ from these ladies," "Common Sense" may rest assured that these ladies will not presume to differ from the medical men; and so Mr. Sidney Herbert need not be alarmed at the vision of the "hard-headed Scotch army surgeon" with whom "Common Sense" supposes him likely to come into collision.

The other reasons for preferring orderlies to women, contained in paragraphs 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, appear to me to require no particular answer. It will be enough to say that orderlies will not be excluded from the hospital. They will still have to perform such offices as shall seem fitting for them.

There is another objection to our encouraging women to go on this errand of mercy, contained in paragraphs 9, 10, and 11 of the letter. To enter fully into the question mooted in this objection would take more space than I could reasonably ask you, Sir, to concede to me. One part of it throws a doubt on the ability of ladies to undergo what they have undertaken. It is an appeal to our selfishness and our indecency. "Born and bred in the enjoyment of every luxury up to the present hour," they "will find their ability to endure fatigue and bear up against disgust sadly inferior to their anxious desire to do so." In reply to this I would say, that the ladies who have gone, and who are going (should their services be accepted) to Scutari, have been carefully selected from among the hundreds who have desired to go. Many of them have not lived in the enjoyment of every luxury up to the present hour, but have lived lives of charity and self-denial. Their ability to endure fatigue and bear up against disgust has been often tested. Moreover, they are not going to serve for wages. For love of Christ, they desire to minister to Him in the persons of the sick and suffering. This "love" is "strong as death," and gives the gentle Christian woman more ability than the strong man, unless he be strengthened by the same motive, to endure fatigue and bear up against disgust. This may not be common sense, but it is holy truth.

The other part of the objection, viz., that "it is out of the question to expect from English ladies services at all commensurate with those which have long been rendered by the experienced and trained Sisters of Charity," and that, it appears, because they do not belong to a "religious order," and are not "bound by vows of obedience and poverty," opens so wide a question, that I cannot here enter upon it.

In conclusion, permit me to say that many great benefits are anticipated from the measures which "Common Sense" condemns. We believe that the orderlies, the rivalry, and the co-operation common within the walls of military hospitals will all be stimulated by the respect which British soldiers will feel for the women who have journeyed from England to nurse them. Their mere silent presence we believe will be morally beneficial; and we hope to show the world that, in order that a woman may devote herself to a life of charity, it is not necessary that she should first become a Romanist.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. P. SHEPHERD, M.A.,

Master of St. John's house,

St. John's house, Queen's-square, Westminster, Nov. 14.

I could not get macaroni, but I put up a barrel of the best substance a supply of thick Turkish quills which would have answered the purpose very well. The authorities, however, were roused to the requirements of the case at the last moment through Lady Stratford, and late last night Admiral Boscawen had another supply of the same kind provided, which makes all else unnecessary. I should not have regretted this had the state of the weather enabled me to take mine away, but it is so stormy that their room very now is hardly possible, as the Chamber sits to-morrow. The medical committee which accompanies the quills will, I hope, not be found in any

now. If I was not allowed to say one word on this subject before I leave it, it is this — one thing which the Government ought to leave the control of the sick and wounded has been curiously successful. The House would rather, now, like any, a lady undertook to carry out a number of nurses for the purpose of alleviating the misfortune of the sick and wounded, and, I am convinced, not only for the relief of the sick, but from many other points of view, the opportunity of making observations, letters, contained in the highest possible terms of praise. I will not repeat the words, but no higher words of praise could be applied to women for the wonderful energy, the wonderful, and the extraordinary success, combined with the most exemplary self-denial, which they have shown by that lady (and she showed), and I am glad to say that the characteristics which have been shown by that lady, the force and influence of her character, seem to have penetrated all those working with her, and I believe, not only the patients themselves, but every person connected with the hospital, and I am sure that the Government is the management of a splendid hospital. (Cheers.)

The long and arduous journey at Soutari continues to improve; and the increasing number of patients surrounding the management of such well-established hospitals with fresh difficulties. In the two hospitals there cannot now be much less than 4,000 patients—an accumulation of suffering for which it is impossible in all respects satisfactorily to provide. Gungahpo, I regret to say, exists in many of the wards, and few fewer than 200 children, which represented some days ago, has fortunately not extended. Lord W. Paulet has entered vigorously upon the discharge of his duties as Commandant, and his presence is already beneficially felt. If he succeeds in providing for the cleanliness and comfort of the wards, in reducing the purveyor's department to some degree of order, in taking measures to diminish the crowded state of the patients, in getting good laundries established, in having the convalescents and other branch hospitals regularly inspected—if he has all repudiations made not complied with earnestly reported to him—above all, if he gets the transport service to and from Soutari in all its phases thoroughly reorganised, he will have done signal service to the country; and the army, the merit of which is not inferior to that of brilliant achievements in the field.

(The following appeared in our second edition of yesterday:—)

Arrived.	Name of Transient.	No. of Passengers.	Died as Passengers.
Dec. 18	Guatemala	250	41
Dec. 27	Guatemala	300	33
Dec. 27	Ripon	582	10
Dec. 27	Guatemala	90	6
Dec. 28	Golden Flame	412	8
Dec. 28	Hydrex	151	9
Dec. 28	Victoria	359	Not reported.

when the manure in which the transport service of the sick and wounded has hitherto been performed is remembered. Unfortunately, there have been no pains taken to get at the Commandant's office the reports of the medical authorities, and they of course have not been able to give the necessary information to the Commandant that "middle passage" from the Crimea to the Bosphorus. Even now, after courts of inquiry here and at Balaklava, after representations to the Ambassador, and every other form of complaint, when in some important respects the service has unquestionably been improved, it still remains very far from what it should be. There are, for example, no ambulances, and no ambulance, and no disinfectant put on board to keep down the fatal stench which arises from the lower decks, and neither nothing has been done for enabling venereal syphilis indispensable for the venereal dysentery and diarrhoea patients. It will be recollected that the Germans lost 41 men on the passage whereas on the Golden Horn, the transports, and the hospital ships, lost only 16 men, and, moreover, the deaths were no less as eight in the first, and 414 as 100 in the two last. Reverting to the state of the hospital, I find that on the 19th they contained 4,177 patients, not including 41 officers of the sick list. Since then the number of inmates has been considerably augmented, and I am told that there are at Balaklava at present 5,000 men. Of these, 382 are in the hospital, 382 weeks ago they wounded claimed the chief care of the medical officers, and their numbers and sufferings afforded for a time to justify the superior attention shown them. But now the preponderance of dysentery, diarrhoea, and fever cases renders it of the first importance to look well after the sick. It is now, therefore, as will be observed by the returns already submitted, that for the larger proportion of deaths take place

100

(The following appeared in our second edition of yesterday :—)

As the enclosed general order may not reach England through other channels, I venture to send it. You will not fail to observe that it is worded with a severity which the evidence upon which it was founded must have fully justified; and as this is not the first instance in which Lord Raglan has severely reprimanded upon the manner in which the medical department out here has been conducted, perhaps one of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert may at length be induced to admit that there have been and will be defects in the working of that department, more than sufficient to justify the course which The Times, and the subscribers to the Sick and Wounded Fund have taken with regard to it.

[illegible]

Mr. Cassin exercises some amount of authority at Beirut, under powers supposed to be derived from Lord Raglan, but his appointment as Inspector General has not been confirmed from London, and hence the numerous allegations are made that he is not a British officer. The appointment of a man of sound sense and great firmness of character to such a position. The inquiry which he has for some time past been conducting, in conjunction with Mr. Maxwell and Dr. Laing, has no doubt thoroughly acquainted him with the state of the hospital, and he is fully satisfied that the British Barrack, a large building at no great distance from the General Hospital, has been given up for the use of the sick and wounded. This affords space for four thousand to 500 more patients, and, with the accommodation provided in the upper story of the barracks, will be sufficient to receive the whole of the army as a full reserve against another influx of wounded from the Crimea. I trust, however, that, as the army gets better supplied with warm clothing, and has its other wants more abundantly met from home, the amount of sickness which we have hitherto experienced will be diminished. The fact that the good stock of warm clothing had been distributed before they left; but if this be not yet certainly strange that the sick have not yet shared in the benefits and comforts of that distribution. No former arrivals have reached Beirut in greater weakness, illness, and privation than the men who have just arrived, and some of them are in a state of almost complete nudity, as they are dirty to a degree, while those who know the British soldier by his peace aspect would not credit that there are among them cases of marbled countenance, from exposure and defective circulation, which it may be to perceive result, like the other forms of sickness, from exposure to the elements. I mentioned in my last letter that an application had been made to me for warm clothing by the surgeon on behalf of a regiment orderly despatched from a hot climate to the Crimea, and totally deprived with the means of procuring any other kind of clothing.

The application was made on the ground that protection was better than cure, and I knew no surer

of the mortality that had taken place among the poor pilgrims sent out that I did not think I should be justified in refusing. I, however, undertook to supply what was wanted conditionally, on my arriving at Baidah the things were so found to be requisite they were to be handed over to the Heri, Mr. Hayward and the other chaplains there, for the use of the sick and wounded. The day after my arrival at Baidah, on the 25th of June I put on board the Golden Plover for the 25th Port (100 tons) a stock of flannel, drawers and socks, which I hope will keep them warm and in good heart until they get into Sebastopol. If I have erred in thus departing somewhat from the strict interpretation of my trust, I am sure that the subscribers to the Fund will overlook all that, and will say that they had every thing contrived in so important a manner to the physical comfort of a whole regiment of the line on its way to confront the enemy.

Some presents from the Qans have been received here, including essence of heat, soap, one de Cologne bottle, vinegar, etc. Whether the contributions of the Qans are of any great value is not known. The amount of gain measure depend upon the care with which they inform those to whom the presents are addressed of the mode of transmission. The Turkish Customs here is a *Masdarim* from which nothing that ever finds its way there is, without great difficulty, to be obtained.

Although the number of wounded men in the hospitals here has diminished considerably, gunpowder is an endemic here not dispersed. A great anxiety is in consequence evinced by the medical men to get those away who thus far have not been attacked, and to prevent the disease from spreading, by detouring them the spectacle of a poor fellow falling easily moved and hopefully from his wounds, and if the malin seed by a complaint which makes it requisite to burn the sores but keeps him with constant pain, however, are the penalties we pay for curing.

A medical lesson was held on His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge yesterday, and he has been advised to return home; his complaint is stated to be intermittent fever.

The last batch of sisters and nurses, sent out under the management of Sister Mary Therese, has after considerable opposition an arrangement which has been come to by which about 20 of them are to be employed here. One-half come in as additional hands, the other to supply vacancies which from the cause or other have arisen in the staff whilst Miss Nightingale brought out with her. While the latter is in the city, her personal supervision is maintained and admitted by every one, the system of the experiment as a feature of the medical department of the army on war service cannot be considered as absolutely established until certain religious dimensions which have arisen are removed. It is not to be supposed that the hospital staff has disposed with the five white-naild nurses whose previous conduct here had not sufficiently qualified them for the duties of nursing. Their removal has given unchange to the Roman Catholic nuns. At the same time some of the Sisters early have not been found as efficient as was desired, and it is to be expected that the removal of some out of the material supplied by the authorities of zeal and devotion at home there is some danger of the whole undertaking coming to an abrupt conclusion. Miss Nightingale is quite right in endeavoring to put her establishment upon a permanent basis, and she is doing so with a very early will, I fear, make her a good number of mistakes. Whether she succeeds or fails, she has at least the satisfaction of knowing that she has already done an irreducible amount of good, and that for few months, when she returns, she will find that the most serious of these vast establishments, providing what could not be obtained through the regular channels of the service, and especially from her sister Kathleen suffering comfort without which many a poor fellow would have died. Her name and her services will be remembered with a just and grateful pride among the men in the trenches, and she has made the Barrack Hospital as comfortable as the most valuable begin to show a decided reluctance

Since my last letter the birds have been—on the 24th, 22; on the 26th, 27; on the 27th, 41,—making a total of 90 in three days.

over our presence on some sleeping soldiers. We're the prisoners of leading some army day in the past, and the freedom of the world is long come to give the soldiers who were dead in the prison of mankind. The first battle I think there were 100. We are placed on either side the table that were alive, our feet entangled with ashtrays, napkins, and the soldiers fill up the table. I often look at a girl named who was killed in the war, and I think that she must be the daughter of the World, that mother Malinda. We are all too happy to have come to serve the poor of Jesus; it is not without little consolation that we wash and dress their wounds, even that it is the wounds of our dear Lord himself washing. Oh! I would not change my place with the

THE SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.

(The following appeared in our second edition of yesterday.)

(FROM OUR NEW CORRESPONDENT.)

SCUTARI, DEC. 21.

In my last letter I announced that 1,200 invalids, the great majority of them dysentery cases, had arrived at Scutari, and that I was quite at a loss to conjecture how so large an accession to the numbers already in hospital were to be suitably accommodated. My anticipations have been more than realized, and when I left the Barrack Hospital last night even the landing places of the staircases were occupied. On the previous night it was after 3 o'clock before some of the men were taken down, though they had come ashore early. During the entire day they were to be seen crawling about, dirty, anemic, and, as wretched-looking creatures as it is possible to conceive, each looking out for his turn to be berthed, yet all displaying in the midst of their suffering and discomfort a noble anxiety that the worst case should be first and best provided for. By a great effort the dysentery wards, on the south side of the Barrack Hospital, were got ready for their reception. These wards, it will be remembered, were cleared out some time ago in consequence of the strong representations made by Miss Nightingale, and the cases to them distributed over the rest of the building. Since then they have undergone a repair which makes them fit for the reception of patients, and a large proportion of the new arrivals have accordingly been accommodated therein. For the rest, the best provision has been made that was possible under existing circumstances, some, as I have said, being obliged to sleep on the landing places of the staircases, and of course upon the floor. It was known weeks ago that the two hospitals were already too full, and it was consequently a business to have increased upon provided and all the necessary arrangements made for any accession of sick and wounded from the Crimea. Further, it was known that much sickness existed in the army, and that from day to day transports filled with invalids might be expected to arrive. Nothing, however, was done as yet why? Simply because the demands made upon time and strength of the staff to which the working of the hospitals is intrusted already considerably exceed what they can meet, and to throw a greater weight of human suffering upon the care of these establishments is only to increase the difficulty. Miss Nightingale's hospital is wasted, and greater attention to waste would be a waste of a system, whereby the management of each building may be simplified. This, for instance, the Barrack Hospital. It is at once a depot for troops and an hospital. As an hospital it is not set apart for the wounded, or the sick, or the convalescent, but takes up within its walls the arrangements suitable for each of these classes—hence a waste of strength, which is the more to be regretted because, even if well executed, it would hardly make the staff of experts equal to the compass of the service. While hundreds of poor fellows were laughing about on Tuesday last, uncertain whether any resting place could be obtained for their wounded bones, an almost equal number might be seen as far recovered as to make one rather curious of the space they occupied. The latter would have been much better on board a convalescent ship, and to the former the repose and attention of a well-ventilated hospital was absolutely essential. Acting probably to some extent upon these considerations, but influenced also by the superior medical arrangements of the French army and the example they set us, it has been determined to establish a new hospital for our men at Beyrout. With it, and with those at Kalamieh and Ahyon, and the two ships in the Golden Fleece, there ought now to be no difficulty in working up the service to a state of efficiency somewhat commensurate with the requirements of the army and the reasonable expectations of the public. The Foreigner's department, however, must first be greatly strengthened, and men with good heads for organizing details placed in authority not only out here, but at home. Professional ability, however valuable, is entirely not the only qualification for the chief officer of the department, and the most such changes are made as the recent discovery evidently demands the better it will be, not only for the welfare of the sick and wounded, but for the permanent interests of the service. As will be seen by the subjoined returns, the health of the army is very far indeed from being in a satisfactory state. Not 1,000, but 1,400 invalids were conveyed to Scutari in seven ships, chiefly large steamers. During the early part of this week and the end of last.

The following list shows the names of the vessels, their date of arrival, the number of sick they carried, and, so far as is at present known, the number of deaths on board each during the passage—

Arrived.	Name of Vessel.	No. of Sick.	Deaths.
Dec. 25	Chaplain	220	45
Dec. 17	Chaplain	200	39
Dec. 17	Ripon	242	36
Dec. 17	Chaplain	30	0
Dec. 18	Golden Fleece	422	2
Dec. 18	Sydney	211	2
Dec. 18	Victoria	209	Not reported.

The importance of this return will be perceived at once when the manner in which the transport service of the sick and wounded has hitherto been performed is remembered. Unfortunately, there have been no pains taken to get at the Commandant's office the reports of the medical authorities, and they of course shrink from details which would have disclosed the horrors of that "wilderness" from the Crimea to the Bosphorus. Even now, after courts of inquiry here and at Balaklava, after representations to the Ambassador, and every other form of complaint, when in some important reports the service has unquestionably been improved, it still remains very far from what it should be. I know, for instance, that some of the ships just arrived had no disinfectant put on board to keep down the stench which arises from the lower decks, and neither nothing has been done to inflicting themselves especially indispensable for the use of convalescent and diarrhoea patients. It will be remembered that the Germans had 41 men on the penny, whereas on the Golden Fleece, the Cleopatra, and Ripon, with as large, and even larger numbers, the deaths were as low as eight in the first, and did not exceed 20 in the two last. Reverting to the state of the hospitals, I find that on the 19th they contained 4,117 patients, not including 34 officers on the sick list. Since then the number of invalids has been considerably augmented, and I am told that there are at Balaklava at least 2,000 still waiting for transport to Scutari. Six weeks ago the wounded claimed the chief care of the medical staff, and their numbers and sufferings appeared for a time to justify the superior attention shown them. But now the preponderance of dysentery, diarrhoea, and fever cases reduces it of the first importance to look well after the sick. It is among these, as will be observed by the returns subjoined, that by far the larger proportion of deaths take place—

THE SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.

(The following appeared in our second edition of yesterday.)

(FROM OUR NEW CORRESPONDENT.)

SCUTARI, DEC. 21.

As the enclosed general order may not reach England through other channels, I venture to send it. You will not fail to observe that it is issued with a security which the evidence upon which it is founded must have fully justified; and so this is not the first instance in which Lord Raglan has openly selected upon the manner in which the medical department out here has been conducted, perhaps even the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert may be induced to admit that there have been not only very defects in the working of that department, more than sufficient to justify the course which The Times and the subscribers to the Sick and Wounded Fund have taken with regard to it.

At the same time that he received this notice from the Commandant-in-Chief, Dr. Lawson had from him the intimation of his being promoted to the rank of Deputy Inspector-General, over the heads of older, and it would now certainly appear more deserving officers. Among others I may mention Dr. McGee, whose wonderful preservation from the wreck of the burning *Ripon* will be remembered, and who has more than any medical officer here, at least among those himself disposed to set aside the narrow ideas of a peace establishment, and to look only to the comfort and welfare of the soldiers in hospital. It will be observed that from Dr. Hall, the Inspector-General, no notice has been received from the Commandant-in-Chief promulgating this promotion upon the evidence collected with reference to the case of the *Avon* only. Had the case of the *Kangaroo*, the *Catapult*, the *Bombay*, the *Malabar*, and others been investigated with equal care, it would be hardly possible for Dr. Hall to retain the high post which he still holds. He and the leading officers of the department have not been deficient in the exercise of professional skill, nor in the medical use of such facilities for the discharge of their duties as the state of the service afforded; but there they appear to have failed, and to have come to the conclusion that as military surgeons they were only bound to find the sick and wounded soldier such relief as circumstances placed within their reach. If the nature and amount of that relief were not sufficient, the medical chiefs of the army did not consider themselves bound to impose their positions by representations and complaints. They kept quiet, thinking and hoping that the first pressure would soon be over, and that things would gradually come right. The same course was adopted by the head of the medical department at home, who, when the truth began to leak out, tried to keep it by prohibiting a free list of stores. A more decisive action was never resorted to for the conclusion of official incompetence. The public, who are intensely alive to the proper treatment of their soldiers in hospital, will show little tolerance for that official indolence and caution which, continued during a 40 years' peace, have effectively done up the mouths of our military surgeons. If Inspectors-General and Deputy Inspectors-General are silent in the midst of sufferings which it is their business to relieve, they must expect to be made accountable for it. Lord Raglan's general order will be a saddest of all in this respect, if it is so other, for it enables every army surgeon to say that there is a higher power over him than Dr. Smith, and that his career henceforward, instead of being obstructed, will be helped by the facilities with which he devotes himself to his duties. It is absolutely necessary, however, that something should now be done to restore authority in the department, and to have those improvements which have already been introduced or recommended practically carried out. Somebody must be found who has the personal authority, the business aptitude, and the devotion of character requisite to enable us to relieve the French from the burden of carrying our sick and wounded to Balaklava—let our transport service to Scutari properly organized—and to have the hospitals here and in the Crimea placed on a satisfactory footing. I cannot give better illustrations of the extent to which such changes are required than by mentioning two facts which came to my knowledge yesterday. One is, that the *Tenace*, a transport ship, which came down from Balaklava some days ago, had on board as one of her medical officers a regimental surgeon who had indignantly returned from camp to Scutari in the *Tenace*, and who was pressed upon and pressed for the service without a moment's time for preparation. The other fact is that the Turkish laundry, built here for the use of the barracks and hospital, but appropriated as a commissariat store, has not yet been given up to its right use, and that had it not been for the house which was rented at the expense of the Fund, and which Miss Nightingale has converted into a laundry, no trustworthy provision had been made for the washing of dirty linen in these vast establishments. This want was not only pointed out, but severely felt, six weeks ago. The commissariat treasure stored in the laundry consisted of chopped straw, and yet there it will remain, while the chief purveyor scurries about in search of the Mastermind of Constantinople, or finally hands over everything to the doubtful hands of the soldiers' wives.

Dr. Cunningham exercises some amount of authority at Scutari, under powers supposed to be derived from Lord Raglan, but his appointment as Inspector-General has not been confirmed from home, and hence the numerous advantages are deferred which would at once accrue from the appointment of a man of sound sense and great tact in a position so much as this. The inquiry which he has for some time past been conducting, in conjunction with Mr. Maxwell and Dr. Loring, has no doubt thoroughly acquainted him with the true wants of the service.

I understood that the Sultan sent, a large building at an great distance from the General Hospital, has been given up for the use of the sick and wounded. This affords space for from 600 to 800 more patients, and, with the accommodation provided in the upper story of some stables near the Barrack Hospital, may be regarded as a fair reserve against another influx of invalids from the Crimea. I trust, however, that as the army gets better supplied with warm clothing, and as its other wants more abundantly met from home, the amount of sickness which we have hitherto had to deplore is its ranks may be diminished. The officers who have last come down here state that a good stock of warm clothing had been distributed before they left; but if this be so it is certainly strange that the sick have not yet shared in the benefits and comforts of that distribution. No former arrivals have reached Scutari in greater wretchedness, dirt, and prostration than those most recently brought in. Many of them are in a state of almost complete nudity, all are dirty to a degree which those who know the British soldier by his peace aspect would not credit, and there are among them cases of mortified toes, from exposure and defective circulation, which it is easy to perceive must, like the other forms of sickness prevalent from the excessive hardships which the men have had to undergo. I mentioned in my last letter that an application had been made to me for warm clothing by the surgeon on behalf of a regiment ordered direct from a hot climate to the Crimea, and totally unprovided with the means of withstanding so sudden a change of temperature. The application was made on the ground that preparation was latter than care, and I knew as much

of the mortality that had taken place among the last regiments sent out that I did not think I should be justified in refusing. I, however, undertook to apply what was wanted conditionally, if on arriving at Balaklava the things were not found to be requisite they were to be handed over to the Ser. Mr. Hayward and the other chaplains there, for the use of the sick and wounded. This arrangement was thankfully accepted, and yesterday I put on board the *Golden Fleece* for the 20th Fort (500 strong) a stock of flannel, drawers, and socks, which I hope will keep them warm and in good heart until they get into hospital. If I have erred in thus dispersing somewhat from the strict interpretation of my trust, I am sure that the subscribers to the Fund will overlook an act which enables them to say that they have contributed in an important manner to the physical comfort of a whole regiment of the line on its way to embark the morning.

Some presents from the Queen have been received here, including a case of food, soap, and Cologne, toilet vinegar, &c. Whether the contributions of charitable people at home will ever arrive safely and in great numbers depends upon the care with which they inform those to whom the presents are addressed of the mode of transmission. The Turkish Customs-house is a Mahometan from which nothing that ever finds its way there is, without great difficulty, recovered.

Although the number of wounded men in the hospitals here has diminished considerably, progress in an epidemic form has not disappeared. A great anxiety is to consequence evinced by the medical officers to get those army who thus far have not been attacked. It is difficult to conceive anything more distressing than the spectacle of a poor fellow rallying steadily and hopefully from his wounds, and in the midst being by a complaint which makes it requisite to turn the men into long holes with canals. Such, however, are the penalties we pay for crowded wards and defective medical arrangements.

A medical board was held on His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge yesterday, and he has been advised to return home; his complaint is stated to be intermittent fever.

The last batch of stores and nurses, sent out under the charge of Miss Stanley, are still at Therapia, but after considerable negotiation an arrangement has been come to by which about 20 of them are to be employed here. One-half come in as additional hands, the other to supply vacancies which from one cause or other have arisen in the staff which Miss Nightingale brought out with her. While the good which the nurses have done is innumerable, and admitted by every one, the success of the experiment as a feature of the medical department of the army on war service cannot be considered as decisively established until certain religious dissensions which have arisen are set at rest. Among those whose services Miss Nightingale has dismissed are five white-robed nuns, whose previous conduct here had not sufficiently justified them for the duties of nursing. Their removal has given exchange to the Roman Catholic chaplains. At the same time some of the Sisters have not been found so efficient as was desired, and in the effort to organize a good band of nurses out of the material supplied by an outbreak of zeal and devotion at home there is some danger of the whole undertaking coming to an abrupt conclusion. Miss Nightingale is quite right in endeavoring to put her establishment upon a proper business-like footing, but doing so thus early will, I fear, make her a good number of enemies. Whether she succeeds or fails, she has at least the satisfaction of knowing that she has already done an innumerable amount of good, and that for two months, when there was not one sister to aid, she has been the real purveyor of those vast establishments, providing what could not be obtained through the regular channels of the service, and especially from her extra kindness supplying comforts without which many a poor fellow would have died. Her name and benevolent services are the theme of frequent and grateful praise among the men in the trenches, and she has made the Barrack Hospital as comfortable a place as the volunteers have to know a desirable substitute to have it.

Since my last letter the barracks have been—on the 25th, 20; on the 26th, 27; on the 27th, 43—making a total of 100 in three days.

On checks I had given out in the morning. On examination, it was found that the last five applicants were not taken in. I was asked if I could imagine the thing. The prisoner's name was not mentioned to me, but I was told that he was a Frenchman, and I then felt as I was told. I knew that Mr. Tyler had left into service only, and it occurred to me that he was likely to be the man, and I judged as from other circumstances.

He continued, I admitted, a member in the military, and wished to satisfy myself by comparing it with other trials of his, and I was then satisfied it was the man.

W. L. R. Gilbert, clerk at Scutari and Attorney's agent.

On the evening of the 21st of December I wrote up from Scutari and took a packet from the steamer. On the 22nd I made the entry in the pamphlet "The Prisoner of War," which indicates the progress of a struggle in Palestine in that part of the world, after which the struggle is placed in the pocket of the book, and put the book in the place.

THE HOSPITALS AT BULHARR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The following letter, from the Rev. J. E. Niles, in charge of the Hospital at Bulharr, is, I think, very interesting to the public, and I am glad to be able to publish it.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. E. NILES.

Warrington, 10th Dec. 1871.

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THE SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.

THE FOLLOWING REPORT ON THE SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.

By the Rev. J. E. Niles, in charge of the Hospital at Bulharr.

During the past week, 1,000 men, have been brought down from the Crimea. A few more are expected, and it is now a matter of time before the hospital will be filled.

The French plan of having the sick and wounded brought down from the Crimea, is a very good one, and it is now a matter of time before the hospital will be filled.

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I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. E. NILES.

In my last letter I mentioned the organization of a special transport service for the sick and wounded from the Crimée. Here is the Departmental Order on the subject—an order simple and appropriate enough, and the only fault to be found with which is that it ought to have been issued sometime ago —

" IMPÉRIAL ORDRE.

" ST. PÉTERS, Dec. 23.

" The undersigned aide (chevalier) having been entrusted with the organization of the service, and the Inspector General of Hospitals at Head Quarters, having sanctioned the above named, as a permanent medical staff on board such vessels. These officers are named in list

Ten mortal minutes is to-day
 The poet's part of art.
 Then, when the clock has rung her song
 The troubadour of love.
 His genius wanders in words of steel,
 His language is the thunder.
 Whilst as what others in flattery
 And flattery in their words we feel,
 And all at home in wonder
 Now dashed into the air
 These men of ease who ride the tide
 In the softest of the air
 Whose words are won the world has gone
 Into the cracks were blown
 In the softest of the air
 In the softest of the air
 Now greater laurels breathe
 In the softest of the air
 Then they, who with the laurels live
 In the softest of the air
 Dashed out, I say, the laurels of
 A greater name played,
 The laurels of the age, the laurels,
 And here we see, who these things that,
 And here we see, who these things that,
 And here we see, who these things that,
 And here we see, who these things that,
 She changes of her country's cause,
 As faithful and so brave
 As the laurels of the age,
 For triumph of the grace—
 Even she, who, bleeding at her feet,
 The laurels of the age,
 Whose task, though terrible as ever,
 Has found her rest at last—
 In the softest of the air
 In the softest of the air
 In the softest of the air
 In the softest of the air

Bags of newspapers, chiefly Times, come to be distributed. Now the house is sending newspapers & books.

The kitchen is overworked & another just made. Besides an official pickles & a new water boiling place.

Arrived and was continued to be served in huge metal pans, to 500 hot meals, & 150 are said to be added each with a most miserable thin soup & 400 more not yet landed. I have just inspected the ships. They are not very bad.

Two days ago, after a week.

[illegible]

Lady! in our England's story
There are names we proudly say,
Sons of women writ in Heaven,
With us still, & perfect away;
But in all the shining record
Which the angels love to read,
You can claim the earnest homage
By our hearts to thee decreed.

Lady! when to working household
Word of thy devotion came,
Up & low called thee angel,
Wives & mothers before thy name;
When the victory robes cluster,
When the whitened cottage peers,
The old Memorial Mansion,
Eyes were filled with thankful tears.

[illegible][illegible]

Dear Sir

My Right Hon^{ble} deserves me
to thank you for the very noble present
of bandages on the 8th Inst. - It doubtless
has been seen a want, but the bandages
were in very acceptable, for there will be an
great consumption of them by us, when
the wounded come, after the assault, if
indeed there should be one. - For the
present the wounded are forgotten in
the mazes of duty; few are left &
they are consequently the unfortunates
in the field, nearly all dead without
those who have not been so fortunate,
& it is in the French Hospital.
The war between the two East is not good
toasting & the kind & handsome Sir
has acted against them. - We have
now about 5600 in the Antioch Hospital,
800 on two others, & many more expected.

[illegible]

that that something should now be done to secure a working plan upon which, not only the purveyors

fill our minds. so so so in a
square ward, then the boy boy
some opposite each other, so many
now dying, so in a day reduce
the last arrivals -

Please God we shall do what
we attempt, our duty simply
in the service we are upon.
We have everybody with us.
I am calm clear & resolute, and
to cheer them on.

Lady! when the wounded soldier
Lifts his head & looks on thee,
Life will come & softly whisper
He may yet escape the sea;
Yet return his mother's hopes,
To the wanderers at his scars,
Yet behold a face still clearer
Seen in dreams beneath the stars.

Sady. 'Thou hast left for death
All that gives to life its cheer -
And we pray that God may live the
With thy sisters safe from harm.
Ever shall thy name & story
Cause the heart a happy thrill,
When our warfare long is over.
And for all are lying still.

Scutaro Hoqudal 12.^o Junij

Dear Sir
My Nightingale desires me
to thank you for the very noble present
of bandages on the 8th Inst. of which there
has never been a want, but the bandages
were too very acceptable, for there will be an
great consumption of them by us, when
the wounded come, after the assault of
indeed there should be one. For the
present the wounded are forgotten in
the masses of sick, four are left &
they are neglected - The competition
in the field nearly all did well but
there have been no been so fortunate
& it is in the French Hospital
the air between the two has not yet
be feeling, & the kind is thankful that
has acted against them - We have
now about 3600 in Mary-lees Hospital,
800 in two others, & many more expected

on the spot to the Chaplain &
to my Sister, & I think you are quite
aware, that the is not likely to
interfere with liberty of conscience
in any kind — As to the Roman
Catholic Sisters, who are supposed
to be exempted from this imagination
of the Court, the present orders given them
by their superiors, (I believe the Queen
herself) that they should never allude
but they are not to mention subjects
of Religion to any, brethren of their
own faith, & as you are aware —
more than one Third of the Nuns
is Roman Catholic — I have little
doubt, but thinking how much we admire
her generous thought, but that some
fear all the Sisters, who are present

[illegible][illegible]

Miss Stacey, amidst the rapid change of the hour, no doubt, soon makes her exit. She took possession of my sofa, with 12 or 15 minutes of my time, and then, in the midst of the poor fellows in the attention and care she had bestowed on them, I have found the Criminals. A French peasant came of the name, emphasized in some of the papers, and was doing them, and afterwards laid their clothes, several were stripped of these, and some of them were taken to (it is) is exhibiting even to me. I am bound to say that some who were previously known by the Criminals, had been again the deplorable department in the morning, when I was a few days behind of the numbers than at which supplied. Lady Strathmore, who was present, had actually arrived or was nearly there, and I saw many more people than on them, and I was not at all surprised to see some and that such severely respects. The men, going on, and the women, still left in charge of some as impossible a matter of their own good or reputation, and the higher grade of men and women.

[illegible]

p fill our windows - go 50 50 in a
 square ward, then the City Co
 your opposite each other, so many
 Now dying, 50 in a day since
 the last arrivals -
 Please God we shall do what
 we attempt, our duty wisely
 in the service we are upon -
 we have every body sick -
 I am calm than & cool, but
 to down their own.

Lady! When the wounded Miller
Lifts his head & looks on thee,
Hope will come & softly whisper
He may yet escape the sea,
Yet return his mother's hopes,
As she shudders at his scars
Yet behold a face still dearer
Seen in dreams beneath the stars.

Lady, 'thou hast left for dust
 All that gives to life its cha-
 And we pray that God may keep
 With thy sisters safe from harm
 Ever shall thy name & story
 Cause the heart a blissful thrum
 When our warfare long is o'er
 And we all are lying still

The want of fuel, exposure in the
trenches, & short rations, from the
impossibility of conveying heavy
ordnance thro' the track, with inefficiency
of warm clothing, have brought
calamity on our brave Troops, which
I need not say, has not been averted
by any wisdom, or forethought.
The utmost confusion prevails at
Balaklava. — The Commanders seem
not to have the means, or will to secure
forward the Stores landed —
The Brigade & Horse of England seem
now at the mercy of Mud, for these
Gules run with
I have no other news from the Crimea,
than that of more expected arrivals
of Scotch — Yours truly, W. D. Howland

There is another ship just arrived
from the Amazon with such poor
letters, very weak & starved, they
have made room for them by
striking off two correspondents to
Olydos & some invalids to Espinal.
The poor soldiers cannot seem to
be away from home, they are so
comfortable they say, so much is
done for them that they dread
the day they leave it.
It is a very pleasing fact that
Florence's cecilians are known &
prized even at Schastopol, a

hurry, is allowed to go for the day, is so limited, that the 7000 men in the British Eastern Column are crowded at the head of the hospital. A second batch goes to Morris Jordan, Lucille Perry & Miss. Santa both of whom with telegraph, the other four, & I do not believe, that any more will be sent, as it is supposed that 20 will go from 1st. My sister says, that the work is so hard, that few ladies could stand it. Some who are going with this batch. Miss. Mary Stewart among them, who has been working her whole indefatigably on the hospital, ever since my sister's departure. 2. Another batch is too late of them. 3. Lady & Forsder, she is more anxious than any one of the use made of my name. I have heard from her 5 times in the last month about the East note saying that she had been made quite ill.

[illegible][illegible]

POINOS AT SCUTARI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.
 Sir,—Should you deem the accompanying copy of a letter I have just received from the hospital at Sebert, together with a few comments upon the same, worthy of publication in *The Times*, they are perfectly at your service.
 I have the honour to remain, Sir,
 Dear Sir,
 Yours truly,
 E. NAPIER.

[illegible]

do more than we do, &
that too often the bible
on the reading stand, for
which is too I have, & have
bought the name of Jesus
that this was to point,
too good, to lead the life
of the world. How much
happening is over there
when the heart is yearning
to do good, & could not
find an object. I have
often written you as
upon this last subject
of her mind. I have

bill exercises, I trust, a deep & permanent influence upon the minds of our fellow countrymen, especially upon the poor & increasing uneducated portion of them. Now there will no longer be found a neighbourhood in the interior of the man. B. in. where one here. The law of this neighbourhood, runs the a law of life for women in the upper classes, a marriage here is almost as rare as court as it was at Bradford. There are 3 Boys

summer. The flora of England's
 South is perishing in this people's
 war. One turns with relief to look
 at Florence. As Mrs DeLong has
 observed once, "her presence
 in that Hospital is like a
 sister in the Supplication." Oh
 she will come back to England!

[The following appeared in our second edition of yesterday :-]

SCUTARI, JAN. 8.

Large additional supplies of warm under clothing and other necessities urgently required have been provided here within the last few days at the expense of the Fund. The Parrot's stores, what ever they may contain, remain as they have been since the battle of the Alps—entirely destitute.

[illegible]

place to him, in the same manner, as only
nations, where they are oppressed, it only
causes of Scholasticism and the same, before
of Caste, but what is for more terrible in their position
a winner which, however mild it may be, they
feel bitterly. Their numbers and their
size organization enable our allies to a
very confidence the prospect before the
but to us there is nothing except the unyielding
resolution of our race to look to in
our pluck of our fortunes. The progress of
things may agreeably disappoint those gloomy
visions of the future founded upon what I see
of the health of the race. I think it is
however, that what is in every Englishman's
thoughts here at present should be known at his

[illegible][illegible]

I hear from Alphon that he hoped there was, thanks to the exertions of Mr. Cullen in setting up, and to the aid of Mr. Jamison, his chief medical officer, a very creditably equipped establishment. The situation is good, and the supplies of water and food at least on a par with those at Detroit. There is no lack of fuel, and the arrangements for the wounded improve rapidly. The diarrhoea and fever patients do not get on so well. The usual amount of hawking and emphysema has been shown in the case of some men. It was referred to the medical committee, and they decided to let the men have a little more food, but not the daily bath; but, at the last moment, this plan was broken down by sending some who had had their arms amputated or were otherwise unfit for service. To enable these to go to England it will be necessary for the Government to make a special arrangement, and it is probable that a "Barr" cannot be completed with

The new hospital formed in the Sultan's Spina Palace was also intended for consultations, but it was not used for this purpose. It was only used for isolating and for respiratory isolation treatment. The ball room and theatre will make magnificent airy wards when properly fitted up, which is not the case at present. The theatre is a magnificent room, lately (after being occupied only for a day or two) discharged with a pestiferous atmosphere, and quite unfit for use. The theatre is a magnificent room, lately (after being occupied only for a day or two) discharged with a pestiferous atmosphere, and quite unfit for use. The theatre is a magnificent room, lately (after being occupied only for a day or two) discharged with a pestiferous atmosphere, and quite unfit for use.

positive emergency. May
it please God to give
us to carry his work
through, and to look
back upon his blessing
and to thank him. But
has however no small
labour, & of his income
kind, I wonder how he
will be able to

do more than we do, & that too often the better over the willing ones. I think so too. I have brought the name of Jesus into this wise to point, too good, to lead the life of the world. How much happier is one, than when his heart was going to do good, & could not find an object. I have often written you a page upon this deep subject of his friend. I have

ho inclination to, or facilities toward, more earnest ends in life have been just before them. And, for things, they do look some so vague & doubtful-like, others so wanting & disappointed almost all pale & dreary. And well they may do. What inner suffering, what self-satisfaction, must not men know, surely, from time to time! Is that an imaginary state of being known there be who have not known this!

Scarcely Lady Strolls, in the richly
cultivated circles in wh: few houses
ever missed the existence of this
"young Lady Clops" can scarcely be
known to. But it does exist,
specially in country homes - at some
Scarcely places, it is a large class, &

Goth classes in the community.
The one, it seems true, most
need of them. Therefore I
guidance, ~~the~~ ^{these} women could
is likely beyond in the next month
the young lady class, will be, that
superadded, by a class of women
filled with a spirit of benevolence,
& earnest working out some
practical realizations of this spirit
in their native life, either within the
family circle, or amidst the masses
of sin & ignorance & misery, which
reign in English society as need
redemption.

What a long meditation! I hope I have
not wearied you! The subject is
on my very dear heart.
Another kind of English Potatoes

[The following appeared in our second edition of yesterday.]

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
SCITTAZZI, Jan. 8.

Since the last mail left we have had a snow storm, and we know that the boats are still lying in Bala-hava harbour without the means of transit. Mortification of the feet from exposure has for some time been an increasing feature in the class of cases brought down here, but what is that way may we not expect

[illegible]

the spell the battle-field offered to nerve the soldiers. Menadevade, however, can be formed into a small, portable, and easily carried, and is stored where a soldier's kit contains. The contents are as follows:—two shirts, two pairs of socks, one pair of trousers, a pair of drawers, a pair of socks, a pair of shoes, a pair of socks, a pair of socks, a pair of socks, a knife, fork, and spoon, a small shaving brush, and other small articles, wrapped up in a "hul-dee." Deprived of all these things, the soldier is left to his own resources, and is overtaken in their share of the sleep, and with the remains of the Yarns few but hanging loosely, and the soldier is left to his own resources, and died in such manner! The wonder indeed ought to have been had the result been otherwise. The soldier is left to his own resources, and is overtaken in their share of the sleep, and with the remains of the Yarns few but hanging loosely, and the soldier is left to his own resources, and died in such manner! The wonder indeed ought to have been had the result been otherwise.

to one of the ships. The Government, however, has no means of clothing himself. He has absorbed the greater part of his pay; the regimental system of equipment is such that little store of household clothing he has the survey will not part with and there the non-commissioned soldier is, as he has a object as ours will be imagined of a worse he can the first instinct of nature, and take care of himself. Knives and forks, spoons, shirts, canned foods, whatever, in short, he must have, he applies, and then the supplies furnished from the Fund through the Government are always found to be more than he needs. The same thing goes on in India and on board the non-commissioned soldier. In a letter recently received from the former place the writer says—

"I believe that every effort is being made to supply the army with a sufficient amount of warm clothing. Still, so long as the distribution of this is in the region, our newspapers and their rag-masters will often be the greatest cause of the most real suffering you have met with. For these men, who are so often the cause of the most real suffering, are the cause of the most real suffering, and but for this extraordinary supply, they would often be in want of a change of cold clothing. One instance may suffice. In the rank of these controlled in the hospital ward government, previous to their embarkation for Soerabaya was a young Irish lad, who had come down the peninsula from the front. The best work he could do would be to get through the night in the hospital ward, and only a few minutes, very dimly lit. The boy was a lad, and his face, and instead of them he wore, as a trait, a piece of old blanket wrapped round him. His action which is in fact not very dirty. You may imagine the benefit to him to be supplied with warm Soerabaya drawers."

I have first to explain that the hospital there is, thanks to the exertions of Mr. Culvert in fitting it up, and to the aid of Dr. Jamison, its chief medical officer, a very suitably equipped establishment. The situation is good, and the climate at Roulet, though not so good as at Freetown, is such that the 400 men now in hospital there, of whom the wounded improve rapidly. The diarrhoea and fever patients do not get on so well. The hospital is well supplied with food, and the men have been shown in the case of convalescent there. It was intended to be kept for convalescents likely to be able to return to their duty; but, at the last moment, this plan was broken down by another outbreak of cholera, and the hospital is now being used for other or otherwise unfit for service. To enable these to go to England it will be necessary for them first to return to Roulet, as otherwise the irresponsible liability of a "wounded" command is completely altered.

[illegible]

The sick "state" on the last mentioned day showed 4,342 non-commissioned officers and privates in hospital, and 55 officers. Yesterday the Europa and Arctik had come down with invalids from Eakallars, some of whom had landed. The former had 312 on board when she left, but the deaths on the voyage down are not yet reported. The latter had 325 on board, of whom 33 died on the passage.

positive impression. Now
if please God to spare
me to carry you with
through, and to look
back upon no life
and to mankind. But
has however no small
labors, & of an income
kind, I wonder how we
devote 1888. &c.

do more than are able, & that too often the better over the riding ones. I think so too. I have, I think, thought the same of Thomas, that this was too good, too good, to last the life of the world. How much happier is it once than when his heart was going to do good, & could not get an object. I have often written you ago upon this last subject of his mind. I am

Joanna de Charité is Mrs. Christman.
How few seem the memories
of her labours, by "Eneas
Mackenzie"? A small old junkie
by "Lads & Lasses"? It is all written
but the facts most interesting. Such a
vigorous healthy woman she is in
body & mind. Her first attempt at
Obtaining was carried on in a
Wash. Island. Basin. before she was 7
years old! A Bed has her name
prima. broad beam her boat.
She took her emigrants. She
maintained the Basin. While a new
Bed got furnished, & afterwards
carried on her places in a dark
cellar with a rush-light stuck into
a tin bottle!

My dearest Aunt
These are the only letters
I have been able to
get any contents of. I
have been unable to
write on the subject than
in occasional sentences.
I do not take much
of it. There were others
again the morning, & the
anxiety & pain of seeing
them was intense. They
seem to dread the hour

[The following appeared in our second edition of page 100.]

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
SCUTAIL, Jan. 8.
I have additional supplies of money under official

Large quantities of supplies of warm coats, blankets, and other necessaries urgently required have been provided here within the last few days at the ex-

penes of the Fund. The Parvior's stores, what ever they may contain, remain as they have been.

since the bottle of the Anna—entirely destitute of the things that are most wanted by the sick on their arrival. The next follows, lead sometimes perfect

men, naked except the blanket which covers them, fire
scently with only their trousers and a ragged shirt

always in a state of filth and wretchedness which renders a change of apparel the first thing to be

provided. One would have imagined that many weeks' experience of this would have led to rather more being taken in order to

most in a regular manner in pressing a wound, be
whether it be that the "load arrow" cannot be

stamped upon articles of clothing purchased at Constantinople, or that the regulations of the service

unhappy other difficulties, certain it is that nothing has been done. It may, indeed, be said that the demand for such reading has been of a nature as

extent that the Forestry's department could not as might not to have been expected to meet; but th

proper treatment of our soldiers in hospital is
rather of infinitely more importance than official

penalties, and if, week after week, they have been brought down from the Crimea ragged, covered with filth, and maimed, and sometimes absolutely naked

It must be somebody's fault that the machines of these gigantic hospitals do not, up to the

present moment, furnish the means of clothing them. No money subscribed for benevolent pur-

power was over more appropriately expended on that which has been held out from the Sick and Wounded than in this direction. Is no effort to

ever, to be made by those whose proper duty it is to supply such wants? Are the authorities resigned

always to bear the reproach of having their work done for them by private charity! Or do they wa-

like the floods of old until the torrent of sickness and suffering, now flowing past them, and hurrying thousands of brave soldiers along with it, has not

sided ! The Government at home must know the state of the surveying department. They must !

aware that regulations are made upon it which
is utterly unable to meet, and that but a

Miss Nightingale and the supplies of the Free
armies of misery would have been presented in the
hospital, which it makes the blood run cold.

think of. Yet two months have elapsed, and nothing is done by them. No means have been discovered

for supplying regularly what during that period has been effected by expedients in their nature too

poetry, and this with the winter still in prospect and a sorrowful anticipation of the increasing gloom which it is almost certain to bring along with

2. All the medical officers here are unanimous in describing the great majority of the cases as how-

taken chronic in their character, the result not any sudden attack, but of disease long extending

They tell you that not one-third of the patients under their treatment will ever be fit for work.

again, and those of them who have been recently the Crimea, and know the actual state of the ar-

with respect to health, when you ask the
the number of perfectly sound men still le-

reduce the already diminished strength of a
battalion in a most startling manner. It
with grief and awe that I have to record

which raises apprehensions for the very existence of so many thousand British soldiers. But the tri-

above all things must be spoken. Diarrhoea and dysentery do not diminish, either in the frequency

or in the intensity of their attacks, and our only
have to face, in the trenches and on the elevated
positions where they are stationed, not only

Cause, but what is far more terrible in their profile

a winter which, however mild it may be, they feel bitterly. Their numbers and their su-

vey with confidence the prospect before them but to us there is nothing except the unyield-

resolution of our race to back us in this pinch of our destiny. The progress of

deeds may agreeably disappoint these gloomy fore-
castings of the future founded upon what I see a-

however, that what is in every Englishman's mind should be known at least to the

[illegible][illegible]

Stance seems to be formed
for the time, it has
propheticallie as if some
been preparing herself
for this position and

positive answering. And
if please God to spare
her to many her work
through, and to bring
back upon her husband
kind to maintain. But
for however so small
labor, & of an income
kind. I wonder how she
delicate little.

do more than we do, &
that too often the little
on the side ones. For
think to be I know, I
thought the house of
that this was too great
too good, to lead the life
of the world. How much
happens there is now, than
when her heart was young
to be good, & could not
quite an object. I have
often written you up
upon this last subject
of her mind. I am

to terrible merciful - child
of the cannot refuse than so
many lives are dependent
on her exertions. Parke
mentioned as one among
many such instances, that
5 men were brought in
the last stage of exhaustion
& given up as hopeless
cases by the doctors - she
took them on board, &
put up with them, &
fed them, & they
were returned convalescent

My dearat Aunt
We have just seen an
Aunt who was wounded
at the battle, & eight weeks
in the hospital. And still
25% left, where father &
mother live now. He
was in the hospital when
Florence arrived - how
they speak of her - how
came into the old story

THE SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.

The following appeared in our second edition of yesterday.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Large additional supplies of warm under clothing and other necessaries urgently required have been procured here within the last few days at the expense of the Fund. The purveyor's stores, whatever they may contain, remain as they have been since the battle of the Alma - entirely destitute of the things that are most wanted by the sick on their arrival. The poor fellows had sometimes perfectly naked except the blanket which covers them, frequently with only their trousers and a ragged shirt, always in a state of dirt and verminous which renders a change of apparel the first thing to be provided. One would have imagined that many weeks' experience of this would have led to better steps being taken in order to meet in a regular manner so pressing a want, but whether it is that the "Board of Management" stamped upon articles of clothing purchased at Constantinople, or that the regulations of the service supersede other difficulties, certain it is that nothing has been done. It may, indeed, be said that the demand for such supplies has been of a nature and extent that the Purveyor's department could not and ought not to have been expected to meet; but the proper treatment of our soldiers in hospital is a matter of infinitely more importance than official positions, and if, week after week, they have been brought down from the Crimean ragged, covered with dirt and vermin, and sometimes absolutely naked, it must be somebody's fault that the machinery of this gigantic hospital does not, up to the present moment, furnish the means of clothing them. No money subscribed for benevolent purposes was ever more opportunely expended than that which has been laid out from the Sick and Wounded Fund in this direction. In an effort, however, to be made by those whose proper duty it is to supply such wants? Are the authorities resigned always to hear the reproach of having their work done for them by private charity? Or do they wait the result of old world the tardiness of action and suffering, now & then put them, and hurrying thousands of brave soldiers along with it, has resulted? The Government at home must know the state of the purveyor's department. They must be aware that regulations are made upon it which it is utterly unable to meet, and that but for Miss Nightingale and the supplies of the Fund some of misery would have been presented in these hospitals which is such the blood run cold to think of. Yet two months have elapsed, and nothing is done by them. No money has been disbursed for supplying regularly what during that period has been effected by exponents in their casual benevolence, and like with the winter still in progress, and a successful anticipation of the increasing sickness which it is almost certain to bring along with it. All the medical officers here are unanimous in deploring the great majority of the cases in hospital as chronic in their character, the result not of any sudden attack, but of diseases long engendered by hardships, and finally rooted in the constitution. They tell you that not one-third of the patients under their treatment will ever be fit for service again, and those of them who have been recently in the Crimea, and leave the actual date of the army with respect to health, when you ask the number of perfectly sound men still left, reduce the already diminished strength of our battalions to a most startling manner. It is with grief and pain that I have to record facts which raise apprehensions for the very existence of so many thousand British soldiers. But the truth above all things must be spoken. Discharge and re-entry do not diminish, either in the frequency or the intensity of their attacks, and our men have to face, in the trenches and on the crowded platforms where they are encamped, not only the elements of beleaguement and the worst regime of the Camp, but what is the more horrible in their position, a winter which, however mild it may be, they will feel keenly. Their numbers and their superior organization enable our allies to carry very with confidence the prospect before them but to us there is nothing except the rapid reduction of our men to look us in this one phase of our fortunes. The progress of the campaign of the Crimea founded upon what I am assured of the health of the army. I think it right, however, that what is in every Englishman's mind thought here at present should be known at home.

Since the last mail left we have had a snow storm, and we know that the boats are still lying in Balaclava harbour before the mouth of the river. The distribution of the food from the purveyor has for some time been suffering from the want of men brought down here, but what is the way out of this? The army ought to have warm clothing by this time, but whether it has been distributed to the men, and what effect it may have in improving their health, remains to be ascertained. The last arrival of such supplies as such loss of new apparel, and it is humiliating in the extreme to estimate the thousands of soldiers' garments, ragged trousers, and worn shoes of these poor fellows, with the services, constant evidence of the Turkish soldiers. What the army has had to endure in this way, no doubt, is some degree to be traced to the disastrous manner in which for years the clothing of regiments has been jobbed, but the more immediate cause of it will be found in a fatal mistake committed at the very outset of the Crimean invasion. When the troops landed their kits were left behind to some greater expedition on the march. On arriving at Balaclava an order was issued to return them, and this was so far obeyed that they were undressed and placed upon the beach, but there no one had been appointed to take charge and superintend the distribution of them to their proper owners; the consequence was that everybody in or about Balaclava was allowed to help himself. The Maltese and the merchant seamen did not neglect such an opportunity for pilferage, and the consequence has been that a very large number of the men have never seen their kits again. This amounts to saying that they have been without any change of clothing, and therefore without any facilities for cleanliness and health, since they landed in the Crimea. It will be remembered with what aversion they seized upon the shirts in the hospitals of the dead Russians at the Alma, and at the Crimea which have taken place since I can tell that they eagerly availed themselves of whatever the spoil of the battle-field afforded to cover their tabbies. Monday, however, can be formed of what they have had to endure, unless it is remembered what a soldier's kit contains. The contents are as follows:—two shirts, two pairs of socks, one pair of boots, one pair of trousers, one pair of breeches, one pair of mitts, a handkerchief, a comb, shaving brush, and other small articles, wrapped up in a "baldie." Deprived of all these things, with no shelter but that of rotten worn-out tents, crowded in their share of the camp, and with the remains of the Crimea fever still hanging heavily upon them, it is wonderful that they have survived and died in such numbers! The wonder indeed ought to have been had the result been otherwise. The only complaint which the men are liable to make when they arrive here is the loss of their kits. They invariably speak of it as a fine misfortune, and one need not be surprised that they should do so, seeing what it has cost them. The result in hospital of this loss is of a part with the rest. A patient, when he becomes convalescent, is either sent home to England, or to one of the ships in the Golden Horn. He, however, has no means of clothing himself. His hospital supplies have absorbed the greater part of his pay; the regulations of the service are no longer available; what Balaclava stores of hospital and there the overworked soldier, as he becomes about as one well be imagined of "where he is" the first notions of nature, and takes care of himself. Knees and feet, upon, shirt, trousers, socks, whatever, he should, he receives, he accepts, and thus the supplies furnished from the Fund through Miss Nightingale here, always from week to week, to be received. The same thing goes on at Balaclava and on board the convalescent ships, as a latter remedy removed from the former place, the writer only.

I have from Alpha that the hospital there is, thanks to the exertions of Mr. Gilbert in fitting it up, and to the aid of Dr. Jenner, in chief medical officer, a very creditably conducted establishment. The situation is good, and the supplies of water and food at least on a par with those at Scutari. There are 400 men now in hospital there, of whom the wounded improve rapidly. The doctors and these patients do not get on so well. The usual amount of hanging and confusion has been shown in the case of some men. It was intended to be kept for convalescents likely to be able to return to their duty; but, at the last moment, this plan was broken down by sending men who had had their arms amputated or were otherwise unfit for service. To enable them to go to England it will be necessary for them first to return to Scutari, so otherwise the indispensable formality of a "Board" cannot be complied with. The new hospital formed in the Sultan's Spring Palace here was one intended for convalescents, but, like that at Alpha, at the last moment has been included with some requiring active treatment. The hall room and theatre will make requisition every week when properly fitted up, which is not the case at present. But some of the smaller rooms are already after being occupied only for a day or two, and the whole place will soon be alive with convalescents. The mortality in the hospital at Scutari is still on the increase, especially among the fresh arrivals. On the 15th 10 were buried, including one officer's wife and a child, on the 16th 21, on the 17th 32, and on the 18th 45, making a total of 108 in four days. The sick "state" on the last mentioned day showed 4,582 non-commenced officers and privates in hospital, and 10 officers. Yesterday the British and French had some 4,000 in hospital, and the British and French, some of whom had landed. The former had 212 on board when she left, but the deaths on the voyage down are not yet reported. The latter had 225 on board, of whom 50 died on the voyage.

positive emergency. May
it please God to give
me to carry his work
through, and to look
back upon his faithful
wants to mankind. There
has however no small
labour, & of his inborn
kind, I wonder how he
dedicates himself. In

do more than we do, & I
knew too often the little
see the aching ones, for
though so too I knew, & I
thought the same of them
that she was too great,
too good, to bear the life
of the world. Her own
happiness is over, there
when her heart was given
to do good, & could not
give, as she did. I have
often written words also
upon this deep subject
of her mind. I have

The eyes as he looked her.
 He shook with delight his
 countenance of the care
 and attention which his
 son received in the
 Hospital & of Lady Duffell
 he Redcliffe wrote to
 the Hovers wards. I was
 so glad to see one just
 come from the army
 that itself and full
 of gratitude and love
 having experienced himself

[The following appeared in our sacred edition of your
bulletin :-]
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

RECAPIT, JAN. 8.

Large additional supplies of food and clothing distributed. And other accessories urgently required have been provided here within the last few days at the expense of the Fund. The world of course knows that they may not be needed, but they have been sent on the chance of their being wanted. It is a pity that the things that are most wanted by the sick on their arrival. The poor fellows find themselves perfectly naked except the blanket which the world of course supplies with only their trousers and a ragged shirt. Hence a state of shock and confusion which requires a change of apparel, the first thing to be provided. One would have imagined that many would experience of the world of course to arrive steps being taken in order to meet in a regular manner a want of such a nature, whether it be that of the "dressing" or the "undressing" stamped upon articles of clothing purchased at Government stores. The world of course knows that it is no business of this hospital, and that it is not their duty to supply them. They say, however, that the world of course should be made for each recipient. Last time a notice was issued that the Purveyor's department need not send articles to the hospital, but that the world of course should be made for each recipient. Last time a notice was issued that the Purveyor's department need not send articles to the hospital, but that the world of course should be made for each recipient. Last time a notice was issued that the Purveyor's department need not send articles to the hospital, but that the world of course should be made for each recipient.

[illegible]

I hear from Alphonse that the hospital there is, thanks to the exertions of Mr. Colvett in helping it up, and to the aid of Dr. Janssens, its chief medical officer, a very creditably established establishment. The situation is good, and the supplies of water and food are about on a par with those at Sontari. There are some 150 patients, and the medical staff is doing all that is possible to improve rapidly. The diarrhoea and fever patients do not get on so well. The usual amount of bandaging and amputation has been shown in the course of cases used there. It was not till the 10th inst. that I was able to return to my station; but, at the last moment, this plan was broken down by sending men who had had their arms amputated or were otherwise unfit for service. To enable those to go to Sontari, I had to send the two men who were sent to Sontari, as otherwise the indispensable facility of a "Bened" cannot be complied with.

[illegible]



THE SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.

Neither the health nor the medical treatment

of the army, as far as they can be judged of by what one sees here, shows any sign of improvement. Last night 700 more sick arrived in the Bosphorus, and the illness and numerous resignations of Dr.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

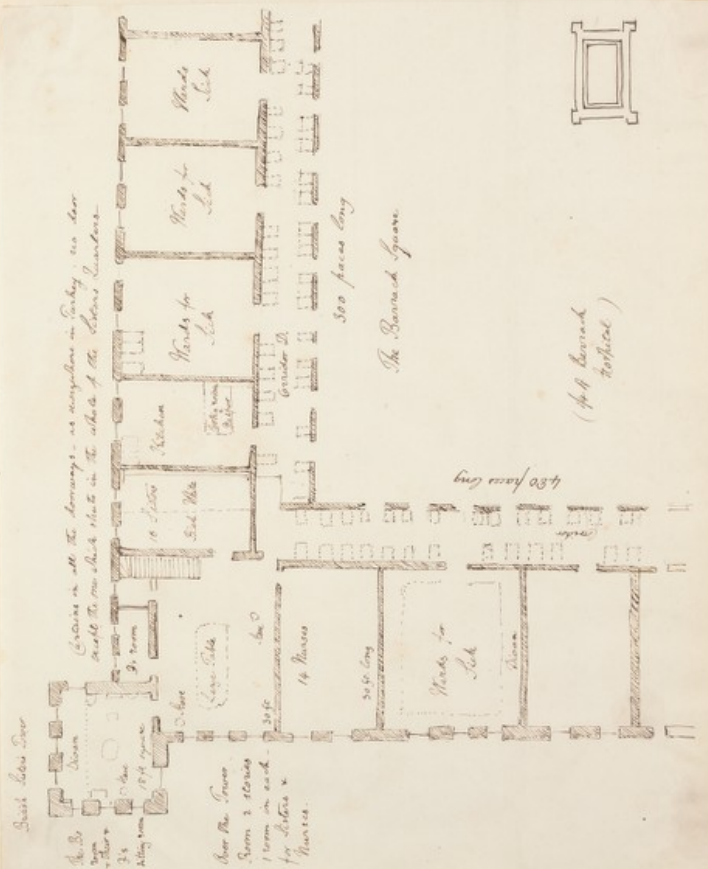
Lady, who nursed you when
you were ill.

Soldier— "Why don't you know
"Who murder me? Why
"Miss Nightingale to be sure—
"If there are only two
"places in Heaven, I'll
"have one of them"

London
 Oct 10 1844

My dear Parents

I now abroad these few lines to you to inform you that I am a little better & I can assure you it gives me great pleasure to think that I have a prospect of coming home once more. My wife is better than the war, & my children are well thank God for all his blessings. In regard to his lightening all he is the kindest lady ever I found produced in my opinion. I really believe



(4th Barrack Hospital)

Under her gentle, but firm superintendant
women, was in one short month collected,
way to the East; consisting partly of Ladies of
Mind, partly of Nuns, but principally of pri-
m in the large establishments of the Metropolis.
Their Numbers were subsequently increased by
Their deeds are known, and will not be forg-

must be any way how. I think
a single Englishman who has
disgraced himself, since
the neglected soldier, who
dies in suffering, for his pains.
They talk of a deputation to
Paris to see Napoleon & then
better men are really father-
ing. - but we are bound
to be better but I don't know
Napoleon at home or well
abroad - England is too kind
of herself. will she ever see
her degradation? - what
her ways - but you will say
Schubert makes me believe
so to know I must go
the mode of English folk
I don't like me better. My dear
with affection

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Sutton - Sisters Tower

Jan^y 15

Very

Your sympathy is very consoling to us poor

Great Nagas & Harns, Bihans & other others poor miserable
 beyond Doubtless & the Pristic pool - We work on a -
 midst their sorry sight 4500 sick & wounded Country -
 Men around us - 500 of these in Ships 300 at the Soci-
 ty at the Kulin barracks up the 1st Phoenix - 1000 in the
 general Hospital 1/2 of a mile off - 2500 here - most of the
 wounded, are well & gone - Their sick, pale, emaciated,
 to unlike the ruddy bright eyed men of Rhine, Balahoun
 & who never groaned or complained - To day
 I stood over a Highlander & an Irishman, laid on the back
 of a stretcher to be borne up & gave them wine into the
 mouth - They looked up slowly - Jawing turned, but
 Pat said, God bless y^r Honor - when they get into
 ward, Mr. Roberts, or Mr Clarke gives them arrow
 root & wine with a Spoon - 14 milk pails full Ho. has
 2 bottles of wine in each

Doctors cannot succeed in

Jan 12. 1859. or drugs they try - they are
Sustained

Hospital - cold & wet without clothes

18 to 22 will not stand it -
"Cite" & "M-11"

but some are specially

in Genie

contemporary
and, which, if
not not true

Dear Sir

With Nightingale leaves
 we'll thank you for your
 very noble present of
 bridges & but received
 in the 8th inst of but the
 answer has been a most
 and the bridges will be very
 useful for there will be a
great Guerrilla force of three
 or there the Lovins
 and after the assault
 of indeed there is ³ to see

Sister - Sisters Tower
Sept 15

Your sympathy is very consoling to us poor
Drs. & Nurses & others who are miserable
biggest Donations to the British poor - We work on a
- midst this sorry sight 4500 sick & wounded Country -
Men around us - 500 of these in, 300 at the Seci
200 at the Kulei barracks up the Bosphorus - 1000 in the
General Hospital 1/2 of a mile off - 2500 here - Most of the
wounded, are well & good - These sick, pale, convalescent,
so unlike the ready, bright eyed, men of Rhina, Balaklava
Inkerman & who never groaned or complained - To day
I stood over a Highlander & an Irishman, laid on the back
of stretchers to be borne up, & gave them wine into their
mouth - They looked up slowly - Saw my turned, but not
Pat. said, God bless y^r Honor - When they got into
ward, Mr. Roberts, or Mr. Clarke, gives them a glass
of wine with a spoon - He milk pails full. He has
a pint of rum each with 2 bottles of wine in each.

In the present the wounded
are forgotten in the tug of
of sick - few are left & they
are convalescent - the am-
putations in the field
nearly all are well
but there have been
but been so fortunate
& it is so in the French
hospital - the air between
the two seas is not good
for healing & the men
exhausted state has
acted against them

we have now with 2000
in three two hospitals
500 in the others &
many more expected
the cost of fuel, expressing
in the trenches & that costs
have impossibility of carrying
harder than the mud
with insufficient & even
our clothing have brought
testimony on our brave troops
their comfort & song has
not been availed of any
wisdom or forethought

Doctors cannot succeed in
or drugs they try - they are
to cold & weak without clothes
- 18 to 22 will not stand it -
& say "Sister" & "Mother" -
but most are scarcely
sensible

very extraordinary
account, which is
very true, and
very interesting,
and very useful,
and very timely,
and very good,
and very much
to be read, and
to be thought
of, and to be
acted upon, and
to be made
a subject of
study, and
of prayer, and
of thanksgiving,
and of praise,
and of glory,
and of honor,
and of power,
and of dominion,
and of all the
glories of God,
the Father, the
Son, and the
Holy Spirit,
who are
ever with us,
and who are
ever for us,
and who are
ever in us,
and who are
ever in all
things.

Sutton - Sisters Tower
Jan 15
Your sympathy is very consoling to us poor
Dias & Das Torres Ribeiro & those others more miserable
beyond Danubius & the Pontic pool - We work on a -
middle this long light 6500 sick & wounded Country
men around us - 500 of these in² ships 300 at the Soci^{ty}
200 at the Russian barracks up the Bosphorus - 1000 in the
General Hospital 1/2 of a mile off - 2500 here - Most of the
wounded are well & given their milk pale, convalescent,
so unlike the ruddy bright eyed men of Rhine & Prussian
Influence & who never groaned or complained - To day
I stood over a Highlander & an Irishman, said in the back
as soldiers to be braced up & gave them wine into the
mouth - They looked up dully - Sawney turned, but
Pat said, God bless y^r Honor - When they get into
ward, Mr Roberts, or Mr Clarke gives them wine
& 4 wine with a spoon - 16 milk pails full He has
sent out of our camp with 2 bottles of wine in each -
8 or 10 the ordinary - The Doctors cannot succeed in
stopping dysentery what ever drugs they try - They are
worn out with exposures to cold & wet without clothes
or fuel, young lads die - 10 to 22 will not stand it -
They stretch out the hand & say "Father" "Mother" -
They never groan & hiss, but most are scarcely
sensible

[illegible]

The difference between Miss Nightingale & her detractor
with the latter the practice is to make wounds,
with the former to heal them.

Amid the clouds of grief and wrath
That over the heart of England brood,
One bright star holds its blessed path,
Unswerving, unsubdued,
A steady radiance, breathing balm
To throbbing limbs, & wandering brain,
Invoking Death with hallowed calm,
Taking the sting from pain.
Through miles of Polluto, thickly laid,
With sickness in its foulest guise,
And pain, informs to have dismay'd
Man's science-hardened eyes,
A woman-fragile, pale, and tall
Upon her saintly work doth move,
Fair, or not fair, who knows? but all
Follow her face with love.

Lady, thy very name so sweet
Speaks of full songs thro' darkness heard,
and fancy finds its heavenly meet
Between thee & the Word, where music cheers the gloaming world,
as thy low voice, the anguish dim,
That thro' these sad times hest old on brain & heart & limb.
God guard thee, noble woman, wear the saint's glory round thy brow.
Let Bibles call thee, as they will, what Christ hath preached, doest thou.

Flower & leaf of this kind
185 last & every description of
dreadful things, sorrowful & stern
requests, questions, books pamphlets
poor papers & more questions
from soldiers & sailors & others
I cannot tell for what a service
to be in, I think my head will
turn before it is done, my letter
will have long left their practice
in it. And the worst of it is that
no account from London descends
the state of the nation is what the

Heldis who have lost their lives
seem so something terrible & the
abandoned state of the sick. no
wonder how some of them the
number increase, so do the prayers
of death. it is very fearful.
We shall be very grateful for
small bits & comforts & will send
them down here, we will put
them into our box; we have an
immense amount of parcels, & when
they make up a box we send it from
Southampton, where the smallest thing

If you want Christ poor Lambos really to believe that he died for them, you
will do it better by one little act of interest & affection, than by making them
learn by heart whole communaries - even as Miss Nightingale has paraded
thrust crucified to those poor soldiers, by acts of plain outward kindness, more
livingly & really, & convincingly, than she could have done by ten thousand
sermons, & made many a noble lad, I doubt not, say in his heart, for the
first time in his wild life, "I can believe now that Christ died for me, for
here is one, whom he has taught to die for me in like case." *Kearney.*

The difference between Miss Nightingale & her detractors
with the latter the practice is to make wounds,
with the former to heal them.

Amid the clouds of grief and wrath
That over the heart of England brood,
One bright star holds its life-giving path,
Unobscured, unsubdued,
A steady radiance, breathing balm
To throbbing limbs, & wandering brain,
Investing death with hallowed calm,
Taking the sting from pain—
Through miles of Polluto, thickly laid,
With sickness in its foulest guise,
And pain, informs to haire dismay'd
Man's science-hardened eyes,
A woman fragile, pale, and tall
Upon her saintly worth doth move,
Fair, or not fair, who knows? but all
Follow her face with love.

Lady, thy very name so sweet
Speaks of full songs thro' darkness heard,
And fancy finds th' ethereal meet
Between thee & the Word, where music cheers the glooming world,
As thy low voice, the anguish dim,
That thro' these sad rooms hest old, on brain & heart & limb,
God guard thee, noble woman, wear the saint's glory round thy brow.
Let Bibles call thee, as they will, what Christ hath preached, doest thou.

If the Office (admirably) says it
must be a case of urgent necessity of
Miss Nightingale's parcels do not
by the earliest opportunity, with
perhaps other things of the same kind -
Indeed all alike are most kind.
We are very anxious about the change
in the ministry, Mr Herbert will be a
great loss to the cause. He lived with every
body & those two; they were like a brother
& sister order, & his earnest desire to
right was a blessing, but the undertakings
have imposed upon him. Thankfully, I
hope now that all will come out, & that the
will be benefited. He will be very well in
with the Father and I believe that
He will always be kind.

If you want Christ's poor Lamb really to believe that he died for them, you
will do it better by one little act of interest & affection, than by making them
learn by heart whole communicalories - even as Miss Nightingale has preached
Christ Crucified to those poor soldiers, by acts of plain outward surgery, more
livingly & really, & convincingly, than she could have done by ten thousand
sermons, & made many a noble lad, I doubt not, say in his heart, for the
first time in his wild life, "I can believe now that Christ died for me, for
here is one, whom he has taught to die for me in like wise." *Travelling.*

To Florence Nightingale

Let me recall his words on earth, who
once and for ever, to whose name we
whose precepts everlasting and divine
tell much endure, when worlds shall pass
"A new command I give, that ye do love
each one the other, as I have loved you
England, rejoice, that one at least of those
Following the track of that dimmed way
Friday, like them, self-seeking, vain, long the
has fallen, silently, and even-
to do that his bidding and his words
and teach that which is her life's rule.
Woman, rejoice, that she is of your sex
filled with its shining, glorious, as they say,
how far more gifted in the heart of love!
Whom of those, whose loved & loving speech
claims for itself an outlet to be heard,
but one, that failed to place her noble power
In the vile barter of the world's exchange,
In earthly shavings after fickle fame.
Whom, who calmly & serenely led,
By her high life, her true & level faith,
A yet more perfect love, in her strong step
Goes forth to peril all the battle to give,
Her health, youth, beauty, in this unlovely strife,
To help & succour at their utmost need,
The sick & helpless lying in their woes,
To loath & feel, and bind up many a wound,
To heed with patience, while with death,
To bear with nervous doses, light & sound,
Braving the risk, the fever, & the pain,
Pain, weary days, & sleepless nights,
And ghastly horrors, crowded like a dream,
Ministering to tormented Nature's agonies
By the sad remnant of a Nations pride.
O Maiden! great Deeds & good thou art!
In the true courage of the life, thou
God's image in reflected beauty live.
As in a mirror glows that light on thee -
Thou said, that thou art beautiful - report
Hailed thee as one who brought to living
To death, that thou should be so!
Thou said, that thou mightst shed a welcome beam
On those whose eyes were dim, whose hearts were
Dark, & whose souls were cold, that thou art fair!
For beauty is a gift from the true light -
Shining, bestowed upon his creature Man,
Altho' he turned by the selfish heart's dark
No more to be his master, or his worm.
But thou art living to be loved, & crown
Thou thought that beauty on thy face should
Be thou hadst left all day, thy face,
To those that life might give thee,
To those who might give thee life,
To those who might give thee peace -
To those who might give thee words,
To those who might give thee life -
The boy of England, Holy Christ only.

through untill at home H
will not enter here -
The Times Commis* just he
to day & has behaved very in
Florence Nightingale is
the origin of this place, here
also there is no name.
God bless you all. The
last man come down is
old poem of Australia
Thomson's who signed
on the pier & said
"I've found a friend
for me & my horse

husband had died in the faith
& Christ. He bid her carry away
in her heart the deepest words
he had just read over the paper.
"I am the Resurrection & the life,
saith the Lord. He that believeth
in me though he were dead, yet
shall he live." He bid her follow
on to know Christ, & through him
to be enabled to join her husband
in glory hereafter. "I feel I can
give you no words more comfort,
than these. May God bless them to
you & comfort you in this your great
affliction. Let me hear of you
again this letter, & direct you again
to his healing & glorious Christ.
Written from London it will be passed
to me your sincere friend
W. Barclay.

To Miss Eliza (Commander) Rev
St. Paul's Church
Liverpool 1855

Learn from Mrs. Robinson. The following
is a true copy of a letter from Mrs. Robinson, to the
parents of John Cope, of Spalden, and Derby -
Barnet Street, Bristol, April 12, 1855. I am very
sorry to have to communicate to you the illness of
your son, private John Cope, with Regiments, No.
14th. He was admitted here about ten days ago,
suffering from dysentery. He was immediately attended
to by surgeons, by one of my nurses, and myself. He
was laid in small quantities and frequently with you
were not aware of it. He wished very much to leave
a letter written to you, and here on the 10th I went
to see for the purpose, but he was always too weak
and got it off, and soon he was dead and it was
dark. He was married "last, dear mother" and
and lived in my room, to you - that he was well
and he was not wanted for nothing - that he had no wish
for anything. I sent for the doctor, who came twice,
and both times he was quite unable and stayed for
nothing, and said he was quite happy to send and could
not do any more. He spoke little after this,
and took nothing, and died at two o'clock on the 11th
of the 12th of the month, quite quietly and without pain.
In the full hope of a resurrection with him who rose
again on the 3rd day. I remain with true sympathy for
your grief, your sorrow, & your Regiments, & your
son, I would have been very willing of his but he
left nothing. - Mrs. Robinson.

held almost, weeping and fear
cut down by a stroke as rapidly
as by a shell before (dead ten
days after). Then we wrote for
the bare life to - donors & fathers
bequeathed, to the Admiral
to - to - to move among the
leaves that shall move away
our obstacles. Then a ride to
the beach, house, the carriage,
machines, the drying closet, &
then up & down the cemetery
(the last new tomb for health)
& then to consider the planting
& the walls & the poor land
who poisons us with his foul
venances, complacencies that we
shall kill him with our
dead, & so to determine as
should plant a Cyprus belt

tation on paper - his hospital
seat to find out a soldier on
who is going to hear & cannot.
For happy fortune I do find him
there in the dusk he sits by a
stone where the tall man talks
last summer reclined on her
cushions, amidst her shades, her
trouble beds around with 2 red
cushions bearded like the
beard & came & with by talks
& then he melts at his
mother's letter which seems to
fall upon him from the
clouds - then to announce the
letter, & tell of the third bone
son, cut down in his first the
year, a young Doctor, one of 7, the
first, a wanderer in California,



WAS ESTABLISHED VISITING THE NEW HOSPITAL, AT BALACHAVA

[illegible]

Wrightson, being convinced from her late severe attack of fever, and being recommended change of air by her medical attendants, Dr. Bailey, principal medical officer of the Castle Hospital, Belvedere, under whose care she has been throughout her illness, was carried down from the heights, accompanied by that officer and the Rev. Mr. Parker, and put on board the *Java* for England. Miss Wrightson, however, remains at Belvedere, in preference to coming home. Although extremely weak, she is out of danger, and has no remains of fever.

Sectaria. on baard donk-blauw'spake

June 20

Success. on board and David's spoke
 Since he to us knows nothing of what
 Here we are, just arrived from Bala any its Billings. - Easy human
 claim. We have had a rough passage the heart, I trust, can enjoy
 which was very trying to poor Ed. & the same or Cap. his good rest,
 there very much exhausted. It is now but heart, he is now
 perfectly still for the heart. There is nothing we can but just at. to
 take her to Mrs. Salons' house, where real for, far beyond all our
 she will have a good rest & soon at range of vision, and, though
 rest will make progress. There is only re least appreciation. -
 best breakfast now, every thing depends is
 upon tomorrow's success. I cannot rel -
 express our gratitude to kind friends c
 for putting his treasures at her or, I
 disposal. Here she has such comfort in
 & luxury. I shall never forget David's then

From the Crimea

is a letter from my son, (Sergeant John
he is of the 58th every body knows he)
(no, he's never been sick, nor wounded)
& he says, all the soldiers was crying,
because this Night long jail was going
away, (tho' been very bad, indeed, abroad
but I am now all their comfort, and

the Board. Lord Hard
Stam. Foelt
Lentini June 2^d

My dear Friend,

Here we are just
Anchored, the baggage has been
unpacked and cleared. I stuffed
much from paintings a sketching
to the water stay quietly in her
cabin as I have taken the day boat
and have taken some interesting
food and will land the tomorrow

She is very weak. 2nd May
Could have attended the Land-
-ings of Lord Hard. she felt
L^{ie}. beautiful yacht at her
disposal. They had already

her being so very bad. Her
her meeting her - By
way of taking better care
of your health I told her
I put in his bag so I know
where it is. She was not
of the pen and she wrote
me a few lines to say how
lovely she which I did by
express ship that sailed.
I am so glad I did.



NEW HOSPITALS VISITED FOR SET HOSPITALS, AT SAGARATHA.

[illegible]

in home feeling anxiety about it.

He brought her wonderful medicine for
for change of air, but he is not very
ill - - It is very fortunate
that the doctors are going away to
morrow for 6 weeks, so we can have
their house - which is very cool & com-
fortable - She has been very near dead
but they said they had already
hoped she would pull through -

I think she suffered much at Bal-
clava by people in their kindness
going to see her, whom she treated
herself to talk to them. The Doctor

taxed her strength too much.

I am so glad that Susan & I
where I did (though it was only a
day, I was there) to settle our
things about the business. That
horrid woman Disney has been
so badly she is to go home by the
ship - she is a fire brand.

Besides I have had the misfortune
of feeling that my young sister
has very much - I never got the
news of her being seriously ill
till the worst was over - Three
wiped, owing to Father's negligence

to see how nothing of value
may be its brilliancy. - Easy turn
to heart, I trust, can express
other than a lip, his goodness,
the last heart, his wisdom
may, we can but ^{debate} just it. to
oral for far beyond and can
let range of visions, and, therefore,
re just appreciation. -

From the Crimea
I'd a letter from my son (Sergeant John
he is of the 58th company (every body knows he)
(No, he's never been sick nor wounded)
The says all the soldiers was crying
because Miss Nightingale was going
away, (that been very bad indeed, about
1000 of them was all their comfort, and

Mr. Board, Fort Hark,
Steam Fleet
Sexton's June 2^d

My dear Friends

There are also just
anchored, the voyage has been
smooth and pleasant. I suffered
much from fainting a headache
the entire day finally in the
evening when the ship was
under way some interesting
food and not bad the treatment

She is very weak. Nothing
could have attended the kind-
ness of Lord Hardwicke but
his beautiful spirit at her
disposal. They do, strongly

her being so very bad - her
 - her meeting her - By
 way of taking to the care
 of James then I Elder
 kept in his day so I know
 the cause of it. At the time was out
 of the pen and she wrote
 her a few lines to let her
 know of her which I did by
 the first ship that sailed.
 I am so glad I did.



THE MOUNTAIN CASTLE, THE OLD MOUNTAIN, AT BATH

As to John's going to England, it
quite impossible to say now. I
long it may be before she is a
to hear a ten voyage. As she is
I feel sure, though she will be
willing to leave her work, it
will be only by telling her that
it will be the quickest way of
securing strength to resume
that we shall prevail on her to go.
She is now suffering from the
overwork of months.

I am so imperfect with us know nothing of what
this - how few, if any, its brilliancy. - Every human
of those who admire her heart, I trust, can enjoy
& talk of her, know what she is or feel, her good-ness,
she has gone through. The last herself, her own dear
accumulation of misery, we can but feel at. To
neglect, physical & moral, for, far beyond our
fifth she has been set
there to perish. None
but an angel of love &
perfection - God's own angel -
could do it. People
admire her, talk of her, but
it is as we gaze at a
star in the heavens, which
we know nothing of what
it is or how it came to be there.

The Board of the
Hospitals -
London - June 1st

My dear Friends
There are just
anchored, the ship has been
rough and hard. It is so
much from the ship's deck, I
do not think they will be
in any danger. I have been
and have taken some interesting
food and not lost the time.
She is very much. Nothing
could have exceeded the ship
- the ship of the world - the ship
the beautiful yacht at her
the hospital. They had already

From the Crimea
It is a letter from my son (Lieutenant John
he is of the 58th, everybody knows he)
(he, he's never been sick nor wounded)
He says all the soldiers was crying
because Miss Nightingale was going
away. (He'd been very bad indeed, about
it, but now all this comfort and

Her being so very bad - her
the making her - By
way of taking the care
the James then I told her
I put in his day so I know
them of it. But she was not
of the pain and she wrote
me a few lines to let me
to let her which I did by
the first ship that sailed.
I am so glad I did.



MISS HUNTERVILLE VISITING THE SUT HOSPITAL, AT DALBUCA

[illegible]

As to Eliza's going to England, it
quite impossible to say now. I
long it may be before she is a
to hear a sea voyage. If she on
I feel sure, though she will be
unwilling to leave her work, I
will be only by telling her that
it will be the quickest way of
acquiring strength to resume
that we shall prevail on her to go.
She is now suffering from the
overwork of months.

crossed her face when I reached
Baltimore. The Doctor had
taken her on board this morn-
ing just in time. Charles &
Frank, Miss King, Father &
Step. at Centre. We go straight
to England. Now comes Lord
Hard & the doctor and she
was moved again. At Mary
York, intention the Doctor
seen I hear so possessed. Then
sailed that sea air and the
universal cure that they
could not rest to it. They had
seen away, not choosing to take

I am so impressed with
this - how few, if any
of those who admire her
heart, know other side or life, her joys,
she has gone through. The
accumulation of misery,
physical & mental
further she has been set
there to purify. None
but an angel of love &
forgiveness - God can angel -
could do it. People
admire her, talk of her, but
it is as one sage at a
bar in the heavens, their

are known nothing of love
its brilliancy. - Every human
heart, I trust, can enjoy
her joys,
her joys, her joys,
we can but partly at. So
far, far beyond our
range of vision, and, though
just appreciation. -

From the Crimea.
It is a letter from my son, Sergeant
he was of the 58th, everybody knows
he, he's never been sick nor wounded
& he says all the soldiers was cry
because his Nighlton gale was going
up. I am very bad indeed.

From the Prisoner
It is a letter from my son. (Very faint. I don't
know he is of the 58th company. I know he)
(He, he's near been sick & wounded)
He says all the soldiers was crying
because his Night long jail was gone
away. It's been very bad indeed, about
1000 men here all the time. and

Dear being so very bad -
 the weather here - By
 way of talking with her
 the poor man & his wife
 I put in his day so I know
 more of it. All the way out
 of the pen and she wrote
 me a few lines & say how
 I go to her which I did by
 the first ship that sailed
 I am so glad I did



MISS NORTOLAND

Knows the most interesting historical events recently revealed from the files of the National Archives. The new book, *Miss Northland*, by John S. Edwards, is a collection of letters, diaries, and other documents from the life of Miss Northland, a woman who lived in the Northland area of the United States. The book is a collection of letters, diaries, and other documents from the life of Miss Northland, a woman who lived in the Northland area of the United States. The book is a collection of letters, diaries, and other documents from the life of Miss Northland, a woman who lived in the Northland area of the United States.

As to Eliza's going to England, it
quite impossible to say now. I
long it may be before she is a
to leave a sea voyage. If she
I feel sure, though she will be
unwilling to leave her work,
will be only by telling her that
it will be the quickest way of
acquiring strength to resume
that we shall prevail on her to go.
She is now suffering from the
overwork of months.

Of her mind and body during
 these six months. Her friends
 knew so that she shall get well
 now but we are thinks she will
 recover without going home.
 I don't tell her by letting her
 so but only say her must wait
 and see how she goes on.
 She has not had her head
 shaved & does not look so
 ill as most others do after
 such an illness -

Think of the two letters & Charles wrote I told me of.

I am so imperfect with
this - how few, if any can know nothing of love
- those who admire her beauty, strength, can cognize
& talk of her, know she was a Cop. her goodness,
she has gone through. The last harvest, her wisdom
accumulation of misery, we can but ^{dimly} feel at. To
reflect, physical & mental for, far beyond our
fifth she has been set ranges of vision, and, though
there to purify. Rare joint appreciation. -
But an angel of love &
London - God send an angel -
could do it. Reflect
admire her, talk of her, but
it is as one gazes at a
star in the heavens, which

from the Crimea
is a letter from my son (Sergeant John
he is of the 58th, every body knows he)
(No, he's never been sick nor wounded)
He says all the soldiers was crying,
because his Night long gate was gone
away, (that been very bad indeed, about
2 1/2 or 3 m. from all their comfort and

for it troubled me & I still
wonder what she wished about
the success and I told her
then upon this paper here
from Mr Robert King den Sick
and unable to move, in
short it was quite necessary

My Dear Mother
I am so glad to hear from you
and that you are feeling better.
I am sure you will feel that
it is absolutely essential
to her recovery - I have

In heart to tell you of my
 many else. The Western
 did appeared at Dale
 -Chase rather severely two
 days before we left but
 the successes are cheering

I am thankful
that Mr Charles Kiefe
will in spite of being
constantly about in his
boat not be det. a slight
attack at Redblown.

[illegible]

As to Eliza's going to England, it
quite impossible to say now. I
long it may be before she is a
to hear a sea voyage. - As she is
I feel sure, though she will be
unwilling to leave her work, I
will be only by telling her that
it will be the quickest way of
acquiring strength to recover
that we shall prevail on her to go.
She is now suffering from the
overwork of months -

Her mind and body during
these six months. The present
idea is that she shall get well
but we are thinking she will
never without going home.

I don't tell her by telling her
so but only say we must wait
and see how she goes on.

She has not had her head
bathed & does not look so
ill as most others do after
such an illness -

Think of the two letters Mr
Charles wrote I tell me of.

I am so impressed with the known nothing of love this - how few, if any its billows. - Every human of those who admire his heart, find, can enjoy & talk of his, know what he is a Cap. he just desert, & he has gone through. The last desert, he was down accumulation of history, we can but just at. So reflect, physical & moral for, far beyond our own faith he has been set forth to purify. Have just appreciation. -

From the Crimea
Is a letter from my son (Joyceant).
He is of the 58th, everybody knows
(No, he's never been sick, nor loomed
& he says all the soldiers was cry
because his, Nightingale was going
He's been very bad indeed.

From the Crimea
 It's a letter from my son (dear & cant John
 he is of the 38th company & knows he
 [he, he's near been sick, nor wounded]
 & he says all the soldiers was crying,
 because Miss Nightingale was going
 away, (she'd been very bad indeed, abroad
 ship) for here all their comfort, and
 success was in her, along with the
 Almighty - and what should they
 do for a mother, when she was gone.
 He sent me a picture of her; & says
 it's the very model of her; & one of
 La Raslan & Lord Cathcart & his
 gobs on all framed. He's beautiful.
 Her gobs on a veil, & a gold cope,
 & blue supports, & her gown comes
 down close along side 'em - its a
 sort of brown.

Erntefest im Bienenstock
1881



The Nightingale In the East.

YORK,—"THE COTTAGE AND WATER MILL."
Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court,
Seven Dials, London.

ON a dark lonely night on the Crimea's dread
shore,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morrow
before,
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
None crying for help—there was none to be found
Now God in his mercy he play'd their cries,
And the soldier no cheer'd in the morning died die
So forward my lads, may your heart never fail,
You are cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale.
Now God sent this woman to succour the brave,
None thousands she's 'mid from an untimely grave
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's lonely
and good,
The wants of the wounded are by her understood
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments
in turn,
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail
Now they're cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale.
Her heart it means good—for no beauty she'll take
She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake
She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the
brave,
She feels that a soldier has a soul to be saved,
The wounded they love her, as it has been seen,
She's the soldier's preserver, they call her their
queen,
May God give her strength, & her heart never fail,
One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.
The wives of the wounded how thankful are they,
Their husbands are car'd for, how happy are they,
What'er her country, this gift God has given,
The soldiers they say she's an angel from Heaven
Sing praise to this woman, and drop it who can't,
And all women was sent for the comfort of man,
Let's hope no more against them you'll fail,
Trust them well, and they'll prove like Miss
Nightingale.



from Dr. Schickel that he
couldn't see him quite because
he said ^{every} day
& that she was too ^{early} to
to be in. Somebody
cousin wrote from London
that before she went it
was full of confusion &
hurried, & hurried. But now
it was ^{very} as a church.
Fanny and Dr. Schickel
were in the street - "Schickel
preaching & Nightingale singing
how kind of Mr. Warburton!
I have written to thank you
1861."

30. Birmingham Street

Mr John Michael has just been here
who was with L. at Balaklava
succeeding to him in the house
bridge says.

"For the house she was in great
danger. It was a great house
which was the power of the town.

The Doctor was very busy
about her, & he was in a most
precious state when the
power was shaking.

The house was in a beautiful
situation & the climate infinitely
better than the harbor (Newport
indeed) when she was for a week.

Some of it - He was with them
all to the last.
The daily procession which we
see from our windows at
3 o'clock of the coffins each
carried on a stretcher with
only a blanket on them is
very striking - 20 - 30 deaths
in the 2 hospitals daily. They
are buried of course in Africa
(Charles always attends when
any poor officer is among the
number - J.B.



The Nightingale In the East.

VERS.—"THE COTTAGE AND WATER MILL."
Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court,
Seven Dials, London.

ON a dark lonely night on the Crimea's dread
chairs,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morn-
ing before.

The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
Some crying for help—there was none to be found
Now God in his mercy he play'd their cries,
And the soldier as cheerful in the morning, dash'd
So forward my life, may your heart never fail,
You are cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale.

Now God sent this woman to succour the brave
Some thousands she us'd from an untimely grave
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's loathed
and good.

The wants of the wounded are by her understood
With love some brought in, with life almost gone
Some with dismantled limbs, some in fragrant
a torn.

But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail
Now they're cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale.

Her heart it melts good—for no beauty she'll fail
She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake
She prays for the dying, she gives peace to all
there.

She feels that a soldier has a soul to be saved.
The wounded they love her, as it has been seen
Such the soldier's preserve, they call her their
queen.

May God give her strength, & her heart never fail
One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.
The wives of the wounded how thankful are they
Whether her country, this gift God has given.
The soldiers they say she's an angel from Heaven
Sing praise to this woman, and deny it who can!
And all women was sent for the comfort of man
Let's hope no more against them you'll rail,
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss
Nightingale.

at the beginning of the day
the dead, when she saws having changed
from the Jews to Lord Blackthorn.

The small was so bad that he
Sir John) could not go on the floor
leave the windows of his cabin open
through the heat was tremendous.
so close - & the only air the land breeze
which blew over the Cambray, when
near thousands of bastions, the Turks
only 12 or 16 inches under ground.

One night there came a sort
of blast of pestilence & 100 were taken
ill with cholera symptoms - which

Boxer & his nephew among the dead
who both died - the Sir John) had
the "promontory symptoms" & took
his transport out to sea, but never
very ill after ward.

So far he liked, & said had done a
great deal of good - he had left him
winning a "Prize" for the beach
(as his mother) talk of such alternately
for the soldier's nation.

He says, nothing like last
winter ever before happens again - he has
provided fresh provisions for food.
Oh hidden! What the men did of war

from Dr. Lachland that he
causes his legs quite recovered
& that she has two letters
to be ill. Somebody
cousin wrote from Seabrook
that before she went it
was full of "cups" &
"butter", & "butter". But how
it was "holy as a church".
Every that Dr. Lachland heard
say, in the street - "Seabrook
premierables & Nightingale things"
how kind of Mr. W. Lachland
I have written to thank you
1861.1.

None of it - He was with them
all to the last.
The daily procession which we
see from our window at
3 o'clock of the corpses each
carried on a stretcher with
only a blanket over them is
very striking - 20 or 30 deaths
in the 2 hospitals daily - they
are carried of course in coffins.
(Charles always attends when
any poor officer is among the
number - J.B.



The Nightingale In the East.

VERSE.—"THE COTTAGE AND WATER MILL."
Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court,
Seven Dials, London.

ON a dark lonely night on the Crimea's dread
shore,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morn-
ing before,
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
Some crying for help—there was none to be found
Now God in his mercy he pitied their cries,
And the soldier so cheerful in the morning died die
So forward my lady, may your heart never fail,
You are cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale.

Now God sent this woman to succor
Some thousands she 'gan'd from an
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she
and good.

The wants of the wounded are by her
With four none brought in, with life
Some with dimm'd limbs, some
in time.

But they keep up their spirits, their he
Now they're cheer'd by the presence
Nightingale.

Her heart it means good—for no home
She'd lay down her life for the poor
She prays for the dying, she goes
leaves.

She feels that a soldier has a soul to
The wounded they love her, as it be
She's the soldier's preserver, they co
ment.

May God give her strength, & her be
One of Heaven's best gifts is Min!
The wives of the wounded how thank
Their husbands are car'd for, how say
What'er her country, this gift God
The mothers they say she's an angel
Sing praise to this woman, and say
And all women was sent for the con
Let's hope no more against them ye
Trust them well, and they'll prove
Nightingale.

seem - he must have meat and
vegetables.

Lyons was most attentive to it
comfort he said as far as he could

help & never failed to go up twice
a day to the front to prepare a little

something for her with his own
hands.



from Dr. Schenck that he
considered him quite recovered
that he was too weak
to lie in. Somebody
cousin wrote from Russia
that before she went it
was full of "cupsin &
bucarin," & horses, but now
it was "holy as a church."
Every one Dr. Schenck
says, in the street - "Schonfeld
pericarditis & Nightingale's
how kind of Dr. Washington!
I have written to thank, for
1861."

These of the strong and loving heart,
Rich-Mend, and Lefty Brown!
How nobly had they done thy part,
How fair, how noble thou!

What work of love, and grace is there!
What service, pure and free!
Kindred and home they didn't resign,
To be what thou must be.

Dear minister of hope, O'er sorrow
Shedding a tender light,
As melodies some sweetness borrow
From silence and the Night.

True is thy record, set on high,
A deathless memory there,
A Star-God lends us from the sky,
To make the darkness clear.

One of it. He was with them
all to the last.

The daily procession which we
see from our windows at
8 o'clock of the workers each
carried on a stretcher with
only a blanket over them is
very striking - 20 or 30 deaths
in the 2 hospitals daily - they
are buried of course in Africa.
Charles always attends when
any new officer is among the
number - J.B.



The Nightingale In the East.

VERS.—"THE COTTAGE AND WATER MILL."
Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court,
Seven Dials, London.

ON a dark lonely night on the Crimea's dread
shore,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morn-
ing before,
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
None crying for help—there was none to be found
Now God in his mercy he paid their cries,
And the soldiers cheerfully in the morning died
So forward my lady, now your heart never fail,
You are cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale

Now God sent this woman to succor
Some thousands she's on'd from an
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's
and good,

The wants of the wounded are by her
With love some brought in, with life
Some with dimmed limbs, some
in form,
But they keep up their spirits, their be
Now they're cheer'd by the presence
Nightingale.

Her heart it means good—for no hour
She'd lay down her life for the poor
She prays for the dying, she gives
her love,

She feels that a soldier has a soul to
The wounded, they love her, so it has
She's the soldier's preserver, they call
her queen,

May God give her strength, & her be
One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss
The wives of the wounded how thank
Their husbands are call'd for, how big
What'er her country, this gift God
The soldiers they say she's an angel
Sing praise to this woman, and do say
And all women was sent for the cause
Let's hope no more against them go
Trust them well, and they'll give
Nightingale.

secondy - hisent that meat in put
two vegetables.

Lays was most attentive to the
comfort he said as far as he could

help & never failed to go up twice
a day to the Kelt to prepare a little

something for her with his own
hands.



from Dr. Schenkland that he
considered him quite recovered
that he had too ^{energy} to be ill
Somebody's
cousin wrote from Russia
that before she went it
was full of "cupsin &
bucarrin," & horses, but now
it was "holy as a church"
Every one Dr. Schenkland
says, in the street - "Schankland
premierisables & Nightingale being
how kind of Dr. Schenkland!"
I have written to thank, for
1861.

There's no one well but many sick
Rich-
How
How fa
What we
What we
kindred
to be in
Dear Mr
Nightingale
As Mr
From
I don't
A great
A star
To make
We are well but many sick
old Florence does remember
Cholera, wounds, amputations,
particular, general, nothing
comes amiss. God grant her
strength long last - as cannot
present her self sacrifice, the
cases are so interesting & painful
who could cease from nursing
how fellows till they die, boys
& brave men die, who
can be saved by nursing
& proper diet, keeping cool
pain cleanliness & established
& a thousand things supplied.
She has improved all the
touches - she said her

nurses helped two of her wounded
oncoming the second day after
they came - the soldiers were
proud or complain
C. B.

Florence Nightingale's

Were there not bitter drops enough, & more
 Had she not given the world away, in giving
 Her faith & denounced as dangerous, her
 (what trial for God's friend, child could you
 He knew that not even wrongs like these,
 Which hollows with mysterious power the
 The brand the danger, bore the diffy -
 The chivalry of woman's heart was there
 There came the blast of fidelity - her lo-
 The within its shaken tenement, no longer
 Then a conflict tore her bosom - "The
 Tell the heart, her mother answer - "Behold
 The Vineyard, thou hadst called it, that be fruitful on thy rest:
 And the way, which thou hast spent, that by thousands shall be blessed:
 The promise thou hast trusted in, I trust it in this hour!
 For thine absence shall be empire, thy helplessness a power!

LETTER FROM MISS NIGHTINGALE.
 We have (Dante Guardian) great pleasure in
 receiving the letter, which has been placed in
 the hands of Mr. T. C. (the Guardian), and by the
 wife of one of our best soldiers, who in the execution of
 his duty, has been ordered down to the front, where
 which has led to many thousands of his brother soldiers in
 an untimely grave. It shows that the emotion and sympathy
 which help does not matter that the case of the soldier
 of some poor soldiers who were under his care in hospital
 that he had not forgotten at the same time to progress
 think that that brother soldier who was not in progress
 are not aware. The act of forwarding the letter to the
 hospital where which the husband had passed with pain
 and grief, is an act of thoughtful kindness which would
 reward in his price. The whole letter bears the appearance
 of his kindness of heart, and the deep sympathy she has for
 the poor soldier.
 Boston, March 12th, Aug. 16, 1855.
 "Dear Mr. [Name], I very much regret to be obliged
 to inform you that your husband, [Name], of the
 4th Regt., has died of cholera, with symptoms of
 fever, on the 11th of August, from the cholera. He
 died in the morning, and I am sure the soldier
 who was under his care in hospital, and I am sure
 that it is you, with another which he was under of cholera,
 17th August, and a letter of sympathy which was sent
 to you, and his name, [Name], is in. He was taken
 away on the 11th, and home, [Name]. He was most
 carefully attended by two doctors, by the hospital, by my
 self, and by a kind and faithful nurse. He was very grateful
 and good, but was feeling much worse, and he died at
 10 o'clock the same night. He was very young, and I
 think I shall never forget him. I am sure that if you
 husband, I should say that his was a heart turned to God
 and comforted by Him. Let us hope that what is good in
 his soul, the other spirit of you, believe me, my dear
 friend, with true sympathy.
 Florence Nightingale."

October - June 21. 1855.

I must honestly confess that dear old
 seems quite at a standstill the last
 few days - She does not gain strength
 bit, nor sleep. I think more & more every
 day she must go home without. You
 know it will be difficult to prevail
 on her, but if she finds she does not
 get on here she will. The danger is
 apprehended if she stays the summer
 is, that she will have a relapse which
 will be most dangerous & perhaps
 by involving the brain too soon.
 Dr. Sutherland, the house surgeon
 Medical Man (Sanitary Commission)
 who attended her during her fever

29th June - 55

Dear Mother,
 We have taken it to the
 ship in the Atlantic Ocean, &
 though much tried we feel much
 better. The air - She started from the la-
 ber house. Some one has written letter
 never used before, by the grandsons
 who had 2 letters for 5 min with Ann
 little for they all wished to come &
 another dozen carried her chair - legs
 in. Mr. Roberts by the side. I
 riding before. I believe bring myself
 the fear with her 2 children - When
 we arrived she had the great sickness
 again. We went to her bedroom
 in the same letter. It is on the 10th

We are expecting to hear
 of their arrival in England
 daily, but they talked of
 landing at Faversham &
 coming home by the
 London & Southampton
 & London's railways.
 A letter today from a
 friend, [Name] who had seen it

Again.
 We have been
 anxious beyond measure
 how happily, she is so
 British letter that we
 are comparatively happy
 And though those best
 of people the Bracebridge
 are coming home, her
 aunt, [Name] is
 going out to her.
 It was possible we

Florence Nightingale

Were there not bitter drops enough,
Had she not given the world away, in giving
Her faith, denounced as dangerous,
(what trial for God's favored child could
He know, that not even wrongs like these
Which hallow with mysterious power,
The brand the danger, bear the stuff—
The chivalry of woman's heart was
There came the blast of Pestilence—her
The instant its shaken timent, no longer
Then a conflict tore her bosom—
Till she heard her brother answer—
The Vineyard, Mount Calvary's, shall be fruitful in thy rest:
And the way, which thou hast opened, shall by thousands still be blessed:
The promise thou hast trusted in, I trust it in this hour!
For thine absence shall be empire, thy helplessness a power!

LETTER FROM MISS NIGHTINGALE.

We have (British Guardian) great pleasure in publishing the following letter (which has been placed in our hands by Mr. J. Collins, of London), received by the wife of one of our best soldiers, who in the execution of his duty, has been wounded down by that fatal weapon which has laid so many thousands of our brave soldiers in the bloody grave. It shows that the nursing and domestic duties are not unimportant to the care of the bodies of our poor soldiers, who come under her care to be nursed, but that the endowment at the same time to prepare them for that heavenly service where citizens and soldiers are no more. The act of forwarding the books to the nursing sisters, which Mr. Collins had passed with great care and pains, and of the English soldiers who were recovered in his parish. The whole letter bears eloquent witness to the kindness of heart, and the deep sympathy she felt for the poor soldier.

Barnet, Barnet Hospital, Aug. 16, 1855.

Dear Mrs. ———, I very much regret to be obliged to inform you that your husband, ———, of the 4th Regt., was brought in here with a fracture of the right arm, on the 11th of August, from the Crimea. He told me the following story, that I give you the enclosed. He told me afterwards that he had a very good, and as I said to you, with another which he was already reading, a New Testament, and a letter of yours which was under his pillow, and the same, according to him. He was taken away on the 11th, and became unconscious. He was most awfully attended by two doctors, by the chaplain, by my self, and by a kind and devoted nurse. He was very grateful and good, but alas! nothing would save him, and he died at seven o'clock the same night. How sorry I am to tell you this sad news I cannot say. From the little I saw of your husband, I should say that he was a brave man, and that he would be a great blessing to his country. Let me hope that you will be able to comfort him. He often spoke of you. Believe me, dear Mrs. ———, with most respectfully,
Florence Nightingale.

at Balaklava, writes this morning
"Christian triumph is a Jewish
place, not well suited for con-
valescents. I am much surprised that
Nightingale's case is one greatly
of fever. It is the result of great
labor, and is of great size. I feel great
difficulty in advising you, for I
know too well the value of her pre-
sence to recommend her removal
even for a time, unless her health
is so badly affected that it is impossible
to keep her in residence in the camp."
I think I think + + + + +

will give day to her, with my friend
not regards that, as she values that great
cause to which she has devoted herself,
she ought not to enter any hospital, or
engage in any business connected
therewith, till she is restored to her
usual health. On this point I have the
strongest conviction. The chance is
between a short or a long period of
usefulness to suffering humanity.
Delay & time will, under God's blessing,
increase the latter, but present time
returns to work will certainly mean
the former. Tell her this, & I think
you may safely trust to her judgment
in the selection of duty.

We are expecting to hear
if their arrival is by land
daily, but they talked of
landing at Seville &
coming home by the
London's railway.
I have today from a
particular who had seen it

29th June - 55

Dear Mother.

We have taken it to the
hospital in the International Steamship, &
through much trial we expect much
from the air. She started from the Sa-
bin house, home on an evening letter
never used before, light & pleasant.
Who had 2 Mr. & Mrs. for 5 min with Mrs.
Holt for they all wished to come &
another day on carried her chair. I
went to the side of the bed. I
saw her before. I believe bring my up
the care with her 2 beds. When
she arrived she had the great sickness
large. I was carried to her bed room.
The nurse told me. It is on the ten

Agnes

we have been
anxious beyond measure
how happily, she is so
kind. Sister that are
are comparatively happy.
And though those best
of people the Braccinelli
are coming home, her
aunt, Mrs. Smith is
going out to her.
It was possible we

Florence Nightingale

Were there not bitter drops enough, & Had she not given the world away, in her faith denounced as dangerous, what trial for God's favored child could He know that not even wrongs like these which hallow with mysterious power the brand the danger, bore the cross - The chivalry of woman's heart was there come the blast of pestilence - her life within its shaken tenement, no more a conflict-love, her bosom - "Till the heart her Master answer - The whole medical hierarchy think she will never make a recovery without going away, but they do not know as yet, what a sea voyage it has been when she is well. God knows how I feel the responsibility of showing what is best to be done for her. The best is to keep her hot & wet much against her, but I really think it is very dangerous to risk a sea voyage & I hope to discharge her in a week state. We have only two mechanical means of the dreadful scourge of the 18th just come in.

LETTER FROM MISS NIGHTINGALE.

[illegible]

The whole Medical body here think she will never make a recovery without going away, but they do not know as I do, what a sea voyage is to her when she is well. I know how I feel the responsibility of giving what is best to be done for her. The sea now is especially hot as much again, but her heart really thinks it will be every day worse to such an extent of 5 or 6 days to Dr. Willard in the next states. We have only too much advice. The news of the Bradford Haughton of the 18th just come in.

29th June - 55

Dear Parthe

See have taken Feb. 1. The
again in the telegraph station, &
though much fresh we report much
from the air. She started from the La-
in horse, come on an awkward letter
never called before. High Grandmother
she had 2 Helips for 5 min with Anna
hill) for they all wished to come. &
another day cannot her child - hope
- Mrs. Feb. 1. to by the side. &
siding before. Sister brings up of
the year with her 2 children - when
we arrived she had the great sickness
large. We was carried to her bedroom
in the same letter. It is on the two

Any one

we have been
anxious beyond measure
how happily she is so
much better that we
are comparatively happy.
And though three out
of four of the Bracebridge
are coming home her
aunt Letitia Smith is
going out to her.
It was probable one

we are expecting to hear
of their arrival in England
daily, but they talked of
landing at Freetown &
coming home by the
Pauillac's ballage.

20. A letter today from a
friend in Freetown who had seen &

Florence Nightingale

Were there not bitter drops enough, & had she not given the world away, in her faith denounced as dangerous, what trial for God's favored child could she know that not even wrongs like these which hollow with mysterious power the brand the danger, bore the cross - The chivalry of woman's heart was there came the blast of rebellion - he tho' within its shaken timent, no to then a conflict broke her bosom - Tell the heart her winter answer -

The Vineyard Monks at Cullinst, the And the way, which thou hast spent, that the promise thou hast to utter in, O for mine absence that he empire, the

The whole medical body here think she will never make a recovery without going away, but they do not know as yet, what a sea voyage is to her even when she is well. God knows I feel the responsibility of power what is best to be done for her. The doctor is suspiciously hot & is much against her, but I really think it is very dangerous to risk a sea voyage of 5 or 6 days to Marsceilles in her weak state. We have only two much advice. The news of the dreadful slaughter of the 18th just come in.

LETTER FROM MISS NIGHT

We have (London Guardian) got something like the following story which is not made by Mr. C. Colver, however, which has not so many thousands of his as the other, but it is very strange. It shows that this man (Gordon) has not so much as the one of whom you profess who was made for that society before whom you are now. The rest of the story is that the woman which the husband had put out and put in, in a way of thoughtless kindness in her prison. The whole story is of her husband's heart, and the story goes the same way.

open to 2. reaches the bridge from the black sea. The house, which is a Sultan's Palace, has a large middle hall & a great Turkish room about before it is the quay & the sea. Behind a garden in a place, shade of box, by the 4th bridge, set out in a way. There are 300 beds all being in the smaller houses of the hospital. Post days were passed the day before. The sunset. This was a sad evening but was formerly attended by night and to the light - Richardson & his is efficient. Poor fellows, he ought not to have been engaged - might wish to have died according to the common course of events - Had he been a seaman, his

he are expecting to hear of their arrival in England daily, but they talked of landing at Freetown & coming home by the Rand's valleys. A letter today from a friend that had seen it

August. we have been anxious beyond measure how happily, this is so much better that we are comparatively happy. And though those best of people the Bracebridge are coming home, her aunt & her brother is going out to her. It was possible we

leg would have been disappointed. He would have been saved - Next day comes the news of poor Thomas death in the church at Balaklava. Next day the death who was so kind to me in Cyprus - To day 11 cases of cholera & 5 dead. This at the back of the hospital. The boatspout at Balaklava which washed away Radeley & others among the rest 2 poor Wachencom in their little boat house. This is like the winter again, but we are not, the things in this fine weather. There are only 78 wounded come down, most of them doing well. Of them Capt. Ingalls, one of the 8 killed & wounded by a single round shot.

Balaclava 2 June 1855
A. Lyster.

[illegible]

Mais un Dieu bienveillant tient
En ce point ton sort, ô Dama,
Ces misérables robes de la prison
Reparaîtront sans tache, cette déesse
Laquelle avec fièvre t'éluce dans
Cette Kalaclava, s'ouvrant ton ber-
ceau sous la tente des Lamas, par
Ses deux bras soutenant sur toi le monde
Kalaclava ?

And frenzied Fever calmed to see
That fair face o'er him bend,
And something of its own repose
His couch of torture lend:
Despair and Anguish see her stand
Serene and patient there;
A fellow-sufferer, self-imposed,
Their misery to share.

February, 1955

quar & se propoie un ^{un} sentiment qui quoique facile
à se proposer, croit de moins en moins, partent de ce heu d'une
bord et d'une dévotion la plus distinguée, j'ai l'honneur
de vous en adresser une copie. Je suis, Monsieur,
votre très respectueux
A. L. G.

Captain of sympathy towards; who had returned
 then Charles who had what would be the
 returned from ill most acceptable person
 health. Miss Tracy to his comrades. "Sister"
 replied that some - The Green gave told
 personal acknowledgment Miss S. that an confession
 went from her heart & surprise crossed
 would be the next her, & that she saw
 justified - and to the this bond greatly
 dear helpful Jesus covered the soldiers
 her sent to each an admiration - her
 autograph letter. - obvious & knowledge
 She asked me had fallen for in
 of the insatiable desire his estimation at

dévotion la plus distinguée, j'ai l'honneur
 de vous en adresser une
 très respectueuse
 A. Loyer.

[illegible]

autre fois quelque temps ha
 la souvenance arrose, cette rose
 Et finis sur l'onde pure, d'af
 du bon Non Venere fille du
 la, qu'elle cette plage d'elme
 du tout d'apient d'horreur,
 du du bon sans assa d'ba
 du le frot et la fière sages
 des futurs celui d'orient
 d'élire une simple fleur,
 dans les champs du carnage
 d'élancéant les maux du
 du olépe du d'élance, jaloux ne ne parven
 tout comme les bœufmes le trouva de pourfendre.
 Mais un dieu bienveillant tint
 En signant ton front pur, d'une, disconcing that
 Mais moi plus volée du d'élance, d'élance that
 d'élance sans d'élance, cette d'élance
 laquelle avec frotte d'élance dans
 qu'elle Balacava, et quand ton ba
 du sous la coupe des d'élance, par
 qui sur bœufant sur ti le d'élance
 Balacava d'élance

discovering that the
new nothing of the
sacris of treacle.
I'm promised to send
it to them - is not
this delightful. And
treacle as this, and
be life blood to their
hearts! - I am
going on Monday next
19th to Lea Park,
and if you would

L'admiration que j'ai toujours eu et aurais toujours pour les nobles sentimens de bienfaisance, que profère votre belle ame; et de patriotiques services que vous avez rendus à la Nation Britannique, (qui est la nôtre) plus du chef et soldat, évêque, militaire, ou moralement. A peine unie sur des arroyos de la fumée, ou je serais toujours sûr d'avoir eu l'honneur de faire partie de votre mort, la pierre, cette impalpable et farouche Peste du Japon, anéantie dans le camp, votre coura bienfaisance, pour vous adonne au secours de ses nombreuses victimes, des lesquelles vous avez depuis long-temps veillées en leur.

elle s'est. W en dessous pour Madame, la sœur de de Heu,
laquelle est insupportable pour nous.
Mais il est permis de blâmer le vice jaloux de l'homme
se avec indifférence, le-dont nous n'est de prodigieux, alors
qu'en Rome on eut du bon fustier. Veuillez à ce sujet
qu'il s'expose de mes sentiments, qui quoique faibles
imposent force, croyez le malinévitable, patient de ce chef d'un
moral abstrait.

Avec la considération la plus distinguée, j'ai l'honneur
d'être, Mademoiselle,

With this respect
A. Boyer.

[illegible]

Italia! there are names throughout the earth,
 Poets, Painters, Heroes, great heirs of fame
 Who to thy genial clime have owed their birth—
 Of each thou mayest well be proud—but none
 A higher meed of praise to thee hast thou
 Than she, whose eyes first opened to the light
 Within thine honored walls, thine City bright,
 Fair Florence! She who there received thy name,
 Be that thy boast—her home, her culture *ours*.
 How woke that inner life, those mental powers
 She speaks yearning for a work divine—
 How as the bud not soon may be confined,
 Her beauty & the fragrance held concealed,
 So came she forth upon that blessed day,
 When all the Angel in her stood revealed,
 And England's Daughters saw their work & way.

S. C. S.

Where Misery spreads her deepest shade,
 Your strong compassion glows;
 From your blest lips the balm distils,
 That softens mortal woes.

By dying beds, in hospitals,
 Your frequent steps are found,
 Angel of love! you hover near,
 To bind the stranger's wound.

*in the original, it is
 "From clime, instead of hospital"*

TELEGRAPH FROM THE CHINA:

And various papers did from the land come;
 And from what different values in one end—
 They looked each to his book and mine,
 And children in the words their mothers find.
 Love comes in rude and simple tone,
 And steps in dark some entrance and low,
 From others others who can have never known,
 On whom the world alone happily have known.
 From quiet houses now daily household guests,
 And earnest words from some to gentle and given,
 And children and quiet steps low and low,
 From one deep and from one to Heaven.
 And all for whom? No message with his voice,
 No message from red with Heaven's gem,
 But for a gentle woman in a world of pain,
 And low could her silence come and come.
 The soldier passed and the simple drink,
 And mother a brief prayer she might not feel,
 And in the dusty hospital the sick,
 They were all round their feet in the well.
 Though some close, hushed by their feet the way,
 And from some all round in the waiting mood,
 While those on hand the first did the way,
 "As for a sister" who in danger stood.
 And God has heard the prayer from some deep,
 From some and some, and some and some,
 From some and some and some and some,
 And the more something and some, but none.

Lady Ellesmere asked Mr. Stoddard on his return from the
 Crimea how the soldiers spoke of Florence Nightingale, what
 they thought about her. He replied: "If I were to go into
 the wards this morning & say to them: You won't see
 Miss Nightingale any more - she is gone up to heaven in
 a cloud of glory - they would believe it, they would
 think quite likely." Lady Ellesmere set this down
 to his enthusiasm, & was incredulous - but it so happened
 that a few days after when she visited one of the military
 hospitals the first speech she heard there from a Russian
 hero, who had been wounded at Kutars - was this:
 "We hope Miss Nightingale will be taken up to heaven
 she's too good to die."

Italia! there are names throughout the
 Poets, Painters, Heroes, great heirs of
 Who to thy genial clime have owed the
 Of each their majest well be praised.
 A higher mind, of praise to thee birth
 Than she, whose eyes first opened
 Within thine hallowed walls, thou fair
 Fair Florence! She who there received
 Be that thy boast - her home, her land
 Here woke that inner life, those inner powers
 She speaks yearning for a work divine -
 Even as the bud not ever may confine.
 Her beauty, & the fragrance held concealed,
 So came she forth upon that happy day,
 When all the Angel in her stood revealed,
 And England's Daughters saw their work & way.

Proceed! Your race of glory run!
 Your virtuous toils endure!
 You come commissioned from on high,
 And your reward is sure.

S.C.5.

TELEGRAPH FROM THE CRIMEA:
 "MISS NORTON'S LETTER TO HER MOTHER."

And countless prayers did from the land arise;
 And from what distant shores in one ent-
 tery hushed note in hush came and went,
 And children in the world their mothers' hand.
 Love's college in rude and simple room,
 And sleep in dark silent solace and love,
 From silent slumbers who can have never known,
 The whole world about brightly here below.
 From quiet hours now daily household prayer,
 And sweet words from near to prayer are given,
 And children and quiet slumbers here and here
 Unfold one deep and fervent cry to Heaven.
 And all for whom? No evenings with his mate,
 No company here red with sunset's glow,
 But for a gentle moment in a world of pain,
 Laid low could his broken coming and gone.
 The soldier passed could the struggle think,
 And numbered a brief prayer she might not tell,
 And in the dreamy thoughts the child,
 Wept now and turned their face to the wall.
 Though some there, hushed by their first life's way,
 And knew not all around in the night mood,
 While those on hand the first did nothing say
 "As for a sister" who in danger stood.
 And God has heard that prayer from earth's depth,
 For ever and true, tender and deep and true,
 From those on way and a sister's love,
 And the same whispering and here, her word.

Lady Ellesmere asked Mr. Balfour on his return from the Crimea how the widows spoke of Florence Nightingale, what they thought about her. He replied - "If I were to go into the wards this morning & say to them: You won't see Miss Nightingale any more - she is gone up to heaven in a cloud of glory - they would believe it, they would think quite calmly." Lady Ellesmere set this down to his enthusiasm, & was incredulous - but it so happened that a few days after when she visited one of the military hospitals the first speech she heard there from a Russian hero, who had been nursed at Scutari - was this - "We hope Miss Nightingale will be taken up to heaven since too good to die."

My dear Aunt

In appeal to Miss Nightingale. She is the kindest lady
ever England produced in my opinion - I really believe
if she had not gone out to Scutaria, I for one should have
been there, in my grave - It is to the kind up I attribute
the saving of my life, I hope I shall have the pleasure of
seeing her once more. Her father quizzed Nightingale
saying well be proud of having such a daughter. I have
seen what she had for special patent Medicine 'Pain-
killers for all'; if her voice in the hospitals was not heard
for all, at first it was consolation for all. I have seen
many tears of gratitude shed by those who could not
express thanks otherwise. It used to make my heart
leap with pride when she used to come & acknowledge me
as a neighbour of hers. I am so glad she is so far around
from Schuyler, it would be a great loss for the poor fellows
out there if anything was to happen to her. I hope God
will spare her health for she is a blessing to the poor
& afflicted.

Believe me your affectionate son

Photo written

Color Sergeant 90 Regt.

It was not till her work was done that Illness prostrated a frame always somewhat feeble, and compelled her to remain from exertions now happily little needed.

[illegible]

MRS. NOTTINGALE.

[illegible]

1 K. B. P.
16th Dec^r.

My dearest Aunt
& Dear dear Mother &
Det. Legislative yesterday
at the Burlington. Dr. Hunt
came in, & had just read
a letter from Det. Smith. -
Horne had not yet left
from Philadelphia. They
had just been instructed
by the foreign Agents,
who are quartered in

Hospital
Ratona 2 July.

My dear Parents

I now address these few lines to you to inform you that I am a little better & I am anxious you & give me great pleasure to think that I have a prospect of coming home once more. My wife is better than she was, & my children are well. Thank God for all his blessings.

In regard to Miss Nightingale she is the kindest lady in England, & indeed in my opinion - I really believe if she had not gone out to England, for she should have been there, in my grave - It is to the kindness & forbearance of Miss Nightingale, I hope, I shall have the pleasure of seeing her once more. Her father, Sir John Nightingale, truly will be proud of having such a daughter. I have seen her advised by several Patent Medicine Vendors, "health for all"; if her voice in the hospitals was not health for all, at least it was consolation for all. I have seen many tears of gratitude shed by those who could not express thanks otherwise. It used to make my heart leap with pride when she used to come & acknowledge me as a neighbour of hers. I am glad she is so far & away from sickness, it would be a great loss for the poor fellows out there if anything was to happen to her. I hope God will grant her health for she is a blessing to the poor & afflicted.

Hope my father & sisters are well. Except my kind love for my dear old parents.

Believe me your affectionate son

Thos. Watson

Color Sergeant 95 Regt

The country may congratulate itself on many improvements of administration during the past year, both at home and at the seat of war; but the change has nowhere been more conspicuous than in the hospitals for the use of the army, and in the sanitary arrangements which have established so much to preserve the health of the troops during the past summer. The letter of Dr. ROBERTSON, which we published yesterday, through evidence that of a man disposed to view favorably results which he himself has helped to produce, makes known a state of things widely different from the confusion and calamity of a few months back. The hospitals in the Crimea are now arranged, clean both within and without; burials are efficiently performed; the deaths from cholera and fever are small when compared with the same period with a few square miles of ground; Sebastopol harbor is purer than the Thames, and the mortality is the most unhealthy locality in its neighborhood less than the loss by similar maladies in the great towns of England. It may be concluded, not only from the letter of Dr. ROBERTSON, but from the observations of impartial visitors, the cessation of complaints, and the favorable reports of the medical staff, that our army is in excellent health, and yet that large preparations have been made in the Crimea for sudden sickness, or the still more sudden calamities of war. As for the hospitals, a provision against it seems to influence both medical men and the army generally, and it is said that, except in case of great emergency, few patients will be sent to Russia and Kishinev, yet in the long series of these human sacrifices there is stated to be room for 2,000 patients; and there are, besides, the little hospitals of Alpino and Serepta, and the convalescent ships, which may be increased in number according to the requirements of the service. This, however, at least of late winter has not been lost on the Government, and the department which failed so miserably at the commencement of the campaign need not fear, as far as material preparations are concerned, a comparison with the elaborate organization of our own military forces.

In November last, when the first news of the horrors which attended the reception of the wounded from the Crimea filtered through the hearts of the nation, a lady landed at Bristol on a mission of mercy and devotion, from which through many long months of trial she has never strayed. There are reputations which have valiantly sprung up, so one knows how; there are legends which, as it were, through some invisible means have suddenly become celebrated, while those concerned with their own and character have had to content with listening silently to the gregarious enthusiasm of the world and the indignant echoes of the press. Such characters are not with always, and during the years they have shone conspicuously. It is not only the general by disposition even men of the world in general, but due to give their tribute of praise. Mrs. Watson's labors, for fear that she should be a mere name, have been so often proved to be the work of a man of what some character. But all such doubts have now away. These most intimate with this gentleman who have tended her in her quiet objective full by day, and her night as through those long weeks, the most human shadow - those who have that of an unassuming or even of education was from her mind; that all conversation, the one subject of her mission, was by her veto and when, are convinced in the identity and devotion of her character of her rare gifts of intellect and mind which place her among the few who have a claim on her sex. But even such devotion would have done little at home and a practical ability and an ease of influencing those around her. Her name landed in the Bosphorus, of course, attracted. The tempo of and deeply-impregnated may be judge their contemporary reports and content happy to remember that her mission is rendered successful through the material of the Sick and Wounded Fund, while it judges the benefits of her advice as rendering it more widely useful. For she labored almost unaided, but some had shamed opposition at of her labors, while it had made her at home. We need not say that she was an excellent person, whose days Miss Nightingale has equal courage and courage in the hospitals at the Crimea, and she had the possibility of watching the returning health of our army, and those great improvements in medical and military administration which Dr. Robertson has described.

It was not till her work was done that those who had been always somewhat faintly, and compelled her to come from Scotland now happily little needed.

We know not whether it be Miss Nightingale's intention to return immediately to England. She may, perhaps, believe that for one woman's spirit there is always work where the cause of calamity are so various; perhaps a recurrence of her disaster may be present to a mind too sensitive to its applications. But, as her arrival in her native country and her return to labors of more military importance must take place at no distant period, some persons who honor her character, and wish to commend her exertions, are anxious to present her with a testimonial of a kind on which her heart is set. A letter from Miss Florence Martineau, which we published to-day, tells us that Miss Nightingale has been long anxious to found a hospital in London, and to work in one of her own spirit of rapid action. As the response for past labors which this lady must value is the opportunity for future exertion, it has been determined, if possible, to supply the funds for such a hospital by private contributions; and for this purpose a subscription is to be opened at Messrs. GUTHRIE'S, the name of which is to be provided to Miss Nightingale on her return, to enable her to carry out a plan which cannot now be said to be realized. At Bristol the ladies who accompanied Miss Nightingale labored with a sympathy almost as willing as her own; and, though work or most of this devotion may be due to her influence and example, yet the fact is proved that such gratuitous service are to be obtained, not for a few days or weeks, but for the steady labors of many months in a distant land, amidst the horrors of strange diseases and hateful forms of death. We believe that, encouraged by the success of Bristol, many ladies would be willing to devote themselves to the labors of such an institution as it is proposed to found. In neighboring countries the Sisters of Charity are useful and honored visitors in every hospital. It is not, indeed, desirable to have any service military of the nature of other lands and needs. There is nothing so barren as institutions for all few countries must have an originality. We may therefore require that the spirit of Miss Nightingale is a rare one, and requires in its relation to necessary purposes, and only such as are novel and distinct of service as they may feel disposed to yield. Yet the same spirit which prompts the Sisters of Charity in other lands must live in the bosom of Englishwomen, and will, when appropriate, urge them to similar works and a busy other, more than the slow and less little.

the Barrack Hospital at Ratona, a cake of half. - Florence is how desiring to organize & get organized a plan for providing the soldiers some the occupation & amusement besides their how only amuse - getting drunk. She has been corresponding with Dean Russell about it. The project of these being given in various subjects, &

deposited. Father is kindly and books & faint. Miss Nightingale said it was quite pleasant to think of her being occupied with something besides the service, & that it seems this winter she will be as much nearer to the minds as she has hitherto been to the ladies. The paper thinks that perhaps the efforts may be able to

Hospital
Patsca 13 July.

My dear Parents

I now address these few lines to you to inform you that I am a little better, & I am anxious for to give me great pleasure to think that I have a prospect of coming home once more. My wife is better than she was, & my children are well. Thank God for all his blessings.

In regard to Miss Nightingale she is the kindest, lady
we England produced in my opinion - I fully believe
if she had not gone out to Turkey, I for one should have
been there, in my grave - It is to the kindness I attribute
the saving of my life, I hope I shall have the pleasure of
seeing her once more. Her sister Miss Nightingale
may well be proud of having such a daughter. I have
very often heard my General speak of Madame Benson,
'heath for all'; if her voice in the hospitals was not heath
for all, at least it was consolation for all. I have seen
many tears of gratitude shed by those who could not
express thanks otherwise. It used to make my heart
leap with pride when she used to come & acknowledge me
as a Nightingale of hers. I am so glad she is so far removed
from Schump, it would be a great loss for the poor fellow
out there if anything were to happen to her. I hope God
will point her mouth for she is a blessing to the poor
& afflicted.

I hope my brothers & sisters are well. Except my kind love for my dear old parents.

Believe me your affectionate son

That we have

Color Turquoise 95. Regt.

[illegible][illegible]

It was not till her work was done that illness prostrated a frame always somewhat frail, and compelled her to cease from exertions now happily little needed.

[illegible]

extreme, & takes some part in
the plan. I fear the sole
motive is hatred, with fear
of Montano - shown with super-
stition - for there is an epidemic
of dislike to her among the
officers - those who are called
fanatic men. With these it
must be fashion & jealousy
tut away the officers of
must have respect that they
should state no more law
& goodneep & goal is a
perpetual condemnation
of themselves.

Lines on Florence Nightingale

Scutari. January 1855

Light faileth never! Not when bright dild day
 moves from her altar. And Earth's lapsing hymn
 Ebb'd like a tide from aisle & pillar-dim
 As through the Western porch he takes his way.
 Love faileth never! In the night of woe
 And wrong, soft splendour lends - but what beam
 more pure than here, where rays of pity stream
 Through War's burst gates - who heard that soldiers sigh
 Across the seas and came - her beams
 Show Heaven's rule paramount And wrath & ill
 Banned from their hold. See good, attendant still
 The wounded saw the brother of their pain - Then turned Knight
 Yet! Eyes which when a field of battle kept
 None clear as stars. Two lightning - at thy look
 Poured the heart's stifled pain - And bosoms shook
 With wonder at thy voice, which in the gyres
 Of wheeling war beat calm, as by the fires
 Of English homes - and they, who undismayed
 Bore Rufius' sevenfold force from steep & glade,
 And saw a suffering Army line on line
 Stretched at their feet - Now vanquished, sunk at home -

Should I have a day or two
 to spare I should like of
 all things to tell you
 personally how much all
 the enemies of our Christian
 have admired the labours
 of your daughter on behalf
 of our noble army. The
 work has been one of
 energy in the highest ac-
 ceptation & that of that time
 & none can so thoroughly
 appreciate that work in
 its present & future
 influences. It is destined

I cannot comprehend any
 person who really & seriously
 considers Miss Nightingale
 in the light in which I do
 & every one I know - can
 allow themselves to believe
 any one thing however slight
 that can in any way
 diminish the lustre of her noble
 nature & therefore such
 people unable to imagine
 such a character - are more
 to be pitied for their absurd
 & unsuccessful attempts
 at bringing her a little down
 to the level of their own views

20
 - Pap. W. M. Becken - 92nd Highlanders
 writing to his wife, says -
 "Talk of heroism of Midway, and
 Quaker's Bacon's ship Mass
 Nightingale is the heroine of the
 British Army." She was living
 quietly having a short rest
 after all her summer labor.
 She here at the Monastery when
 she heard Chelsea had broken
 out at Scutari, off she went at
 half an hour's notice right into
 the middle of it! if she were a
 Roman Catholic she would have
 been canonized long ago - but
 her reward is partly & perhaps
 to her in knowing that there is
 not an officer or man who really
 isn't due for her - Belalaba.
 Dec. 9. 1855

Lines on Florence Nightingale

Light-faith, never! Not when bright Stella all of us shall leave
 Moves from her altar. And Earth's lapsing
 Ellis like a tide from aisle & altar-stone
 As through the Western Porch he takes his
 Love faith never! In the night of awe
 and wrong, soft glensow hands, but what
 more pure than his, whose rays of pity shone
 Through War's burst gates. Who heard that
 across the seas and came — Her mirror
 Shows Heaven's tale paramount and won
 Bowed from their hold. See good, ascend,
 The Wounded, saw the brother of their pain — The
 Yet! Eyes, which when a field of combat lay
 Shone clear as stars, thro' lightning at
 Poured the heart's stifled pain — And too
 With Watcher, at thy voice, which in the
 of wheeling war beat calm, as by the fires
 of English homes — and they, who under
 Drove Rufias sevenfold force from sleep
 And saw a stiffening army line on line
 Stalked at their feet — Now vanquished,

To bear pain for suffering
 humanity long after
 all of us shall leave
 faded away from this
 life.

To Switzerland to
 Visit Nightingale
 dated 1866
 29th Sept. 1866.

As we considering, what she
 has proved herself. And feel
 it possible for her to act
 in any way but a right
 way. — I therefore I think
 the many abroad reports
 that have been passed
 Lakehead — by him — can
 touch her. She must be
 as much above them as
 the snowy summit of a
 mountain from the valley
 beneath. — So do what she
 has done. She must have
 had support from higher
 sources — & it is a want
 of faith to believe that

that support will not
 continue to her now. —
 If all the grateful prayers
 & blessings are heard — as
 he are taught to believe
 they always are — she will
 have every consolation
 & support given her. — on
 due seasons — and the big
 fact of little mean attempts
 being made against her
 purity of motives, only
 makes that purity shine
 out more gloriously. —
 Putting aside even her
 in the moment — there are

20
 -Capt. W. M. Becken. 92nd Highlanders
 writing to his wife, says —
 "Talk of horses of Pindar, and
 Quares, & Bores, & by Mrs.
 Nightingale is the heroine of the
 British Army." She was being
 quietly having a short rest
 after all her summer labor.
 Up here at the Monastery, when
 she heard Charles had broken
 out at Scutari, off she went at
 half an hour's notice, right into
 the middle of it! if she were a
 Roman Catholic, she would have
 been canonized long ago — but
 her reward is partly vouchsafed
 to her in knowing that there is
 not an officer or man who would
 not die for her — Kathleen.
 Dec. 7. 1863

A NEW SONG
ON RETURN OF MR. & MRS.
BRACEBRIDGE,
FROM THE EAST!!

Good people all I pray attend,
Unto these lines which I have penned,
Now may the war be at an end,
For long enough we lasted;
There's many a mother to deplore
And say alas my son's no more,
And widows for their husbands mourn,
Through the confused Russians.

CHORUS.

Cheer them well with three times three,
Long may they live, and happy be,
For venturing across the sea—
Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge.

At the Altar, and Babushka too,
And Libersons I'll tell to you,
At Seabrook when it is true,
They gave the Russians something;
It was not that you were deposed,
And when the war is at an end,
They will confess what love is pen'd,
As true as I am speaking.

They did go and I do declare,
And did their best when they were there,
Among the sick and wounded dear,
In the camp among the soldiers;
They have returned as you may see,
Cheer them well with three times three,
May they live long and happy be,
For their kindness to the soldiers.

To see the sick and wounded there
All through the cruel Russian fear,
To see them lie in the dear
"I would make your heart to bleed;
They drew their wounds, to give them rest,
And each did strive to do their best,
And now they have returned at last—
Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge.

There's many a mother's son will say
And think upon the happy day,
Mr. Mrs. Bracebridge came that way,
All for to give them comfort;
God bless them both by night and day,
Long may they live and happy be,
For venturing their lives to get,
Across the briny Ocean.

Now to conclude and make an end
Of these few lines that I have pen'd,
And thank you all for love and pen'd,
Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge;
Hark, how the music it does play
Upon this great and joyful day,
So come along with ban and cry—
For Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge.



ANNIE LAURIE.

Movement knows no home,
Where only life's the doom;
And its there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Which never false shall be;
And for Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down at day.

How true is like the snow drift,
Her heart is like the sun;
Her face it is the forest,
That's the sun alone on;
That's the sun alone on;
And dark is her blue eye,
And for Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down at day.

Like dew on the green lying,
In the fall of her fair feet,
And the white in summer night,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me—
And for Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down at day.

The favourite song at the camp.

The singing of old songs, catches, glees & choruses forms a principal feature in the amusements of the camp. During the long evenings of the past summer our men used to sit, in some old redoubt, or abandoned trench, where the song & toast went round, & once or twice heard some original & extemporaneous verses offered to the time & place, to our Government at home, to our Generals at headquarters, to the King in his palace, & to Johnny Ruff in front, which were not only witty & satirical, but highly indicative of poetic genius. I took a note of an incense burner to the "British Grenadiers", which was received with wonderful enthusiasm by a company of red coats, who were watching the infernal fire of the Redoubt, upon our advanced trenches of all songs the favourite song at the camp is Annie Laurie. Words & music combine to render it popular. Every soldier has a sweetheart, & almost every soldier possesses the organ of.

Every soldier has a sweetheart,
In England marches
The camp, the band
sing this old catch

Every soldier has a sweetheart,
In England marches
The camp, the band
sing this old catch

Every soldier has a sweetheart,
In England marches
The camp, the band
sing this old catch

Every soldier has a sweetheart,
In England marches
The camp, the band
sing this old catch

Every soldier has a sweetheart,
In England marches
The camp, the band
sing this old catch

Every soldier has a sweetheart,
In England marches
The camp, the band
sing this old catch

Good people all I pray attend,
Unto these lines which I have penn'd
Now may the war be at an end,
For long enough its lasted;
There's many a mother to deplore
And say alas my son's no more,
And widows for their husbands mourn,
Through the confounded Russians.

CHORUS

Cheer them well with three times three,
Long may they live, and happy be,
For venturing across the sea—
Mr. and Mrs. Brucebridge.

At the Alps, and Balachova too
And Inkermann I'll tell to you,
At Swatow also it is true

They gave the Russians something
It was not like'd you may depend,
And when the war is at an end,
They will confess what here is pen'd,
As true as I am speaking.

They did go out I do declare,
And did their best when they were there,
Among the sick and wounded dear
In the camp among the soldiers;
They have returned as you may see,
Cheer them well with three times-three,
May they live long and happy be,
For their kindness to the soldiers.

To see the sick and wounded there
All through the cursed Russian Bear,
To see them lie I do declare
'Twould make your heart to bleed;
They dress'd their wounds, to give them rest,
And each did strive to do their best,
And now they have return'd at last—
Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge.

Ther's many a mother's son will say
 And think upon the happy day,
 Mr. Mrs Bracebridge came that way,
 All for to give them comfort;
 God bless them both by night and day
 Long may they live and happy die
 For venturing their lives so gay,
 Across the bristly Ocean.

Now to conclude and make us end
Of these few lines that I have pen'd,
And think upon till life doth end
Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge;
Hark, how the music it does play
Upon this great and joyous day,
So come along with ban or gay—
For Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge.



ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwellton knows her bonnie,
Where early he's the dew;
And its there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true—
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which no'er forgot shall be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' die.

Her brow is like the snow drift
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dusk is her blue eye;
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' die.

Like dew on the grass lying,
Is the fall of her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet:
Her voice is low and sweet
An' she's all the world to me!—
And for bonnie Annie Leary
I'd lay me down an' die.

Come all you loyal Beiton's sons
Attend, and give an ear,
Our gallant friends of humanity
Have return'd from the Crimes,
Where they have been for to attend
To the suff' rings of our men,
Who boldly fought in freedom's cause,
Old England's rights to gain.

Chorus,—
So we'll drink a health with three times
three,
To Charles Holte Brucebridge and his
wife,
O may they live in prosperity
The remainder of their life.

For Charles and his family,
They left the English soil,
Through the cold and dreary winter,
Amidst sufferings to toil.
They have left some dear friends behind
But still we hope to see
Them all return to their native land,
And ever happy be.
Chorus, &c.

For twelve long months they've been
from home,
Their sufferings to relieve,
And to our gallant soldiers
They have been friends in need,
For many a long day,
To their wants they did attend,
And ever prove themselves to them

Most warm and constant friends.
Chorus, &c.

The suff'rings of our soldiers
Have been most severe,
Hundreds died from cold and want
While at the Crimea;
But when they went to Scutari,
To feel the benefit their could not

With Charles Holte Brucebridge, his wife
And Florence Nightingale.
Chorus, &c.
So now you men of Atherstone
We'll cheer them three times three,
And let us all with one accord

With them prosperity;
O may all their friends shortly return,
And the Russian war be o'er,
And peace and plenty reign around
Our happy British shore.
Chorus, &c.

So now they've both returned
To their native land once more,
We hope their friends will around them

As they have done before ;
We wish them all the happiness
That on this earth is given,
And when they're parted from this world
They will meet again in Heaven.

G. Thompson

The favourite song at the Camp.

The singing of old songs, catches, glees & choruses forms a principal feature in the amusements of the camp. During the long evenings of the past summer our men used to sit, in some old redoubt, or abandoned trench, & there the song & least went round, & once or twice I heard some original & extemporaneous verses apropos to the time & place, to our Government at home, to our Generals at head-quarters, to the Czar in his palace, & to Johnny Rebs in front, which were not only witty & satirical, but highly indicative of poetic genius. I took a note of an encore verse to the "British Grenadier", which was received with wonderful enthusiasm by a company of red coats, who were watching the infernal fire of the Redoubt upon our advanced trenches. Shall I sing the favorite song at the camp? Annie Læticæ. Words & music combine to render it popular. Every soldier has a sweetheart, & almost every soldier possesses the organ of it.

line. Every household
 in England marches
 the fane, the band
 in the old Scotch
 — heard the
 song on the
 top of a thimble
 upon her breast
 gleamed in the
 sun. And still in the
 next day the
 st. window made
 great holes. And
 the General, the
 and in the
 found that the
 Division, never
 to fail, with
 a roll to the
 " This was a
 speech, according
 to the language
 of a handkerchief
 I would have said,
 I'm under a tree
 in his capital
 I beg to state, that
 however the
 1500 of you will
 did or would
 than and would it
 long the branches
 but that a few
 hole will go
 several times
 " I don't know

[illegible]

hundreds of soldiers were sitting on the other side of the hill, looking down on the doomed city. A long and joyful dance of praise, taking up the "Halleluiah" Psalm, began, and lasted some twenty minutes. He had a hundred, or thereabouts good, young men with him, but the chorus was kept by the audience in a quick baritone. I thought of dances in the Montezuma of the Chamorro days together, and for some reason I saw a picture of the heart of each singer was evidently far away over the sea. It was more like a Psalm than a ballad, for at such a time on the eve of a great battle, a soldier thinks only of his home, his life, &c. The song was scarcely finished, when the bugle sounded to quarters. The company dispersed, never to meet again. One the first on next the finger of the song & scores of those who joined in the chorus, were going stiff & stark in the ditch of the Redan, having laid down & died at the command of a German Major. He and many of woman kind, and then they still lie; & the ditch had reached to me so deep & now level with the embankment. Alas! how many hearts are breaking for mortal men. How many eyes are dark like as mine. I never have scanned the horror of the war, according to the names of the dead, finding what it must have been to see. How many loving women, whose holiness is for ever buried in the grave, which holds the mangled remains of the idol they loved, now fallen on their knees, & did God take pity on them, & let them die too.

PUBLIC ENTRANCE
INTO ATHERSTONE
OF
MR. & MRS. BRACEBRIDGE

Monday last was the day appointed for the public entry of Mr. and Mrs. Bruceidge into Athlone from the Crimea. The weather was remarkably fine, and the people of the town were up and stirring at a very early hour. The place presented a very gay appearance, flags, banners, and triumphal arches being the order of the day. The following are some of the principal:—

Commencing at the Huxley road, near the house of J. T. Figgins, Esq., there was a very splendid triumphal arch, composed of evergreens, the whole ornamented with a hawk's head and talons, with the words, "Welcome home." "I was a father to the poor, and the more which I knew not I searched out." On one side the initials "C. D. H.," on the other "G. B."

Early Monday
dear lady Anne.

Your perpetual
interest in the lady
of Sauter makes a
bright picture for us
whenever a letter arrives
from you. Manchester
has given her address
with a good grace.
+ pitifully inherent
difficulties as to the

Sauter's house

I hear from a soldier's wife
that I is about again. But
the I have long letters from
her about her trip. She does
not mention her trip to
me (a week in bed with
sickness) so it will only see
her to talk of it. The doctor
is here. Two family days
last week are supposed to
have brought it on & that
the German Legion were
sunk crowded on board
ship, very dirty, & put into
wards from which the

Soldier's

No one can tell what the blessing was to all of
us poor fellows, when we got a sight of her coming down the room. She
would speak a kind word to as many of us, as she could, & then nod,
& smile to many more; but how could she notice all, where we lay there
in hundreds, you know Ma'am she could not, but never mind -
we could always find a bit of comfort - we could kiss her shadow
as it fell, & lay down our heads on the pillow again, quite happy as before.

"She spoke to me!" pillow'd on that thought
Sinks the glad tired head;
"Smiled, & nodded to me!" light is caught
By lips like the dead:
"I am sure she saw me, as she passed my bed."
Rises slow a gaunt head from the pillow,
Turns toward the wall,
Sees a mute shadow, like a willow
Bending, on it fall -
Lips apart, that shade he kisses - that is all.
Pilgrims our sweet student maidens roam -
Genius is turned scarce,
Oh that kiss from out her Eastern home
Thrills the Universe,
Lingering on the wall, officing those war's curse.
But that shadow-angel on the wall,
Down the corridor
Of the East's dead the stricken hospital,
Is no heartless cure -
Is the type of all that's beautiful and pure.

management of the
fund in case of her
continued absence.
One thinks that England
will give her faith
to the plan. However
as you know is much
too entirely occupied
as she is now, to think
even for a moment
of what is to come -
+ so, if people
persist in demanding

Explanations of the plan,
they must content
themselves with no
reply. & keep their own.
even if peace comes,
she will most likely
remain for months to
come. While the
Encomas army continues
on those shores -
It will be well for
us if she retains

Sick had only just been
removed - Poor Dr. Mayne is
said to be dying. Miss Phipps
died yesterday, predisposed by
previous illness, a Doctor at the bedside. Poor Mayne died
Palace Hospital dead, two others died. Another Lady was
died. There are now three Cholera very good men very ill,
wards here.
I have told I all these particulars.
+ expect that it will bring her back, I know she will come
unless still stronger needs keep
her there, so I have made
duplicates of a number of
letters, in case she crosses the
next post, + you will excuse
short writing.

There are only 5 cases in the
General Hospital.
19th (6 in the morning) Miss Phipps
died, predisposed by sleep to hear the Cholera decidedly
previous illness, a Doctor at the bedside. Poor Mayne died
Palace Hospital dead, two others died. Another Lady was
died. There are now three Cholera very good men very ill,
wards here.
I have told I all these particulars.
+ expect that it will bring her back, I know she will come
unless still stronger needs keep
her there, so I have made
duplicates of a number of
letters, in case she crosses the
next post, + you will excuse
short writing.

a good store of her
present powers of
administration, after
the highest & days of
strain upon her
energies - the loss
accounts of her health
and not unfavorable

With many Thanks
In your recollection of
us in sending the 2
notes, believe me ever
Yours Affly W. E. Schaffner

set out before she could receive
another report.

75 men died in three days.

The German Legion are now
removed into tents some miles
off.

Dearest friends Think of my
joy to see my dearest I
walk into the room - The
report of Cholera reached her
even before my letter. She
looks as well as usual in
the face but you see by
her walk that she has
been suffering.

G. L. L.

Madam

We have the honour to advise that the slaves referred to in your very highly esteemed favour of 25th Oct. have now all been despatched to your address through Messrs. R. & Howell of London - each slave accompanied by its complement of utensils & stove pipe, is packed in a separate & strong case by itself, & we have no doubt will arrive at their destination in good order. As it might appear presumptuous on our part to associate with a business transaction such as this, the expression of what you must know to be the universal feeling of your country regarding your work of love & benevolence, we shall only beg you to receive the assurance that in our humble prayers to our common & adorable Father in Heaven your cherished name & devoted labours are constantly associated.

We have the honour to be

Madam

Yours most respectfully

H. & M. Little

Glasgow

Messrs. Nightingale

Castle Hospital

Balaclava

The Crimea

THE QUEEN AND MISS NIGHTINGALE.—The anxiety and exertions which, through no fault of her own, she has been obliged to undergo, in consequence of the illness of the Queen, have been so great, that it is not to be wondered at that she has been unable to attend to the public affairs of the country. The Queen has been so ill, that she has been unable to attend to the public affairs of the country. The Queen has been so ill, that she has been unable to attend to the public affairs of the country.

Scutari Nov. 10. 1855

30

I hear from a soldier's wife, that I is about going, but she I have long letters from her about enough, she does not mention her illness to me (a week in bed with sciatica), so she will only vex her to talk of it. The cholera is here - Two pouring days last week are supposed to have brought it on. That the German Legion were much crowded on board ship, very dirty, & put into wards, from which the sick had only just been removed - Poor Dr. Mayne is said to be dying - Macgregor died yesterday, & died of previous illness - a Doctor at the Balaclava Hospital dead, two others ill - There are now three cholera wards here -

I have told & all these particulars, & expect that she will bring her back. I know the wife came, and she stronger needs keep her there. So I have made duplicates of a number of letters, in case the copies that I put, & you will excuse short writing - There are only 5 cases in the General Hospital - 19 (on the morning) - Inexplicable relief to hear the cholera decidedly subsiding - Poor Mary died last night - another shadowy, a very poor, & very ill, but not of cholera, from over fatigue - It has been regular & steady cholera, & very severe, but the fever which appears to have brought it on, changed rapidly to favourable, & they say it is quickly subsiding, & now easier to get right -

But from what I was obliged to write to you, I think it would have shown before she could receive another report - 75 men died in 3 days - The German Legion are now moved into Tent 5 miles off - Dear old friends, think of my day to see my dearest I walk into the room - The report of cholera reached her even before my letter - she looks a well as usual in the face, but you see by her walk, that she seems to groan -

Nurse - has never failed in principle, & any minor imperfections are not to be closely scanned here, where honesty & respectability are so valuable - I have returned at a time indeed, such opportunity - There were so many things just now to be settled - Two of the hospital breaking up, the final arrangements of this one, & the Foreign Legion are moved out - The Palace Hospital, now from Mrs. Moore is dead & now her work is completed - she looks better than she did, when she went, & it is little to be said that bright, innocent, almost childlike look, which I remember of old - We live in an atmosphere of uncertainty & suspicion & difficulties & perplexities - Now I have 7, I live in presence of the undomestic spirit & power to meet & grapple with them - If it were not for fear of a native thoughtfulness to be so tedious, I could see her go on her way with her perfect and perfect & perfect as it is -

M. S. S.

Madam

We have the honour to advise that the stores referred to in your very highly esteemed favour of 25th Oct. have now all been despatched to your address through Messrs H. & Howell of London - each store accompanied by its complement of accounts & store pipe. It is packed in a separate & strong case by itself, & we have no doubt will arrive at their destination in good order. As it might appear presumptuous on our part to associate with a business communication such as this, the expression of what you must know to be the universal feeling of your country regarding your work of love & benevolence, we shall only beg you to receive the assurance that in our humble prayers to our common & adorable Father on whom your cherished name & devoted labours are constantly associated.

We have the honour to be

Madam

Yours most respectfully

H & M Little

Glasgow

Miss Nightingale

Castle Hospital

Balaclava

The Crimea

The Queen and Miss Nightingale - The country will experience much satisfaction, though in some degree, as it respects the Queen, in a manner so honourable to her, as to be credited to her people, have caused to mark her warm appreciation of the splendid achievement of the great Miss Nightingale. The Queen has been enabled to find only a limited amount of gratuity, which may be more or less, and the Queen's Victoria has now passed the one million mark and nearly of grateful acknowledgments, but full of that deep feeling which leads her heart to beat, and to give expression to her feelings, and the relief - *Monday Feb.*

London Nov^r 18. 1855

30

I hear from a soldier's wife, that I is about to go, but she I have long letters from her about - I think she does not mention her illness to me (a week in bed with sciatica), so it will only vex her to talk of it. The cholera is here - Two pouring days last week are supposed to have brought it on. That the German Legion were much crowded on board ship, very dirty & put into wards, from which the sick had only just been removed - Poor Dr. Mayne is said to be dying - Macgregor died yesterday, probably by previous illness - a Doctor at the Palace Hospital dead, two others ill - There are now three cholera wards here -

I have told of all these particulars, & expect that she will bring her back. I know the wife comes, unless still stronger needs keep her there. I have made duplicates of a number of letters, in case the copies that are sent to you are lost or mislaid. There are only 5 cases in the General Hospital - 19 (in the morning) - I was surprised to hear the cholera decidedly subsiding - Poor Mayne died last night - another Madowsky, a very poor man, very ill, but not of cholera, from over fatigue - It has been regular & like cholera, & very severe, but the fever, which appears to have brought it on, changed rapidly to jaundice, & they say it is quietly subsiding, & I am glad to hear it. But from what I was obliged to write to you, I think that would have about for the while, become another report - 75 then died in 3 days - The German Legion are now moved into Tente some miles off - Dearest friends, think of my joy to see my dearest & walk into the room - The report of cholera reached her even before my letter. She looks as well as usual in the face, but you see by her walk, that she been suffering -

December - has now failed in principle, & any minor imperfections are not to be closely scanned here, where honesty & respectability are so valuable - I have returned at a convenient opportunity - There were so many things just now to be settled - Two of the Hospital breaking up, the final arrangements of this one, now the German Legion are moved out - The Palace Hospital, now for Mrs. Moore is dead & on - Her work is complete - She looks better than she did, when she went, & in a little time has that bright, innocent, almost child-like look, which I remember of old - We live in an atmosphere of uncertainty & uncertainty of difficulties & perplexities - Now I have 7, I live in presence of the condemned spirit & power to meet & grapple with them - If it were not for fear God's nature should refuse to be so tested, I could see her go on her way with satisfaction & spiritual progress as it is -

M. L. S.

'Tis sweet 'tis sweet with songs to cheer
The hearts of daring men—
Applauded thus they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again—
But now we sing of beauty found—
Attending on the brave,
Where she, who binds the bleeding wound,
A hero's life may save.
And heroes saved, rejoicing praise
The deeds so gently done—
O list, to how a soldier says
Her laurels have been won—
2
Neglected, dying in despair
We lay till Woman came,
To cheer us with a sister's care,
And feed life's flickering flame—
When wounded men in fever's racks
Were cast away as slain—
She called their fluttering spirits back,
And gave them life again!
Her touch, her voice, her angel face
All suffering could dispel.
With grateful hearts we kissed the place
On which her shadow fell."

When words of wrath preforming rung,
The mood with pitying grace
Her presence still'd the boldest tongue,
And holy sound the place.
We knew, that we were cared for then,
Our eyes forgot their tears,
In balmy sleep we lost our pain,
And dreamt of happier years.
Of years of love—when life was fair—
Of faces, lovely—pale—
We woke—the Angel bending there,
Was, Florence Nightingale."

Recently, how many of our dear country-
women, (including the nurse and highest Lady
of the land,) have—by tending the maimed
soldier on his couch of pain, by soothing his
sufferings, and ministering to his wants,—
deserved the soldiers—the nation's gratitude:
earned for themselves a place on fame's im-
mortal shrine!

But first and foremost, may the memory of
Florence Nightingale and of her devoted sister-
hand, be transmitted to remotest ages, in poet's
verse and in the historian's page! May our
children's children lip that beloved name,—
a name engraven on the British soldier's heart,
—not to be obliterated by the hand of time!

Florence Nightingale! best, greatest amidst
the good! may'st thou return in safety, with
thousands of grateful welcomes, to thy native
shores, there, to prosecute thy "ministering
angel" work, until amidst angels—congenial
spirits—thy reward be found; for, in this
lower sphere—honours, rewards; titles, riches,
earthly fame; all such—for such as these—
are not!

To the Editor of the Birmingham Daily Post

Sir, - I am loth to burden your columns, but refer me thus far. Yesterday I scribbled - I mean, wrote, a great Epson. In the small town of Letchworth, the whole country was assembled to do honour to two worthies of our country, Mr. & Mrs. Bracebridge. It was not a fair - it was not a merry-making - it was not a farce; it was a solemn, grateful, instructed assembly. It was a great Epson. It taught this: that the church - I mean, the whole - which has so long repudiated the two great divisions of society, may be filled up with love.

Immediately, the "infernal hot water flask & brand," & looking up to heaven for strength, the delicate Lady - the accomplished Lady - the gentle Lady, surrounded, "bail," & about are prominent beauties. Her husband & her son, Mr. & Mrs. Bracebridge, also replied - "The only go with you as your protection & friends."

Not a singing glass did they set at the fair landscape that spread out its beauty before them - but one hesitating thought came across their minds as they surveyed that comfortable mansion reflects with all that life could wish for! It was good indeed - it was the crown of a beautiful Richmond. It was the who spoke of the good Samaritan, & said, "Go & do these things," & so they went. Evidently, protected, they reached the gloomy house of Calvary - amidst a swarm of black & red, the British fleet & the British army at Balaclava did not save them a safe. Caught in a trap, in a situation presented, they were put on fire in Turkish coats. Shells & bombs were sent for a mile. They came to a point of view, however, before morning.

Forty British ladies and gentlemen, with Mr. Bracebridge as a prize & God for their protection, plunged into this dreadful work, and lodged & unhurt.

Never since the days of Toward have we had such a Epson. I feel it now as to me. It was well for the clergy & ministers, to descend, even to such, in their pulpits was the voice of their own fellow-countrymen; it was well to pour forth, with all the eloquence that

The crowded state of Willis's Room yesterday afternoon is the best evidence of the enthusiasm which has been excited in this country by the noble exertions of Miss Norton and her sister. It was unfortunate that the committee had not selected some other place of meeting, for the room was too small to hold the meeting, and the ladies who had devoted themselves to the noble task of alleviating the sufferings of our poor soldiers in the East. So one, we are very confident, would have been more deeply engaged. This Miss Norton herself, had the public understood the way her additional labour at the expense of those who had been her fellow-workers in the same sacred cause. Honour to them all! It would be needless to mention some names, but others should be omitted which are equally entitled to our admiration and respect. The only exception made yesterday by the committee was in the case of poor Mrs. Mowbray, who after her husband's death continued to devote herself to the last to the cause of suffering humanity. In the presence of a private sorrow so fearful as the one which had befallen her, it was perhaps the wisest course she could adopt; but how few would have had the necessary courage and devotion for such a task at such a time! She at least is released from further suffering, and we ought to rejoice that she is removed from our affliction.

It is but just to add, that many of the speeches delivered by the members of the committee were far above the average of orations of this kind. The Duke of Cambridge spoke with straightforward and manly earnestness. His nobility by the Marquis of Lanesdowne, and the high Tory party by Lord Stanley. The Lord Mayor was the spokesman for commerce and the Corporation of London, for James Chant represented the profession of medicine - a profession which was peculiarly called upon to bear testimony upon such an occasion. Mr. Macmillan and Mr. F. G. Ouseley, as having been opportunities of the exertions of Miss Norton and her sister, were admitted to peculiar attention. Mr. J. Patterson, Mr. Mowbray Mowbray, Mr. Henry Henson, and the Duke of Albany, all addressed the meeting with considerable effect. To Mr. Mowbray we must especially give our thanks for having publicly acknowledged the great services rendered by Miss Norton to the cause of the suffering soldier at Balaclava. Without his aid, and without the resources which the liberality of the contributors to the fund, he administered had placed at his disposal, Miss Norton's exertions would have been deeply rewarded. Day and night, and when suffering himself from disease - the consequences of his crowded dwelling - this gentleman persisted in his task, and without the aid of his dear husband and determined heart it is more than doubtful if Miss Norton would have carried her self-appointed duty to a successful issue. We are at all times most reluctant to invade upon our readers the name of any gentleman connected with this office; if we break through our rule upon this occasion, it is because we feel most deeply that it would be unjust to omit from a principal place on the list of those who distinguished themselves at Balaclava the name of Mr. Mowbray. We thank Mr. Mowbray Mowbray for having done this act of justice.

It is most satisfactory to find that the idea of erecting a hospital in honour of Miss Norton has been given up. The building was not wanted, and the funds subscribed in honour of this noble lady would, therefore, have been wasted on bricks and mortar had such a project been carried. For many weeks past it has been the public talk of the town that such was the idea in contemplation; we are rejoiced that it has been entirely abandoned. We felt the most extreme and unfeigned reluctance to write a word which might have a tendency to throw cold water upon any project designed to show honour to Miss Norton. No other consideration would have prevented us from using far stronger language than we yesterday employed to dissuade the meeting from agreeing to any such scheme, but since it has been given up no more need be said about it. The subject is unimportant, and we are glad to see that the committee so far agree with us as to have their own giving Miss Norton an opportunity for developing what we presume, for want of a better expression, we must call her "peculiar system" of writing. It is more intelligible language, this means her "bail" system of writing. There is to be more inspection - a better supervision than is at present in force in our hospitals. We cannot understand the point in any other way. Every sick man knows practically the difference between a good and a bad nurse (and, undoubtedly, if a constant and ample supply of really good nurses, under Miss Norton's system, is secured for our hospitals, it will be a rich reward to the suffering members of the community. That the vast sum was acknowledged yesterday by

Comp. Boarded, B. 1870

My dear - Don't imagine that I think you have forgotten me, the papers that are so often & so kindly sent, speak differently. I had many a good eye, gazing over my shoulder, when I yesterday opened the Illustrated Times - many more such, when this friend that the picture of Miss Norton was contained within it. Many were the blessings she got. "May she

Common & religious can inspire their ardent appeals; & was able in the
people, from the little child man & woman, up to the noblest
aristocrat, to pour their treasures into the Patriotic Fund, or to render
comforts to the disabled; but the noble hand most, personally, into
the thick of the difficulty & danger, dealt with its own resources -
day by day & night by night they cheerfully sustained the strain,
& performed the revolting functions of the crowded hospital, amid
the ghastly, gaping wounds & shattered limbs of hundreds, amid
the agonizing agonies of hundreds dying - amid the suppressed sobs
of patients, agonized sufferers - amid the expectation of who lives & its
presumption - there, there they laboured: a band of unselfish
angels were they!

What a Copon is here. So the great & the wealthy, to the self-indulgent &
luxurious, to the selfish attorney & common places on Philanthropy &
the like - a deep philanthropy is that - to all, the poor & the worst,
to the aristocrat & to the humblest peasant - what a Copon is here!

So, are we willing to leave the Copon? W. Beanebridge, in his
warm-hearted & unaffected address yesterday, taught me to believe
that the great motive that inspired such W. Beanebridge was a noble
love & a loving one.

But I ask this, can we in Birmingham afford, I say afford, & can we
allow it, that W. Beanebridge, his private & public in our society, &
above all, his family has been & is identified with our immediate neighbourhood
can we infer this distinction & truly heroic, because W. Beanebridge, to put
unmistakably, was prepared by some public act of ours? I trust not. And
you seen Attitude yesterday - the national welcome home - the beautiful
W. Beanebridge upon the banners, the assemblage of all parties & ranks,
the gathering of groups of Sunday scholars of all denominations &
their kind teachers, must think you would have come to the
same conclusion as myself, that Birmingham ought to acknowledge
in some public manner those W. Beanebridge & patriotic exertions. When Miss
Brighton came to the trenches, taking a pious troop into
Birmingham, an Irish peasant came up to her & presented a letter-
case (German flower to "her brown", with German Alep from London,
or God has made you lovely like that."

God, what a soldier! it was the last, the poorest gift he
could select; & was God's workmanship, & not man's accom-
plishment; & when the soldier died amongst us, that would not
pleasure its poorest flower for this worthy W. Beanebridge? I give them my
homage; are there any in Birmingham that will write to render the
same work of the respect they so richly deserve.

Worthington, Hays, & Leland

Sours Truly
G. S. Hall

P.S. - I should not forget to say, that W. Beanebridge "gladly did
ample justice to the Roman Catholic ladies, & those who were en-
gaged in the same work, both before & after his arrival. He
could not praise them enough. The sister of Miss Lightgate
was present, which gave additional interest to the scene. I had
add that during the whole day I saw not one individual
person, & from good authority I learned that the Catholics
from Birmingham & County did not see me familiar face.
There must have been 5,000 people present.

To the Editor of the Birmingham Daily Post.

Sir, - I am loth to burden your columns, but refer me thus far, yesterday I scribbled - I said, I hope, a great deal. In the small town of Lutterworth, the whole country was assembled to do honor to two worthies of our country, Sir & Mrs. Beauchamp. It was not a fair - it was not a merry-making - it was not a farce; it was a solemn, grateful, instructed assembly. It was a great day. It taught this, that the church - I know well - which has so long supported the two great divisions of society, may be filled up with love.

Immediately, the "infernal hot water flesh & blood" - looking up to heaven for strength, the delicate lady - the accomplished lady - the good lady answered, "No!" & others are present, hesitation, for her - for her, Sir & Mrs. Beauchamp, also replied - "No!" to the great as your protection & friends.

Yet a lingering glance did they cast at the fair landscape that spread out its beauty before them - but one hesitating thought came across their minds as they surveyed that comfortable mansion replete with all that life could want - but it was false - it was the crown of a moralist's dream - it was the who spoke of the good Samaritan, & said, "Go & do those things," & so they went, treason, protected, they reached the gloomy house of Lutterworth - and a reason of those who landed, the British fleet & the British embassy at Constantinople did not save them a safe, long to land, in - despite presented, they were put on shore in Turkish coats, shells - but scarcely for a mile, for. They came to a house of wood, some, after, under a pine.

For the British ladies and attendants, with Sir Beauchamp as a friend & God for their protector, plunged into the dreadful work, with, indeed, & without.

There were the days of toward home we had such a day. I feel it was one to me. It was well for the clergy, or minister, to descend, seen to work, in their pulpits over the seas of their brave fathers, countrymen; it was well to pour forth, with all the eloquence that

The crowded state of Willis's Rooms yesterday afternoon is the best evidence of the enthusiasm which has been excited in this country by the noble exertions of Miss Norton and her sister. It was unfortunate that the committee had not selected some other place of meeting, for great inconvenience was caused by the packing and unpacking, even in the subterranean, where many of the spectators were obliged to climb up on forms and chairs, a half-way view of the proceedings within. We do not remember to have ever witnessed a meeting more unanimous or more deeply interested. In the few minutes we shall venture to offer upon the proceedings of the committee, it is in the first place, but fair to do justice to their warm and unhesitating admiration of all the ladies who had devoted themselves to the noble task of alleviating the sufferings of our poor soldiers in the East. No one, we are very confident, would have been more deeply moved than Miss Norton herself, but the public endorsement to pay her additional honor at the expense of those who had been her fellow-workers in the same sacred cause. Honor to them all! It would be tedious to mention new names, but others should be omitted which are equally entitled to our admiration and respect. The only exception made yesterday by the committee was in the case of poor Mrs. Mason, who after her husband's death, continued to devote herself to the task to the cause of suffering humanity. In the presence of a private sorrow so fearful as the one which had befallen her, it was perhaps the wisest course she could adopt; but how few would have had the necessary courage and devotion for such a task at such a time! The at least in our opinion from our station. It is but just yesterday deliverance were far of this kind, with straight, dignity was very why nobility to the high Tory & Mason was the Corporation of London which was good upon such an occasion. One of the exertion companies, we Sir J. Paterson Henry Haines advised the To Mr. Mason for having paid the suffering and the without it of the most sustained but Norton's party. It himself from unwearied exertion he took, and we determined her Norton's duty to a more reluctant to his any gratitude we break those because we do impact to end of those who of the name of Miss Norton to justice.

It is most satisfactory to find that the idea of erecting a hospital in honor of Miss Norton has been given up. The building was not wanted, and the funds subscribed in honor of this noble lady would, therefore, have been wasted on brick and mortar had such a project been carried. For many weeks past it has been the public talk of the town that such was the idea in contemplation; we are rejoiced that it has been entirely abandoned. We felt the most extreme and unfeigned reluctance to write a word which might have a tendency to throw cold water upon any project designed to show honor to Miss Norton. No other consideration would have prevented us from using far stronger language than we yesterday employed to dissuade the meeting from agreeing to any such scheme, but since it has been given up we must need be said about it. The subject is unimportant, with difficulty, but we are glad to see that the committee so far agree with us as to leave their plan open giving Miss Norton an opportunity for developing what we presume, her want of a better expression, we must call her "peculiar" "system" of writing. In more intelligible language, this means her "better" system of writing. The names are to be chosen from a superior class; then it is at present in form in our language. We cannot understand the point in any other way. Every sick man knows, practically the difference between a good and a bad nurse; and, undoubtedly, if a constant and ample supply of really good nurses can, under Miss Norton's auspices, be secured for our hospitals, it will be a substantial benefit to the suffering members of the community. That the worst article was not published yesterday by

house they say, & did those more good than all the medicines the Doctors could give - All the papers, I mean the pictorial, I paste up on the side of the hut - flip lightening pictures, stretch up in the most prominent place, and ink, facing the door. It is advised by every one, for simplicity & simplicity, & by every one who has been here, is said to be extremely kind - in shape, it is said, like a very fine, had the pictures of every kind lightening, I said, my, how correct, they are -

From a hospital in the hills to a great relation.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The following letter so forcibly and so elegantly describes my own feelings, and which I believe to be those of many of the promoters of the Nightingale Fund, that I must beg the favour of your giving it publicity.

Your obedient servant,
C. H. BRACEBRIDGE.

"My dear Mr. Bracebridge,—I desire to transmit, through you, my subscription to the Nightingale Fund, partly for personal reasons which you will understand, but mainly as it affords me an opportunity of asking you a question."

"I have observed, with great regret, that there prevails an uncertainty, and consequent mistrust of the purposes and applications of the fund, which operates injuriously upon the subscription."

"Many persons say, 'We should be delighted to concur in any testimonial to Miss Nightingale, but when we are asked to contribute towards the establishment of an institution of the principle and administration of which we know nothing, we hesitate, lest, in our desire to do honour to the individual, we should be unwittingly promoting what we may hereafter see reason to disapprove.'"

"Now, to such objections the answer which I have given is this. The idea of this movement is, not to confer distinction on Miss Nightingale (for what can any testimonial do for her?) but to afford to the people of every class and of all parties an opportunity of manifesting their gratitude, and to record for the admiration of future ages an unexampled case of heroic self-devotion and the highest Christian philanthropy. It matters comparatively little what shape or form this memorial may assume. The chief thing is, that the debt of the nation should be paid, and that the world should see that England knows how to honour one who, in the eyes of all the world, has done honour to her. In such a work let there be no backwardness or misgivings. For the appropriation of the tribute let us have faith in one whose life has shown that she is worthy of all confidence. If her design would be, as those who know her best suppose, that it should be made an instrument of public usefulness, let us believe that she, whose mission on earth has been that of administering comfort to the suffering in the homes of pain and death, and who, from long experience, is best able to judge what is needful for this work of exalted charity, will make the best practical use of the national bounty. To those who really understand Miss Nightingale, and know how her whole energies and being are absorbed in the actual work before her, it would seem to be an impertinence to ask her, at such a moment, for a definite scheme as to the future application of a tribute which she has not sought for, or even, so far as it appears, desired. Sufficient to her is the appointed work of the day. God only knows when she may be released from her self-imposed task of active duty, and under what conditions that release may come. But if a time should come when health and leisure will permit her to apply her thoughts to the founding of an institution destined to render permanent the precarious benefits which now in a great degree depend on her personal efforts, we may be assured of one thing, that her project will be conceived and executed, not in any narrow spirit of sectarianism, but on the broadest and most comprehensive principles of practical Christianity, and with the earnest desire humbly to accomplish the will of Him who said, 'Come ye blessed; for I was an hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me.' If, however, from any cause, the administration of the fund should devolve into other hands, there will be time enough hereafter for explanation and direction."

"Such has been my answer, and such are the feelings with which I subscribe my mite. Tell me, have I not rightly apprehended the views of the promoters, or, at all events, faithfully interpreted yours?"

"Believe me, ever faithfully yours,"

resolutions (in Times Monday
edition) they were drawn
& revised by many highly con-
siderable men - & clearly express
that all is left to her
anything more would have
destroyed the grace of the whole
affair & made her a mere
agent of others - but people
will not see this wishing to
get all they can for their
money - I wish they would put
up a 1/2 pence in tokens & the
Doctors would see evidence that
trained nurses are wanted
Yours truly C. H. Bracebridge

"One Toast to night," he said, "and only one
For joyous hours fly fast, & day is nigh;
To ere the fading stars confess the Sun
Sole autocratic ruler in the sky,
Up stand ye all, & let each brimming glass
Blush to its lips with rosy hippocras."

"I drink to her, the fairest of the fair;—
I drink to her, the bravest of the brave,—
Who walks unflinching thro' the tainted air,
To snatch the stricken soldier from the grave;
And when he dies, with woman's soft control
Still the wild throbbings of the parting Soul."

"I drink to her,—and may her angel face
Still rise, the rainbow on the flood of war;
I drink to her, in whom I love to trace
The features of King Edwards' Eleanor.
Then may her glorious halo never fade
Upon the brow of Florence Nightingale."

was found by her
in a box in the
room 10. Each
of them having
a small tag with
a name on it
signed!! E. H. B.

Mrs Nightingale as I culled

Night on the Desphores—some faint beam! Bled right! What British heart, but war it wells?
 Perchance its quivering light the moonlight beam, and glow, as its patriot claim it tells?
 From yon high Window gleams the feeble ray, What British hand, but forest, feels to move,
 As there with mid night lamp, & noisy way, In aid of Tribute to that work of love?
 From ward to Ward, our England's Daughter ran, What British Home but mid its records, bright,
 Of London—a Ministering Angel fair! Would place that Lady with her lamp of Light.
 And for thy devoted lamp with seeds of light.
 Milton.
 L.M.

AD 1855.



An Address in aid of the "Nightingale Testimonial."

SAINT of another creed, in distant lands:
 In ours, a WOMAN self-devoted, wise,
 With doubtful heart, and never-fading hands,
 Thus she appears unto our English eyes!
 Eyes that, through all their tears, have gather'd still
 This comfort, 'er our dear and absent dead,
 That one, uniting scientific skill
 With woman's tenderness, watch'd round their bed.
 Letters in life: in death all cherished things;
 Last words she sent, with sever'd locks of hair,
 Witness our Angel, with her steadiest wings,
 Troubled the pool at frequent seasons there.
 To Oh! how many, a pool whose glory wane
 Gives red reflections of the battle-field!
 'Nought which, in radiant shadow, is the grave
 Of all they held of hope or joy in life!
 Ye who have tasted of that bitter cup;
 Ye who were spared it:—all who love our land,
 I charge you now to build her memory up,
 Who nursed our sons with more than mother's hand.

September, 1855.

Not in proud trophies—not in bulwark towers,
 Nor sculptured marbles—not in gold or plate:
 Vanities fitting other days than ours,
 And other names than we perpetuate.
 Be hers a monument to meet the age,
 Advancing now, on wider social grounds,
 When Woman's name shall shine on history's page,
 Yet not by striking out of Woman's hands!
 And be it one where practical results
 Of bright example, in her leave career,
 Through straits of sickness, dark and difficult,
 May be expanded, in a wider sphere:—
 An Altar, where, unharm'd by any view,
 Her most companion in the fatigue toil,
 And all with heart to follow, may bestow
 Their free-will gifts of Christian wine and oil!
 Her gift, her life; and many a voice shall bless
 These nothing hands, through all its four-score years:—
 Be this her Monument! Our gifts are less—
 Let us lay gladly the foundation-stones!

H. A.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF THE "NIGHTINGALE TESTIMONIAL" WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED AT 31, NEWTON STREET.

London: Published Oct. 15, 1855, by East & Son, Lithographers to the Queen, Pall Mall, London's New Pall Mall—Printed by the Stationer.



Landseer coming home after his day's shooting, took a long shot at a Deer in the gloaming, & thought no more about it. Next morning, at 2, he was awakened by a fellow. "Come out Sir, I never saw such an extraordinary sight. You hit the Deer last night, & he lies there dying with the Does all round him, licking his wounds." Landseer drew it, called it the Highland Curlew, & dedicated it to Florence Nightingale.

Think of my joy to see my dearest F. walk into the room, the report of Cholera coughed her before my eyes, she looks as well as ever in the face, but you see by her walk that she has been suffering.

I never see one instant of giving way in the persistence with which F. follows up her work, never one instant, however, as to going on, or the expectation that there



Seaton Hospital
Sept 6-27/53

Thos Pratt. I am most sincerely grieved to be obliged to send you sad news of your Husband. He came into this Hospital 4 days ago. He then appeared much exhausted & exhausted from long continued Dearness. My dear nurse & myself saw

Castle Hopedale
Bathurst
Oct 29/53

My dear Miss Pratt
Your letter to Miss St. Aubyn was forwarded to Mr. Kerr, whom I have been called by my Hospital duties.

I think you are entitled to a gratuity from the Patriotic Fund. You must apply to the Secretary.

W. A. George, George St.
Bathurst
& you must do so as follows



Landseer coming home after his day's shooting, took
at a Deer in the gloaming, & thought no more about it.
At 2. he was awakened by a jillie. "Come out Sir, I see
an extraordinary sight. You hit the Deer last night, & it
lying with the Does all round him, licking his wounds." &
it, called it the Highland Currier, & dedicated it to Florence.

will long be worth which settled. I had had six weeks
she will leave for no other at Balaklava, in which I
She returned from Balaklava, & a great deal was ac-
at a time which was indeed accomplished - her work is
most opportune - the necessary so important, that I ask few
Hospital comprised of troops questions. Except one thing,
and the decision what is to dinner, a meal with a cloth,
done pending, so that she is never thought of - her
have a voice in it. Ronald breakfast, tea or supper
is beyond breaking up, and on a chair beside her
she called upon to decide while she writes, taking
whether she will have any a spoonful between whiles,
of their nurses. I is her way. Pickers (one of the
Mrs Moor's death leaves the orderlies) sleeps here to take
Balaklava Hospital affairs to be care of us -

him immediately the appeared to take all with
he was brought in. He pleasure, but yesterday
appeared very glad to be appeared to get worse.
got here - he said to me He took his tea, however
Now I shall get Good from the nurse, at 5 which
I like - now I shall get as usual, but at 7. I said
to see, he said, while the nurse & ward-maid
he went on very well - were standing by his bed.
He took much Good to his health, was at last
up his strength, which given to him, a little at rather sudden. I hoped
time, as often as he could may be some comfort to
take it. He liked me to you that he had all the
& broth, & pudding & Due to who attended him

Castle Hospital,
Balaklava.
Dec 29/55

My dear Mrs. Kater
Your letter to Miss
Whitney was forwarded to
her here, where I have
been called by my
Hospital duties.
I think you see better
& assistance, from the
British Army. Your
presents apply to the
Secretary.
To a General Joseph Co-
linston
& you must do to as
follows



Landseer coming home after his day's shooting, & at a Deer in the gloaming, & thought no more about it. At 2 he was awakened by a Gillie. "Come out Sir, an extraordinary sight. You hit the Deer last night dying with the Dogs all round him, licking his wound. It, called at the Highland Currier, & dedicated it to Florence

I look very nice indeed. her hair is quite short, she wears a little black handkerchief and in her white cap has that bright innocent almost childlike look which I remember of old. We live in an atmosphere of uncertainty and various difficulties & perplexities. Now I have F. I live in the presence of the undaunted spirit & power to meet & grapple with them. If it were not from fears that nature should refuse to be so tasked, I could see her go on her way with satisfaction, difficult and perplexing as it is.

was very attentive, as was the nurse who attended to his wound, & I saw how my self, every place as did also my head ache. He had at the attendance of the High He asked me to write to you, though at that time he did not appear to anticipate that he should not recover. He asked me to send you a letter which would reach you by Post Office before the time I saw him. He could not speak very distinctly & I was not sure what he said, but I think he

received to be taken. He seemed to have rather a grateful & patient & quite resigned. I am truly grieved for the narrow this letter must give you. I hope you may find comfort in your sad loss in thinking that his earthly task is over, & in the hope of a happy

Castle Hospital
Balachava.
Dec 29/55

My dear Miss Platt
Your letter to Miss Anthony was forwarded to my house, which I have been called by my Hospital duties.
I think you are entitled to assistance from the Directors' fund. You must apply to the Secretary.
Rd. B. Jones Esq. Sec.
I am, dear Miss, as ever,
yours truly

It looks very nice indeed. Her hair is quite short, she wears a little black handkerchief and in her white cap has that bright innocent almost childlike look which I remember of old. We live in an atmosphere of uncertainty and various difficulties & perplexities. Now I have F. I live in the presence of the undaunted spirit & power to meet & grapple with them. If it were not from fears that Nature should expect to be so taxed, I could well let her go on her way, with satisfaction, difficult and perplexing as it is.



meeting in a better world.

I remain

Yours truly
Florence Nightingale

Landseer coming home after his day's shooting, at a Deer in the gloaming, & thought no more about it. At 2. he was awaked by a jillie. "Come out Sir, an extraordinary sight. You hit the Deer last night lying with the Does all round him, licking his wound. It called at the Highland Currier, & dedicated it to Florence

Edwards State
28 South Row, N. York Green
Nottinghamshire
widow
(here state your ages
& your names)

certificates to the person
(the wife your application)

Three days
April 8 years
2 years
1 year

Widow of Edward State (state if they are all
He got, about Transport, actually dependent
Cape. serving in the East India Co. (then state
When he died for sick (if you have other relief
died September 26th 1850. What also your
of Brassham, at Canton. Means of obtaining a
Married, reported. Civil book & how much
Lickup contracted. When you or your children
in discharge of his duty have any infirmity,
(enclose my certificates for a surgeon to certify
State when & where it have the statement
you were married - signed by a Magistrate
then your marriage or Minister & sent to



Landseer coming home after his day's shooting.
 At a Deer in the gloaming, I thought no more about
 it. he was awakened by a fellow. "Come out Sir,
 an extraordinary sight. You hit the Deer last night
 dying with the Does all round him, looking his woe.
 It, called at the Highland Currier, & dedicated it to Florence

F. looks very nice indeed.
 her hair is quite short, she
 wears a little black handkerchief
 and in her white cap has
 that bright innocent almost
 childlike look which I remem-
 ber of old. We live in an
 atmosphere of uncertainty and
 various difficulties & perplexities.
 Now I have F. I live in the
 presence of the undoubted spirit
 & power to meet & grapple
 with them. If it were not from
 fear that Nature should refuse
 to be so touched, I could see
 her go on her way, with
 satisfaction, diffidence and
 perplexing as it is.

meeting in a better
 world.

I remain

Yours truly
 Florence Nightingale

the above direction.
 I have applied to the
 Landseer Currier, & he has
 for her the carcass of a
 to be transmitted to you
 if any.

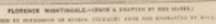
I have you all the money
 he had by him, at his
 own desire. He had the
 right to the clothing with
 the skin & the carcass
 transmitted to you.

I remain with your
 sympathy for your
 great loss, yours

Florence Nightingale

DOUBLE | PRICE FOURPENCE

BY MISS GILBERT
OR REVISED BY H. A. J.



30 Old Paulington St.
London.
Dec. 14/53

My dear friends

Your words of affectionate sympathy
come home to my heart & will be ever treasured
among recollections dear to me. I have read
each well remembered name in your Memorial
with grateful pleasure in having been thus
remembered by you.

My friends if I have been permitted a
little to labour in Gods work, I may not tell
your kind words my reward, because our
Fathers work needs no reward. Had to soothe
such sufferings as we can bravely borne was a
solace which could only make us grateful to be
so employed.

But this I will say. Your words shall



cheer me on while life lasts, in doing, each work
as may be yet permitted to me.

The country you live in is indeed my well-
beloved home. Its woods & fields & cottages are
cherished in my remembrance. It will gladden
me to see them again whenever my work will
permit. But I shall bear them the value of
your sympathy, if in it I find encouragement
still to do what I can, even though it keep me
at a distance from my home.

We can do no more for those who have suffered
& died in their country's service. They need
our help no longer - their spirits are with
God who gave them. It remains to us to
strive that their sufferings may not have been

endured in vain - to endeavour so to learn from
experience as to lessen such sufferings in future
by forethought & wise management.

God bless you all - I say with all my
heart, and I will beg you to think of, always
as your faithful friend & well wisher

(signed) Florence Nightingale

To the Household

in the Parish of East Willow.



idea is her profound position. One enemy, therefore, was worthily represented in the language of the day. (Chorus.) Let us hope that the mercy and natural improvement—the higher conduct of feeling and of conduct which the noble-hearted and patriotic of Miss Nightingale and the ladies who aided her efforts have introduced into our military hospitals, will not be prevented by your error with the women that give them life. With us as always before and continue from the same practical conduct of Florence Nightingale, courageously trained and informed, how her children in the future to which, sustained by a spontaneous impulse, she has looked her life, and now sustained by experience, such as perhaps no other power has acquired, let us hope that the nation may be enabled to reap the full benefit of her enlightened judgment and great capacity in the department in which she has in this country and in our own as well. And now let us propose to you the best which has been introduced to us—“Florence Nightingale.”

At the conclusion of this speech the tent was thronged with the greatest enthusiasm, and a very unusual feeling. The doctor on the platform, “laughed at a well-known incident of Miss Nightingale’s life.” “The Christian and her people employed in the late war” was afterwards composed by Dr. Graham and the company separated, after singing in chorus—“Auld lang syne.”

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

The statement is a large, satisfactory in the neighborhood of Newmarket, and an address to Miss Nightingale a few days since congratulating her upon her self return to her home and friends.

Miss Nightingale has returned the following reply—

August 21.

“My dear friends,—I wish it were in my power to tell you what was in my heart when, amongst your kind and generous friends, I have been about, have looked on more than I can tell in words. My dear friends, the things that are deepest in our hearts are perhaps what it is most difficult to us to express.”

“The last days what she said, I have never told, neither on the level of my life before, when I felt in the presence of the dear friends, who, in the light of God, to do as she has done. I will not speak of words, when possible, to do our country’s work. It is what we live for. But I may say that to receive sympathy from affectionate hearts, the power of the spiritual support, the greatest consolation, that it is possible for us to receive. I thank you all the while with grateful, thankful hearts, and I should have written before this, were not the business which my relatives had ended, about which I have longed.”

“Ever before me, my dear friends,
I am, with love and gratitude,
“FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.”

She must be herself, & which
He cannot part off, as it is all
For the work to which she has
Devoted her life. & for which
She will continue to strain
Long, even as long as she has
Life.
Her part is the most curious
thing you can imagine. Now
the biggest letters from the hospital

30 Old Burlington St.

London W.

May 21/60

Dear Madam,

I have long wished to contribute, if I could, to the good you are doing, and to know more about your own idea of the way in which it should be conducted.

I will ask you to accept the Mule Island.

I am myself overwhelmed with business and illness, from which there is no prospect of release for me but death.

But it would give me the truest pleasure to know a little more of (to help, if I could,) the effort you are making so successfully & in a way so interesting to me.

Yours most truly

Florence Nightingale

Forgive my addressing you not like a stranger.

There are the happiest beings I have
seen for a very long time, careering
about (one by half) in the intervals
of school, when they are made proud
of & glory is pleasurable to them; than
to their teachers -
There still remains Robert, an ex-little
woman, her face, a capital fellow.
The account the Nurses give of him is
astonishing, he considers the care of his
Nightingale rests entirely on him!
He has the lantern at night, when
he went among the hospital beds,
& the bathed by day, & under this
responsibility stands about 6 feet
high, altho' to the looking eye he is
very short. When he is tired, or
when he does not eat, which I am

absolute reproach, after having been driven
night & day for these 20 months. That
health & nerve for future work, even
lets itself depend upon a breathing time
now. It is very warm at the is, all that
the boys for is to come back to the home,
& then in it, whom she loves with a
deep & tender affection, for her to herself
Then you know the horror the has of any
demonstrations of feelings, it is necessary
to her feeling in every way. We are doing
our best to stop them on every side. I think
we have put an iron guard upon the boys
& the Nurses who were coming up here, by
pleas to look for her. We even stop her
dear children, the Soldiers, who were such
sensitive to receive her. The 3 regiments
on London wanted to send their Bands to
the Station to meet her, at any hour of
the day or night. They would have to have
gone there closed, but as this was impossible

they wished to send their wives & children.
It was very touching, but would have
lost her poor dear far too much.
I am afraid the reaction we always
decided, when the strain of the storm is
action is to do the worst, while that yet day,
was over, had begun, for dumb Mac
says, "The son of man seems hardly able
to cope the term from fatigue. People
call her looking well, & so she does, for the
heart's spirit within her, that tells on
her appearance without, but no
one, who is not constantly with her
can know how & how tired she really is."
Some of her friends of war have arrived.
A little sailor boy, with one leg, who was
10 months in her hospital; a little Russian
prisoner, who came into hospital for a
Cold, & being an orphan, he adopted

Sorry to say is generally, (Nobody
ever could make her care for food, & how
she hardly swallows anything, Aunt
Mai says, but I hope this partly the
heat.) Robert & Mrs Roberts (her head
Nurse) come to complain to Aunt Mai
as a personal injury. She says, you
have behaved beautifully in never
preparing her return, but leaving her
entirely to judge for herself, when it
ought to be.

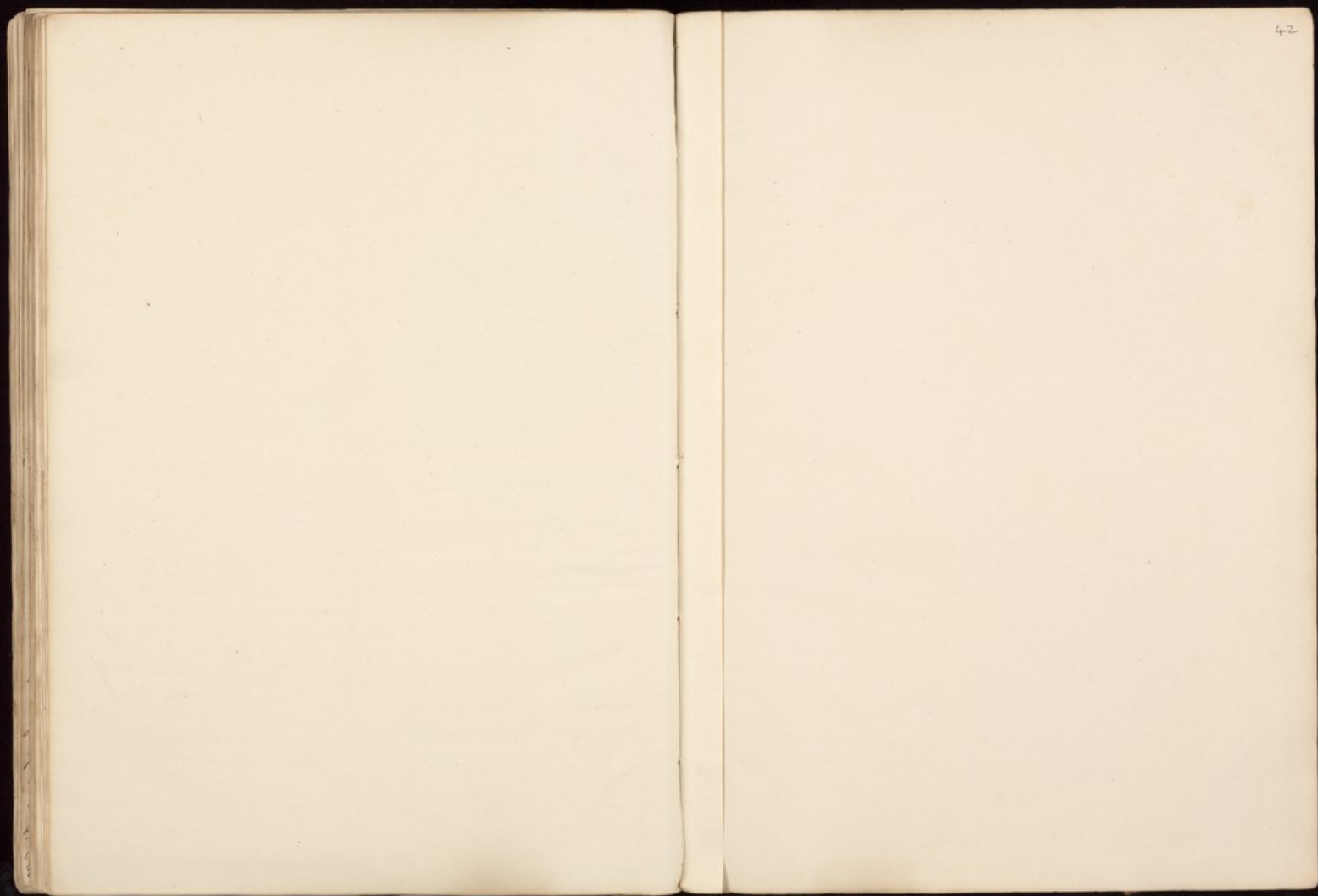
You have heard of the Sultan's
gift to her of a bracelet. She had
desired me not to mention it, but of
course it was known thro' the Press.
There is an inscription on it, of

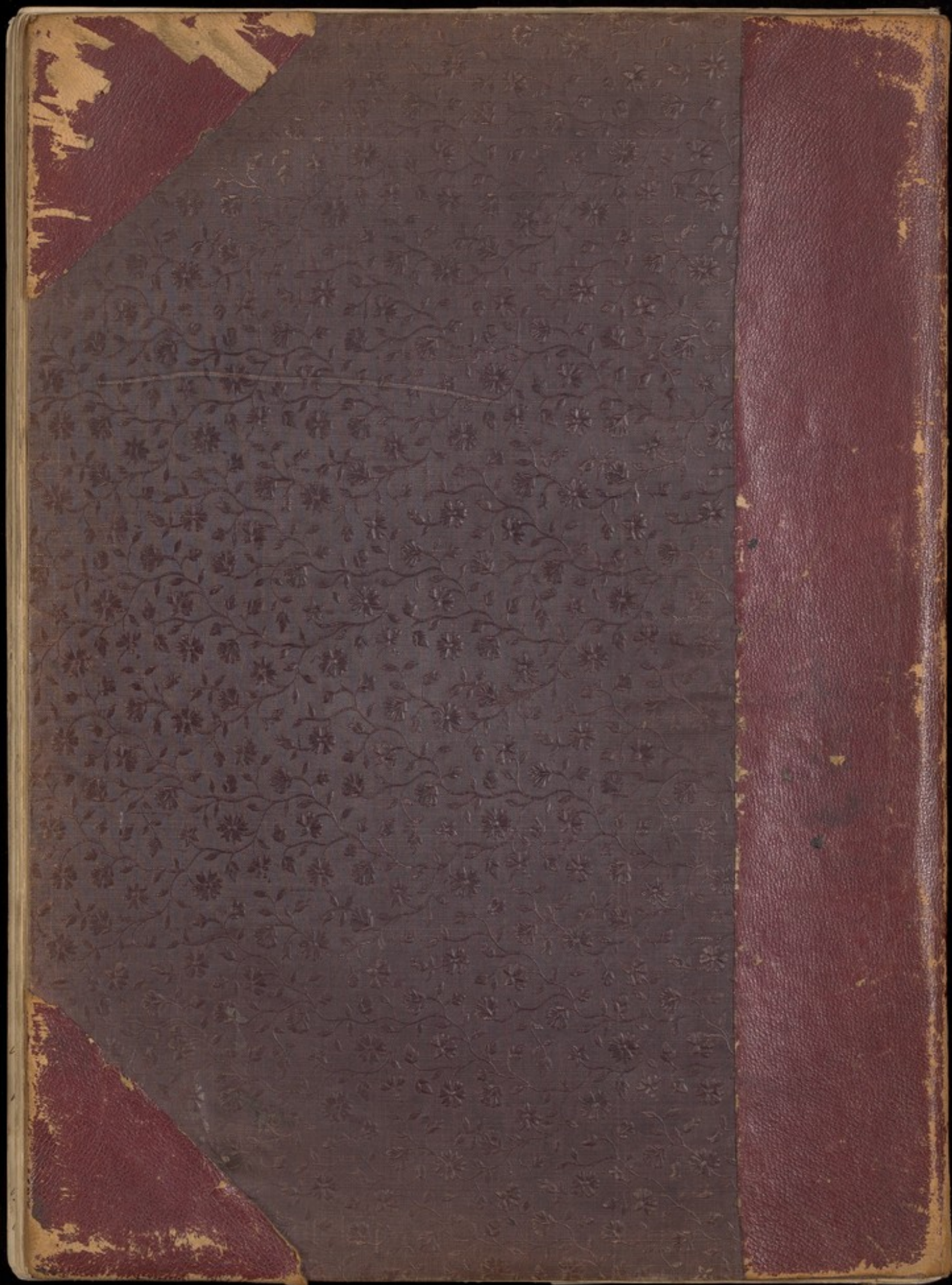
which she has the interpretation.
I think it very pretty. None of
the Sultan.

Lord Lyons offers her a ship to
any Port, that she pleases, but
she cannot bear giving any trouble.
So, her return depends partly
on what is convenient for herself
about which there is much uncertainty.

She has from Lord Panmure
every possible offer of facilitating
her return.

him into her Extra duty kitchen, where
he was for 9 months. One of the
Lady nurses undertook his theological
education, & asked him, when he would
go, when he died, if he were a good boy.
"O Miss Nightingale". He is a very
nice affectionate little fellow -
They slept a night in London, before
we saw them, & Peter cried all night
(says William the one leg), because
"he thought we were not going to
Miss N's home, but I knew we should go."
Thirry is a big Grimlan puppy, given
her by the Soldiers, found in a hole
in the rocks near Balaklava - her
Mama is as big as a calf.
A little Russian Cat died in the way
home, a similar gift, but these 2 other





Sent
Mr. Fox
17 Place 187

Wesleyan Methodist Magazine
July 1855 -

Robert Richardson had been for
some time in one of the classes
of the Wesleyan Sunday School
Sloane Terrace - Chapel - Chelsea

he enlisted in the 95th
which formed part of the British
force in the Crimea. young Robert
then not quite 20 was among
those who forced the slopes & stood
triumphant on the heights of Alma.
he also shared the perils of the
terrible conflict at Inkermann.
where he was struck down by a
musket ball which entered
his side. the wound was dangerous

was not mortal & in the hospital
at Santari the ball was extracted
& the life of the youth miraculously
saved. - During the wearisome
days & nights in that house of af-
fliction & amidst groaning galleries
of faint & prostrated men, the
youth was favored with all but
maternal nursing. His light gleam
as the head & presiding genius
bore the lady's own expression.
"watched as like an angel".
According to his statement, the
wounds of the sufferers were not
hardly met they were anticipated
& it may easily be imagined

that - in moments so critical
when life seemed rapidly ebbing
out, the cup of Sops, an ounce
a little generous wine kindly
given there & then left behind
a relish & flavor to be forgotten
only when life ceases -

When young Richardson ^{was so far} recovered
as to gain recollection & become
capable of conversation Miss M.
asked him "have you a praying brother
were you ever taught in a Sunday
School?" his grateful reply was in
the affirmative. So I thought
said she: for even in the height of
delirium you were always referring

to your inc. their progress. Talking
about your former teachers -
(the 95th numbered 11. ~~000~~ at first
130 at the close)

My dear Lady Sitwell

This has been sent us from
America, we have had it from four
or five different quarters. I think you
will like it. It is a beautiful expression
of an old thought. The best that we have
seen - America has been very busy with
her lately, & we have had books, one splendid
in binding & typography on 'World Noted Women'
& many odds & ends, babies named after
her, poems given on her. Did I tell you
of an offer to sell 50,000 copies of her words
on the Crimea!

(That mythical work which we cannot destroy
the belief in) & give her the money to found
an Institution for Nurses in America.

I wrote to Mr Jerry Barrett about you
& our joint of his picture of Scutari, but
have had no answer, tho' it is two months
or more ago. Could Mr Mc Bean give his
present direction?

I wonder whether a George Keade Mc Bean
son of William Mc Bean of the 73rd who writes
a dithyrambe on & from Antioch Samaria.
'sory fields' 'robustly sacrifice' "Clangour of
war" very curious & rather touching. 4 pages
of it. is any connection of theirs.

With all our kindest regards & love
ever dear Lady Sitwell yours affectionately
Percy -

The Soldier Beggars don't exist for her:
for her.

War Music

The merest soldier is to day,
The poet of his art,
Tho' he should neither sigh nor say
The transports of his heart—
His Genius writes in words of steel,
And utters them in Thunder,
Whilst we wamp speech for what we feel
and sit at home and wonder,
and throw from England with a cry
Saw dashed into the strife,
More Men of ours, who rode to die,
Like Men, who ride for life,
Whose souls ere well the word had gone,
Into the smoke were hurl'd,
Who bound on bound went charging on
Into another world—
No lower prouder heart beats knew
N'er sighed "a truer breath"
Than they, who with loose bridle flew
Into the arms of death.
Doubt not, I say, the hearts of all
A grander music made
When rushing to the funeral
Than ever clarion play'd.
and she, no less, who three times blest,
No longer reads and hears,
But laying down the dumb death list,
E'en helps instead of Tears—
The champion of her Country's Cause
as faithful and as brave
As he, who sword in battle draws
For triumph or the grave—
E'en she, who, bleeding at her feet
Sees many a hero laid,
Whose task tho' terrible as death
Has found her not afraid—
Deep in her heart of holy fire,
Be sure such music rings,
as never yet Apollo's lyre
Felt trembling on its strings—

with MS. 5484

CC.

To L. J. S

I will find an autograph for your
old gentleman whose enthusiasm
in Florence's Cause is very touching
& delights us. She never signs more
than F.N. She is very busy
with a press, which she has been
desir'd to make out, private for
Government, also with the Naval
Hospitals, which have desir'd her
to inspect them; also sundry
Hospitals in London & no end of
other work. It is the most beautiful
thing to watch her - I can conceive
the perfect absence of all thought of
Self, the high object before her
like a star, which she speeds on
arresting, never chilled by failure,

undaunted by thwarting; never
elated by success, only using it as
the step to gain other & better things
for her kind - I cannot conceive
a truer life than hers is, for with
all this earnest seeking, after great
objects, she is as interested in the
little matters of home, when she is
with us as possible. She is truly fulfilling
the work God sent her into the world to do.
& very thankful we are to have been
granted to see her & sit, & that she has
been spared (as we so little expected)
to carry out more of it here in England.
She never forgets her Soldiers in other
Interests - There is always some reading room
at Aldershot, some evening School, some
work for them going on & you can't think
how beautiful it is to see their devotion to her,
manifesting itself in never asking her for
anything -

In answer to Dr. B. saying that
he never spoke of herself.

I am in bed with a severe
attack of Sciatica, which
increases the pain which is
awful does not appear to have
damaged me much - I tell
you this that you may not say
out if you see my convalescence
in the Times how shocked
you are which really hurts
my feelings - I have now

had all that this climate can
give, Malaria fever, Diarrhea
Rheumatism & believe myself
thoroughly acclimated and
ready to stand out the War
with any man.

I wish I could say the same
of noble brave Mr. Stewart who
I fear is breaking up. But
faithfulness is so eminently his
that I hear his master says
"Thou hast been faithful over
a few things I will make thee
ruler over many."

War brings one back to the

Judaic time, & quite out of
the civilized conventional
ambitions of the 19th century.

War makes Deborahs &
Abrahams & Achitophels.

In an interview between the
Queen of Holland & F R the Queen
said, ^{in very good English} to her little boy aged 6
"Kiss the hand of Miss F R &
when you are a man you
will be very proud of having
done so?" from a Bylander

with MS. 5484

says that I has not been out of
her room, scarcely off her sofa
but twice in the last month. She is
still so feeble, so sleepless, & feverish
& has no appetite. She calls her state
prosecutions, tho' there is no disease.
Nothing but sheer overwork. ^{even now} She
cannot keep her hands off work, & has
had a Commissioner down to see her
& bring her papers. God grant she
may give herself rest now to bring her
round.

Will you kindly tell me the rules
of the Blind Asylum at Nottingham
a Farmer's wife near South Wingfield
brought a poor little blind lad here
the other day, whom she would like
to put in there, as they can do nothing
for him at the Hospital. He is
aged 6 & has a great taste for music.
An interesting little fellow very -

With all our kindest remembrances
Dear Lady Sitwell

Ever your affectionate
Percy R.

We really hope that I see her
way to many of the reforms in army
matters in which she has set her heart,

& for which she will think all she
has undergone nothing if she can only
live, but you can have no notion of
the uphill fight it has been, how
how touching her patient perseverance
& gentle earnest urgency has been -
God grant her the success she has
striven for so truly in His spirit. it is
with her a holy work - & the men who
work with her seem to feel it so. it
is very beautiful to see the effect upon
them of her perfect disinterestedness. her

single aim, at what is right & true,
her entire forgetfulness of self.

I send you two or three scraps
from Lady Sitwell which I do not think
you have had, knowing you care for
all belonging to her.

With all our affectionate thoughts

Yours always

Parthe Nightingale
~~unforgotten~~

with MS. 5484

like an eternal reparation - to the
boy himself (boy no longer) of course
action is a pleasant thing, & if it were not

A MISS NIGHTINGALE

ODE

DEL CONTE OTTAVIO TASCA

*dedicata al suo onorevole amico C. HOLT BRACEBRIDGE di Atherstone-Hall
Scudiero, reduce dall'Oriente, dove,
in unione di M^{re} BRACEBRIDGE degna sua compagna, con infaticabile
zelo e intelligente carità cooperò alla missione eminentemente
cristiana di Miss NIGHTINGALE.*

Il Signore ti faccia la retri-
buzione delle sue opere e siati
il premio renduto appieno dal
Signore Iddio d'Israel.
(RUT II. 12.)

Quando l'Agnel purissimo
Ligio al voler paterno,
Spezzando le terribili
Porte del vinto inferno.
Espiator sul Golgota
Del fallo uman perì,
Al pio che del Calvario
Per l'erte dolorose
Seguir lo volle, e agli omeri
La propria croce impose
D'immenso sacrificio
Eterno esempio offrì.
Dalla celeste vittima
Compito il gran riscatto,
Strinser redenti gli uomini
Con Dio novello un patto,
E del vil senso infransero
La lunga schiavitù.

Si sollevâr gli spiriti
Dal mortal fango al cielo;
Chè i santi cementandovi
Dettami del Vangelo,
Nuova quel sangue infondere
Seppe nei cor virtù
Rotto il servaggio duplice
Ond'era il mondo oppresso,
Tutti ci volle stringere
Cristo in fraterno amplesso;
Chè la sua legge è simbolo
Di mutua carità.
Quanti al divino esempio
Fatti animosi e forti
Scordâr sè stessi e memori
Sol degli altrui conforti
Si fèr campioni e martiri
Dell'egra umanità!

Ma fra color che calcano
La benedetta via
Nullo in pietà ti supera,
O generosa e pia
Serva di Cristo e interprete
Del suo divin pensier.

Mentre sua cara e nobile
Figlia te l'Anglia appella,
Te chiama a un grido unanime
L'orbe cristian *Sorella*:
I pari tuoi per patria
Han l'universo inter.

Chè a un popol sol non volgesi
La carità cristiana,
Ma tutta al seno stringersi
Ama la stirpe umana
Da dove nasce all'ultimo
Lido ove muore il dì.

Là dove è un pianto a tergere
O ad alleggiare un duolo
D'amor sugl'instancabili
Vanni ella accorre a volo:
Profonde il ben, nè curasi
Ove il profonda e a chi.

Quando il superbo despota
Che a tanto mondo impera
Sui valli di Bisanzio
Piantar la sua bandiera
Volle e alla Neva il Bosforo
Sotto un sol giogo unir,

A propugnar s'accinsero
La minacciata terra
L'Anglia e la Francia, e turbine
Tal si levò di guerra,
Che in dubbio fia che il revochi
L'attonito avvenir.

Allor lasciando i placidi
Agi del tetto avito,
E di te fatta immemore,
Tu ricercasti il lito,
Ove a pugar scendevano
Barbarie e civiltà.

Quante asciugasti lacrime!
Quanti calmasti affanni!
Pari a uno spirto eterico
Che sui dorati vanni
Scende ministro ai miseri
Di pace e di pietà.

Non te del mar gl'instabili
Gorgi o'l tuonante cielo,
Nè fra le rupi inospite
L'ardente sole o il gelo
Da quell'oprar distolsero
Che Cristo inspira al cor.

Più la natura indocile
Dè morbi col flagello
Vuol tua costanza abbattere,
Più di vigor novello
A te ricinge l'anima
Il braccio del Signor.

Sia che minacci indomito
Morbo al guerrier la vita,
O lo condanni a gemere
Tocca in pugar ferita,
Di caritade un angelo
Trova ogni afflitto in te.

Pietosa sempre, all'anima
Di chi si muor contrito
Tu mostri oltre le tenebre
D'eterna luce il lito,
Ove d'un ben non labile
Dio la promessa fe'.

Astro fedel benefico

Te nel crudel periglio
Ebbre di gioia acclamano
Madri, cui rendi un figlio,
Pensando il dì che reduce
Lo stringeranno al cor ;

Spose per te di vedove
Sfuggite ai lutti acerbi ;
Suore a' cui baci un tenero
Fratel, già pianto, serbi,
Che di lor man ricingere
Potran di lauri ancor.

Nè sol teatro è Scutari

Di tue pietose gesta ;
Chè sull'Eusino il turbine
Sfidando e la tempesta,
Sempre d'un spirto angelico
Imagine fedel,

Di Balaclava a' squalidi
Sacri al dolore ostelli
Movesti e alle miserie
Di tanti eroi fratelli
Recasti il doppio farmaco
Che t'affidava il ciel.

Schiva d'encomio ed umile

So che ti fa la Croce ;
Ma dal tuo cor respingere
No tu non puoi la voce
D'umanità che volgesi
Riconoscente a te.

Figlio d'Italia ed esule
Dal caro ciel natío,
T'offro, pia donna, un libero
Canto ; chè dopo Dio
Chi più ne imita il provvido
Senno, onorar si dè.

Con mal repressi aneliti,
Con palpito frequente,
Fiso l'immoto ed avido
Mio sguardo all'Oriente,
Tutti i miei voti affrettano
Della gran lotta il fin.

E prego Iddio che mitighi
Il despotismo in trono ;
Che d'equie leggi e placidi
Sensi gl' infonda il dono,
E che gli oppressi popoli
Abbian riposo alfin.

Alla gran pugna io volgere

Con ansia e con cordoglio
Solea lo sguardo, or volgerlo
Poss'io con giusto orgoglio ;
Chè Italia pur battesimo
Di sangue vi trovò ;

Ed agl'ingiusti ed avidi
Suoi detrattor diè prova,
Ch'a glorie antiche aggiugnere
Puote una gloria nuova :
Chè libertà, non l'animo
A' figli suoi mancò.

Carchi di glorie belliche

Ai tempi che verranno
Della Tchernaiia, d'Inkermann,
Dell'Alma i nomi andranno,
E per le vene scorrere
Faranno ai Russi un gel.

Sempre di sangue e gemiti
Brutta è l'umana storia :
Ma benedetto e splendido
D'intemerata gloria
Andrà tuo nome ai posteri
Caro alla terra, al ciel.

Non sdegnar dunque il cantico
Che i grati sensi esprime
D'un'alma in cui l'immagine
Di tua virtù sublime
Vien d'un penoso esilio
Le angosce a consolar.

Invan la tua modestia
Al plauso uman ti ceta :
Fra l'erbe umil la mammola
S'asconde , e pur la svela
Profumo tal , che l'aere
Può intorno imbalsamar.

Roma fregiò di civica
Corona , e come ambita !
Chi salva fe' in battaglia
D'un cittadin la vita.
Oh ! quanti offrir consimili
Serti dovremmo a te !
Ma a te non dece il labile
Premio d'uman tributo.
L'eterno , l'impassibile
Serto che t'è dovuto
Lassù fra i santi e gli angeli
L'avrai dal Re dei re.



MISS NIGHTINGALE.

The workmen in a large manufactory in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, sent an address to Miss Nightingale a few days since, congratulating her upon her safe return to her home and friends. Miss Nightingale returned the following reply:—

“August 23, 1856.

“My Dear Friends,—I wish it were in my power to tell you what was in my heart when I received your letter. Your welcome home—your sympathy with what has been passing while I have been absent—have touched me more than I can tell in words. My dear friends, the things that are deepest in our hearts are perhaps what it is most difficult to us to express. ‘She hath done what she could.’ These words I inscribed on the tomb of one of my best helpers, whom I left in the grave-yard at Scutrai. It has been my endeavour, in the sight of God, to do as she has done. I will not speak of reward, when permitted to do our country’s work. It is what we live for. But I may say that to receive sympathy from affectionate hearts like yours, is the greatest support, the greatest gratification, that it is possible to me to receive from man. I thank you all, the 1,800, with grateful, tender affection; and I should have written before to do so, were not the business—which my return home has not ended—almost more than I can manage.—Pray believe me, my dear friends, yours faithfully and gratefully,

(Signed) “FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.”

produced in the United States. It is estimated that the bill will, if passed, reduce the annual revenue about \$6,000,000.

The bill altering the arrangements regarding carrying the mails in ocean steamers has also been under discussion; and an amendment calling on the President to give notice to the Collins' Company of the termination of the additional allowance for the conveyance of the English mails adopted.

A yacht in Boston harbour came in collision with one of the ferry boats, and was sunk. Out of ten persons on board the yacht, four ladies were drowned.

The Californian news, although 16 days later, is not of much general importance. The *Alla California*, of July 21, gives the following summary of the leading events since the departure of the previous mail:—

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“California is still convulsed by an active, peculiar, and powerful public opinion. About the middle of May the panorama of our troubles began to unroll and expose the startling scenes of our present history, and though the belief

the meetings.

DUMB DOG TEAREM.—Whose dog is Tearem? That Tearem alone can tell; but he is silent. The Hungarian constitution is abolished; Hungary is placed under something like martial law; but not a bark nor even a whine from Tearem. Can Tearem be muzzled? Is Tearem the dog of John Bull, or Francis Joseph's dog? Tearem represents himself as a house-dog; but what sort of a house-dog is he? Surely not a Hapsburg-house dog?—*Punch*.

in the fields with an appropriate service.

HEALTH OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.—The friends of this lady will regret to learn that her health continues extremely precarious, as will be seen from the following letter, handed to us by a gentleman resident in Bath:—"Hampstead, N.W., Oct. 22, 1861.—My dear sir, —I very well remember the kindness of your 1,800 men, when they addressed me some years ago from Newcastle. It is the remembrance of that kindness which makes me feel now that I must answer your note with my own hand, although ill-health and overwhelming business seldom allow me to do so, even among my nearest friends. I have ventured to send you, by post, six copies of my little book on nursing, which you may find useful among your people. Also two books on the Crimean army, published some years ago, and which I think I may have sent you before. If so, do not trouble yourself to return them. In answer to your kind inquiry, I have passed the last four years between four walls, only varied to other four walls once a year; and I believe there is no prospect but of my health becoming ever worse and worse, till the hour of my release. But I have never ceased, during one waking hour since my return to England, five years ago, labouring for the welfare of the army at home, as I did abroad. And no hour have I given to friendship or amusement during time, but all to work. To that work the death of my dear chief, Sidney Herbert, has been a fatal blow. I assure you it is always a support-giving strength to me to find a national sympathy with the army, and our efforts for it; such a sympathy as you express.—Believe me, dear sir, sincerely yours, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have returned to Dunrobin Castle from Tarbet.

The following is the traffic return of the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railway Company for the four weeks ending Sept. 19 : For the week ending August 29, 1,185*l.* ; corresponding week, 1860, 1,297*l.* For the week ending Sept. 5, 2,146*l.* ; corresponding week, 1860, 2,032*l.* For the week ending Sept. 12, 1,554*l.* ; corresponding week, 1860, 1,261*l.* For the week ending Sept. 19, 1,401*l.* ; corresponding week, 1860, 1,436*l.*

At the annual meeting of the Colonial Life Assurance Company, held at Edinburgh on the 1st inst., the report showed the following results : The number of proposals for assurance made to the company during the year was 886 for assuring 559,165*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.* ; the amount of assurances accepted was 429,175*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.* ; the corresponding annual premiums being 15,953*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* ; the claims by death during the year, exclusive of bonus additions amounted to 33,983*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* ; the annual revenue was 119,353*l.* 3*s.* ; and the accumulated fund amounted to 412,016*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.* Reviewing the progress of the company during the fifteen years which have elapsed since its establishment, the report states that it has "fulfilled entirely the most sanguine views of its promoters." After various details had been given respecting the

tions at the Two Brothers, Wheal Stuart, and Chambers Consols, are progressing favourably."

The Kapunda Mining Company have received advices to 26th September from their manager. The men were to commence working in the levels of the 50 and 60 fathom shafts on the 28th, the water being now out and the levels quite dry. The lode had been cut at the 20 fathoms in the

WIK MS. 5484

Times Jan 21, 50 5484
 THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The following letter so forcibly and so elegantly describes my own feelings, and which I believe to be those of many of the promoters of the Nightingale Fund, that I must beg the favour of your giving it publicity.

Your obedient servant,
 C. H. BRACEBRIDGE.

"My dear Mr. Bracebridge,—I desire to transmit, through you, my subscription to the Nightingale Fund, partly for personal reasons which you will understand, but mainly as it affords me an opportunity of asking you a question.

"I have observed, with great regret, that there prevails an uncertainty, and consequent mistrust of the purposes and applications of the fund, which operates injuriously upon the subscription.

"Many persons say, 'We should be delighted to concur in any testimonial to Miss Nightingale, but when we are asked to contribute towards the establishment of an institution of the principle and administration of which we know nothing, we hesitate, lest, in our desire to do honour to the individual, we should be unwittingly promoting what we may hereafter see reason to disapprove.'

"Now, to such objectors the answer which I have given is this. The idea of this movement is, not to confer distinction on Miss Nightingale (for what can any testimonial do for her?) but to afford to the people of every class and of all parties an opportunity of manifesting their gratitude, and to record for the admiration of future ages an unexampled case of heroic self-devotion and the highest Christian philanthropy. It matters comparatively little what shape or form this memorial may assume. The chief thing is, that the debt of the nation should be paid, and that the world should see that England knows how to honour one who, in the eyes of all the world, has done honour to her. In such a work let there be no backwardness or misgivings. For the appropriation of the tribute let us have faith in one whose life has shown that she is worthy of all confidence. If her desire would be, as those who know her best suppose, that it should be made an instrument of public usefulness, let us believe that she, whose mission on earth has been that of administering comfort to the suffering in the houses of pain and death, and who, from long experience, is best able to judge what is needful for this work of exalted charity, will make the best practical use of the national bounty. To those who really understand Miss Nightingale, and know how her whole energies and being are absorbed in the actual work before her, it would seem to be an impertinence to ask her, at such a moment, for a definite scheme as to the future application of a tribute which she has not sought for, or even, so far as it appears, desired. Sufficient to her is the appointed work of the day. God only knows when she may be released from her self-imposed task of active duty, and under what conditions that release may come. But if a time should come when health and leisure will permit her to apply her thoughts to the founding of an institution destined to render permanent the precarious benefits which now in a great degree depend on her personal efforts, we may be assured of one thing, that her project will be conceived and executed, not in any narrow spirit of sectarianism, but on the broadest and most comprehensive principles of practical Christianity, and with the earnest desire humbly to accomplish the will of Him who said, 'Come ye blessed; for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me.' If, however, from any cause, the administration of the fund should devolve into other hands, there will be time enough hereafter for explanation and direction.

"Such has been my answer, and such are the feelings with which I subscribe my mite. Tell me, have I not rightly apprehended the views of the promoters, or, at all events, faithfully interpreted yours?

"Believe me, ever faithfully yours,

—resting in the bedrooms of the deceased, accompanied by Mrs. Fearon, the sister of Mrs. Burton, proceeded to the dwelling of the prisoner, No. 10, Selby-street East, Bethnal-green, to see her children. They were joined by the prisoner, who returned, in company with his wife and Mrs. Fearon, to Mr. Burton's residence. The deceased and Mrs. Fearon went into Mrs. Burton's bedroom to take off their bonnets and shawls, and while Mrs. Fearon was in the act of untying the deceased's bonnet the prisoner rushed in upon them, armed with a new clasp knife, with which he stabbed his wife in three places, and she died a few minutes afterwards. Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Fearon, in endeavouring to save the deceased from the fury of her husband, were both wounded. They have entirely recovered from the effects of the injuries they received.

Mr. YARDLEY said, he had not heard this case last week; it was originally before his colleague, but he had no doubt it would be one for trial.

Mr. Lewis.—I can't gainsay that, for a verdict of "Wilful murder" has been already returned by the coroner's jury.

Mr. YARDLEY.—It is not quite regular or legal to say I shall commit the prisoner for trial before I have heard the evidence, but I have no moral doubt I must commit the prisoner for trial.

Mr. Lewis.—I shall have occasion to ask a few questions.

Mr. YARDLEY.—Certainly. I will examine the witnesses who saw the transaction; then the witnesses to facts preceding the transaction, and afterwards the witnesses to facts succeeding the transaction, I shall marshal them that way. I will hear any witnesses you may have to call, Mr. Lewis.

Mr. Lewis.—I thank you, Sir.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fearon was the first witness called. She was labouring under great nervous excitement, and, being accommodated with a seat close to the bench, Mr. YARDLEY addressing her said, "You have a public duty to perform, and you must exert your strength to do it and not give way to your feelings." The woman, who occasionally looked very anxiously and affectionately towards the prisoner, in addition to her former evidence said—On Boxing-day I went home with Mrs. Corrigan to visit her children. We met the prisoner in the house, and he appeared very cross because he had been at home and not found his wife there. Mrs. Corrigan said, "Oh! how cross he looks; tell him you have been with me to look after the children;" which was the fact. Mrs. Corrigan also said, "Perhaps, that will pacify him. Directly afterwards the prisoner came into the room where we were, and said to his wife, "Where have you been?" to which she replied, "I have been with Mrs. Fearon to see to the children." The prisoner said, "You might have come home and looked after the baby." Mrs. Corrigan said, "Don't be cross; the baby has been well looked after." The prisoner said he would have his tea at home. I advised him not, as we had to return to Mr. Burton's to tea. The prisoner hesitated a moment, and then said he would have a wash and return with us. After he had washed he took his wife's arm, and he wished me to take his other arm. We all got into a cab, and up to that time there was no quarrel at all. Nothing happened between the prisoner and his wife in the cab. On reaching Mr. Burton's house I wanted to pay my share of the cab-hire, and the prisoner and his wife laughed at me and said I should do no such thing. We all went into the sitting-room on the second floor together, and I and Mrs. Corrigan left the prisoner there and went into the bedroom to take off our bonnets and shawls. We had been there about a minute when the prisoner came out of the sitting-room, paused for a minute on the landing, and his wife said, "Who is that?" The prisoner put his hand to his head, and I fancied he was counting money. He then came into the bedroom hastily. I was at that moment untying his wife's bonnet, and he separated us, rushed upon his wife, and threw her on the bed. I thought he was about to strike her, and tried to separate them. I put up my right arm towards his wife and my left arm to the prisoner, and said, "Don't strike her!" I saw her all over blood, and rushed out of the room and exclaimed, "He is murdering her!" Before I rushed out of the room the deceased exclaimed, "Oh, oh!" He threw her on the bed before I felt the blood on my arm. I thought at first he was thumping her when he separated us and threw her on the bed. She was lying on her back, and he struck her on the shoulder and stomach. When I got

MISS NIGHTINGALE.—The *Court Journal* says:—
“Her Majesty paid the most marked attention to Miss Nightingale during her visit, and in the long conversation with which the young lady was honoured expressed in the most gracious and feeling manner, her appreciation of her services and self denial.” Miss Nightingale has been the guest of Sir James Clark at Birkhall, Prince Albert’s estate adjoining Balmoral, and it will be satisfactory to her friends to know that she has greatly enjoyed the retirement and comforts of Her Majesty’s Highland home.”

constituency, (and I have no desire to undervalue or deprecate them) he has by his late unparalleled course totally forfeited those claims; and I have yet to learn that Almwch will be the only borough in the county of Anglesey, who will come forward to signify their sense firstly, of the underhand way in which he has recently acted towards me; secondly, of his conduct in converting PRIVATE AND UNAUTHORIZED communications into topics for public addresses: and lastly, I have yet to learn that they will permit it to go forth to the world that they, and they alone of the constituencies and people of Great Britain, will mark their sense of the ser

HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

We have been favoured with the following extract from a private letter :—

“Constantinople, 21st Jan., 1855.

“I send these few lines to let you know that we depart from this place either to-morrow or the next day, and go to Corfu with sick soldiers. Our ship is filled up, fore and aft, with two tiers of bunks, in all 350 ; and as we are to take 500, the remaining 150 are to sleep in hammocks. Great attention has been paid to the comfort of these poor fellows ; each man has a Turkish quilt in lieu of a bed, and also three double blankets ; so that you will see by this that the arrangements for these poor men are very different to what they were some few months ago. We also have three sergeants to attend to them, besides the usual number of hospital orderlies told off to each hundred men. The great change for the better that has taken place in regard to everything connected with the hospital, is almost entirely owing to the great attention and kindness of Miss Nightingale and her assistants, of whom it is impossible to speak too highly ; they work day and night—dressing wounds, reading to the poor wounded fellows, and performing various little acts of kindness, for which they are very thankful, and make them think that the people in England have really some thought of the brave men who have left their country to fight in this fearful war.”

Grace the Duke of Newcastle has received a
ch of which the following is a copy, addressed
Grace by Field-Marshal the Lord Raglan, G.C.B.

Before Sebastopol, Jan. 15.

Lord Duke—The fall of snow has been very great
last three days, and it is now fully a foot deep ;
I am assured, is a very unusual occurrence in
rt of the Crimea.

circumstance adds materially to our difficulties
aining fuel ; but detachments of Turks are posted
e coast to bring up wood, which has been cut by
of our own in the neighbourhood of the monas-
St. George, to the nearest divisions.

happy to say that the number of wounded in
tie of the Russians, on the night of the 12th
was only six instead of thirty-six, as I erroneously
ed to your Grace in my despatch of the 13th, and
was altogether a less serious affair than was at
ported.

lose the return of casualties between the 12th and
nclusive.

night the enemy attacked the French advanced
in considerable force, but were repulsed after a
contest and some loss on both sides.

I have, &c.

RAGLAN.

Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c. &c.

N OF OFFICERS WOUNDED FROM 12TH TO 14TH
JANUARY, 1855.

WOUNDED.

TH JANUARY, 1855—68TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

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with MS. 5484

A movement has been commenced by some working men in Sheffield to erect a monument in that town to the memory of our countrymen who fell in the Crimea. They communicated, through Miss Shore, of Meersbrook, with Miss Nightingale, requesting that she would consent to lay the foundation-stone. Miss Nightingale replied as follows, at the same time enclosing a cheque for 20l.:—

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“Lea Hurst, Matlock, Oct. 23.

“My dear Lydia—The purpose mentioned to me in your letter has my deepest sympathy. It would have been most congenial with my feeling, on my return from the death-beds of so many brave men, to take a part in it. I shall be with the men of Sheffield in spirit, whenever they execute their proposed plan. It is with real pain that I feel compelled to decline the privilege which they offer me—of laying the first stone. But I believe I shall best honour the cause of those brave dead by abstaining from appearing to court that publicity which I consider to have been my greatest impediment in the work I have been engaged in for their sakes; impeding it by arousing in some minds care for worldly distinctions. I should be glad that Mr. Overend should make known to those who had expressed a desire that I should lay the first stone, my reasons and my sorrow for not doing so; and should say also that I feel an especial regret in declining this at Sheffield, from old and dear family recollections connected with the place.—Pray believe me, my dear Lydia, ever very truly yours,

“FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Shore, Meersbrook.”

hold the expression of our feelings at the conduct of the proceedings and the judgment pronounced in the case 'Ditcher v. Denison.'

" 1. That in the constitution of the original commission, at Clevedon, commissioners should have been selected, all of whom were known to entertain views opposite to those of the person whose case they had to try; one of whom, moreover, had been previously brought into actual collision with the defendant on a doctrinal question.

" 2. That being cited before this commission on a charge of false doctrine, the defendant should have been refused a hearing, either by counsel or in person, in defence or in explanation of his doctrine.

" 3. That by the Court assembled at Bath the Articles should have been pronounced to be the sole standard of doctrine in the Church of England and that in the judgment delivered all reference to the Liturgy and formularies of the Church, by which the clergy are equally bound, should have been disallowed.

" 4. That whereas in the case 'Bishop of Exeter v. Gorham,' involving a question of institution to a benefice, the principle had been laid down with the sanction of the Primate, that the formularies of the Church

Mr. J. HOSKINS, of Gosport, said he wished to call their attention for one moment to the heavenly ministrations of British womanhood during the late war. (Hear, hear.) Nothing could be more delightful or heart-soothing than to find when the news reached this country of the privations and sufferings of our brave countrymen 10,000 female hands, in the cottages of the humble, in the dwellings of the middle classes, in the mansions of the noble, and in the palace of Royalty itself, were employed in providing comforts for those enduring privations in the Crimea. (Cheers.) But, amid all that generous sisterhood there arose a still brighter star than all, and we were startled into admiration and surprise when we learnt that a heroic woman in England had volunteered her personal services to attend the sick, wounded, and dying at the seat of war. (Cheers.) Influenced by her example, others of her sex enlisted under the same banner, and, leaving home, friends, and country, regardless of privation, suffering, disease, and death, intent only on their angelic mission, went forth the best, noblest, and most heroic band of British volunteers that ever embarked from the shores of England. (Cheers.) Then, in the hospitals of Scutari they were found, like ministering angels, by the bedside of the sick man, administering to his comfort, giving him hope and consolation, and relieving his fears. Many a brave soldier had lived to tell of the benefits he derived from their mission of mercy; and many a hero had cast his last long lingering look on Florence Nightingale, and whispered his dying blessing on her name. (Cheers.) That name would be enshrined for all time in the hearts of all her countrymen and countrywomen of every denomination; even our most gracious Sovereign herself, the most illustrious of her sex, had done honour to her name, and the pen of the historian would hand it down to posterity encircled with a halo of glory. (Cheers.) He would ask them to drink to the health and happiness of Florence Nightingale.

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and responded to by Mr. BONHAM-CARTER, M P., a relative of Miss Nightingale, in a few brief, spirited words, in the course of which he said Miss Nightingale felt in the deepest manner grateful for the kind feelings and sympathy evinced towards her whenever her name was mentioned in any assembly of her countrymen.

cted.)	10	Do., fixed 4½ per ct...	All	10 — 10½
	25	Stockton & Darlington		
d., 12s.		5 per cent.	All	27 — 28
	25	Do.	15	2 — 3 pm.
3½ per	5	Waterford & Kilkenny		
3½ per		6 per cent.	All	1½ — 1½ dis.

FOREIGN.

	Shrs.	Railways.	Paid.	Closing Prices.	Business
	10	Antwerp & Rotterdam	All	7½ to 7½	
	20	Ardennes	10	4 — 5 pm.	
29, 103½	5	Belgian Eastern Junc.	All	1½ — 1½	
	20	Beziers to Graissessac..	14	3½ — 3½ pm.	
ranteed,	18	Bombay, Bar., & Cent.			
		India, gua. 5 per ct...	9	1 — 1½ pm.	
9, 103½ 3	20½	Buffalo & Lake Huron	8	½ dis. — ½ pm.	
ificates,	100	Buffalo, Brant. & Gode- rich 6 p.c. bds, Aug. 1, 1872, endrsd. by Buff. and L. Huron	100	95 — 100	
	100	Do., July 1, 1873, do.	100	92 — 95	
ARTLE-	100	Do., June 1, 1874, do.	100	90 — 94	
nap in	6	Carmaux & Toulouse			
aturday		Cl. Mine & Rail. ..	All	5½ — 5½	5½ 2½
whether	20	Ceylon B shares	1	.. — ..	
ent fall	20	Dutch Rhenish	12	2 — 2½ pm.	
as per-	20	Eastern of France	All	36 — 36½	
be per-	20	Do., New	19	12½ — 13½ pm.	
le upon		Do., 5 per cent. obl...		18½ — 19½	
ottom of	20	E. Indian, A & B., gua.			
st upon.		5 per cent.	All	22½ — 23	
at about	20	Do., Exten. C, do. ..	10	1½ — 2½ pm.	
the lar-	20	Do., Exten. D, do. ..	All	22 — 22½ pm.	
g swung	20	Euphrates Valley	2s.	½ — ½ pm.	
when it	20	Geelong & Melbourne,			
upon the		gua, 5 per cent.	All	22½ — 23	
king the	25	Grand Trunk of Canada	All	12½ — 13½	13
timbers.	100	Do., Comp. 6 p.ct. do.			
agent, it		con. into stk. till '63	All	82 — 84	82½ 4
ly of a	20	Great Central of France	14	6½ — 7 pm.	11½
e bell to		Do. 3 per cent. obl. ..		11½ — 11½	
necessary	20	Do. new do.		11½ — 11½	
ht. The	20	Great Indian Peninsula			
ing been		(gua. 5 per cent.) ..	All	21½ — 21½	21½
on-dock,	20	Do., New, do.	2	1½ — 1½ pm.	3½
Mr. Pile's	20	Great Luxembourg con.	15	4½ — 4½	4½ 3½ 3
the bail		Do., 5 per cent. obl...		3½ — 3½	
that she	20½	Gt. Western of Canada	All	23½ — 24½	24 3½
	20½	Do., New	5½	1½ — 2½ pm.	7½ 3
	100	Do., Bonds, payable '57	All	99 — 101	
	100	Do., Bonds, payable '76			
		with option till 1860	All	115 — 120	
	100	Do., Bonds, payable '73			
		with option till 1860	All	115 — 120	
	100	Do., Bonds, payable			

COMPLIMENT TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.

THE working men composing the Committee for the Erection of the Crimean Monument at Sheffield have intimated to Miss Florence Nightingale their intention to present to her a set of table cutlery, manufactured expressly by themselves. This handsome present is contained in a case of polished oak, bound with silver, on the top of which there is an ornamental device inlaid in silver, and a centrepiece of gold, on which is etched a representation of the Good Samaritan, encircled by the appropriate words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." At one end of the silver device there is an engraving of a dove with the olive branch, and at the other a representation of the pelican feeding her young. The cutlery is described as of the most superior description, and each blade is stamped with the words "Presented to Miss Florence Nightingale, 1857." The case is thus inscribed :—

"This case of cutlery, manufactured expressly for presentation to Florence Nightingale by the working men composing the Crimean Monument Committee as a mark of their esteem for her noble and unsolicited subscription and sympathy in aid of their monument to be erected in Sheffield, A.D. 1857."

The committee have communicated their wishes to Miss Nightingale through her relative, Miss Shore, of Meersbrook, and they have just received through the same channel the following considerate reply :—

"I am exceedingly sorry to have allowed your letter to remain so long unanswered, but my occupations have of late been so pressing that it has been unavoidable. The proposal which your letter contains is peculiarly gratifying to me as coming from a place connected with which I have associations that will always be dear to me; and I should at once frankly accept the offered kindness if I could secure one point, which would be essential to my comfort in so doing—viz., that the amount of subscription should be fixed on a scale which could not possibly prove burdensome to any one. It is not for me to dictate, but I shall be greatly obliged to you, if possible, to press this point, and to assure my friends that it is not a splendid specimen of what I already know Sheffield can accomplish that would be gratifying to me, but merely a token, and the simpler the better, of goodwill and sympathy from a body in whose welfare I shall always feel an especial interest. So strong was my feeling on this point that my first impulse on receiving the proposal was to request that those who had this kind thought would content themselves by simply appending their names to a testimony of goodwill; and, could this be so, I should be more than satisfied. But this I must leave for others to decide.

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

Agoy, Esq.	10	0	0
H. P. Ffoulkes	10	0	0
Robert Eyton	25	0	0
John Morris, Chester	3	3	0
Ch Box, Hawarden	0	11	8
William Hughes, Esq., Rhyl	1	0	0
Humphrey Mildmay	10	0	0
Seymour Neville	50	0	0
Grogan, London	5	0	0
Samuel Mason	0	10	0
B. May, Esq., and Mrs. May	20	0	0
Chas. Wilbraham, Audley Vicarage	2	0	0
William Williams, Esq., M.D., Mold	1	0	0
John Roberts, Royal Hotel, Rhyl	1	1	0
as Gorst, Sealand	10	0	0
John Thornycroft	20	0	0
Walter James, Bart.	25	0	0
ss Browne	5	0	0
Thomas Nock, Rectory	1	1	0
Thomas Dean, Chester	1	1	0
s. and Misses Bennion, Rhyl	5	0	0
s. Hancock, Aston Bank	5	0	0
Right Hon. Sidney Herbert	50	0	0
William Hancock, Esq.	50	0	0
G. Hubbard, Esq.	50	0	0
James Rowe, Chester	2	2	0
s. Dilworth	0	10	0
John Vines	0	3	0
William Hughes	0	10	0
Margaret Catherall	0	5	0
s. Oram	0	4	0
ary Piercy	0	3	0
en Davies	0	3	0
bert Jones	0	2	0
n. Archdeacon Bickersteth	5	0	0
lonel Tomkinson	5	0	0
Platt, chemist, Chester	1	1	0
ter Hughes and Son	0	3	0
ssrs. Williams, Old Bank, Chester	10	0	0
K Mainwaring, Esq.	25	0	0
Friend	10	0	0
s. James Hornby	10	0	0
y. Hugh Morgan, Rhyl	1	0	0
John Hanmer, Bart.	25	0	0
Raikes, Esq., Mold	10	0	0
Kyffin Roberts, Esq.	1	1	0
Emanuel Evans	1	0	0
Samuel Dean, Chester	1	1	0
n. Arthur Lascelles	10	0	0
s. Hampton	1	0	0
Wetherby	1	0	0
zabeth Williams	1	0	0
zabeth Laval	0	5	0
Annandale	0	10	0
Rowe	0	5	0
Hurst	0	10	0
iamin Potter	0	10	0

with MS. 5484

THE PAST WEEK AT BALMORAL.—Her Majesty took the opportunity, during the swollen state of the mountain streams, of visiting the falls of Garr Valt, which were seen to great perfection. Her Majesty paid the most marked attention to Miss Nightingale during her visit, and in the long conversation with which the young lady was honoured, it is understood, expressed, in the most gracious and feeling manner, her appreciation of her services and self-denial.—

to 40s.; Coats, 40s. to 50s. Business established 50 years.—
BERDOE, tailor, 96, New Bond-street, and 69, Cornhill (only).

VEST of ENGLAND CLOTH has been in high
repute for upwards of 500 years, and is unequalled for ster-
g quality and permanent colour. It may now be obtained direct
in the manufactory, in small quantities, carriage-free, whereby
chasers secure the genuine article on the best terms. Priced
culars free by post. Address, Messrs. HENRY and CO.,
ollen manufacturers, STROUD, Gloucestershire.

IMMEDIATE CASH ADVANCES.—MONEY LENT

5
f
8
f

M
DAN
his S
Mail

MISS NIGHTINGALE AT BALMORAL.—Miss Nightingale arrived at Balmoral on Thursday, on a visit to the Queen, by special invitation. It is expected that she will remain a week or two in the Highlands, to restore her shattered health.

coats, mantles, Russia and Russia, as much as they
caps, bonnets, that they must on no account make

5484