A short life of Florence Nightingale : abridged from The life / by Sir Edward Cook, with additional matter, by Rosalind Nash.

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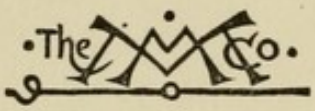
OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE



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A Short Life
of
Florence Nightingale

Abridged from
the Life, by Sir Edward Cook
with additional matter

BY

ROSALIND NASH

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PREFACE

It was agreed with Sir Edward Cook that if a Short Life of Florence Nightingale based on his biography and not written by himself should be published, it should be stated therein by whom the abbreviation was made. In this matter, therefore, there has been no choice as to the title page. Death has prevented him from writing the Short Life he contemplated. He intended it to be not an abbreviation, but a fresh book. This volume cannot pretend to be a fresh book. It is Sir Edward Cook's book in a shortened form; but some passages of it are fresh and there is some rearrangement of the material.

Two Lives have appeared since 1913 of which account has had to be taken. The Life of Lord Ripon by Mr. Lucien Wolf (1921) has made it possible to add to the later history of Lord Herbert's and Miss Nightingale's attempted reorganisation of the War Office, broken off by Lord Herbert's death. A memorandum on the projected reforms had been drawn up for Lord Herbert in 1869 by his under-secretary, Lord de Grey (afterwards Lord Ripon); and reforms based on this memorandum were carried out by Lord de Grey in later years, during which he was often in consultation with Miss Nightingale. Some account of these matters will be found on page 235.

Mr. Shane Leslie's *Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours* (1921) contains in one chapter a good many references to Miss Nightingale. Her letters to Manning naturally give prominence to the Catholic side of her religious interests—the side that, in respect of creed, at no time prevailed with her. Mr. Leslie does not continuously

bear in mind the fact that it was the works (and in some cases the spirit) but not the beliefs of the Roman Church that attracted her: hence references to her "vocation to serve God as a nun," and to her having "begged Manning to send her to the French or the Irish Sisters of St. Vincent," which give a wrong impression. The introductions she obtained from Manning were of course for her investigations.[1] Mr. Leslie is mistaken in implying that she did not go to Dublin.[2]

Manning seems, on Mr. Leslie's showing, to have been much concerned in the sending to Scutari of Miss Stanley's party of nurses. Of the religious differences which their arrival occasioned, he was able, at a distance, to take a philosophical view: "Paul and Barnabas had a sharp contention—why not Mother Francis and Mother Clare?" It is new, I think, that Miss Stanley was received into the Roman Church before her return to England; though Manning told her he saw "no occasion to publish the fact at Constantinople for the moment." All this shows yet more clearly the activities on behalf of religious bodies by which Miss Nightingale's work was troubled. I do not know what authority Mr. Leslie has for the statement that she "resigned the Balaclava hospital." It is inconsistent with the facts given by Sir Edward Cook.[3] Some new points and part of a letter from Miss Nightingale drawn from Mr. Leslie's book will be found on page 30.

From the Second Volume of Mr. Karl Pearson's *Life of Francis Galton* are derived the interesting comparison between Miss Nightingale's religious views and Galton's (page 375), some points relating to her proposal for a Professorship of Statistics and the letter given in Appendix C (page 386).

After the Life was finished, Sir Edward Cook showed me

[1] See page 59.
[2] See her evidence for the Royal Commission of 1857.
[3] *Life of Florence Nightingale,* vol. i, pp. 255, 286.

one day a bit of paper pencilled in Miss Nightingale's beautiful writing, the draft of a letter which he had found unfortunately too late to use, and was putting aside for a second edition. He was immensely delighted with the discovery. It was the letter on page 152—"Snow on the ground." "Sent for a chair out of Surgery—to show I was in earnest." Using this letter, I have rearranged the narrative from November, 1855, to the following spring in a stricter order of time, a change which I think throws fresh light on Miss Nightingale's hard experiences, and on her relations with her supporters in England and her opponents in the East.

The anecdote on pages 16, 17 was found by Sir E. Cook in Sir R. Murchison's Life.

There is certain other fresh matter for which I am responsible. The beginning of the first chapter (pages 3 to 6) has been rewritten; in the original it received some criticism as giving too much space to collateral relations and too little account of family origins. The passages on nursing have been added to (pages 21 to 24 and 110) and Chapter II of Part IV is largely the result of rewriting. There are other additions which hardly require mention. And in various passages (apart from quotations) dealing with Miss Nightingale's character and personal circumstances, I have drawn on my own knowledge. The last chapter, for which I am entirely responsible, contains a fresh discussion of Miss Nightingale's character with which I found myself unable to deal by the method of abridgement.

It was on the ground especially of excellent "architectonics" that Lord Morley spoke of Sir E. Cook as the best possible writer to deal with the immense mass of papers in which Miss Nightingale's history was concealed. My changes in the framework have only been such as abbreviation made necessary, except a few alterations of order, of which the one already mentioned is an example. As far as facts are concerned, Sir E. Cook's account is followed, with only such small difference of values as must result

here and there from the necessity of using my own language, and from the little additions from my own knowledge and a few other sources. In almost all cases where a judgment of the effect of Miss Nightingale's work was concerned I have used Sir E. Cook's own words; and in many other cases.

It must be regretted that in the process of shortening, the author's characteristic accompaniment of commentary has usually had to be sacrificed. Much explanation and comment were necessary in first making known the course of an extraordinary life, and they contributed to the readableness and authority of a very lengthy and detailed record. Students can refer to them, but in a shorter narrative the life may now be allowed to speak for itself. It has been necessary also to omit many of Miss Nightingale's letters.

Appendix A (page 379) deals with Mr. Lytton Strachey's sketch of Florence Nightingale in *Eminent Victorians*.

I have to thank Sir Thomas Middleton and Dr. H. H. Woollard for kindly allowing me to refer to them on specific points; Sir Herbert Creedy for the copy of a document; Sir Herbert Stephen for collaboration in Appendix A; and my brother, Dr. S. Shore Nightingale, for helpful discussion and advice on various matters. My husband has given much help, including the reading of the manuscript and proofs, and Mrs. Vincent, Sir Edward Cook's sister, has been so kind as to read the typescript and to give me several useful hints.

ROSALIND NASH.

March, 1925.

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PART I

THE DAUGHTER AT HOME

CHAPTER I

THE NIGHTINGALES AND FLORENCE

As the Midland Railway leaves the flats of Leicestershire and Derby for the ascent of the Peak, it passes up the Derwent Valley through a region of lesser heights and wider dales sometimes called the Lower Peak. In this country the original moor, a barren tumble of rock, heather and bilberry with woods of stunted oak and birch, still survives in fragments, but small dairy farms have mostly smoothed it out into hilly pastures with walls built of loose lumps of gritstone or limestone often richly fossilled. Mills in some of the valleys make small centres of industry. Small old towns and villages, like Ashover, where Nightingales are buried, Wirksworth, Winster and Bonsall still keep much of the ancient aspect of life when farms were not more than encroachments on the unreclaimed wild. The grim style of the stone cottages has hardly varied in three centuries, and the climate is severe. News of a cold turn of English weather always begins with the announcement in the London papers that the High Peak Railway is blocked with snow.

The earliest Nightingale ancestor who is recorded by a curious antiquary as "adscriptus glebae" lived, probably as a labourer and small holder, on the moors of Lea, between Matlock and the well-known landmark of Crich Hill. The shafts of lead mines dot this country, and a Nightingale found lead. Everyone found lead. "There's lead for all, and always will be" was proverbial. Peter Nightingale, the last male descendant of the "adscriptus glebae," died in

1803, a "squire" and son of a "lead merchant." Besides the lead mine, the "squire," a man of a certain ability and energy, had a business in the local black marble; he made some of the familiar marble mantelpieces in our great-grandfathers' houses. He faced his old farmhouse at Lea near Matlock with an attractive Georgian-classical front and called it Lea Hall. He also built a little Unitarian chapel in the village, and his niece (daughter of his sister Ann) was the wife of a Sheffield Unitarian, William Shore of Tapton, a banker and fourth son of William Shore of Norton Hall, near Sheffield. The Shores were an old family of Yorkshire squires, with a long tradition of religious dissent. Ann Nightingale's grandson, William Edward Shore, was to inherit at his majority, with the name of Nightingale, the proceeds of the lead, the mantelpieces and the rents of his grand-uncle; and as he was nine years of age in 1803, the long accumulation made him a rich man. William Edward and his only sister Mary were of a marked type of character: refined, conscientious, unpractical; rather abnormally retiring and self-distrustful. Both were given to religious speculation of an unorthodox kind. These apparently were Shore characteristics.

William Edward Shore took the name of Nightingale in 1815 and three years later he was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Frances, a daughter of William Smith, M.P., first for Sudbury and Chelmsford and later for Norwich. "Our beautiful Fanny is to marry young Nightingale," her mother wrote to a friend, and in 1818, Fanny was indeed a lovely creature. In old age she had still unusual natural grace of person and manner and beauty of feature. She spoke clearly and in exquisite tones, with the ease of a lady who has been admired, and she had artistic taste. Tradition says that she had wanted to marry "an officer," but it had been thought too poor a match. "Nightingale," as she always called him, was six years

younger, and of a much less assured will. The beautiful Fanny had her own way in the ordering of their joint life. She did everything so charmingly that it would be unkind to call her worldly.

The acquaintance had most likely been formed through the Unitarian connection. William Smith was of that persuasion, and in Parliament was a constant supporter of religious freedom. He was chairman for forty years of the "Deputies of the Three Denominations" elected to protect the interests of Protestant Dissenters, and, unlike some of his associates, favoured liberty for Roman Catholics also. When in 1813 the obsolete penal laws against "persons who impugn the doctrine of the Holy Trinity" were repealed, it was William Smith who brought in the Bill. Sir James Stephen[1] speaks of his "heart-stirring laugh," vigorous health and happy family circumstances, adding that "if he had gone mourning all his days, he could scarcely have acquired a more tender pity for the miserable or have laboured more habitually for their relief." He was a follower of Fox and a loved and trusted fellow worker and friend of Clarkson and Wilberforce. The means for forty-three years of Parliamentary life and a family of ten were drawn from the merchant grocer's business in which he joined and succeeded his father—Smiths, Nash and Kemble, afterwards Smith, Travers and Kemble, a firm still well known as J. Travers & Sons, of 119 Cannon Street, where hangs a picture by Zoffany of its former heads, William Smith and his father Samuel. The Smiths' country home was Jermyns, near Parndon, Essex, but the family came originally from the Isle of Wight.

A respectable and persistent but not particularly distinguished politician, William Smith was perhaps more remarkable as a lover of pictures. The best known of his collection, "many of them very fine and all good of their

[1] *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography: the Clapham Sect.*

kind,"[2] as Farington says, were Reynolds' *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,* and Rembrandt's *Mill,* for which he gave £300.

On one of William Smith's journeys to Scotland for his work as Commissioner of Highland Roads and Bridges, he planned to take with him a young painter of twenty-six, Mr. J. Turner, then about to set forth on the three months' tour which, according to his biographer, marks his final deliverance from tradition and from "topographical slavery." But Turner was unwell on the day and seems to have put off his journey.

The Smith social atmosphere with their political and other acquaintanceships in London and their taste for art was predominant with the young Nightingales. The strain of the "adscriptus glebae" was quite transformed, and of the Shores, the quiet country gentry and bankers of Sheffield, there remained only Mr. Nightingale's reflective temperament and free religious speculation. His letters throughout life are pervaded by a curious and attractive air of aloofness and critical rumination. In intellect and cultivation, though not in readiness and social gifts, he was the superior of the charming Fanny. He had been educated at Edinburgh and Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Shore had sent him on the foreign tour considered necessary to complete "the education of a gentleman," and he was a well read man and a good linguist.

Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale went abroad after their marriage, and were away for three years, principally in Italy, where their two daughters were born and named after the cities of their birth, the elder (Frances) Parthenope, after

[2] His granddaughter Florence used to tell of Mrs. Siddons' visit to see her own portrait. The Smiths were away, and the great actress was received at the house in Park Street, Westminster, by the housekeeper, Mrs. Plummer. As she stood before the picture, the deep voice of Mrs. Siddons proclaimed in her usual metre, "Myself surveys myself." "Lord, ma'am," said the surprised Mrs. Plummer, "I never should have thought you was so slim as that." And the tragic voice answered, "A vast deal slimmer, housekeeper."

the old Greek settlement on the site of Naples, and the younger, Florence, after the Tuscan city, where she was born on the 12 May 1820 at the Villa Colombaia, near the Porta Romana.[2] Returning to England, they had to solve the great question where to live. Lea Hall was too small. A larger house, Lea Hurst, was built on an open spot high above the beautiful Derwent Valley; but they had no intention of settling in Derbyshire, or of investing in land in the New World, as the great-uncle had desired. Kynsham Court, Presteigne, in Herefordshire, was taken, but proved "more picturesque than habitable," and the search was pursued. "The difficulty is," wrote Mr. Nightingale to his wife, "where is the county that is habitable for two successive months?" At last the desired home was found at Embley, near Romsey, on the edge of the New Forest, and it was bought in 1825. The natural beauty of the place was its attraction, and the Nightingales' cultivations and alterations were made with good taste. The moist and sunny climate made Embley a favoured spot for trees and flowers. Thickets grew up of rhododendron, azalea, syringa, flowering laurels; and birds abounded. A great deciduous cypress grew at the garden front of the house, so close that in summer some of the rooms were shadowed by its feathery foliage. It was called the nursery tree, and, from the nursery, birds could be invited to feed and squirrels could be seen in the branches. Nuts could be poked into the bark for the nuthatch. And outside were flowering copses, bogs, heaths, woods, lakes. There could be no more delightful home for children.

From her fifth year onwards, Embley was for the most part Florence's home, but the family usually spent part of the season in London, and Mrs. Nightingale thought so highly of Derbyshire air that an autumn stay at Lea Hurst took the place of a visit to the seaside. They used to drive all the way in the early years, stopping for visits

[2] For convenience, the younger sister will be called "Miss Nightingale."

to people and places. Later Mr. Nightingale would sometimes go alone, to receive rents, to eat the late peas, occasionally to escape from visitors.

The contrast between the two children appears already in Chalon's portrait group of this time. The little, lively, delicate, Parthe,[4] her mother's favourite, sits on her knee, and beside them stands the tall Florence, whose eyes and expression already have a touch of the earnestness and reserve so noticeable in later portraits. She was a sensitive, shy and somewhat morbid child, fond of flowers, birds and beasts, and of an eager and solid intelligence, but much given to dreaming. Though she presently developed a lively sense of humour to which she could give trenchant expression, her early letters are for the most part grave and introspective.

There were governesses, and as the girls grew older, Mr. Nightingale took a great part in their education. They read much with him, especially in Italian and history. In her teens Florence had mastered the elements of Greek and Latin, read some of the Dialogues of Plato, a good deal of history, some mathematics and a little philosophy, and was in the habit of writing essays on subjects set by her father. It was an unusually good and stimulating general education for a girl of her time, but did not attain to specialising.

As yet there was no indication of the direction her powers were to take, but already a characteristic habit of mind was beginning to show itself. There came to her in early childhood, as her autobiographical notes show, the sense of dedication to some divinely appointed mission. In later life she had the habit of recalling anniversaries, and she wrote of the 7 February 1837 as the day when "God called her to his service." Perhaps not a very rare thing in an earnest and sensitive child, but this one had the force of intellect and character to make the mission good.

[4] The final e was sounded.

When Florence was seventeen she and her sister were taken abroad for the first time. With Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale they travelled for a year and a half, returning in April 1839. They went far and leisurely through France, northern Italy and Switzerland, spending a month here and there, seeing a good deal of Italian society, and reaching Geneva on the road home in September 1838. Her diary shows an intelligent girl's interest in art, architecture and natural beauty, and, what is less common, contains an admixture of notes and statistics on the laws, land systems, social conditions and benevolent institutions of the places she visited. She was an enthusiastic politician, and at Venice and among the Italian refugees in Geneva learnt to feel a warm sympathy with the cause of Italian freedom. One of the best fruits of this journey was an enduring friendship with Mary Clarke, hostess of "the last of the Salons," and from 1847 the wife of the orientalist Jules Mohl. The Nightingales left Switzerland on account of the movement of French troops aimed at Louis Napoleon, then a refugee among the Swiss, and their last stage was Paris, where they spent the winter of 1838-9 in apartments in the Place Vendôme (No. 22). Miss Clarke's circle of friends, into which the Nightingales were welcomed, included many of the most distinguished political, literary and learned men in France. Parthenope then and at all times wholeheartedly enjoyed and sought such society. Florence was always a serious-minded girl; but she was not without an inclination to use her social advantages. She chose in the end another path; but one of the last "temptations" to be overcome was "the desire to shine in society." The Nightingales and some of their connections remained among the closest friends of Mary Clarke and M. Mohl. Mme. Mohl used for many years to pay a yearly visit of three or four weeks at Embley or Lea Hurst, and to her many of Florence's most interesting letters are addressed. "We always talk of you and all you did for us in Paris,"

Flo wrote to her (June 1, 1839) from the Carlton Hotel, Regent Street, in a long, gossiping letter:

"I heard yesterday that Gonfalonieri was coming to London in a month. Is he at Paris now? I have just been reading the account of M. Mignet's *éloge* of Talleyrand. I hope you were there, for it must have been very interesting, but did he not make rather an extraordinary defence of Talleyrand's political tergiversation and of his conduct while the allies were at Paris? Extraordinary to our ideas of political integrity. We met 'ubiquity' Young and Mr. Babbage yesterday at dinner at the E. Strutts', who told all sorts of droll stories about Lord Brougham, who seems to have fairly lost his wits. He had Lord Duncannon to dine with him the other day, which is new . . . "

And so forth: how the young Queen is "vibrating between popularity and unpopularity," how the new Speaker Shaw Lefevre, "a great friend of ours," was only elected by a majority of eighteen, "Spring Rice arriving half an hour too late to vote," how very nervous Pauline Garcia was at her début; with much more of musical news. The Nightingales stayed some weeks in London on their return and the two girls were presented at Court. They took piano and singing lessons and heard all the great performers of the day. Parthe and Flo were now of full age for "society." London in the season became a regular part of their routine, and at other times of the year country neighbours and the guests from London whom Mrs. Nightingale delighted to collect were entertained both in Derbyshire and Hampshire. Embley House had been added to during their travels, and could receive at one time, as Florence recorded in a letter, "five ablebodied married females with their husbands and belongings." These were often some of the large Smith clan, Mrs. Nightingale's brothers and sisters and their children; and there was much travelling to and fro for summer visits and Christmas parties among the many cousins. The young people and their friends acted, danced and sang,

walked and picnicked, read and drew together. A fancy-dress ball at Waverley Abbey, the home of Aunt Anne (Mrs. G. Nicholson) was the subject of many sketches by Parthe, and Florence was stage manager of a performance there of the *Merchant of Venice* (1841) for which Macready volunteered some help. It was noticed that the usual little jealousies about parts and costumes used to vanish in her presence.

So the round went on—Embley, London, Lea Hurst and country visits, with much of gaiety and much of desultory interest. Florence's inward life had never been satisfied by the outward beauty or the pleasures with which she was surrounded. "Nothing makes my heart thrill like the voice of birds," she writes, "but the living chorus so seldom finds a second voice in the starved and earthly soul, which, like the withered arm, cannot stretch forth its hand till Christ bids it." A friend of those days, who could recall her as "the girl of sixteen of high promise," noted the expansion of her character. "When I look back on every time I saw her after her sixteenth year, I see that she was ripening constantly for her work, and that her mind was dwelling on the painful differences of man and man in this life, and on the traps that a luxurious life laid for the affluent."[6] Her inward mind at this time is shown in diaries and notes of private reflection, and in many a page of her later unpublished book, *Suggestions for Thought*. The sorrows and misery of the world weighed on her thoughts. She writes to Miss Clarke on the death of M. Fauriel:

Embley, July 1844. I cannot help writing one word, my dear Miss Clarke, after having just received your note, though I know I cannot say anything which can be of any comfort—for there are few sorrows I do believe like your sorrow, and few people so necessary to another's happiness of every instant, as he was to yours. . . . How sorry I am, dear Miss Clarke, that you will not think of coming to us

[6] Fanny Allen in "A Century of Family Letters," vol. ii, p. 74.

here. Oh, do not say that you "will not cloud young people's spirits." Do you think young people are so afraid of sorrow, or that if they have lively spirits, which I often doubt, they think these are worth anything, except in so far as they can be put at the service of sorrow, not to relieve it, which I believe can very seldom be done, but to sympathise with it? I am sure this is the only thing worth living for, and I do so believe that every tear one sheds waters some good thing into life. . . .

"One sees in every cottage some trouble that defies sympathy," she says in the same letter; and she is tempted to think "death less dreary than life"; but sometimes at night she can feel that "the coffin of every hope is the cradle of a good experience, and that nobody suffers in vain."

Obsessed with the longing to bring help and comfort to the suffering world, Florence became more and more conscious that in the life she was leading there would never be opportunities for what she desired. The waste of time was a sore trial to her. The life of a hospitable country house with its constant call to be "looking merry and saying something lively, mornings, noons and nights," was more distracting than even London in the season. "There you can at least have the mornings to yourself." When she was alone with her parents and her sister, it was hardly better. Mrs. Nightingale and Parthe were content and happy in the enjoyment of their pleasant surroundings and in gratifying their artistic tastes. Florence's unsatisfied longings were a mystery and a disappointment to them. "Our position to one another in our families," she wrote in a private notebook, "is and must be like that of the Moon to the Earth. The Moon revolves round her, moves with her, never leaves her. Yet the Earth never sees but one side of her. The other remains for ever unknown." Between Mr. Nightingale and his second child there was a special attachment. But he liked to read aloud, and ex-

pected his daughters to hear him go through the *Times* every morning. Florence could not, like Parthe, take refuge in drawing while it went on. "To be read aloud to," she wrote, "is the most miserable exercise of the human intellect. Or rather, is it any exercise at all? It is like lying on one's back with one's hands tied, and having liquid poured down one's throat." There were sometimes, though not often, domestic duties. There were books and study, but Florence was not drawn to literature as an occupation. "You ask me," she wrote to Miss Clarke in 1844, "why I do not write something. I think what is not of the first class had better not exist at all; and besides I had so much rather live than write; writing is only a substitute for living. Would you have one go away and 'give utterance to one's feelings' in a poem to appear (price two guineas) in the *Belle Assemblée?* I think one's feelings waste themselves in words; they ought all to be distilled into actions which bring results." She sang with her cousins, one of whom was a fine singer, but for music or other art she had no especial gift, and she held in great suspicion and dislike what she called "the artist way of looking upon life" which reduced "all religious and most inward and spiritual feelings into a sort of magic lantern with which to make play for the amusement of the company."

A young man in her position and with her objects might have turned to politics, like Lord Shaftesbury. For a girl there was then no such outlet, and her books only brought her back to the constant question how to "serve God" in such a life or how to find a way out. "Piling up miscellaneous instruction for oneself," she writes, "the most unsatisfactory of all pursuits." If she tried to accommodate herself by "shining in society" or by writing the lively letters about visits and visitors which contrasted so strongly with her private diaries and notes, the result was only a bitter inward self-reproach for "vanity and deceit." The

waste of youthful years that might have been spent in preparation or in active work was a constant torment to her spirit.

She was most herself when there was help to be given, an aunt's place to be filled in her absence, or someone to be cared for in illness. In 1845 she passed some time at Tapton nursing "Grandmama Shore," a vigorous old lady whom nobody else could manage, and writes to her cousin and especial friend Hilary Bonham Carter:

"I am very glad sometimes to walk in the valley of the shadow of death as I do here; there is something in the stillness and silence of it which levels all earthly troubles. God tempers our wings in the waters of that valley, and I have not been so happy and so thankful for a long time."

At Lea Hurst, where there is a large industrial village, she had more scope than at Embley. But the threads of village friendships were soon broken when the time came for moving to Embley or London.

"I am almost heartbroken to leave Lea Hurst," she writes (24 September 1846) to an elder friend, Miss Hannah Nicholson. "There are so many duties there which lie near at hand, and I could be well content to do them there all the days of my life. I have left so many poor friends there whom I shall never see again, and so much might have been done for them. . . . I feel my sympathies are with Ignorance and Poverty. The things which interest me interest them; we are alike in expecting little from life, much from God. . . . My imagination is so filled with the misery of this world that the only thing in which to labour brings any return seems to me help and sympathising *there;* and all that poets sing of the glories of this world appears to me untrue: all the people I see are eaten up with care or poverty or disease. I know that misery is the alphabet of fire, in which history, with its warning hand, writes in flaming letters the consequences of Evil. . . . Misery is

perhaps *here* the strongest proof that His loving hand is present—yet all our powers, hopes, and fears must, it seems to me, be engrossed by doing His work for its relief. Life is no holiday game, nor is it a clever book, nor is it a school of instruction, nor a valley of tears; but it is a hard fight, a struggle, a wrestling with the principle of evil, hand to hand, foot to foot. . . . The Kingdom of God is coming; and "Thy Kingdom come" does not mean "My salvation come."

"To find out what we can do," she writes on the margin of Browning's *Paracelsus,* "one's individual place, as well as the general end, is man's task."

CHAPTER II

A PERSONALITY AND A VOCATION

It was not as a social failure that Florence was turning from the usual life of a woman of her class. She was not only admired, but warmly loved by many friends of all ages. Though not at first sight striking, she soon aroused interest. Her gentle manner is one of the first characteristics noted by those who knew her. In appearance she was attractive. Her features were not strictly beautiful, but she was remarkable for grace of figure and movement, for a shapely head, a sweet voice, and the air of a woman of unaffected high breeding. In repose her features expressed great reserve and self-control: there was a certain aloofness. But Mrs. Ward Howe calls her countenance "mobile and expressive," and we see an expressive moment in Lady Eastlake's portrait.[1] "Grey eyes which are generally pensive and drooping, but when they choose can be the merriest eyes I ever saw," says Mrs. Gaskell. On serious observers she produced an impression of unusual character and intelligence, and her talk was clever and amusing when she was "tempted to shine in society." There is a glimpse of her in the diary of Sir Roderick Murchison, who paid a visit to Embley in 1846. Wheatstone, the inventor, a man of great and miscellaneous ingenuity, was amusing the company one evening. After "peering into

[1] This portrait is not in Sir Edward Cook's list. It could not be found at the time when he was writing Miss Nightingale's life. The merry light grey eyes, the prominent nose, the mouth, with its lower lip quaintly bunched, as if a laugh were hard to keep in, make it very characteristic. The date is 1846. The picture, a very beautiful drawing, belongs to Dr. S. Shore Nightingale.

the faces of all the women" he chose Florence as his accomplice. He took her out of the room for half an hour and they came back and performed "the trick of telling you what was in places where no one could see anything." "On talking to my friend about the talent of the girl," says Murchison, "he said, 'Oh, if I had no other means of living I could go about to fairs with her and pick up a good deal of money.'" [2] Guizot, who had made her acquaintance with Mme. Mohl in Paris, found her in 1848 (when he came to London after the fall of Louis Philippe), "a brave and sympathetic soul, for whom great thoughts and great devotions had a serious attraction."

Visitors were not wanting to whom Florence could at least talk of the subjects that interested her. Such were Sir Joshua Jebb, Surveyor General of Prisons; Dr. Richard Dawes, Dean of Hereford, who was an educational reformer; [3] Dr. Richard Fowler of Salisbury, who anticipated the open-air treatment for consumption and was otherwise a man of marked originality; Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), "a tolerant liberal-minded man who was apt to look at religion from many different points of view." [4] and among whose many and miscellaneous interests the establishment of reformatories for boys was a persistent one; Mrs. Plunkett, daughter of Lord Sherborne, and her own aunt, Mrs. Samuel Smith, both of whom were in sympathy with her longing for work. Her most sympathetic girl friends were her cousin, Hilary Bonham Carter, and Louisa Stewart Mackenzie, afterwards the second wife of the second Lord Ashburton.

Mrs. Ward Howe relates that during her visit to Embley in 1844 Florence took Dr. Howe aside and asked him: "If I should determine to study nursing and to devote my life to that profession, do you think it would be a dreadful

[2] Sir A. Geikie's *Life of Sir R. Murchison,* 1875, vol. ii, pp. 65-6.

[3] Both of these afterwards became trustees of the Nightingale Fund.

[4] The *Life, Letters and Friendships of R. M. Milnes, first Lord Houghton,* by T. Wemyss Reid.

thing?" To Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell she confided that the big drawing-room at Embley always made her wonder how hospital beds might best be arranged in it. These sympathetic friends could be told something of the desire that was ripening in her mind, but for the rest she kept her own counsel, making such enquiries as she could. Her first scheme was to learn nursing at the Salisbury Infirmary, where her friend, Dr. Fowler, was the physician. But Mrs. Nightingale was not to be persuaded.

Florence Nightingale to Hilary Bonham Carter (Dec. 1845): Well, my dearest, I am not yet come to the great thing I wanted to say. I have always found that there was so much truth in the suggestion that you must dig for hidden treasure *in silence,* or you will not find it; and so I dug after my poor little plan in silence, even from you. It was to go to be a nurse at Salisbury Hospital for these few months to learn the "prax"; and then to come home and make such wondrous intimacies at West Wellow, under the shelter of a rhubarb powder and a dressed leg; let alone that no one could ever say to me again, your health will not stand this or that. I saw a poor woman die before my eyes this summer because there was no one but fools to sit up with her, who poisoned her as much as if they had given her arsenic. And then I had such a fine plan for those dreaded latter days (which I have never dreaded), if I should outlive my immediate ties, of taking a small house in West Wellow. Well, I do not much like talking about it, but I thought something like a Protestant Sisterhood, without vows, for women of educated feelings, might be established. But there have been difficulties about my very first step, which terrified Mama. I do not mean the physically revolting parts of a hospital, but things about surgeons and nurses which you may guess. Even Mrs. Fowler threw cold water upon it; and nothing will be done this year at all events, and I do not believe—ever; and no advantage that I see comes of my living on, excepting that one becomes less and less of a young lady every year, which is only a negative one. You will laugh, dear, at the whole plan, I dare say; but no one but the mother of it knows how precious an infant idea becomes; nor how the

soul dies between the destruction of one and the taking up of another. I shall never do anything, and am worse than dust and nothing. I wonder if our Saviour were to walk the earth again, and I were to go to Him and ask, whether He would send me back to live this life again, which crushes me into vanity and deceit. Oh, for some strong thing to sweep this loathsome life into the past.

This hopeless mood was not to last long; but for the moment and at many recurring moments in later years, the dejection was intense. The habit of dreaming, as an instinctive refuge from the outer life and from the denial of action, grew upon her and was the theme of constant self-reproach. "When all one's imaginations are wandering out of one's reach, then one realises the state of future punishment even in this world."[5] To the gentle and pious "Aunt Hannah" Florence poured out unreservedly the spiritual wrestlings with which she sought to overcome the misery of an empty life. One desire, for purity of purpose, was perhaps with her through life more constantly than any other.

"The foundation of all must be the love of God. That the sufferings of Christ's life were intense who doubts? But the happiness must also have been intense. Only think of the happiness of working, and working successfully, with no doubts as to His path, and with no alloy of vanity or love of display or glory, but with the ecstasy of single heartedness! All that I do is always poisoned by the fear that I am not doing it in simplicity and godly sincerity."

The purpose of caring for the sick and sad grew more and more fixed. "The longer I live," she wrote in her diary (22 June 1846), "the more I feel as if all my being was gradually drawing to one point, and if I could be permitted to return and accomplish that in another being, if I may not in this, I should need no other heaven."

[5] Letter to Miss Hannah Nicholson, aunt of her Nicholson cousins, May 1846.

Now that the fruits of Florence Nightingale's pioneer work in nursing have been gathered, it is not altogether easy to understand the difficulties which stood in her way. The objections were made on moral and social grounds. The work was unworthy of an educated woman. "It was as if I had wanted to be a kitchen maid," she said in later years to a young friend. Much of it was scarcely decent; there were vicious and degraded people among hospital patients. And it involved companionship with medical students and nurses, of whose manners and conduct Mr. Nightingale in answer to his enquiries and consultations received very unsatisfactory accounts. Though there were better managed hospitals and worse managed, yet there was a strong body of evidence to show that hospital nurses had opportunities, which they freely used, of putting the bottle to their lips "when so disposed," and that other evils were more or less rife. "All drunkards without exception, Sisters and all; and there are but two nurses whom the surgeon can trust to give the patients their medicines," is a doctor's account of a London hospital quoted by Miss Nightingale herself in 1852. In a letter to her father (February 1854) she writes that the head nurse in a certain London hospital told her that "in the course of her large experience she had never known a nurse who was not drunken, and that there was immoral conduct practised in the very wards, of which she gave me some awful examples." Reports from Paris and its famous schools of medicine and surgery were no better. Miss Nightingale's own opinion, reached after much enquiry and observation, was that hospitals were "a school, it may almost be said, for immorality and impropriety—inevitable where women of bad character are admitted as nurses, to become worse by their contact with male patients and young surgeons. . . . We see the nurses drinking, we see the neglect at night owing to their falling asleep." Such statements were

indignantly denied by other authorities. In 1857, "one who has walked a good many hospitals" gave the same account in the *Times* that Miss Nightingale had given in 1851. He was answered and his statements were hotly denied by Mr. J. F. South of St. Thomas's Hospital. Obviously there were hospitals and hospitals, nurses and nurses, and on the point of morals, no general indictment was just. Upon the question of drinking among nurses, both in hospitals and in private service, there is less room for doubt. Dickens in his preface to *Martin Chuzzlewit* spoke of Mrs. Gamp as a fair representation at the time of the hired attendant on the poor; and he might have added, says his biography, that the rich were no better off, for the original of Mrs. Gamp "was in reality a person hired by a most distinguished friend of his own, a lady, to take charge of an invalid very dear to her." How far drinking habits were a disability was a matter of opinion. "The nurses are very good now," wrote Lord Granville in 1854; "perhaps they do drink a little, but so do the ladies' monthly nurses, and nothing can be better than them; poor people, it must be so tiresome sitting up all night."

Even in 1877, one of the first batch of probationers trained at St. Bartholomew's found that "drunkenness was very common among the staff nurses, who were chiefly women of the charwoman type, frequently of bad character . . . The worst women we had were those who used to come in to look after bad cases, more particularly at night. They were called 'night extras.' They were most dreadful persons, possessing neither character nor ability." [6]

Miss Nightingale came to know, in the course of her experience, that even "most dreadful persons" might have had their own troubles. "A very large proportion of nurses are mothers," she wrote in 1858, "often widows with large

[6] Journal of St. Bartholomew's Nurses' League, No. 5, p. 134, quoted in Nutting and Dock's *History of Nursing*.

families, whom they support and put to service out of their wages, too often eked out by improper means, *i.e.*, bribes and petty dishonesty. Many of these women are (at first) moral, sober, industrious, and doubly anxious to retain their places on account of their children. . . . The wages of hospital nurses are not and never can be enough to supply a proper support for children in addition to the support the mothers ought themselves to have. Consequently, when children are in whole or in part lodged, fed, clothed, 'educated,' and put to service out of the £50 a year of the head nurse, or out of the 12/— a week of the nurse, the mother either stints herself of proper food, proper strong drink (we deal with practice, not with theory), proper warm clothing, for the children's sake, or she supplies the deficiency by improper means. If the nurse cannot afford to live well and abstains from dishonesty, one of two things infallibly happens—either she takes to drink, as the fallacious support of an exhausted frame, or her strength fails and she breaks down, after a few months', sometimes a few years', struggle. When once she has taken to drink, one of two things invariably follows . . .; she is or becomes unguarded, and is soon found out and sinks into the miserable second and far too numerous class of characterless hospital nurses, unless drink shortly finishes her; or, in the other case, she is cautious and guarded—she then becomes sly, dishonest, and thoroughly venal; she extorts gifts and takes bribes from her patients and their friends . . . she commits constant acts of petty but often most dangerous dishonesty, possibly remaining an efficient and clever nurse, sometimes a favourite nurse, and, so far as regards the crime which has taken the name of immorality, a moral woman. A certain proportion of nurses are all the above, excepting drink; for though, almost without exception, every nurse who drinks takes bribes, some take bribes and do not drink. Of course, widows and unmarried women who are not mothers do the above things; but there cannot be a doubt of the additional

and terrible temptation to women burdened with children to make money in various ways out of their patients." [1]

The conditions of a hospital nurse's work were so little cared for that Miss Nightingale, in her wonderfully detailed scheme of model nursing arrangements written for the army in 1858,[2] had to plead with anxious apology for some of their simplest needs. "To lay more upon human nature than its Maker has intended it to bear is to do a foolish, let alone a wicked thing. . . . Upon an average, all men and women, after a laborious day require a good night, in the long run. When they do not have it, either health or efficiency or sobriety, all go. Believe . . . that this is not theory, but the result of practical observation, much extended. Now comes a thing I am very anxious about concerning night duty, the more anxious because it is important, and because I am afraid it is an innovation. I have watched the night duty with particularly anxious interest in each Hospital I have entered, feeling at once its importance and its difficulties, and of the following principle I am thoroughly certain." The important principle thus prefaced is that food should be regularly allowed at night. In none of the Civil Hospitals, so far as I know, is night refreshment given. The Nurses, usually on board wages, apportion, when they can, some from their food. In one Hospital there exists a rule that no Night Nurse is to take refreshment during her watch, the intention being to keep her more vigilantly to her duty. This is one instance among many of the serious and cruel mistakes which men of business or benevolence or both make when legislating on matters which they do not understand. It is, fortunately for the fine Hospital where it is the rule, practically disre-

[1] *Subsidiary Notes,* p. 11 of Appendix on a Nurses' Provident Fund. She goes on to explain how these "maternal nurses" were tempted to bring their children into hospital at forbidden times or even to have them perpetually there.

[2] *Subsidiary Notes as to the Introduction of Female Nursing into Military Hospitals in Peace and in War,* 1858.

garded; the Head Nurses knowing well that a Nurse watching and fasting in a ward from 9 to 9, or even from 9 to the breakfast hour of 6, would either soon be unfit for duty, or put drams in her pocket, or doze through the night."[9]

The level of the nursing profession, in fine, was such that it might well be thought that a gentlewoman among nurses would be exposed, if not to dangers and temptations, at least to undesirable and unfitting conditions. These are considerations to which full weight must be allowed, if we are to understand the opposition Miss Nightingale met with, and the measure of her own courage and persistency.

Miss Nightingale herself was so much impressed by the difficulties and dangers in the way of women nurses that she was inclined at first to the idea that the introduction of gentlewomen to the profession might be best effected either in special hospitals connected with religious institutions or in a general hospital under cover of some religious bond. She distrusted vows, it was true, and her own test would have been the nurse's personal fitness for the calling and devotion to it. But it was necessary to consider what was immediately practicable, what was the best expedient for overcoming prejudices and dangers. Miss Nightingale was therefore intensely interested in what she heard of the Institution for Deaconesses, with its hospital, school and penitentiary, with a Protestant minister, Pastor Fliedner, had established some years before at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. The Bunsens were friends of her family, and the Baron had sent her Fliedner's Annual Report, perhaps as a result of one of her enquiries. Mme. Mohl had also sent her some information, but in whatever way she may first have heard of the institution, it is certain that by 1846 she had its papers. And during these years she made some study of medical and sanitary subjects amid the distractions of home.

[9] *Subsidiary Notes*, pp. 96, 98.

Lea Hurst, 7 July 1846. What is my business in the world and what have I done this last fortnight? I have read the *Daughter at Home*[10] to father, and two chapters of Mackintosh; a volume of *Sybil* to mama. Learnt seven tunes by heart. Written various letters. Ridden with papa. Paid eight visits. Done company. And that is all.

Embley, October 7. What have I done the last three months? Oh, happy, happy six weeks at the Hurst, where I had found my business in this world. My heart was filled. My soul was at home. I wanted no other heaven. May God be thanked as He never yet has been thanked for that glimpse of what it is to *live*. Now for the last five weeks my business has been much harder. They don't know how weary this way of life is to me—this *table d'hôte* of people. . . . When I want *Erfrischung* I read a little of the *Jahresberichte über die Diakonissen-Anstalt in Kaiserswerth*. There is my home. There are my brothers and sisters all at work. There my heart is, and there I trust will one day be my body, whether in this state or in the next, in Germany or in England, I do not care.

[10] *Anna, or Passages in the Life of a Daughter at Home.* By Caroline Stephen.

CHAPTER III

ROME AND HER MERIT

The year 1847 was a busy one in the social way. There was the usual spring stay in London, and Florence paid a number of country visits with her father. She wrote many lively accounts to her friends of the events of the British Association meeting at Oxford, where Adams and Leverrier sat "on either side of the President like a pair of turtle doves cooing at their joint star, and holding it between them." In the autumn she set out with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge to spend the winter in Rome. The two sisters gave different accounts of the reasons for this journey. "All that I want to do in life," Florence wrote to her cousin Hilary, "depends upon my health, which I am told a winter in Rome will establish for ever." "God is very good to provide such a pleasant time," wrote Parthenope to the same correspondent. "It will rest her mind entirely from wearing thoughts that all men have at home when their duties weigh much on their consciences." Florence did find consolation and joy in the tour, but it was destined not to divert but to confirm her purpose in life. She entered fully into the traveller's interests in Rome, but her own preoccupations show through them in her letters and notes: she reads her thoughts and aspirations into many of the works of arts. What most impressed her mind and stimulated her imagination was the genius of Michael Angelo. Her reverence for the creator of the Sistine ceiling and of the allegorical figures at Florence was lifelong. Michael Angelo's grandeur of ex-

pression, his love of freedom and his part in the siege of Florence, the individual and austere note of his religious musings, perhaps also his aloof and lonely life, all appealed to her inmost nature.[1]

"I do not feel," she wrote, "though Pagan in the morning, Jew in the afternoon and Christian in the evening, anything but a unity of interest in all these representations. To know God we must study him as much in the Pagan and Jewish dispensations as in the Christian (though that is the last and most perfect manifestation); and this gives unity to the whole—one continuous thread of interest to all these pearls."

She made in Rome a methodical study of Roman doctrine and ritual, analysing the theory of Indulgence, of the Real Presence, of the Rosary, and so forth. She also made a careful collation of the Latin Breviary with the English Prayer Book. Her study was summed up in this generalisation: "The great merit of the *Catholic Church:* its assertion of the truth that God still inspires mankind as much as ever. Its great fault: its limiting this inspiration to itself. The great merit of *Protestantism:* its proclamation of freedom of conscience within the limits of the Scriptures. The great fault: its erection of the Bible into a master of the soul." Florence went into Retreat for ten days in the Convent of the Trinità dei Monti, to whose Superior, the Madre Sta. Colomba, she became warmly attached. She studied the organisation, methods, and rules of the large school attached to the Convent, and intercourse with the Madre Sta. Colomba, of whose talk and spiritual experiences she wrote full notes, made a very deep impression on her mind. At the Trinità dei Monti, as in her preparatory studies elsewhere, she sought not so much a

[1] Photographs and engravings of the Sistine ceiling hung in her bedroom at 10 South Street and were among the few things she bequeathed specifically. In 1874 she sent to Embley some inscribed photographs of the figures on the Medici tombs in commemoration of her father.

method as a motive, though rules and organisation had their place. She wished to find the secret of inspiring women with devotion, "that state of mind," as a friend wrote to her in later years, "in which the current of desire is flowing towards one high end." For this she made notes of the Superior's exhortations, of the spiritual exercises enjoined on novices, of the forms and discipline of self-examination.

There is no evidence that her deep interest in intercourse with this Roman Catholic community ever for a moment led her towards conversion. The Madre Sta. Colomba yearned over her young friend in vain. Miss Nightingale always had a sympathetic mind for any faith that issued in good works, and an impatience of any that did not. It is for this reason that in religious matters she sometimes seemed to be all things to all men. As children she and her sister had been taken on Sundays to the little Unitarian Chapel at Lea. Its existence was short and in later years her parents attended church. Florence's attitude never varied. She had a fervent belief in God, and could sometimes feel a reverent interest in doctrines as human attempts to interpret aspects of spiritual truth; but her own mind was not troubled by disputations concerning creeds or the claims of churches. Protestants thought her too indulgent to Roman Catholics, and Catholics were sore that she did not go further with them. Arthur Stanley (afterwards the Dean) once asked her to use her influence with a friend to prevent her from joining the Roman Church. In a long reply which Miss Nightingale wrote with great care (November 26, 1852) she promised to do what she could, but explained that this might not be much. She herself remained in the Anglican Communion "because she was born there," and because the Roman Church offered some things which she personally did not want. She feared their friend might consider that

such arguments as she could urge against the Roman Church applied equally against the Anglican. And on the other hand, she had never concealed her opinion that the Roman Communion offered advantages to women which the Church of England did not:

"The Catholic orders offered me work, training for that work, sympathy and help in it, such as I had in vain sought in the Church of England. The Church of England has for men bishoprics, archbishoprics, and a little work (good men make a great deal for themselves). For women she has—what? I had no taste for theological discoveries. I would have given her my head, my heart, my hand. She would not have them. She did not know what to do with them. She told me to go back and do crochet in my mother's drawing-room; or if I was tired of that, to marry and look well at the head of my husband's table. You may go to the Sunday School if you like it, she said. But she gave me no training even for that. She gave me neither work to do for her, nor education for it."

"I dislike and despise the Church of England," she writes in a fiery letter to a Roman Catholic friend (1852) [2] to much the same effect. And, in a note book of 1849, "The only clergy who deserve the name of *pastors* are the Roman Catholic. The rest, of all the denominations—Church of England, Church of Scotland, Dissenters—are only theology or tea mongers."

"It will never do," she said to a friend, "unless we have a Church of which the terms of membership shall be works, not doctrines."

"I feel little zeal," she wrote to Mme. Mohl in 1851, during the Ecclesiastical Titles controversy, "in pulling down one Church and building up another, in making Bishops or unmaking them. If they would make *us*, our Faith would spring up of itself, and then we shouldn't

[2] *Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours*, by Shane Leslie, p. 109.

want either Anglican Church or Roman Catholic Church to make it for us.[3]

The absorbing interest of these Roman studies raised Florence above all those superficial things which fostered her "vanity"; it was her "happiest New Year." "The most entire and unbroken freedom from dreaming I ever had," she wrote later; "Oh, how happy I was!" And after twenty years she could say to Mme. Mohl, "I never enjoyed any time in my life so much as my time in Rome." It led the way, too, to her great opportunity; for among the visitors to Rome that winter were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Herbert. Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge were friends of the Herberts; rides, expeditions and visits to galleries were made in common, and Florence became friendly and even intimate with these new acquaintances. Mr. Herbert was full of a scheme for a Convalescent Home and Cottage Hospital for the poor on his estate—institutions then almost unknown. This was a project after her own heart, and one of her first engagements after returning to England was "an expedition with Mrs. Sidney Herbert to set up her Convalescent Home at Charmouth." Another Roman acquaintance was Archdeacon Manning, the future Cardinal.

Miss Nightingale's visit to Rome synchronised with that curious and short-lived episode in the struggle for Italian freedom during which Pio Nono was playing "the ineffectual tragedy of Liberal Catholicism." "I thought it was the Kingdom of Heaven coming under the face of a Republic," she wrote to Mme. Mohl later in the year, after disillusion had come. She saw Roman nobles presiding over the "patriotic altars" where gifts of money and jew-

[3] Mr. Shane Leslie in his book on Manning gives part of a chapter to Miss Nightingale, who had some correspondence with Manning in 1852. He thinks that "all that year her strong wings beat on the bars of Manning's confessional." Manning tried to convert her, and Mr. Leslie would naturally like to believe she wished to be "received." But he makes it clear that "she insisted on presenting religion scientifically." This in fact she was trying to do in her *Suggestions for Thought* at that very time.

ellery were received. She heard Father Gavazzi preach the crusade in the Colosseum. She cheered the hoisting of the Italian tricolor on the Capitol. Mr. Bracebridge and she broke their own windows because they were not illuminated, and were saluted with cries of "God save the Queen" as they stood to watch the torchlight procession of patriots singing the hymn to Pio Nono. A year later, when the Republic had been declared, the Pope had fled and the French were besieging Rome, she had to "exhale her rage and indignation" in a diary. The heroic defence of the Republic, she thought, "would have raised the Romans in the moral scale, and in their own esteem." They would never sink back to what they had been. Sooner or later, Rome would be free.

"They must carry out their defence to the last. I should like to see them fight in the streets inch by inch till the last man dies at his barricade, till St. Peter's is level with the ground, till the Vatican is blown into the air. Then this would be the last of such brutal, not house breakings, but city breakings; then and not till then would Europe do justice to France as a thief and a murderer, and a similar crime be rendered impossible for all ages. If I were in Rome I should be the first to fire the Sistine, turning my head aside, and Michael Angelo would cry 'Well done,' as he saw his work destroyed."

CHAPTER IV

ABJURATIONS

Florence returned in the early summer of 1848 to the old round of social life, which grew more and more distasteful. In a letter to Miss Nicholson she explained why she could not smile and be gay while biding her time. It was because "she hated God to hear her laugh, as if she had not repented of her sin." There is something obviously morbid in such words, and they might be multiplied indefinitely from her letters, diaries, and notebooks. The sins of which she most often convicted herself were "hypocrisy" and "vanity." She prayed to be delivered "from the desire of producing an effect." That was "vanity"; and it was "hypocrisy" to play a part and respond to friends' conception of her, though her heart was set on other things and her true life was being lived elsewhere. The kind "Aunt" reminded her that anything and everything may be done "to the glory of God." But "can it be to the glory of God," she asked, "when there is so much misery among the poor, which we might be curing instead of living in luxury?" In the autumn, her dearest wish seemed about to be realised. Her mother and sister were to go to Carlsbad for the cure. The three were to meet M. and Mme. Mohl in Frankfurt, and as Kaiserswerth is near Frankfurt, Florence was to be allowed to go there. But disturbances broke out in Frankfurt, the whole plan was given up, and Florence, bitterly disappointed, accompanied her mother to the Malvern cure instead. The next year she found some congenial work in London, inspecting hospitals and working in Ragged

Schools, with which she had come into touch through Lord Shaftesbury. She spoke of her "little thieves of Westminster" as her greatest joy in London. But such occupations were hampered by the proprieties, which laid it down that a young woman in her station of life could not go out in London without a servant.

Diary, July 2, 1849. Ought not one's externals to be as nearly as possible an incarnation of what life really is? Life is *not* a green pasture and a still water, as our homes make it. . . . In an English country place everything that is painful is so carefully removed out of sight, behind those fine trees, to a village three miles off. In London, at all events if you open your eyes, you cannot help seeing in the next street that life is not as it has been made to you. You cannot get out of a carriage at a party without seeing what is in the faces making a lane on either side, and without feeling tempted to rush back and say, "There are my brothers and sisters!"

The natural expectation of Florence's family and friends was that she would marry, and various suitors were favoured by Mrs. Nightingale. The proposals of one of these imposed upon Florence a difficult and even painful choice. He was a man already distinguished, of whom the Nightingales had seen much. Florence admired his talents and took great and increasing pleasure in his society. She leaned more and more upon his sympathy. Yet when the proposal first came she refused it, and when it was renewed she persisted.

Among her private notes was one which contains the explanation of her refusal.

"I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction and that would find it in him. I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active, nature which requires satisfaction and that would not find it in his life. I can hardly find satisfaction for any of my natures. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events, because that will at least secure me from the evil of dreaming.

But would it? I could be satisfied to spend a life with him combining our different powers in some great object. I could not satisfy this nature by spending a life with him in making society and arranging domestic things. . . . To be nailed to a continuation and exaggeration of my present life, without hope of another, would be intolerable to me. Voluntarily to put it out of my power ever to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life would seem to me like suicide."

There is nothing to be added to this account of the matter. Her nature was not that of a woman predestined to celibacy. It is clear that she saw here the promise of whatever happiness a marriage of inclination and intellectual accord could give her. She was very lonely and longed for sympathy. But the longing for her work was overpowering and it was sympathy in her work that she dreamed of. The lesser happiness she resolved to put aside; and it was put aside for an uncertainty.

She has filled out the argument in her *Suggestions for Thought.*

"Without the right cultivation and employment of all the powers . . . there can be no repose, and with it repose may be found in a hell, in a hospital of wounds and pain and operations and death and remorse and tears and despair.[1] The effervescence of energy which there is in every young being not diseased in mind or body, which struggles to find its satisfaction in the excitement of society, of imagination, of the vulgar conflicts of social life, will seek its true occupation at last in the anguish of real life. Many a woman cannot resign herself to lead the life she has seen every woman about her lead—of composing parties, laying out the grounds, reading the newspapers, superintending children whom she cannot manage, servants whom she cannot influence, schools which she knows nothing about . . . and this unsustained by any real deep sympathy with her husband, good though he may be. He is thinking of other things; he does not cause her to partake his ideas and plans except indeed his desire to have such and such a person

[1] This passage was no doubt written after the war.

at the house, such and such a disposition of the furniture or the garden. Such a woman longs for a profession—struggles to open to woman the paths of the school, the hospital, the penitentiary, the care of the young, the sick, the bad—not as an amusement, to fill up odd times, to fancy they have done something when they have done nothing, to make a sham of visiting—but systematically, as a reality, an occupation, a 'profession.'

Hardly any class suffers more from want of sympathy than married women, even those who are loving and loved. In some sorts of attraction the woman does not want sympathy; she only needs to satisfy the want of 'his' presence, the want to supply 'his' interest, or amusement, or comfort, to feel what he is feeling and fulfil his consequent desires. But this is by no means the highest, certainly not the most improving kind of married love. To work at one or more objects interesting in the view of God, important in God's purposes for man, to work with one or more between whom there is a mutual attraction and who are mutually interested in these objects, not only for each other's sakes but from their own natures and for God's sake and man's sake, this only is human happiness. Who has it?"

She goes on to ask what hope there is for women who cannot have this happiness. "While unhappy we can do comparatively so little." Is there "nothing which can be called happiness while this is impossible?" "The want of all this," she answers, "ought to be recognised as a want;" but "such a state admits of partial riches, of partial happiness, even with a sense of want and suffering." "Sympathy being one of the essentials of the human spirit, must not the human spirit be famishing without it, as the human body without food? No, we can feel what is to be called happiness, without attraction or sympathy, in certain exercises of the nature, where God has a part."

And elsewhere:

"The craving for sympathy which exists between two who are to form an indivisible and perfect whole is in most cases between man and woman, in some between man

and God. This the Roman Catholics have understood and expressed under the simile Christ the bridegroom, the nun married to him, the monk married to the Church; or as St. Francis to poverty, or as St. Ignatius Loyola to the divine mistress of his thoughts, the Virgin. This sort of tie between man and God seems alone able to fill the want of the other, the permanent exclusive tie between the one man and the one woman."

Some women, she thought, were marked out to be single, and in later years she was apt to think it a sad falling away when any of her nurses left a responsible position for married life. "I think some have every reason for not marrying. . . . The Primitive Church clearly thought so, too, and provided accordingly; and though no doubt the Primitive Church was in many matters an old woman, yet I think the experience of ages has proved her right in this."

At the end of one of Florence's meditations on marriage and her refusal of it come the significant words: "I must strive after a better life for woman."

CHAPTER V

THE PROTESTANT RHINE

In the autumn of 1849, Florence again went abroad with the Bracebridges to spend the winter in Egypt and the spring in Greece, with the promise of a visit to Kaiserswerth on the way homewards. Her sister was delighted with the Egyptian plan and hoped that what Rome had failed to do would be effected by this fresh interest. Flo went "laden with learned books"; she made tables of dynasties, copied plans of temples and analysed the leading ideas of Egyptian mythology as expounded by the best writers of the day. The Egypt in which she travelled was as Mehemet Ali had left it. She saw girls sold in the open market "at from £2 to £9 a head." She heard how justice was sold to the highest bidder; and noted that "everybody seems to bastinado everybody else." Always on her travels she took opportunities to visit institutions, and at Alexandria she enjoyed "a great deal of time with the Sisters of S. Vincent de Paul in their beautiful schools and *Miséricorde*. There are only nineteen of them, but they do the work of ninety." Florence was fond of escaping from the dahabiah to wander about the desert, "poking my nose," as she wrote home, "into all the villages" and seeing how "these poor people" live. Her long and eloquent letters home show the deep impression made upon her by the solemn beauty of temples and tombs, the glow of light and colour, above all by the fascination of the religious ideas. A recollection of Egypt occurs in one of her Indian articles of thirty years later:

"Whoever in the glorious light of an Egyptian sunset, where all glows with colour, not like that of birds and flowers, but like transparent emeralds and sapphires and rubies and amethysts—the gold and jewels and precious stones of the Revelations—has seen the herds wending their way home on the plain of Thebes by the colossal pair of sitting statues, followed by the stately woman in her one draped garment, plying her distaff, a naked, lovely little brown child riding on her shoulder, and another on a buffalo, can conjure up something of the ideal of the ryot's family life in India."

The party reached Greece (April, 1850) in the height of the Don Pacifico crisis. Lord Palmerston had ordered the Mediterranean fleet to the Peiraeus, and Florence was sitting next Mr. Vyse, the British Minister at Athens, at dinner on board H.M.S. *Howe,* when the Greek Government's submission was brought to him. Her letters home are full of speculations as to the manifestations of the Greek soul in art and worship, and their sources in Greek scenery and circumstance. Of the Parthenon by moonlight she wrote that it was "impossible that earth or heaven could produce anything more beautiful." One day she found some boys with a baby owl which had fallen from its nest in the temple. She bought it from them, and "Athena" travelled in her pocket, eating its companion, a cicada, on the journey, and "thus consolidating two pets in one." The little owl passed the rest of its life at Embley, where the provision of mice became an anxious preoccupation of the butler.

Florence's greatest pleasure in Athens was in the society of the American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who conducted a school and orphanage, and of their school mistress, Elizabeth Kontaxaki. Elizabeth was a Greek refugee from Crete, whose father had fallen by a Turkish bullet. Her mother had made a heroic escape from a Turkish captor, and the child's first years were spent in the fastnesses of Mount Ida. "Alas," wrote Florence, "how worthless my

life seems to me by the side of these women!" A mood of great dejection overtook her at this time, to which an attack of fever must have contributed. But on the way north she spent some days at Berlin, inspecting the hospitals and other institutions, and the fit of depression passed. On July 31 she reached Kaiserswerth. "I could hardly believe I was there," she wrote in her diary. "With the feeling with which a pilgrim first looks on the Kedron, I saw the Rhine, dearer to me than the Nile." She stayed a fortnight. "Left Kaiserswerth," says the diary (August 13) "feeling so brave, as if nothing could ever vex me again." She rejoined her friends at Düsseldorf. "They stayed at Ghent actually for me to finish my MSS." The next day they returned to England. The MSS. was of the pamphlet describing "the Institution of Kaiserswerth on the Rhine," which was issued anonymously soon after Miss Nightingale's return. It ended with an appeal to Englishwomen to follow the Kaiserswerth example.

"I am thirty," wrote Florence in her diary of 1850; "the age at which Christ began His mission. Now no more childish things, no more vain things, no more love, no more marriage. Now, Lord, let me only think of Thy will."

One of the friends who sympathised with her desires was Byron's daughter, Lady Lovelace. Her verses called *A Portrait Taken from Life* give a picture of the impression made by Florence Nightingale at this time of ripened powers when she was yet unknown; and they end with a truly astonishing prophecy:

I saw her pass and paused to think!
  She moves as one on whom to gaze
With calm and holy thoughts that link
  The soul to God in prayer and praise.
She walks as if on heaven's brink
  Unscathed thro' life's entangled maze.

I heard her soft and silver voice
  Take part in songs of harmony,
Well framed to gladden and rejoice;
  Whilst her ethereal melody
Still kept my soul in wav'ring choice
  Twixt smiles and tears of ecstasy. . . .

I deem her fair, yes, very fair!
  Yet some there are who pass her by,
Unmoved by all the graces there.
  Her face doth raise no burning sigh,
Nor hath her slender form the glare
  Which strikes and rivets every eye.

Her grave, but large and lucid eye,
  Unites a boundless depth of feeling
With Truth's own bright transparency,
  Her singleness of heart revealing,
But still her spirit's history
  From light and curious gaze concealing.

In future years, in distant climes,
  Should war's dread strife its victims claim,
Should pestilence, unchecked betimes,
  Strike more than sword, than cannon maim,
He who then reads these truthful rhymes
  Will trace her progress to undying fame.

This was written in 1851. Lady Lovelace died in 1852.

There was still before Florence the painful last stage of her struggle for freedom. She felt with piteous keenness the gulf which separated her from her parents and her sister. It seemed that everything she said or did was a subject of vexation to her sister, a disappointment to her mother, a worry even to her father. "I have never known a happy time," she exclaimed to herself, "except at Rome and that fortnight at Kaiserswerth. It is not the unhappiness I mind, it is not indeed; but people can't be unhappy without making those about them so."

"The thoughts and feelings that I have now I can remember since I was six years old. It was not that I made them.

A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties, I have always felt essential to me, I have always longed for, consciously or not. During a middle part of my life, college education, acquirement, I longed for, but that was temporary. The first thought I can remember, and the last, was nursing work; and in the absence of this, education work, but more the education of the bad than of the young. But for this I had had no education myself."

Eighteen months before she had resolved in a great effort to "crucify" her old self, "to break through the habits, entailed on me by an idle life, of living not in the present world of action, but in a future one of dreams. Since then nations have passed before me but have brought no new life to me. In my thirty-first year I see nothing desirable but death." "Everything has been tried, foreign travel, kind friends, everything." "My God, what is to become of me?" "O weary days, O evenings that seem never to end! For how many long years I have watched that drawing-room clock and thought it would never reach the ten! And for twenty or thirty more to do this!"[1] "O how am I to get through this day, to talk through all this day, is the thought of every morning. . . . Why do I wish to leave this world? God knows I do not expect a heaven beyond, but that he would set me down in St. Giles's, at a Kaiserswerth, there to find my work and my salvation in my work."

As the year advances, a more decided spirit of revolt begins to appear in her diaries. One of her perplexities had been a doubt whether her "mountains of difficulties" were to be taken as occasions for submission to God's will, or whether they were trials of her patience and resolve. She now began to interpret God's will as a call upon her for a stronger initiative. "I must *take* some things," she wrote on Whit Sunday (8 June 1851) "as few as I can,

[1] Tradition records that Florence sometimes contrived to put on the hands of this clock—a florid erection in ormolu.

to enable me to live. I must take them, they will not be given me; take them in a spirit of doing Thy will, not of snatching them for my own will. I must do without some things, as many as I can, which I could not have without causing more suffering than I am obliged to cause any way." And she must leave behind the hope of real sympathy and understanding from her mother and sister.

In a long letter to her father she argues the need of training, not specifically for herself, but in general. Something more than good intention is necessary in order to do good. Philanthropy is a matter of skill, and an apprenticeship in it is necessary. An opportunity for such apprenticeship came sooner than she had dared to hope. A stay at Carlsbad was proposed for Parthe's health. Florence insisted on being allowed to start with her mother and sister, and to spend the time of their foreign stay at Kaiserswerth. This was permitted, the more readily, it appears, that nobody need know where she was.

"I have not mentioned to anyone," wrote Florence (16 July), "where I am, and should also be very sorry that the old ladies should know. With regard, however, to your fear of what people will say, the people whose opinion you most care about, it has been their earnest wish for years that I should come here. The Bunsens (I know he wishes one of his own daughters would come), the Bracebridges, the Sam Smiths, Lady Inglis, the Sidney Herberts, the Plunketts, all wish it; and I know that others—Lady Byron, Caroline Bathurst, Mr. Tremenheere, Mr. Rich (whose opinions however I have not asked)—would think it a very desirable thing for everybody. . . . With regard to telling people the fact (afterwards) of my having been here, I can see no difficulty. The Herberts, as you know, even commissioned me to do something for them here. The fact itself will pain none of them."

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, who were at Homburg, presently paid her a visit at Kaiserswerth. She reached the institution early in July, and stayed three months.

The Institution for Deaconesses, now grown into a great group of institutions with many daughter houses in Germany and others in the near East, was the first of its kind. It began in 1833 with the opening of a tiny summer house for a single discharged prisoner in the garden of the Pastor of Kaiserswerth and his wife, Friederike Münster, both devoted workers for the reformation of prisoners. Fliedner had met Mrs. Fry in London, and had been greatly impressed by her work in Newgate. An infant school and a hospital where deaconesses could be trained as nurses were soon added, at first also in a very small way.

"It is impossible not to observe," wrote Miss Nightingale in her account of the place, "how different was the beginning from the way in which institutions are generally founded. A list of subscribers with some royal and noble names at the head, a double column of rules and regulations, a collection of great names begin (and end) most new enterprises." "At Kaiserswerth," she notes elsewhere, "a clergyman and his wife have begun not with a prospectus, but with a couple of hospital beds, and have offered, not an advertisement, but a home to young women willing to come." In 1851, Kaiserswerth had a hospital with 100 beds, an infant school, a penitentiary with 12 inmates, an orphan asylum and a normal school for the training of school mistresses. There were 116 deaconesses, of whom 94 had been "consecrated" by "a solemn blessing in the church, without vows of any kind." The rest were still on probation. Forty-nine were working at Kaiserswerth, the others elsewhere in Germany and abroad. After six months' trial, they received a small salary, just enough to provide their clothes. There was no other reward, except that the Mother House stood open to receive those who might fall ill or become infirm in its service. Every week the pastor gave a conversational lecture to the deaconesses, advising in each one's difficulties, and they were taught education of the young, care of the sick, district visiting, rescue and

reformatory work. Private instruction on matters connected with the moral side of the work was also given individually by the pastor, and Miss Nightingale was deeply impressed by the excellence and seriousness of this. Her manner of life there and her joy in it were told in letters to her mother:

"On Sunday I took the sick boys a long walk along the Rhine; two Sisters were with me to help to keep order. They were all in ecstasies with the beauty of the scenery, and really I thought it very fine, too, in its way—the broad mass of waters flowing ever on slowly and calmly to their destination, and all that unvarying horizon—so like the slow, calm, earnest, meditative German character."

"The world here fills my life with interest, and strengthens me in body and mind. I succeeded directly to an office, am now in another, so that until yesterday I never had time even to send my things to the wash. We have ten minutes for each of our meals, of which we have four. We get up at 5; breakfast ¼ before 6. The patients dine at eleven; the Sisters at 12. We drink tea, *i.e.*, a drink made of ground rye, between 2 and 3, and sup at 7. We have two ryes and two broths—ryes at 6 and 3, broths at 12 and 7; bread at the two former, vegetables at 12. Several evenings in the week we collect in the Great Hall for a Bible lesson. The Pastor sent for me once to give me some of his unexampled instructions; the man's wisdom and knowledge of human nature is wonderful; he has an instinctive acquaintance with every character in his place. Except that once I have only seen him in his rounds."

"The operation to which Mrs. Bracebridge alludes was an amputation at which I was present, but which I did not mention to ——, knowing that she would see no more in my interest in it than the pleasure dirty boys have in playing in the puddles about a butcher's shop. I find the deepest interest in everything here, and am so well in body and mind. This is Life. Now I know what it is to live and to love life, and really I should be sorry now to leave life. I know you will be glad to hear this, dearest Mum. God has indeed made life rich in interests and blessings, and I wish for no other earth, no other world but this."

Miss Nightingale objected strongly in later years to statements that her own training was confined to Kaiserswerth. "The nursing there," she wrote, "was *nil*. The hygiene horrible. The hospital was certainly the worst part of Kaiserswerth. I took all the training that was to be had—there was none to be had in England, but Kaiserswerth was far from having trained me." On the other hand, "the tone was excellent, admirable. And Pastor Fliedner's addresses were the best I ever heard. The penitentiary outdoor work and vegetable gardening under a very capable Sister were excellently adapted to the case. And Pastor Fliedner's solemn and reverential teaching to us of the sad events of hospital life was what I have never heard in England."[2] Never have I met a higher tone, a purer devotion, than there. It was the more remarkable because many of the Deaconesses had been only peasants—none were Gentlewomen (when I was there)."[3]

Mrs. Nightingale and Parthe reached Cologne on their way home in October, and there Florence joined them. She had written from Kaiserswerth a carefully considered letter appealing for her "beloved people's" sympathy. They still could not give it. Parthe hoped the visit would only be an episode. It was a good thing, she had told her mother, for Florence to go there, "as we can get her back sooner to Lea Hurst." To Florence she had written a lively letter describing in detail the birth of a friend's twins: "I tell you, as you are going to be a *sage femme*, I suppose."

"Our dear child Florence," wrote Mrs. Nightingale to Mme. Mohl (October 9), "came to us yesterday and is gone this morning to visit certain Deaconesses and others. I long to be at home and among our people. Daily and hourly I congratulate myself that our home is where it is. Oh, what a land of justice and freedom and all good things

[2] Letter to Mrs. C. S. Roundell, August 4, 1896.

[3] From a note of 1897 in the British Museum, sent with a copy of the pamphlet on Kaiserswerth, for which the Museum authorities had applied to her.

it is, compared to what we have seen, and how surprising that with all our advantages and our freedom won we should not be so much better than other people. Well, I hope Florence will be able to apply all the fine things she has been learning, to do a little to make us better. Parthe and I are much too idle to help and too apt to be satisfied with things as they are."

CHAPTER VI

A RELIGION FOR USE

The three months at Kaiserswerth were a turning point in Florence Nightingale's life. A note of serenity in marked contrast with the storm and distress of earlier years now appears in some of her letters.

We get a glimpse of her from George Eliot (July 1852). "I was much pleased with her. There is a loftiness of mind about her which is well expressed by her form and manner." Mrs. Browning saw her about this time and remembered three years later "her graceful manner and the flowers she sent." "She is an earnest, noble woman." We get a last outside impression of her as the Daughter at Home in an account of a dinner party given by her father. Florence sat between Sir Henry de la Bêche, the pioneer of the geological map of England, and Mr. W. Warington Smyth. "She began by drawing Sir Henry out on geology, and charmed him by the boldness and breadth of her views, which were not common then. She accidentally proceeded into regions of Greek and Latin, and then our geologist had to get out of it. She was fresh from Egypt, and began talking with W. Smyth about the inscriptions, etc., where he thought he could do pretty well; but when she began quoting Lepsius, which she had been studying in the original, he was in the same case as Sir Henry. When the ladies left the room, Sir Henry said to Smyth, "a capital young lady that, if she hadn't floored me with her Latin and Greek."[1]

What was Florence thinking as "the ladies left the room"?

[1] Caroline Fox, *Memories of Old Friends*, pp. 311, 312.

"Oh, God," she had written in her diary at Cairo, "Thou puttest into my heart this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful, I offer it to Thee. Do with it what is for Thy service."

"On my thirty-second birthday," she writes to her father (12 May 1852), "I think I must write a word of acknowledgement to you. I am glad to think that my youth is past and rejoice that it never, never can return—that time of follies and bondage, of unfulfilled hopes and disappointed *in*experience, when a man possesses nothing, not even himself. I am glad to have lived; though it has been a life which, except as the necessary preparation for another, few would accept. I hope now that I have come into possession of myself. I hope that I have escaped from that bondage which knows not how to distinguish between 'bad habits' and 'duties'—terms often used synonymously by all the world. It is too soon to holloa before you are out of the wood; and like the Magdalen in Correggio's picture, I see the dark wood behind, the sharp stones in front with only too much dearness. Of clearness, however, there cannot be *too* much. But, as in the picture, there is light. I hope that I may live, a thing which I have not often been able to say; because I think I have learnt something which it would be a pity to waste. And I am ever yours, dear father, in struggle as in peace, with thanks for all your kind care, F. N.

"When I speak of the disappointed inexperience of youth, of course I accept that, not only as inevitable, but as the beautiful arrangement of Infinite Wisdom, which cannot create us gods, but which will not create us animals, and therefore wills mankind to create mankind by their own experience—a disposition of Perfect Goodness which no one can quarrel with. I shall be very ready to read you when I come home, any of my 'Works,' in your own room before breakfast, if you have any desire to hear them. Au revoir, dear Papa."

To these "works" Florence had given a great deal of time in 1851 and 1852. They were privately printed some years later under the title of *Suggestions for Thought*. The theme, or the main part of it, is indicated in the latter

part of this letter. Florence had made some acquaintance with workmen of "advanced" opinions through Truelove, the secularist publisher and bookseller, who was secretary of the Literary and Scientific Institution in John Street, Fitzroy Square. This was the headquarters of Owenite Socialists and of the party of whom G. J. Holyoake was the prophet.[2] "The most thinking and conscientious of the artisans have no religion at all," she concluded, and she planned to devote some part of her time at home to "giving a new religion to the tailors."[3]

From childhood her heart and thoughts had been much occupied by religious ideas. In her home religious belief was taken for granted, and a governess, Miss Christie, whose death was a great grief to the sensitive child, is said to have strongly influenced her in religious matters. But she was critical and could not rest in any existing creed. Kaiserswerth had shown her a more logically founded religious life than anything she could find in England. "The historic made Schlegel, as you say, a Catholic," she wrote to Manning at this time.

"But the English have never been historians. Instead of Saints they have had Civil Engineers, instead of Sisters of Charity they have had Political Economists. The Church of England could not have stood in any country but England, because she is such a poor historian. I have always thought that the great theological fight has yet to be fought out in England between Catholicism and Protestantism.

"In Germany it was fought out 300 years ago. They know why they are Protestants. I never knew an Englishman who did, and if he inquires, he becomes a Catholic!"[4]

She did not adopt the creed or cause of any Protestant denomination; but her attitude in spiritual things is based

[2] Miss Nightingale occasionally visited Truelove's shop and made acquaintance with his wife, whom for many years after she befriended in small ways, and helped by sympathy in the many troubles of her husband's life as a secularist agitator.

[3] The hero of Alton Locke (1850) was a tailor.

[4] Mr. Shane Leslie's *H. E. Manning,* pp. 110-11.

on the distinctively Protestant tenet of freedom of conscience, indeed on freedom of thought.

The "works" were done in collaboration with Mrs. S. Smith,[5] and by the end of 1852 were ready for the criticism of friends. In the beginning of her diary for 1853, Florence made this entry:

> The last day of the old year. I am so glad this year is over. Nevertheless it has not been wasted, I trust. I have remodelled my whole religious belief from beginning to end. I have learnt to know God. I have recast my social belief; have them both written for use when my hour is come.

They were written "for use," and they were amply used when her hour came. She was conscious of the imperfection of the *Suggestions.* She was "so sick of it" that she lost "all discrimination about the ensemble and the form" and later she told Mme. Mohl that she could not read it herself. But its main ideas remained with her through life as a sustaining force: as the only satisfying attempt she could make towards the interpretation of God's will for men.

In 1858 and 1859 she worked on the subject again, rereading Mill's Logic and Edgar Quinet's *Histoire de mes idées,* and talking with Arthur Clough. After some rewriting and many additions, she had the book privately printed, and sent part of it to Mill through the introduction of Edwin Chadwick, of the Poor Law Board, a sanitarian who had been in the field earlier than herself. Mill read and annotated it, was much interested and asked to see the rest.[6] Through Mr. Clough the book went to Jowett, and the acquaintance thus made was the beginning of a

[5] Mary Shore, Mr. Nightingale's only sister, was married to Mrs. Nightingale's second brother, Samuel Smith. The tie between Florence and this aunt and uncle was very close, and both were full of help and kindness to her.

[6] His two letters to her on Suggestions for Thought are those printed as "To a Correspondent" at vol. i, pp. 238-242 of the Letters of J. S. Mill (1910).

long friendship. Jowett wrote her long letters of general discussion on the book, and annotated it carefully. Both wished that the book should be recast, and hoped that it would be published. But the recasting was never done, and it has remained unpublished.

Anyone who tries to read it must find that, while interesting and attractive to dip into, it is eminently unreadable as a whole. As Mill and Jowett said, there are defects of arrangement. There are many repetitions, and it is irritating to find that the multiplicity of heads and subheads give only a deceptive appearance of method. It appears from a will made in 1862 that while she then wished the "Stuff," as she called it, to be "revised and arranged according to the hints of Mr. Jowett and Mr. Mill," it was not to be altered "according to their principles," with which, she says, "I entirely disagree."

Her belief in God was intense and unquestioned. Love of God meant with her both the longing for a spiritual communion with Perfection, and a thirst for the moral beauty and satisfyingness of trying to remodel the world of men according to God's Will, if only in the capacity of a "scavenger," a "maid of all work." These desires of the heart transcended argument. But the conceptions of reason as the organ of knowledge and of evolution as the course of nature were in the air, and profoundly affected her way of seeking for truth. "Law as the basis of a new theology" is the main theme of her argument. A charming passage tells of her childhood's belief in prayer.

"When I was young I could not understand what people meant by 'their thoughts wandering in prayer.' I asked for what I really wished and really wished for what I asked. And my thoughts wandered no more than those of a mother would wander, who was supplicating her Sovereign for her son's reprieve from execution. . . . I liked the morning service much better than the evening, because we asked for more things. . . . I was always miserable if I was not at church when the Litany was said. I well remember, when

an uncle died, the care I took, on behalf of my aunt and cousins, to be always present in spirit at the petition for the fatherless children and widows; and, when Gonfalonieri was in the Austrian prison of Spielberg, at that for 'prisoners and captives.' My conscience pricked me a little whether this should extend to those who were in prison for murder and debt, but I supposed that I might pray for them spiritually. I could not pray for George IV. I thought people very good who prayed for him, and wondered whether he could have been much worse if he had not been prayed for. William IV I prayed for a little. But when Victoria came to the throne, I prayed for her in a rapture of feeling and my thoughts never wandered."

To this simple faith of youth, experience succeeded. What was the use of praying to be delivered from plague and pestilence so long as the common sewers ran into the Thames? If a visitation of cholera afflicted the world, which was the more probable reading of God's mind—that men should pray for relief, or that they should themselves set about removing the causes? The laws of God, she suggested, were discoverable by experience, research and analysis. As she sometimes put it, the *character* of God was ascertainable, though His *essence* might be a mystery. The laws of God were the laws of life, to be ascertained by enquiry and recorded in statistics. And hence she regarded statistics with a religious reverence: in them could be registered not only the physical history of human life, but the effects of this or that method of reform on both material conditions and character, in short, the path by which mankind could follow God's leading towards the perfect life.

"I think the subject is this:" she writes, in sending her father Part I of her "works"—"Granted that we see signs of *universal* law all over this world, *i.e.,* law or plan or constant sequences in the moral and intellectual as well as the physical phenomena of the world—granted this, we must in this universal law find the traces of *a* Being who made it, and what is more of the *character* of the Being

who made it. If we stop at the superficial signs, the Being is something so bad as no human character can be found to equal in badness, and certainly all the beings He has made are better than Himself. But go deeper and see wider, and it appears as if this plan of *universal* law were the only one by which a good Being could teach His creatures to teach themselves and one another what is the road to universal perfection. And this we shall acknowledge is the only way for any educator, whether human or divine, to act—viz: to teach men to teach themselves and each other. It we could not *depend* upon God, *i.e.,* if this sequence were not *always* to be calculated upon in moral as well as physical things—if He were to have caprices (by some called *grace,* by others *answers to prayer.* etc.) there would be no order in creation to depend upon. There would be chaos. And the only way by which man can have Free Will, *i.e.,* can learn to govern his own will, to have what will he thinks *right* (which is having his will free), is to have universal Order or Law (by some miscalled Necessity). I put this thus brusquely because philosophers have generally said Necessity and Free Will are incompatible. It seems to have appeared to God that Law is the only way, on the contrary, to *give* man his free will. And this I have attempted to prove. And further that this is the only plan a perfectly good omnipotent Being could pursue. . . . Ever, dear Papa, your loving child, F. N."

"When Christ preaches the Cross, when all mystical theology preaches the Cross," she writes again to her father, "I go along with them entirely. It is the self-same thing as what I mean when I say that God educates the world by His laws, *i.e., by sin*—that man must create mankind—that all this *evil, i.e.,* the Cross, is the proof of God's goodness, is the *only* way by which God could work out man's salvation without a contradiction. You say, but there is too much evil. I say there is just enough (not a millionth part of a grain more than is *necessary*) to teach man by his own mistakes—by his *sins,* if you will—to show man the way to *perfection in eternity,* to perfection which is the only happiness. . . ."

The belief in a future life was bound up in these ideas. The sense of communion, however imperfect, with divine

perfection and the belief in the soul's limitless capacities required a future state of infinite progress in which life would still be devoted to God's work. "We admit that we discern tendencies, evidence only, not proof, verification," she says in the final summing-up. "But are these tendencies, this evidence, to be therefore disregarded, when they lead to the conclusion that the process of verification extends over eternity?" With religion centred on self she had no sympathy. "Is there anything higher," she asked, "in thinking of one's own salvation than in thinking of one's own dinner? I have always felt that the soldier who gives his life for something which is certainly not himself or his shilling a day—whether he call it his Queen or his Country or his Colours—is higher in the scale than the Saints or the Faquirs or the Evangelicals who (some of them don't) believe that the end of religion is to secure one's own salvation."

The reasoning she expended on these problems was yet consistent with a spiritual fervour of faith.

"If it is said, 'we cannot love a *law*'—the mode in which God reveals Himself—the answer is, we *can* love the spirit which originates, which is manifested in, the law. It is not the material presence only that we love in our fellow creatures. It is the spirit, which bespeaks the material presence, that we love. Shall we not then love the spirit of all that is lovable, which *all* material presence bespeaks to us? . . . How penetrated must those have been who first, genuinely, had the conception, who felt, who thought, whose imaginations helped them to conceive, that the Divine Verity manifests itself in the human, partakes itself, becomes one with the human, descends into the hell of sin and suffering with the human, by 'being verily and indeed taken and received with the human! . . . We will seek continually (and stimulate mankind to seek with us) to prepare the eye and the ear of the great human existence that seeing it *shall* perceive, and hearing it *shall* understand. . . . 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' To do it 'to the glory of

God' must be to fulfil the Lord's purpose. That purpose is man's increase in truth, increase in right being. The history of mankind should be, *will* be one day, the history of man's endeavour after increase of truth, and after a right nature. . . . What does ignorant finite man want? How great, how suffering, yet how sublime are his wants! Think of his wounded, aching heart, as compared with the bird and beast! His longing eye, his speaking countenance, compared with these! *They* show something of such difference, but nothing, nothing compared with what is within where no eye can read. What then, poor sufferer, dost thou want? I want a wise and loving counsellor, whose love and wisdom should come home to the whole of my nature. I would work, oh! how gladly, but I want direction how to work. I would suffer, oh! how willingly, but for a purpose. . . . God always speaks plain in His laws—His everlasting voice. . . . My poor child, He says, dost thou complain that I do not prematurely give thee food which thou couldst not digest? My son, I am always one with thee, though thou are not always one with me. That spirit racked or blighted by sin, my child, it is thy Father's spirit. Whence comes it, why does it suffer, or why is it blighted, but that it is incipient love, and truth, and wisdom, tortured or suppressed? But Law (that is, the will of the Perfect) is now, was without beginning, and ever shall be, as the inducement and the means by which that blight or suffering, which is God within man, shall become man one with God."

From these ideas of the religious life, the author turns to life as she saw it in her own social circle, where the claims of religion were mostly satisfied by attending church on Sunday and thanking God for any pleasant experience. It is characteristically under the head of "Practical Deductions" that she first introduces a scathing and often very humorous criticism of religious and social life. She describes, or rather she attacks, the position of women in the upper classes; and no suffragist or feminist of the twentieth century has more eagerly, or from more painful experience, claimed for women the freedom to work.

"The family? It is too narrow a field for the development of an immortal spirit, be that spirit male or female. The chances are a thousand to one that in that small sphere, the task for which that immortal spirit is destined by the qualities and gifts which its Creator has placed within it, will not be found.

"The family dooms some minds to incurable infancy, others to silent misery.

"And family boasts that it has performed its mission well, in so far as it has enabled the individual to say, 'I have *no* peculiar work, nothing but what the moment brings me, nothing that I cannot throw up at once at anybody's claim;' in as far, that is, as it has *destroyed* the individual life. And the individual thinks that a great victory has been accomplished, when, at last, she is able to say that she has 'no personal desires or plans.' What is this but throwing the gifts of God aside as worthless, and substituting for them those of the world? . . .

"If a man were to follow up his profession or occupation at odd times, how would he do it? Would he become skillful in that profession? It is acknowledged by women themselves that they are inferior in every occupation to men. Is it wonderful? *They* do *everything* at 'odd times.'[1]

"Society triumphs over many. They wish to regenerate the world with their institutions, with their moral philosophy, with their love. Then they sink from living from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, with a little worsted work, and to looking forward to nothing but bed.

"When shall we see a life full of steady enthusiasm, walking straight to its aim, flying home, as that bird is now, against the wind—with the calmness and the confidence of one who knows the laws of God and can apply them? . . .

"Why cannot we make use of the noble rising heroisms of our own day instead of leaving them to rust? . . .

"Suppose we were to see a number of men in the morning sitting round a table in the drawing-room, looking at prints, doing worsted work, and reading little books, how we should laugh! . . . Now why is it more ridiculous for a man than for a woman to do worsted work and drive out every day in the carriage? Why should we laugh if we were to see

[1] Mill quoted this in *The Subjection of Women,* Ch. III.

a parcel of men sitting round a drawing-room table in the morning, and think it all right if they were women?

"Is man's time more valuable than woman's? Or is the difference between man and woman this, that woman has confessedly nothing to do?"

CHAPTER VII

"THE ESTABLISHMENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN DURING ILLNESS"

In an imaginary dialogue with her mother at this time Florence makes herself say, "Why, my dear, you don't suppose that with my 'talents' and my 'European reputation' and my 'beautiful letters' and all that, I'm going to stay dangling about my mother's drawing-room all my life! I shall go and look out for work, to be sure. You must look upon me as your son. I should have cost you a great deal more if I had married or been a son. You must now consider me married or a son. You were willing to part with me to be married." Florence's cause owed a good deal to the diplomacy of her faithful ally, Mrs. Smith. "Your mother," reported the aunt, "would, I believe, be most willing that you undertake a mission like Mrs. Fry or Mrs. Chisholm,[1] but she thinks it necessary for your peace and well-being that there should be a Mr. Fry or Captain Chisholm to protect you, and in conscience she thinks it right to defend you from doing anything which *she thinks* would be an impediment to the existence of Mr. F. or Captain C." It must have been evident even to Mrs. Nightingale that a time limit to her expectation of a Mr. F. or Captain C. would be natural, and this in fact was agreed on as the result of Mrs. Smith's anxious negotiations. At some future age to be specified, Florence was to be free, even if unmarried. This quaint compact was not actually put on paper, but Mrs. Bracebridge was called in as a witness to the understanding. The logical consequence was that Florence should at once be free to prepare herself,

[1] Mrs. Chisholm founded orphan schools in Madras, 1832, and befriended women emigrants to Australia 1841-66.

and accordingly she proposed to give some time to studying among the Catholic Sisters in France. By the good offices of her Roman acquaintance, Manning, who had lately been received into the Roman Catholic Church, it was projected that she should stay at the Maison de la Providence in the Rue Oudinot, with its orphanage, crêche and hospital for aged and sick women. To travel alone was of course impossible, but Miss Bonham Carter was to study painting in Paris, and the cousins could travel together, and could creditably arrive (though they spared Mrs. Nightingale the shock of knowing they could not arrange to start) with Lady Augusta Bruce.[2] But even after the Paris plan was agreed to, Mrs. Nightingale tried to draw back, and Florence was induced, partly by the illness of her great-aunt Evans,[3] to put off the journey. She was offered as an alternative to her French plan the little old rambling Cromford Bridge House, on her father's Derbyshire land, in which to conduct some very small institution. In answer, Florence wrote an affectionate and touching appeal to her sister to have patience with what was "ingrained in her nature."

It was not till February 1853 that she and Hilary Bonham Carter reached Paris. They stayed with the Mohls in the Rue du Bac, and Florence, armed with a comprehensive permit from the Administration Générale de l' Assistance Publique, set methodically about her business, spending the days inspecting hospitals, infirmaries and religious houses and seeing the famous Paris surgeons at their work, while in the evenings she took part in the usual lively social life of the Mohls. Then, as ever, she was a diligent collector of pamphlets, reports and statistics, and among her papers of this date were elaborately tabulated analyses of hospital and nursing arrangements in France and Ger-

[2] Afterwards wife of Dean Stanley, whom she met at Mme. Mohl's.

[3] George Evans, "Gentleman," of Cranford Bridge House, married Ann Nightingale (v. Chap. I).

many and a *questionnaire* which she seems to have addressed to the principal institutions in the United Kingdom. There was a short break when she was recalled to Lea Hurst to nurse her grandmother Shore, who died soon after at the age of 95, and on June 8, after another week of visits to hospitals, she entered the Maison de la Providence. But not for long. The measles obliged her to retire to her room; "and of all my adventures, of which I have had many and queer, . . . the dirtiest and the queerest I have ever had has been a measles in the cell of a Soeur de la Charité." M. Mohl sent tea and letters, and finally carried off the patient to his back drawing-room, his wife being away in England. "Please write to M. Mohl and comfort him for his disaster," Florence begged her. "I am so repentant that I can say nothing—which the Catholics tell me is the 'marque' of a true 'humiliation.'" M. Mohl required no comforting. "Her gentle manner," he wrote to Mr. Nightingale, "covers such a depth and strength of mind and thought that I am afraid of nothing for her, but that her health should fail her."

Florence had already been negotiating in England and in letters from Paris for the Office of Superintendent of an "Establishment for Gentlewomen During Illness,"[4] which had been founded a few years before at 8 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, to give treatment and a home to sick governesses and other poor gentlewomen. After her return to England, she wrote to report progress to Mme. Mohl. Her friend had advised her to keep in their places the "fashionable asses"—the great ladies who formed the "Committee of Ladies," and, with a "Committee of Gentlemen," presided over the Establishment.

Florence Nightingale to Mme. Mohl. Lea Hurst, 8 April.

In all that you say I cordially agree, and if you knew what the "fashionable asses" have been doing, their "offs"

[4] Now the Florence Nightingale Hospital for Gentlewomen, Lisson Grove.

and their "ons," poor fools! you would say so ten times more. I shall be truly grateful if you will write to Pop [Parthe]—my people know as much of the affair as I do—which is not much. You see the F. A. S. or (A. F. S., which will stand for "ancient fathers" and be more respectful, as they are all Puseyites) the F. A. S. want me to come up to London now and look at them, and if we suit to come very soon into the Sanatorium. . . . I can give you no particulars, dearest friend, because I don't know any. I can only say that, unless I am left a free agent and am to organize the thing myself and not they, I will have nothing to do with it. But as the thing is yet to be organized, I cannot lay a plan either before you or my people. And that rather perplexes them, as they want to make conditions that I shan't do this or that. If you would "well present" my plans, as you say, to them, it would be an inestimable benefit both to them and to me. . . . Hillie will tell you all I know—that it is a Sanatorium for sick governesses managed by a Committee of fine ladies. But there are no surgeon students nor improper patients there at all, which is, of course, a great recommendation in the eyes of the Proper. The Patients, or rather the Impatients, for I know what it is to nurse sick ladies, are all pay patients, poor friendless folk in London. I am to have the choosing of the house, the appointment of the Chaplain and the management of the funds as the F. A. S. are *at present* minded. But Isaiah himself could not prophesy how they will be minded at 8 o'clock this evening.

The ladies had to be assured that the appointment had the approval of Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale. They had to be persuaded that it was not unseemly for the superintendent to be present when the doctors made their rounds and did operations. They had to be instructed in the essentials of a convenient nursing home with its bells ringing in the proper places, its hot water supply, and its lift or "windlass" (a new idea) in order that the nurse might not be "converted into a pair of legs." And an empty house —No. 1 Upper Harley Street—had to be furnished in ten days.

"My Committee refused me to take in *Catholic* patients

—whereupon I wished them good morning, unless I might take Jews and their Rabbis to attend them. So now it is settled, and *in print,* that we are to take in all denominations whatever, and allow them to be visited by their respective priests and Muftis, provided *I* will receive (in any case *whatsoever* that is *not* of the Church of England) the obnoxious animal at the door, take him upstairs myself, remain while he is conferring with his patient, make myself *responsible* that he does not speak to, or look at, *anyone else,* and bring him downstairs again in a noose, and out into the street. And to this I have agreed! And this is in print!

"Amen. From Committees, charity, and Schism—from the Church of England and all other deadly sin—from philanthrophy and all the deceits of the Devil, Good Lord, deliver us." [6]

Letters to her father contain amusing accounts of the arts by which she managed committees and doctors. By the harmless device of letting both parties in turn initiate her own economies and regulations, without either knowing the other is doing so, she gets things done without friction and without claiming the credit.

"The Medical Men approved all *nem. con.* and thought they were their own. And I came off with flying colours, no one suspecting my intrigue, which of course would ruin me were it known, as there is much jealousy in the Committee of one another, and among the Medical Men of one another, as ever what's his name had of Marlborough. . . .

"My Committee have not the courage to discharge a single case. *They* say the Medical Man must do it. The Medical Men say they won't, although the cases, they say, must be discharged. And I always have to do it, as the stop-gap on all occasions."

By such arts, by readiness to shoulder responsibility, and by close attention to detail, which was never too small for her personal care, Miss Nightingale successfully reduced chaos to order. The combination of masterful powers of organisation with sympathy and gentleness were already

[6] To Mme. Mohl, 20 August 1853.

observed. Letters of gratitude from patients after their discharge speak of her "unwearied and affectionate attention." They were often addressed to "My good dear and faithful Friend" or "My darling Mother." She did much to find the poor ladies after-care, convalescent homes and openings in the Colonies, and also took great interest in Sidney Herbert's scheme for Female Emigration. The work was exacting and hard, but Florence could write to Miss Nicholson: "I have never repented nor looked back, not for one moment. And I begin the New Year with more feeling of a Happy New Year than ever I had in my life." Her family had not yet quite fully accepted her vocation. Mr. Nightingale indeed took pride in his daughter's success and the correspondence between them at this time is very pleasant. As a magistrate, concerned in the administration of hospitals and asylums, he followed her strategy with lively interest. There is a postscript in one of his letters which tells a good deal between the lines: "Better write to me at the Athenæum so as not to excite enquiry." Her mother and sister seem to have thought that while they were in London, Florence might have lived with them, or, at any rate, been with them often, and Mme. Mohl, as the affectionate friend of both sisters, put the case to her. But the step of leaving home, Florence wrote, was the result of "years of anxious consideration" of "the fullest and deepest thought." It had not been done without "the fullest advice," and "being the growth of so long" was "not likely to be repented of or reconsidered." It was a *"fait accompli."* "With regard to my sacrificing my peace and comfort," she went on, "it is true I am *here* entirely for their sakes." In fact it had not been her desire to serve gentlewomen in particular, but rather the poorest, or "the bad," and the superintendence of the institution was a compromise for the sake of her family's feelings.

"But to serve my country in this *way* had also been the object of my life, though I should not have done it in

this time or manner. But it is not a sacrifice any more than that I have done a good thing in a bad way, which I would fain have done in a good one. For *this* is sure to fail."

She had wanted to receive patients of all classes, to enrol many volunteer nurses, and to institute a nurses' training school. There proved to be no such possibilities at Harley Street. She was making the most of the opportunity, though it was a narrow one. Already in her correspondence for a year or two past, she appears as a woman to whom reference was made as to one speaking with authority. "Her position does not seem very suitable," wrote Monckton Milnes to his wife. "I wish we could put her at the head of a Juvenile Reformatory." Mrs. Bracebridge and other friends advised her to leave Harley Street, as there was no hope of a nurses' training school there, and one, Miss Louisa Twining, tried to effect her appointment as Superintendent of Nurses at King's College Hospital, which had just been rebuilt. Some of the doctors connected with the Harley Street institution, and especially Dr. William Bowman, had learned enough of her gifts to urge the appointment. Mrs. Nightingale and Parthe tried as strongly to dissuade her. Florence herself was greatly drawn to the plan, and began devising schemes on the Kaiserswerth model, for enrolling farmers' daughters as nurses. But another call intervened.

In August 1854 Florence took a few days' holiday at Lea Hurst, where Mrs. Gaskell, the authoress, was on a visit. We have a description of the young Superintendent in a letter of Mrs. Gaskell to Catherine Winkworth.

"She is tall; very straight and willowy in figure; thick and shortish rich brown hair; very delicate complexion; grey eyes, which are generally pensive and drooping, but when they choose can be the merriest eyes I ever saw; and perfect teeth, making her smile the sweetest I ever saw. Put a long piece of soft net and tie it round this beautifully shaped head, so as to form a soft white framework for the

full oval of her face (for she had the toothache and so wore this little piece of drapery), and dress her up in black silk with a black shawl on, and you may get *near* an idea of her perfect grace and lovely appearance. She is so like a Saint."

Florence cut short her holiday on hearing that an epidemic of cholera had broken out in London. She volunteered to help with cholera patients at the Middlesex Hospital and was up day and night receiving and caring for the sick women, chiefly, it seems, outcasts from the district of Soho. For two or three days there were "scares not unlike those of the old plague."[6] The epidemic soon subsided, and she returned to Harley Street.

[6] From a letter of A. H. Clough.

PART II

THE CRIMEAN WAR

CHAPTER I

THE HOUR AND THE WOMAN

Six days after the first landing of the British and French Forces in the Crimea, the battle of the Alma was fought. Rejoicings in a swift and brilliant victory gave way to a mood of anxious expectation when it was understood that the battle was not to be the first step in a triumphant progress, but the preliminary of a siege that would be both arduous and uncertain. Reports in the *Times* of neglect of the wounded began, too, to arouse resentment and pity. It was the first war in which the newspaper "special correspondent" had played a conspicuous part, and Mr. W. H. Russell's letters were subject to no censor. On October 9th it was learnt from the *Times* that the old pensioners who had been sent out to nurse the wounded were "not of the slightest use"; the soldiers had to "attend upon each other." On the 12th a long dispatch dated "Constantinople Sept. 30th" ended with these words:

"It is with feelings of surprise and anger that the public will learn that no sufficient preparations have been made for the proper care of the wounded. Not only are there not sufficient surgeons—that, it might be urged, was unavoidable; not only are there no dressers and nurses—that might be a defect of system for which no one is to blame; but what will be said when it is known that there is not even linen to make bandages for the wounded? The greatest commiseration prevails for the sufferings of the unhappy inmates of Scutari, and every family is giving sheets and old garments to supply their wants. But why could not this clearly foreseen want have been supplied? Can it be said that the battle of the Alma has been an event to take the world by surprise? Has not the expedition to the Crimea

been the talk of the last four months? And when the Turks gave up to our use the vast barracks to form a hospital and depôt, was it not on the ground that the loss of the English troops was sure to be considerable when engaged in so dangerous an enterprise? And yet, after the troops have been six months in the country, there is no preparation for the commonest surgical operations. Not only are the men kept, in some cases, for a week without the hand of a medical man coming near their wounds; not only are they left to expire in agony, unheeded and shaken off, though catching desperately at the surgeon whenever he makes his rounds through the fetid ship; but now, when they are placed in the spacious building, where we were led to believe that everything was ready which could ease their pain or facilitate their recovery, it is found that the commonest appliances of a workhouse sick ward are wanting, and that the men must die through the medical staff of the British army having forgotten that old rags are necessary for the dressing of wounds. If Parliament were sitting, some notice would probably be taken of these facts, which are notorious and have excited much concern; as it is, it rests with the Government to make inquiries into the conduct of those who have so greatly neglected their duty."

The *Times* accompanied this letter by a leading article appealing to its readers to help our soldiers in the East, and the next day published a letter from Sir Robert Peel, who enclosed £200 to start a fund for providing comforts for the sick and wounded. Mr. Russell quoted the French to our disadvantage: "Their medical arrangements are extremely good, their surgeons more numerous, and they have the help of the Sisters of Charity who have accompanied the expedition. . . . These devoted women are excellent nurses." "Why have we no Sisters of Charity?" was asked in a letter to the *Times* the next day (October 14). "There are numbers of ablebodied and tender-hearted Englishwomen who would joyfully and with alacrity go out to devote themselves to nursing the sick and wounded if they could be associated for that purpose and place under proper protection."

The same thought was stirring in other minds. Manning wrote to Miss Mary Stanley, "I have written to the Bishop of Southwark to see if any sisters can be found for the East. Why will not Florence Nightingale give herself to this great work?" [1] Lady Maria Forester had already (October 11) urged her to take out a party of nurses and had offered £200 for the expenses of three. Miss Nightingale set quietly about getting official sanction for a small party, and by the 14th, two days after the appearance of the *Times* letter from Constantinople, her plan was ready, and was submitted to Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary at War, in a letter to his wife.

1 Upper Harley St., October 14 [1854].

My dearest, I went to Belgrave Square this morning for the chance of catching you, or Mr. Herbert even, had he been in town.

A small private expedition of nurses has been organised for Scutari, and I have been asked to command it. I take myself out and one nurse.

Lady Maria Forester has given £200 to take out three others. We feed and lodge ourselves there, and are to be no expense whatever to the country. Lord Clarendon has been asked by Lord Palmerston to write to Lord Stratford for us, and has consented. Dr. Andrew Smith of the Army Medical Board, whom I have seen, authorises us, and gives us letters to the Chief Medical Officer at Scutari.

I do not mean to say that I believe the *Times* accounts, but I do believe that we may be of use to the wounded wretches.

Now to business.

(1) Unless my Ladies' Committee feel that this is a thing which appeals to the sympathies of all, and urge me, rather than barely consent, I cannot honourably break my engagement here. And I write to you as one of my mistresses.

(2) What does Mr. Herbert say to the scheme itself? Does he think it will be objected to by the authorities? Would he give us any advice or letters of recommenda-

[1] *H. E. Manning,* by Shane Leslie, p. 112.

tion? And are there any stores for the Hospital he would advise us to take out? Dr. Smith says that nothing is needed.

I enclose a letter from E. Do you think it any use to apply to Miss Burdett Coutts?

We start on Tuesday if we go, to catch the Marseilles boat of the 21st for Constantinople, where I leave my nurses, thinking the Medical Staff at Scutari will be more frightened than amused at being bombarded by a parcel of women, and I cross over to Scutari with someone from the Embassy to present my credentials from Dr. Smith, and put ourselves at the disposal of the Doctors.

(3) Would you or some one of my committee write to Lady Stratford to say, "This is not a lady but a real Hospital Nurse" of me? "And she has had experience."

My uncle went down this morning to ask my father and mother's consent.

Would there be any use in my applying to the Duke of Newcastle for his authority?

Believe me, dearest, in haste, ever yours,

F. NIGHTINGALE.

Perhaps it is better to keep it quite a private thing, and not apply to Govt. *qua* Govt."

This letter was posted on Saturday. Mr. Herbert had left London to spend the Sunday at Bournemouth, and there, on the Sunday, knowing nothing of the letter on its way to him, he wrote to Miss Nightingale.

Bournemouth, October 15 (1854).

DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE: You will have seen in the papers that there is a great deficiency of nurses at the Hospital at Scutari.

The other alleged deficiencies—namely of medical men, lint, sheets, etc.—must, if they have really ever existed, have been remedied ere this, as the number of medical officers with the army amounted to one to every 95 men in the whole force, being nearly double what we have ever had before, and 30 more surgeons went out three weeks ago, and would by this time therefore be at Constantinople. A fur-

ther supply went on Thursday, and a fresh batch sail next week.

As to medical stores, they have been sent out in profusion; lint by the *ton* weight, 15,000 pairs of sheets, medicine, wine, arrowroot in the same proportion; and the only way of accounting for the deficiency at Scutari, if it exists, is that the mass of stores went to Varna, and was not sent back when the army left for the Crimea; but four days would have remedied this. In the meanwhile fresh stores are arriving.

But the deficiency of female nurses is undoubted, none but male nurses having ever been admitted to military hospitals.

It would be impossible to carry about a large staff of female nurses with the army in the field, but at Scutari, having now a fixed hospital, no military reason exists against their introduction, and I am confident they might be introduced with great benefit, for hospital orderlies must be very rough hands, and most of them, on such an occasion as this, very inexperienced ones.

I receive numbers of offers from ladies to go out, but they are ladies who have no conception of what an hospital is, nor of the nature of its duties; and they would, when the time came, either recoil from the work or be entirely useless, and consequently, what is worse, entirely in the way. Nor would these ladies probably ever understand the necessity, especially in a military hospital, of strict obedience to rule. Lady M. Forester (Lord Roden's daughter) has made some proposal to Dr. Smith, the head of the Army Medical Department, either to go with or to send out trained nurses. I apprehend she means from Fitzroy Square, John Street, or some such establishment. The Rev. Mr. Hume, once Chaplain to the General Hospital at Birmingham (and better known as author of the scheme for transferring the city churches to the suburbs), has offered to go out himself as chaplain with two daughters and twelve nurses. He was in the army seven years, and has been used to hospitals, and I like the tone of his letters very much. I think from both of these offers practical effects may be drawn. But the difficulty of finding nurses who are at all versed in their business is probably not known to Mr. Hume, and Lady M. Forester probably has not tested the

willingness of the trained nurses to go, and is incapable of directing or ruling them.[2]

There is but one person in England that I know of who would be capable of organising and superintending such a scheme; and I have been several times on the point of asking you hypothetically if, supposing the attempt were made, you would undertake to direct it.

The selection of the rank and file of nurses will be very difficult: no one knows it better than yourself. The difficulty of finding women equal to a task, after all, full of horrors, and requiring, besides knowledge and good will, great energy and great courage, will be great. The task of ruling them and introducing system among them, great; and not the least will be the difficulty of making the whole work smoothly with the medical and military authorities out there. This it is which makes it so important that the experiment should be carried out by one with a capacity for administration and experience. A number of sentimental enthusiastic ladies turned loose into the Hospital at Scutari would probably, after a few days, be *mises à la porte* by those whose business they would interrupt, and whose authority they would dispute.

My question simply is, Would you listen to the request to go and superintend the whole thing? You would of course have plenary authority over all the nurses, and I think I could secure you the fullest assistance and co-operation from the medical staff, and you would also have an unlimited power of drawing on the Government for whatever you thought requisite for the success of your mission. On this part of the subject the details are too many for a letter, and I reserve it for our meeting; for whatever decision you take, I know you will give me every assistance and advice.

I do not say one word to press you. You are the only person who can judge for yourself which of conflicting or incompatible duties is the first, or the highest; but I must not conceal from you that I think upon your decision will depend the ultimate success or failure of the plan. Your own personal qualities, your knowledge and your power of administration, and among greater things your rank and

[2] Lady Maria had not intended to go. "I knew," she said to the elder Miss Nightingale, "that I should not have been the slightest use."

position in Society give you advantages in such a work which no other person possesses.

If this succeeds, an enormous amount of good will be done now, and to persons deserving everything at our hands; and a prejudice will have been broken through and a precedent established which will multiply the good to all time.

I hardly like to be sanguine as to your answer. If it were "yes" I am certain the Bracebridges would go with you and give you all the comfort you would require, and which their society and sympathy only could give you. I have written very long, for the subject is very near my heart. Liz [Mrs. Herbert] is writing to Mrs. Bracebridge to tell her what I am doing. I go back to town to-morrow morning. Shall I come to you between 3 and 5? Will you let me have a line at the War Office to let me know?

There is a point which I have hardly a right to touch upon, but I know you will pardon me. If you were inclined to undertake this great work, would Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale give their consent? The work would be so national, and the request made to you proceeding from the Government who represent the nation comes at such a moment that I do not despair of their consent. Deriving your authority from the Government, your position would secure the respect and consideration of everyone, especially in a service where official rank carries so much weight. This would secure to you every attention and comfort on your way and there, together with a complete submission to your orders. I know these things are a matter of indifference to you except so far as they may further the great objects you have in view; but they are of importance in themselves, and of every importance to those who have a right to take an interest in your personal position and comfort.

I know you will come to a wise decision. God grant it may be in accordance with my hopes! Believe me, dear Miss Nightingale, ever yours,

SIDNEY HERBERT.

Mr. Herbert's proposal was a courageous one. The employment of women nurses in the army was entirely novel in this country. So indeed was the placing of a woman in any position of public responsibility except the throne. He

could anticipate some support from public opinion. But if public opinion had understood the nature of the responsibility and had perceived that the occasion demanded not merely women "able-bodied and tender-hearted," but a trainer and leader of initiative, prudence and capacity, there would have been less enthusiasm and more opposition and derision for such an experiment. He himself was under no sentimental delusions. There was medical and military criticism and jealousy to be anticipated. The idea of employing female nurses at Scutari had been mooted before the army left for the East, and abandoned because it was not liked by the military authorities. He knew the nature of the trust, though not then the full tale of the disorganisation and need which were to lead the experiment far beyond his first intention. He could hardly have appointed a woman unless he had known the right woman, and perhaps no one else could or would have ventured to do it. Mr. Herbert with his winning manner, his unmistakable sincerity and sweetness of character, his high sense of public duty, untainted by personal ambition, had the influence in the Cabinet which could commend such a startling innovation. And his influence was felt wherever he was seen and known. A rare charm of personality and character was the secret of "his extraordinary and most just popularity."[3] He had already carried out useful reforms for the soldiers' benefit, and shown his interest in the care of the sick. As Secretary at War his official duties were confined to finance and accounts. The Secretary *for* War, the Duke of Newcastle—the curious distinction of offices is suggestive of the confused organisation hastily adopted after the outbreak of war—had more on his hands than anyone could do, and Mr. Herbert came to his help.

Miss Nightingale's uncle, Samuel Smith, had already half obtained her parents' consent to the "private party." The

[3] Gladstone in *Morley's Life,* vol. i. p. 651.

request from Government put an end to all doubts, and from the instant it was known no more was heard of opposition from home to Florence's work in life. The mission was "a great and noble work," "a real duty." "I must say," wrote Parthenope to a friend, "the way in which all things have tended to and fitted her for this is so very remarkable that one cannot but believe she was intended for it." Other matters were as quickly arranged. The Duke of Newcastle, who had some slight acquaintance with Miss Nightingale, and the other members of the Cabinet approved Mr. Herbert's proposal; the Harley Street Committee released their Superintendent; Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge agreed to accompany her, and the official appointment and instructions were conveyed.

The Secretary at War to Miss Nightingale, War Office, October 19 [1854].

MADAM, Having consented at the pressing instance of the Government to accept the office of Superintendent of the female nursing establishment in the English General Military Hospitals in Turkey, you will, on your arrival there, place yourself at once in communication with the Chief Army Medical Officer of the Hospital at Scutari, under whose orders and direction you will carry on the duties of your appointment.

Everything relating to the distribution of the nurses, the hours of their attendance, their allotment to particular duties, is placed in your hands, subject of course to the sanction and approval of the Chief Medical Officer; but the selection of the nurses in the first instance is placed solely under your controul, or under that of persons to be agreed on between yourself and the Director General of the Army and Ordnance Medical Department, and the persons so selected will receive certificates from the Director General or the principal Medical Officer of one of the General Hospitals, without which Certificate no one will be permitted to enter the Hospital in order to attend the sick.

In like manner the power of discharge on account of illness or of dismissal for misconduct, inaptitude or other cause is vested entirely in yourself; but in cases of such

discharge or dismissals, the cost of the return passage of such person home will, if you think it advisable, and if they proceed at once or so soon as their health enables them, be defrayed by the Government.

Directions will be given by the mail of this day to engage one or two houses in a situation as convenient as can be found for attendance at the Hospital, or to provide accommodation in the Barracks if thought more advisable. And instructions will be given to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to afford you every facility and assistance on landing at Constantinople, as also to Dr. Menzies, the Chief Medical Officer of the Hospital at Scutari, who will give you all the aid in his power and every support in the execution of your arduous duties.

The cost of the passage both out and home of yourself and the nurses who may accompany you, or who may follow you, will be defrayed by the Government, as also the cost of house rent, subsistence, etc., etc.; and I leave to your discretion the rate of pay which you may think it advisable to give to the different persons acting under your authority.

In the meanwhile, Sir John Kirkland, the Army Agent, has received orders to honour your drafts to the amount of One Thousand Pounds for the necessary expense of outfit, travelling expenses, etc., etc., of which sum you will render an account to the Purveyor of the Forces at Scutari.

You will, for your current expenses, payment of wages, etc., etc., apply to the Purveyor through the Chief Medical Officer in charge of the Hospital, who will provide you with the necessary funds.

I feel confident that, with a view to the fulfilment of the arduous task you have undertaken, you will impress upon those acting under your orders the necessity of the strictest attention to the regulations of the Hospital and the preservation of that subordination which is indispensable in every Military Establishment.

And I rely on your discretion and vigilance carefully to guard against any attempt being made among those under your authority, selected as they are with a view to fitness and without any reference to religious creed, to make use of their position in the Hospitals to tamper with or disturb the religious opinions of the patients of any

denomination whatever, and at once to check any such tendency and to take, if necessary, severe measures to prevent its repetition.

I have the honour to be, Madam, your most obedient servant,

SIDNEY HERBERT.

The promised instructions were duly sent to the Commander of the Forces, the Purveyor-in-Chief and the Principal Medical Officer. Mr. Herbert also wrote to the Purveyor-General to bespeak his assistance and co-operation for Miss Nightingale, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, wrote to the principal commissariat officers to request they would fully support her, "and instruct their officers of every grade to do the same." Mr. Henry Reeve, then on the staff of the *Times,* rejoicing that she had now "an opportunity of action worthy of her," wrote to Delane to secure the co-operation of the *Times* Fund, and Delane obtained from Monckton Milnes an introduction to Miss Nightingale for the administrator of the fund, Mr. Macdonald—to the great advantage, as it proved, of their common cause.

During the few days of preparation, the labour which fell on Miss Nightingale was enormous. "No one is so well fitted as she to do such work," wrote Lady Canning to Lady Stuart de Rothesay (October 17); "she has such nerve and skill and is so wise and quiet. Even now she is no bustle and hurry, though so much is on her hands, and such numbers of people volunteer their services." "She is as calm and composed in this furious haste . . ." wrote her sister, "as if she were going for a walk." Headquarters were at Mr. Herbert's house, 49, Belgrave Square, and there Miss Mary Stanley and Mrs. Bracebridge interviewed nurses. Miss Nightingale, knowing the difficulties, had proposed to take twenty, but gave way to Mr. Herbert's wish for a larger party, and forty was the number agreed on. The material was not promising. "Here we sit all

day," wrote Miss Stanley; "I wish people who may hereafter complain of the women selected could have seen the set we had to choose from. All London was scoured for them. We sent emissaries in every direction to every likely place. . . . We felt ashamed to have in the house such women as came. One alone expressed a wish to go from any good motive. Money was the only inducement."

Finally thirty-eight were collected. With a few exceptions they were not of gentle birth, nor were all sects represented, though "Flo so earnestly desired," as her sister wrote, "to include all shades of opinion, to prove that all, however they differed, might work together in a common brotherhood of love to God and man." The party was composed of ten Roman Catholic Sisters (five from Bermondsey and five from Norwood),[4] eight Anglican Sisters from Miss Sellon's home at Devonport, six nurses from St. John's House, an institution inclined to Tractarianism, and fourteen from various English hospitals. The distinctively Protestant institution for nurses in Devonshire Square had been applied to, but would only supply nurses on the impracticable condition that they should be subject to their own committee. A similar difficulty as to Miss Nightingale's control had to be exorcised in the case of St. John's House by means of a meeting between its Council, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Chaplain-General of the Forces and Miss Nightingale. An attempt supported by the British Government and the French military authorities to recruit Sisters of the Order of S. Vincent de Paul was made in passing through Paris, but failed.

On the eve of departure, the nurses were addressed by Mr. Herbert in his dining room. "All started on their ways," we are told, "strengthened by his heart-stirring

[4] The rule laid down by the War Office was that the Roman Catholic nurses should not exceed one-third of the whole number.

words, and cheered no less by the sunny brightness of his presence than by his kindly and unfailing sympathy." The start was made on October 21, five days after the decisive interview with Mr. Herbert.

CHAPTER II

THE ARRIVAL

On the journey Miss Nightingale's expedition excited lively interest. At Boulogne, fishwives seized the Englishwomen's bags and carried them to the hotel, refusing to be paid.[1] The landlord of the hotel asked them to order their own dinner, adding that there would be no bill. The waiters and chambermaids refused fees, and even the railway "would not be paid for her boxes." "Kindly received everywhere, by French and English," wrote Mr. Sam Smith, who went with his niece as far as Marseilles. His comments show the material out of which nurses had to be made.

". . . It was very hard work for Flo to keep 40 in good humour; arranging the rooms of 5 different sects each night before sitting down to supper took a long time; then calling all to be down at 6 ready to start. She bears all wonderfully, so calm, winning everybody, French and English." At Marseilles, "where she was seen or heard there was nothing but admiration from high and low. Her calm dignity influenced everybody. I am sure the nurses love her already. . . . She makes everybody who is with her feel the good and like it. . . ." In another letter. "Her influence on all (to captain and steward of boat) was wonderful. The rough hospital nurses on the third day after breakfasting and dining with us each day, and receiving all her attentions, were quite humanised and civilised, their very manners at table softened. 'We never had so much care taken of our comforts before; it is not people's way with *us;* we had no notion Miss N. would slave herself for us.' She looked so calm and noble in it all, whether

[1] One of Miss Nightingale's family has a cardboard box of the time, with a coloured picture of the landing on the lid.

waiting on the nurses at dinner in the station (because no one else would), or carrying parcels, or receiving functionaries. . . . I went back with the literary public of Marseilles, all full of admiration."

She sailed from Marseilles on board the *Vectis* on Friday, October 27, loudly cheered from an English vessel in the harbour, carrying with her, as a friend wrote, "the deep prayers and gratitude of the English people." She also took a large quantity of stores she had had the forethought to lay in at Marseilles—food, medical comforts, beds, which were to be of vital use at Scutari.

From the moment when her mission was announced in public she had become a popular heroine, and a fervid biographical article in the *Examiner* (October 28) was the first source of the legend of Florence Nightingale which was to persist through her life time. This article stated the course of her life with substantial accuracy; dwelt upon the fact that she was "young, graceful, feminine, rich and popular," enlarged with less truth on her delight in the "palpable and heartfelt" attractions of her home; described her forsaking the "assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions and all the entertainments for taste and intellect with which London abounds" in order to sit beside the sick and dying; and exalted this "deliberate, sensitive and highly endowed young lady" for her "resolute accumulation of the powers of consolation and her devoted application of them" to the sick and wounded in the war. "A sage few will no doubt condemn, sneer at or pity an enthusiasm which to them seems eccentric or at best misplaced, but to the true heart of the country it will speak home, and be there felt that there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who at this moment stands on as high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale."

These and other well-meant efforts of the journalism of the time were accompanied by a flood of contributions in money and kind and offers of personal service.

The discovery that the head of the Nursing Expedition was not, as first announced, "Mrs." Nightingale, a matron, but a young lady "graceful, rich and popular" added to the public enthusiasm and generosity. The statement that she was rich requires some qualification. Her father was rich, by the standard of those times, but the personal allowance he made to her when she declared her independence in 1853 was £500 a year. During her mission in the East she devoted the whole of it to her work. Her services were of course given gratuitously.

While, at 4, Cavendish Square, a house taken by Mr. Nightingale for the time, Parthe Nightingale and Mary Stanley sorted socks and linen and interviewed would-be nurses "rabble and respectable, ladies and *very much* the reverse," Florence was at sea on her way to Constantinople, revolving many things in her mind.

Her mission was an experiment, and its fate was doubtful. She was taking in her hands the reputation of the Minister who trusted her and her own dearest hopes. She foresaw, as Mr. Herbert did, that her work would be exposed to many difficulties, in addition to those for which the *Times* reports had prepared her. Medical jealousy and military prejudice had to be overcome, and there was another danger which she had hoped to stave off by uniting nurses of all creeds in a "common brotherhood," the danger of religious disputations. All these, she and Mr. Herbert had tried to guard against beforehand. The result of her forethought was a course of action very different from what many people anticipated, but entirely consonant with her sense of the necessities of the case. If she was to avoid the rocks ahead, impulsive kindness must not prevail over system. Effective care, true kindness, success in conciliating opposition, depended on strict method, stern discipline, rigid subordination. The criticisms to which her régime as head of nurses was exposed were based not on laxity, but upon alleged severity. As for her own conduct, she supposed

that her work, when she landed, would be that of matron of a hospital. If, as it turned out, she became rather "mistress of a barrack," and indeed an assistant purveyor to the British Army, it was because she found herself among conditions which the home authorities had not foreseen, and before which those on the spot stood powerless.

Constantinople, November 4, on board *Vectis.*

DEAREST PEOPLE: Anchored off the Seraglio point waiting for our fate, whether we can disembark direct into the Hospital, which, with our heterogeneous mass, we should prefer.

At six o'clock yesterday I staggered on deck to look at the plains of Troy, the tomb of Achilles, the mouths of the Scamander, the little harbour of Tenedos, between which and the main shore our *Vectis,* with stewards' cabins and galley torn away, blustering, creaking, shrieking, storming, rushed on her way. It was in a dense mist that the ghosts of the Trojans answered my cordial hail. . . . We made the castles of Europe and Asia (Dardanelles) by eleven, but also reached Constantinople this morn in a thick and heavy rain, through which the Sophia, Sulieman, the Seven Towers, the walls and the Golden Horn looked like a bad daguerreotype washed out. . . .

Bad news from Balaclava. You will hear the awful wreck of our poor cavalry, 400 wounded, arriving *at this moment* for us to nurse. . . .

(Later.) Just starting for Scutari. We are to be housed in the Hospital this very afternoon. Everybody is most kind. The fresh wounded are, I believe, to be placed under our care. They are landing them now.

CHAPTER III

SETTING TO WORK

There were two hospitals at Scutari in which Miss Nightingale worked.

The *General Hospital* was the former Turkish Military Hospital. Having been planned for its purpose, and given up to the British partially fitted, it was early reduced to good order "by the unwearied efforts of the first-class Staff Surgeon in introducing a good working system. It was then maintained in excellent condition to the close of the war."[1] Miss Nightingale assigned ten nurses to this hospital.

The other, the Barrack Hospital, was Miss Nightingale's headquarters throughout her stay. It had been the Selimiyeh Barracks. The great yellow building, with square towers at each angle, had been made over to the British when, after the Battle of the Alma, the accommodation at the General Hospital proved too small. Its maximum accommodation (December 1854) was 2,434. It stands on rising ground near the Turkish Cemetery at Scutari, and looks over the Sea of Marmora on one side, towards the Princes Islands on another, and towards Constantinople and up the Bosphorus on the third.[2]

[1] Miss Nightingale's Statement to Subscribers, p. 13.

[2] Another hospital, the Palace Hospital, was opened in January 1855 in buildings belonging to the Sultan's summer palace. Miss Nightingale had no nurses there, but four female nurses were sent there from England in the summer of 1855 under Mrs. Willoughby Moore, widow of an officer killed in the war. The hospitals at Koulali 4 or 5 miles farther north on the Bosphorus were under Miss Nightingale's supervision till the spring of 1855, when Miss Mary Stanley took charge of them for a few months. They were broken up in November 1855, Miss Nightingale

Nurses having been told off to attend to the worst cases in the wards to which they were admitted, the first thing to be done was to provide something the sick men could swallow, for until Miss Nightingale arrived it was left to untrained orderlies to cook the sick diet where they could, and if they could—and if it was to be had, which was rare. It was evident to the newcomers that many patients must have been lost from want of nourishment, being unable to feed themselves or to eat the universal boiled meat. Extra diets were at once prepared on the stoves Miss Nightingale had brought, and within a week the first "extra diet kitchen" was established adjoining the nurses' quarters.

These quarters were in the northwest tower. The rooms opened out of a large kitchen or store room. Mr. Bracebridge and the courier took one room. A small room was assigned to Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Bracebridge, and three others were for nurses and Sisters.[2] The party made shift with this small accommodation in order to make no pressure for room on an already overcrowded hospital. It could not have been done with justice to the women's health, had not Miss Nightingale later taken a house in Scutari at private expense, to which every nurse attacked with fever was removed. The quarters were as uncomfortable as they were cramped and lacking in privacy. "Occasionally," wrote Miss Nightingale, "our roof is torn off, or the windows are blown in and we are under water for the night." In the hospital, which consisted of wards facing outwards and corridors facing the courtyard, almost everything that makes a hospital was lacking. It had been transformed from a barrack by the simple process

transferring some of the nurses to Scutari. For the hospital controlled by civilian doctors at Renkioi (on the Dardanelles) at Smyrna, and for the Naval Hospital at Therapia, Miss Nightingale, as a War Office official, had of course no responsibility, but she was constantly consulted on the sites and arrangements. She formed a lifelong friendship with Dr. E. A. Parkes, the Medical Superintendent of the hospital at Renkioi.

[2] Miss Nightingale later gave up her bed to an officer's widow and slept behind a screen in the central room.

of an application of whitewash, and underneath its imposing mass were "sewers of the worst possible construction, loaded with filth, mere cesspools in fact, through which the wind blew sewer air up the pipes of numerous open privies into the corridors and wards where the sick were lying." Wounds and sickness, overcrowding and want of proper ventilation added to the foulness of the atmosphere. At night it was indescribable. The wards were infested with rats, mice and vermin. Flooring was defective, furniture, and even the commonest utensils for cleanliness, decency and comfort, were lacking. The canvas sheets supplied were too coarse to be used for the wounded and emaciated men. There were not enough bedsteads. Surgical and medical appliances were often not to be had, and the cooking arrangements were devised for ordinary meals only.

This was the hospital at which the unfortunate men arrived, already in a terrible condition from the absence of sufficient attention and supplies at the front. They were admitted suffering not only from wounds and exposure, and from diseases due to bad and scanty diet, but from the hardships consequent on lack of ambulances or other transport, the want of ordinary accommodations (not to speak of hospital comforts) on board ship, and the cruel conditions of the landing at Scutari.

Miss Nightingale must now be imagined as immured in the foulness and misery of this deadly building. "I have not been out of the hospital yet," she wrote ten days after her arrival, "but the most beautiful view in all the world lies, I believe, outside." "I was never out of the hospitals," she says. It is half an hour's walk from the Barrack to the General Hospital, and on rough nights she used to take an invalid soldier with a lantern to light her across the barren common which lay between. During the six months which covered the worst period of sickness and crowding in the Barrack Hospital, she must hardly have

been conscious of time. This unhappy hospital population as it came and went was everything to her—the outer world nothing, except in so far as it could help or harm them. The wonder is that she contrived to write so much to friends in England; but letters were the means of letting in light and bringing help. Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari on November the 4th, "the eve of Inkerman" (as she would add to the date of letters written on that day in after years), and on the 9th the wounded began to pour into the already well-filled hospital.

Florence Nightingale to Dr. Bowman,[4] November 14

. . . On Thursday last we had 1,715 sick and wounded in this hospital (among whom 120 Cholera Patients) and 650 severely wounded in the other building called the General Hospital, of which we also have charge, when a message came to me to prepare for 510 wounded on our side of the Hospital who were arriving from the dreadful affair of the 5th November from Balaclava, in which battle were 1,763 wounded and 442 killed, besides 96 officers wounded and 38 killed. I always expected to end my Days as Hospital Matron, but I never expected to be Barrack Mistress. We had but half an hour's notice before they began landing the wounded. Between 1 and 9 o'clock we had the mattresses stuffed, sewn up, laid down—alas! only upon matting on the floor—the men washed and put to bed, and all their wounds dressed. I wish I had time. I would write you a letter dear to a surgeon's heart. I am as good as a Medical Times! But oh! you Gentlemen of England, who sit at Home in all the well-earned satisfaction of your successful cases, can have little Idea from reading the newspapers of the Horror and Misery (in a Military Hospital) of operating upon these dying, exhausted men. A London Hospital is a Garden of Flowers to it.

We have had such a Sea in the Bosphorus, and the Turks, the very men for whom we are fighting, carry in our Wounded so cruelly that they arrive in a state of Agony. One amputated Stump died two hours after we received him, one compound Fracture just as we were getting him into Bed—in all twenty-four cases died on the day of

[4] The Ophthalmic surgeon, a friend of Harley Street days.

landing. The Dysentery Cases have died at the rate of one in two. Then the day of operations which follows. . . .

We are very lucky in our Medical Heads. Two of them are brutes and four are angels—for this is a work which makes either angels or devils of men and of women too. As for the assistants, they are all Cubs, and will, while a man is breathing his last breath under the knife, lament the "annoyance of being called up from their dinners by such a fresh influx of wounded"! But unlicked Cubs grow up into good old Bears, tho' I don't know how; for certain it is the old Bears are good. We have now *four miles* of Beds, and not eighteen inches apart.

We have our Quarters in one Tower of the Barrack, and all this fresh influx has been laid down between us and the Main Guard in two Corridors with a line of Beds down each side, just room for one person to pass between, and four wards. Yet in the midst of this appalling Horror (we are steeped up to our necks in blood) there is good, and I can truly say, like St. Peter, "It is good for us to be here"—though I doubt whether if St. Peter had been here he would have said so. As I went my night rounds among the newly wounded that first night, there was not one murmur, not one groan, the strictest discipline—the most absolute silence and quiet prevailed—only the steps of the Sentry—and I heard one man say, "I was dreaming of my friends at Home," and another said, "I was thinking of them." These poor fellows bear pain and mutilation with an unshrinking heroism which is really superhuman, and die or are cut up without a complaint.[5]

The wounded are now lying up to our very door and we are landing 540 more from the *Andes*. I take rank in the Army as Brigadier General, because forty British females, whom I have with me, are more difficult to manage than 4,000 men. Let no lady come out here who is not used to fatigue and privation. . . . Every ten minutes an Orderly runs, and we have to go and cram lint into the wound till a Surgeon can be sent for, and stop the Bleeding as well as we can. In all our corridor, I think, we have not an average of three Limbs per man. And there are two

[5] The use of chloroform was known, but was not familiar. Dr. Hall, the principal medical officer of the Crimean forces, cautioned medical officers against its use in the severe shock of gunshot wounds, as he thought few would survive where it was employed.

Ships more "loading" at the Crimea with wounded—(this is our Phraseology). Then come the operations, and a melancholy, not an encouraging List is this. They are all performed in the wards—no time to move them; one poor fellow exhausted with hemorrhage, has his leg amputated as a last hope, and dies ten minutes after the Surgeon has left him. Almost before the breath has left his body, it is sewn up in its blanket, and carried away and buried the same day. We have no room for Corpses in the Wards. The Surgeons pass on to the next, an excision of the shoulder joint beautifully performed and going on well. Ball lodged just in the head of the joint and fracture starred all round. The next poor fellow has two Stumps for arms, and the next has lost an arm and a leg. As for the Balls, they go in where they like, and come out where they like, and do as much harm as they can in passing. That is the only rule they have. . . .

I am getting a Screen now for the amputations, for when one poor fellow, who is to be amputated tomorrow, sees his comrade today die under the knife, it makes impression and diminishes his chance. But any way among these exhausted Frames, the mortality of the operations is frightful. We have Erysipelas, fever and gangrene and the Russian wounded are the worst.

We are getting on nicely though in many ways. They were so glad to see us. The Senior Chaplain is a sensible man, which is a remarkable Providence. . . . If ever you see Mr. Whitfield, the House Apothecary of St. Thomas', will you tell him that the nurse he sent me, Mrs. Roberts, is worth her weight in gold. . . . Mrs. Drake is a Treasure. The four others are not fit to take care of themselves, but they may do better by and bye if I can convince them of the absolute necessity of discipline. We hear there was another engagement on the 8th and more wounded, who are coming down to us. This is only the beginning of things.

The Senior Chaplain on his side appreciated Miss Nightingale's help. "The Chaplain says 'Miss Nightingale is an admirable person,'" wrote her father to a friend (December 12); "none of us can sufficiently admire her. A perfect lady, she wins and rules everyone, the most rugged official melts before her gentle voice, and all seem glad

to do her bidding." "She was always calm and self-possessed," says one of the Roman Catholic Sisters; "she was a perfect lady through everything—never overbearing. I never heard her raise her voice."

"Comfort yourselves," wrote Mr. Bracebridge to her parents, "that the good Flo has done and is doing is priceless and is felt to be so by the medical men—the cleanliness of the wounds, which were horribly dirty, the general order and arrangement. There has not been half the jealousy I expected from them towards her."

"Miss N. is decidedly well received," he reported to Mr. Herbert (8 November), and a few days later, the Commander of the Forces welcomed her in a letter dated "Before Sevastopol, November 13, 1854." She acknowledged after the war the support and encouragement, the high courtesy and benevolence, invariably shown by Lord Raglan. Some of the military officers, jealous of the powers assigned to her, sulked and put difficulties in "the Bird's" way, or did not trouble to lighten burdens which they considered "the Bird's duty." Sir Anthony Sterling's "Highland Brigade in the Crimea" gives an amusing picture of the difficulties she encountered in this kind. He has an old soldier's prejudice against womanish novelties in nursing, against women in war, and against Ministers who "allow these absurdities." He cannot help laughing at "the Nightingale" because he has "such a keen sense of the ludicrous." Women, he supposes, will be teaching us how to fight next. He bitterly resents their "capture" of the orderlies for nursing, and cannot see why floors should be scrubbed. The Chief Medical Officer, he thinks, "ought to have been intrusted with Nightingale powers." And some of the Medical Service felt the encroachment for themselves. Upon most of the medical men on the spot Miss Nightingale made a good impression at once, because she proved herself efficient and helpful. Some welcomed her and her staff and made as much use of them as possible. Others

resented their presence and threw obstacles in their way. There was one ward in which the junior medical officers were advised by their superior to have as little to do with Miss Nightingale as possible. She took such opposition with patience, and gradually won her way into the confidence of most of the doctors. But certain of them remained to the last impatient of any "meddling" by the women nurses.

CHAPTER IV

MISS NIGHTINGALE AS ADMINISTRATOR

The hot and bitter controversy begun by the *Times* letters went on for months and years and long outlived the war. The treatment of sick and wounded and the supply and transport of food and equipment were the subject of many Enquiries, Committees and Commissions, which, when they had finished sitting on the matters of their reference, began sitting on one another. It was the first war in which the British public could follow events within a few days of their occurrence, and thus they were alive as never before to the sufferings of the men, and the scandal of administrative collapse. Old soldiers, on the other hand, saw little to complain of. They expected nothing else. Of Sir George Brown, who commanded the Light Division in the Crimea, it was said: "As he was thrown into a cart on some straw when shot through the legs in Spain, he thinks the same conveyances admirable now, and hates ambulances as the invention of the Evil One." But the chief reason for the conflict of testimony was that the very facts of protest and inquiry put the responsible officials on the defensive. Any suggestion of fault or defect was resented as a personal imputation. The final verdict, however, was decisive. There was a terrible breakdown in the hurriedly improvised administration and the work of the undermanned and largely inexperienced medical and supply service, and the state of the hospitals was "disgraceful." An attempt had been made, after war broke out, to create an organisation by flinging together various sections of military supply, etc., under a separate Secretary

of State, but it was hardly surprising that such an improvisation did not work. Public administration was then neither large in scale nor high in standard; the Civil Service was still recruited by patronage.

Mr. Herbert had not waited for the results of enquiry. As to the Barrack Hospital, he had written urgently to the Commandant at Scutari expressing his dissatisfaction, and pointing to a "want of co-operation between departments and a fear of responsibility or timidity, arising from an entire misconception of the wishes of the Government." This was the root of the evil. Though there were some individuals to blame, the fault at Scutari was the fault of the administration as a whole—division of responsibility, want of co-ordination. In London there was an amazing complex of authorities working independently, on whose co-operation an efficient service depended. The Director General of the Medical Department in London told the Roebuck Committee that he was under five distinct masters—The Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary of State, the Secretary at War, the Master General of Ordnance, and the Board of Ordnance. The Secretary of State said that he had issued no instructions as to the Hospitals. He had left that to the Medical Board. But the Medical Director General said that it would have been impertinent for him to take the first step. Everywhere were division of responsibility and reluctance to assume it. In the Crimea a good many of the medical officers feared even to make requisitions lest they should appear to be complaining of their chief. Dr. Alexander, then Principal Medical Officer of the Light Division, and some others had the courage to push their requisitions and to complain of the delays and neglects of their superiors. After all that can be said of the defects of system, it is impossible not to be painfully struck by the contrast between such men, and those above them who seem to have been chiefly conscious of the dangers to themselves of taking any action.

Even when action was pressed from above on the responsible officers, they were, as Mr. Herbert wrote to Mr. Bracebridge, "so saturated with the cheese-paring economy of 40 years' peace that they could hardly be got to move." "I could not believe myself," said the Medical Director General, "when I knew that I could spend money without going through the regular forms." He admitted that it took "months" to convince him that it could be done. The responsible authorities seem sometimes to have shrunk from making requisitions lest they should reveal their own unpreparedness.

"The first real improvements in the lamentable condition of the Hospitals at Scutari," reported the Roebuck Committee,[1] "are to be attributed to private suggestions, private exertions, and private benevolence," and they went on to describe Miss Nightingale's mission. "The first improvements took place," wrote Mr. Macdonald, "after Miss Nightingale's arrival—greater cleanliness and greater order. She found, as she says herself, "not a basin, nor a towel, not a bit of soap, nor a broom." "I recollect one of the first things she asked me to supply," Mr. Macdonald continues, "was 200 hard scrubbers and sacking, for washing the floors, for which no means existed at that time." Miss Nightingale had foreseen that washing would be one of the first things. As the *Vectis* was approaching Constantinople, one of the women went up to her and said earnestly, "Oh, Miss Nightingale, when we land, don't let there be any red-tape delays, let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows." "The strongest will be wanted at the washtub," was the reply. Before Miss Nightingale arrived, the number of shirts washed during a month was six. The Purveyor General had contracted for the washing of bedding and patients' linen, but the contractors were untrustworthy, and just as the wounded were arriving from Inkerman the supply of

[1] A Select Committee of the House of Commons.

clean clothes broke down. The bedding, Miss Nightingale discovered, was washed in cold water, with the natural result that much of it had to be destroyed after washing as verminous. Miss Nightingale, using her own private funds and the *Times* fund, took a house, had boilers put in by the Engineers' Office and employed soldiers' wives to do the washing.[2] The cookery of the Barrack Hospital, as she found it, was supposed to be done in thirteen large coppers, but five of them were out of order. They were at one end of the vast building, and as there were between three and four miles of beds, it took three or four hours to serve the ordinary dinners. Miss Nightingale set to work at once on the cooking problem, and within ten days of her arrival had opened two "extra diet kitchens" in different parts of the building. Three supplementary boilers were also fixed on a staircase. If the government stores of material for invalid cookery failed, and "in the majority of cases the purveyor had either no supply or a supply of very indifferent quality" she produced what was wanted from her private stores. Her eye was not above distinguishing bone and gristle from meat in the men's dinners, and she wanted to have the meat boned before issue, so that no patient's portion should be a mere bone or a lump of gristle. But on this point she was beaten. It would have required a new Regulation of the Service.

[2] Some of the poor women, whom she had found in a pitiable condition, separated from their regiments, she put to making up old linen into hospital necessaries. She deputed the care of them to Mrs. Bracebridge, who, with her husband, collected and administered a fund for the wives, women and children of soldiers at Scutari. A lying-in hospital was organised for them and much help was given by Dr. and Lady Alicia Blackwood, who went out after Inkerman. Lady Alicia's *Narrative of a Residence on the Bosphorus* gives a harrowing account of their state. Miss Nightingale said in answer to her offer of help: "In this barrack are now located some two hundred poor women in the most abject misery. A great number have been sent down from Varna; they are in rags and covered with vermin. My heart bleeds for them; but my work is with the soldiers, not with their wives—now will you undertake to look after them? If you will take them as your charge, I will send an orderly who will show you their haunts."

In 1855 arrived a distinguished volunteer in the department of cookery—Alexis Soyer, the famous *chef* of the Reform Club, the Monsieur Mirobolant of Thackeray's *Pendennis*—who rearranged the kitchens at Scutari, and later went with her to the Crimea. The extras prepared in these kitchens were of course supplied in accordance with the doctors' entries in the diet rolls; but even so, the patient might not always get them. Some of the doctors were hostile to what they considered "too much indulgence" of the soldier. If it became known that the Inspector General was going round, "extras" which might be condemned as "making the ward untidy" would hastily be hidden under the patients' mattresses. Miss Nightingale relates that some butter had been obtained on the requisition of the assistant surgeon in charge of the ward, countersigned by the Deputy Inspector General in charge of the Hospital. The Divisional Surgeon and the Station Inspector General came to inspect the ward, and unaware of the strictly official origin of the butter, threw it out of window. Miss Nightingale remarks in her best official style that the fate of the butter was "an instance of the non-definition of the respective duties of the several medical ranks." [3]

The uses of larders, store places and cupboards seem not to have been understood. When recommending such things in 1858 as necessary to systematic moving, Miss Nightingale felt it necessary to add—"Believe that this is neither theory nor fidget—but practice." [4]

Washing, cookery, wardmaids' work and the technicalities of nursing were offices to which Miss Nightingale had been expected to bring the expert's touch. As Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Department, felt bound to admit afterwards, "females are apt to discover many deficiencies that a man would not think of, and they will look at things that a man will have no idea of looking to." But

[3] *Notes on the British Army,* p. 421.
[4] *Subsidiary Notes,* page 85.

these deficiencies led Miss Nightingale far beyond what might be considered woman's work into the purveying department—she provided foods, beds and other furniture and equipment, necessary stores, medical and other, and even clothing. Fifty thousand shirts were issued from her store.

"I am a kind of general dealer," she wrote to Mr. Herbert (January 4, 1855), "in socks, shirts, knives and forks, wooden spoons, tin baths, tables and forms, cabbage and carrots, operating tables, towels and soap, small tooth combs, precipitate for destroying lice, scissors, bed pans and stump pillows. I will send you a picture of my Caravanserai, into which beasts come in and out. Indeed the vermin might, if they had but 'unity of purpose,' carry off the four miles of beds on their backs, and march with them into the War Office, Horse Guards, S. W."

The "caravanserai" was the large central room of Miss Nightingale's quarters.

"From this room," wrote one of the lady volunteers, "were distributed quantities of arrowroot, sago, rice puddings, jelly, beef tea, and lemonade upon requisitions made by the surgeons. This caused great comings to and fro; numbers of orderlies were waiting at the door with requisitions. One of the nuns or a lady received them and saw they were signed and countersigned before serving. We used among ourselves to call this kitchen the Tower of Babel. In the middle of the day everything and everybody seemed to be there: boxes, parcels, bundles of sheets, shirts and old linen and flannels, tubs of butter, sugar, bread, kettles, saucepans, heaps of books and of all kinds of rubbish, besides the diets which were being dispensed; then the people, ladies, nuns, nurses, orderlies, Turks, Greeks, French and Italian servants, officers and others waiting to see Miss Nightingale; all passing to and fro, all intent on their own business, and all speaking their own language." There was also in "the Sisters' Tower" a small sitting room; and in it "were held

those councils over which Miss Nightingale so ably presided, at which were discussed the measures necessary to meet the daily varying exigencies of the hospital. From hence were given the orders which regulated the female staff. This, too, was the office from which were sent those many letters to the Government, to friends and supporters at home, telling of the sufferings of the sick and wounded." [5]

In the Report of the Duke of Newcastle's Commission and in Miss Nightingale's own Statement to Subscribers appears the full list of articles supplied by her, tabulated with characteristic precision and abundance of detail. She got them wherever she could—from Constantinople, Malta, Marseilles, Smyrna, London. It was shown by the Commission that she never issued anything from her stores, nor allowed anyone else to do so, except upon demand of the medical officers and after enquiry of the purveyor whether he could supply them. To act only on a doctor's requisition was her very wise rule, not only in the case of necessaries from the purveyor's store, but for every issue of stores procured by her in the purveyors' default, and for the distribution of the Royal "Free Gifts," of which she was appointed almoner, and which she could, had she chosen, have distributed on her own or her deputies' judgment. No doubt she was herself often the origin of the doctors' requisitions; many of the needs were such as "females are more apt to discover." Miss Nightingale kept a few of the original requisitions among her papers. Here is one, and it comes from a hospital which Miss Nightingale was not nursing:

Palace Hospital, 18th January, 1855.

MADAM,

I have the honour to forward a requisition for 50 shirts and 50 warm flannels. The Purveyor has none. Knowing the extensive demand I have limited my request to meet

[5] *Scutari and Its Hospitals*, by S. G. O., p. 24.

the urgent requirements of the most serious cases in my charge.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Your most obedient humble servant,

EDWARD MENZIES,
Staff Surgeon in Charge.

The articles mentioned in the list, said the Commissioners drily, were not "invariably wanting." Goods had been refused to the doctors, though "lying in abundance in the store of the Purveyor," because "they had not been examined by a Board of Survey." Miss Nightingale's letters to Mr. Herbert show that this was a frequent occurrence. In February 1855, for instance, she received a requisition from the doctors at Balaclava for shirts. She knew that 27,000 shirts had been sent by the Government at her instance, and they were already landed, but the Purveyor "could not unpack them without a Board." It was three weeks before they were released. Miss Nightingale's impatience at such delays was the origin doubtless of a widespread story that she once ordered a Government consignment to be broken open. The dreadful deed is not out of character, and she must have described depredations from store to Miss Martineau, for that lady writes that "there were instances when a person of courageous benevolence took the responsibility of laying hands on articles in store, whether beds or food, without going through forms which would have caused fatal delay."[6] Certainly she often obtained first-hand evidence of the supplies:

"This morning I foraged in the Purveyor's Store—a cruise I make almost daily, as the only way of getting things. No mops, no plates, no wooden trays (the engineer is having these made), no slippers, no shoebrushes, no blacking, no knives and forks, no spoons, no scissors (for cutting the men's hair, which is literally alive), no basins, no towelling, no chloride of zinc."

[6] *England and Her Soldiers.*

Then she enumerates things which Mr. Herbert should send from London, adding that the rest can be got in Constantinople or Marseilles; whence no doubt she proceeded to get them. At Scutari there was Mr. Macdonald's untiring and resourceful help; and from the first announcement of her mission, clothing and comforts in large quantity, besides subscriptions in money, had been sent from friends and others in England to Miss Nightingale herself. Her private fund came to nearly £7,000, a large sum for that time. She was particularly pleased by the arrival of £1,000 from New Zealand. The largest item was from the Ladies of Launceston, New South Wales, £1,684, "placed at the disposal of Her Majesty." In addition Miss Nightingale and her friends spent £2,600 which was repaid by Government.

The difficulty of transport was one of the troubles:

"English people," she wrote to Mr. Herbert (Dec. 10, 1854), "look upon Scutari as a place with inns and hackney coaches and houses to let furnished. It required yesterday, to land 25 casks of sugar, four oxen and two men for six hours, plus two passes, two requisitions, Mr. Bracebridge's two interferences and one apology from a quartermaster for seizing the *araba,* received with a smile and a kind word, because he did his duty; for every *araba* is required on Military store or Commissariat duty. There are no pack horses and no asses, except those used by the peasantry to attend the market 1¼ miles off. An *araba* consists of loose poles and planks, extended between two axle trees, placed on four small wheels, and drawn by a yoke of weak oxen. . . . Four days in the week we cannot communicate with Constantinople except by the other harbour, 1¼ miles off, to which the road is almost impassable."

At a later time, when the French army was ravaged by typhus and the *Intendance* hesitated to accept the loan of medical comforts from the British Government, Miss Nightingale was able to overcome their scruples by sending

as a present to the French Sisters and Medical Officers large quantities of wine, arrowroot and meat essence. She helped the Sardinian Sisters of Mercy in a crisis when one of the supply ships was burned; and she sent supplies to the Prussian Civil Hospital, where many British were treated. The Turks, too, often came to her at Scutari for medicine and advice.

On one occasion Miss Nightingale appeared as a builder, and this was at the time the usurpation most condemned in some quarters and most commended in others. Some wards in the Barrack Hospital, with space for 800 beds, were too dilapidated for use. The Commander-in-Chief had sent a warning that fresh patients might be expected, but no one was willing to be responsible for authorising the expensive repairs that were needed. With the support of Dr. MacGrigor, one of the senior medical officers, Miss Nightingale, through Lady Stratford, appealed to the Ambassador, who had been empowered to incur expenditure. The engineering staff began the repairs, on which 125 workmen were employed, but work was stopped by a strike. Miss Nightingale on her own authority engaged 200 fresh workmen, who quickly had the wards ready. Lord Stratford afterwards disclaimed responsibility,[1] and Miss Nightingale paid the bill out of her own pocket. The War Department approved her action and reimbursed her.

It was not the first time Miss Nightingale had concerned herself about repairs. There were many odd jobs to be done and the floors were very bad and harboured vermin. The Director General recommended the repair of the floors in March, and was informed by the Inspector General at Scutari that "the Turkish carpentering is so bad and

[1] Lord Stratford, when consulted by the Commissioner of the *Times*, had said "Nothing is needed." The fund, he thought, might be used for building an English church at Pera.

gaping beams so general, that it would require many months to remove this cause of complaint." Miss Nightingale, however, had induced the War Office to send out a squad of carpenters in February.

The matter of the building was an instance of "the Nightingale power" that made a great impression, and the fame of it was noised abroad. Colonel Sterling again gives us the old soldier's disgust at these feminine interferences: "Miss Nightingale coolly draws a cheque. Is this the way to manage the finances of a great nation? *Vox populi?* A divine afflatus. Priestess, Miss N. Magnetic impetus drawing cash out of my pocket!" The way of course would have been to approach the great nation's Treasury through the tangle of departments by the roundabout ways of routine. As it was, Miss Nightingale could report that "the wards were ready to receive 500 men on the 19th from the Ships *Ripon* and *Golden Fleece.* They were received in the wards by Dr. McGrigor and myself, and were generally in the last stage of exhaustion. I supplied all the utensils, including knives and forks, spoons, cans, towels, etc., clearing our quarters of these."

In the reform of the structural sanitation of the hospitals it was Lord Shaftesbury who effected the decisive step. The death rates had risen appallingly through the winter. The defective walls and floors of the Barrack Hospital, sodden with filth, and the increasingly loaded sewers, grew more and more deadly. Miss Nightingale had made urgent and detailed representations as to the need of large works at Scutari, insisting repeatedly that the mere giving of orders was insufficient, and that responsible officers with executive powers should be appointed for taking action on the spot. Lord Shaftesbury later struck on the same idea in conversation with Dr. Hector Gavin, and he successfully pressed Lord Panmure to send out a strong Sanitary Commission.

"February 15th.—A day of success. May God be praised and to Him be all the glory! First, efforts with the Bishop of London, Archbishop of Canterbury, Gladstone and Palmerston, for a day of humiliation have prospered. Most thankful was I today to find P. not only ready, but urging, that the day should be a Special day, and not a Sunday. This is very good; it looks serious and reverent.

"Next Panmure has listened to my scheme for a Sanitary Commission to proceed, with full powers, to Scutari and Balaclava, there to purify the hospitals, ventilate the ships, and exert all that science can do to save life where thousands are dying, not of their wounds, but of dysentery and diarrhœa, the result of foul air and preventible mischiefs. Again I bless Thee, O Lord; and bring the work, we pray Thee, to a joyous issue!" [8]

Lord Shaftesbury himself attended to the arrangements for sending out the Commission, and drew up precise and detailed instructions. Lord Palmerston added a dispatch to Lord Raglan: the medical officers, the camp and port authorities, would oppose and thwart the Commissioners, he plainly said. Their mission would be a failure without "the peremptory exercise" of Lord Raglan's authority. "But that authority I request you to exercise in the most peremptory manner." The dispatch might have been written by Miss Nightingale. She had at least laid the ground bait.

This was the commission which, as Miss Nightingale afterwards told Lord Shaftesbury, "saved the Army," and she delighted to give him honour due.[9] Dr. Gavin (who died in the Crimea), Dr. John Sutherland and Mr. Robert Rawlinson, C.E., were the Commissioners, with inspectors and an assistant engineer. The reconstruction began in March and in her evidence to the Royal Commission of 1857, she described the immense improvement which fol-

[8] Lord Shaftesbury's Diary. Hodder's *Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, p. 503.
[9] See Hodder's *Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, p. 503.

lowed their work.[10] Dr. Sutherland and Mr. (afterwards Sir R.) Rawlinson became faithful friends of Miss Nightingale, and were her trusted supporters and advisers to the end of their lives.

[10] The death rate fell from 427 per 1,000 in February to 107 per 1,000 in the latter part of April, when the pressure on the Scutari hospitals was relieved, and 22 per 1,000 in June, when the sanitary works were finished.

CHAPTER V

THE NURSES AND WARD MANAGEMENT

From the beginning Miss Nightingale laid down her invariable rule that the nurse was to be entirely subordinate to the doctor and to act only by his leave and according to his instructions. Nursing was not to be a separate service of housemaiding and domestic care, still less were nurses to be rivals of the doctors. They were to be a subordinate branch of the medical service under the doctors' orders as to matters of treatment, while under their own superintendent as to matters of discipline. The fixing of this conception of the place of the nurse we owe to her. Writing of Military Hospitals, she recommended that where women nurses were employed orderlies "should by no means be done away with." . . . "Female nursing, while entirely subordinate to the medical authority, should not be charged with the mere drudgery in the necessary cleansing and labour of a Military Hospital, but should be made capable of performing what may be termed 'skilled' nursing, by a course of previous instruction, and should add to the niceties of female attendance . . . a moral influence which has now been proved, beyond doubt, to be highly beneficial to the soldier." [1]

Miss Nightingale was well aware that the only wise, the only practicable course was to uphold the doctor's authority with his subordinates on every occasion. "Miss Nightingale told us," says one of her staff, "only to attend to patients in the wards of those surgeons who wished for our services and never to do anything for the patients without

[1] *Notes on the British Army,* pp. 158-9.

the leave of the doctors." "The number of nurses admitted into each division of a hospital depended," she writes herself, "upon the medical officer of that division, who sometimes accepted them, sometimes refused them, sometimes accepted them after they had been refused, while the duties they were permitted to perform varied according to the will of each medical officer."

The training of the women called for Miss Nightingale's incessant vigilance. One had to be sent back at once, and the vacancy was filled by a Kaiserswerth Sister from Constantinople. Of the six from St. John's House "four, alas! returned shortly from Scutari, not being prepared to accept the discipline and privations of the life." [2] Another seemed about to rebel against the caps.

"I came out, Ma'am, prepared to submit to everything, to be put upon in every way. But there are some things, Ma'am, one can't submit to. There is the Caps, Ma'am, that suits one face, and some that suits another. And if I'd known, Ma'am, about the Caps, great as was my desire to come out to nurse at Scutari, I wouldn't have come, Ma'am." [3]

In this case the difficulty was got over, and the woman proved an excellent nurse. The uniform indeed had been designed for strict utility and to give the wearer such a sobriety of appearance as might disarm criticism and belie the untoward reputation of nurses. The Nightingale nurses wore "grey tweed wrappers, worsted jackets, with caps and short woollen cloaks, and a frightful scarf of brown holland embroidered in red with the words 'Scutari Hospital.'" [4] The short cloak had a future. "The red uniform caps worn by the ladies of the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service is modelled on that originally introduced by Florence Nightingale for the nurses whom she took to

[2] *St. John's House; A Record*, p. 8.

[3] From the beginning of Miss Nightingale's letter to Mr. Bowman quoted above, p. 89.

[4] *Memories of the Crimea*, by Sister Mary Aloysius, p. 17.

Scutari. This cape may therefore be regarded as a memorial to the great founder of military nursing."[5] As for the "frightful scarf," a very harmless holland band, some such distinctive badge was a necessity. "You leave her alone," said a man to his mate who approached a nurse in the street. "Don't you see she's one of Miss Nightingale's women?" Their cloth was respected throughout the camps, but Miss Nightingale had to dismiss two or three for levity of conduct. She transferred nurses from time to time, sending the best to other hospitals, keeping the less trustworthy under her own eye, and despatching some home as other recruits arrived. Of the original thirty-eight she considered not more than sixteen were really efficient, while five or six were in a class of excellence by themselves.

The difficulties of maintaining order in such surroundings among women all of whom were without regular training, many of whom had little education and were "wholly undisciplined" (as Miss Nightingale complained of the greater number of the recruits sent out) appear in the "Rules and Regulations for the Nurses attached to the Military Hospitals in the East," which she sent home to Mr. Herbert, and a printed copy of which was thereafter given to every candidate. These rules lay it down that nurses must always appear in "the regulation dress with the badge," and must not wear "flowers in their bonnet-caps" or unauthorized ribbons. They are not to have more than specified amounts of spirituous liquors or to walk out except by leave, and either with the housekeeper or in parties of three. But even with the official regulations to point to, Miss Nightingale found it hard to accustom her inexperienced followers to discipline.

It must not be supposed that the nurses on their arrival

[5] *Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps*, p. 393. It was the fashion of the time to "veil the figure" with a shawl or scarf, often very loosely worn, and a tradition has been met with among nurses that the more workmanlike cape was meant for the same prim purpose.

were allowed or attempted the full duties of a modern trained nurse. They were not at first permitted to undertake important surgical dressings; these were done by assistant surgeons; though, as Miss Nightingale's letter shows, they would "cram lint into the wounds" of newly arrived patients as an emergency measure. One of the doctors thought they were useful "more particularly in washing the faces and hands of such as are badly wounded, and shifting their linen."[°] As Miss Nightingale and the more friendly of the doctors became better able to judge which nurses could be trusted, some of them were allowed to give more skilled help. "A great amount of daily dressings and attention to compound fractures" were then given by the most competent. Miss Nightingale herself used to take up arteries after the surgeon; and Mrs. Roberts is described as a first-rate surgical nurse.

An interesting picture of the introduction of discipline in the wards is given in Harriet Martineau's *England and Her Soldiers,* written in consultation with Miss Nightingale as a plea for administrative and nursing reform.

"The orderlies," she says, "did not understand their business, and the sick had no conception of a discipline in the ward as thorough as that of the ranks. They did not know that their own lives and those of their comrades depended upon it. The nurses therefore entered among a mob of sufferers and had to establish discipline in the wards before they could help to do much more. They did it by their own example of instant and constant obedience to orders; and by introducing order into their own province. . . . There was no one whose special business it was to maintain hospital discipline. The ward master or hospital sergeant was hard at work about other affairs. The orderlies had never been trained to clean and air the wards. Their way (and each took his own way) 'would have made a housemaid laugh,' we are told. 'The patients undid it all, and

[°] *A Century of Family Leters,* vol. ii, p. 156.

it had to be done over again.'[7] It was all a chance whether medicine or food was taken. If the surgeon gave the medicine with his own hand, the patient had it; if not, he took it or left it, as he chose, or was able. When the meals came, the stronger patients who could feed themselves got some, but the weak, and especially those who could not rise in bed or feed themselves, lay too often unfed. Messes of arrowroot and wine were seen standing cold and stiff by the bedside of a sinking sufferer till they were thrown away at night. The orderlies appeared not to know the importance of the patients, in certain surgical cases, being laid in particular positions; and it was usually neglected. So were many bed sores. Unless the men asked to be washed, they were left dirty; their wounds were not cleansed and dressed with the simple dressings which nurses in civil hospitals are expected to undertake. Poultices were left on when they were cold and hard, and then not washed off. Some patients were up who ought not to have left their beds, and others were in bed who ought to have been up."

Miss Martineau goes on to explain that though the comfort of the women's nursing was much—the bringing of drinks and medicines at the right moment, the punctual feeding, the quick and gentle dressing of sores, the getting rid of everything dirty and bringing in of everything clean,[8] it was more important in producing discipline. "The grand achievement was the organisation of hospital management." . . . "Assistance was always at hand, and directions were obeyed."

"The instruction of the orderlies in their business," said Miss Nightingale herself, "was one of the main uses of us in the War Hospitals."

"I must pay my tribute," she wrote elsewhere in describing some sanitary measures she instituted in the hospitals,

[7] The words are Miss Nightingale's. Her name seldom appears in this book which she inspired and for which she supplied information.

[8] The soldiers used to keep dirty clothes in their beds, lest they should not get them back if sent to be "washed."

"to the instinctive delicacy, the ready attention, of orderlies and patients all through that dreadful period; for my sake they performed offices of this kind (which they neither would for the sake of discipline, nor for that of the importance of their own health, which they did not know), and never was there one word or one look which a gentleman would not have used; and while paying this humble tribute to humble courtesy, the tears come into my eyes as I think how, amidst scenes of loathsome disease and death, there rose above it all the innate gentleness and chivalry of the men (for surely never was chivalry so strikingly examplified) shining in the midst of what must be considered as the lowest sinks of human misery and preventing instinctively the use of one expression which could distress a gentlewoman."

CHAPTER VI

NEW NURSES AND NEW NUNS

In the midst of the heavy work of nursing in a great war hospital, of reducing ignorant and undisciplined nurses to order, of persuading orderlies, of making up deficiencies in the supplies, suggesting and carrying out reforms and keeping everybody in a good humour, Miss Nightingale was dismayed to hear that a party of forty-seven nurses under the care of Miss Mary Stanley were on their way to join her. It had been distinctly stated in the official instructions and in an emphatic notice sent by Mr. Herbert to the newspapers that the sending out of nurses was to be exclusively controlled by Miss Nightingale; and it was owing to a misunderstanding that Mr. Herbert now sent this new party without her knowledge. Neither Miss Nightingale nor her friends could explain it at the time, but it seems certain that Mr. Herbert acted on a passage in a letter from Mr. Bracebridge which he took to be a message from Miss Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale felt she could not risk having her authority weakened and, as she thought, the delicate and difficult nursing experiment endangered. She sorely felt what seemed an act of supersession on the part of her friend and chief, especially as Miss Stanley was ordered to report herself, not to the Superintendent of Nurses, but to other officials, and did so. If the experiment was to succeed, there must be undivided responsibility and clearly established authority: to acquiesce in the disregard of her position and control would have been to open the way to confusion and failure. The forty-six fell upon the little

crowded establishment of nurses "like a cloud of locusts," according to Mr. Bracebridge. Miss Nightingale was almost at her wits' end to provide for them and dispose of them. The Principal Medical Officer at first flatly refused to have more nurses, and for a further difficulty many of the new party were Roman Catholics, that is, they belonged to a persuasion which Miss Nightingale had already been accused of favouring unduly.[1] She wrote Mr. Herbert a vehement letter of reproach.

"You have sacrificed the cause so near my heart, you have sacrificed me, a matter of small importance now; you have sacrificed your own written word to a popular cry. You must feel that I ought to resign, where conditions are imposed upon me which render the object for which I am employed unattainable, and I only remain at my post till I have provided in some measure for these poor wanderers. . . . I have toiled my way into the confidence of the Medical Men. I have by incessant vigilance, day and night, introduced something like system into the disorderly operations of these women. And the plan may be said to have succeeded in some measure *as it stands*. . . . But to have women scampering about the wards of a Military Hospital all day long, which they would do, did an increased number relax the discipline and increase their leisure, would be as improper as absurd." [2]

Mr. Herbert replied, as his biographer states, in terms of courtesy and kindness. He authorized Miss Nightingale,

[1] It is curious that so many sympathetic onlookers, Mr. Bracebridge, Godolphin Osborne, Manning, all took upon themselves to say there ought to be more nurses without consulting Miss Nightingale. It seems to have been difficult to realise that a woman was in authority. Manning calculates that there ought to be 200 for the wounded of the Alma. "The responsibility of sending for 20 [for Miss Stanley's party] is wholly mine and mine alone" (Shane Leslie's *H. E. Manning,* p. 113). The War Office had laid down the proportion of Catholics as not more than one-third. Was it Manning who induced Mr. Herbert to accept the larger proportion in this party? Manning's latest biographer thinks that the war was his "splendid opportunity." He was "yearning for work and place," and was very active about sending out more chaplains and collecting nuns.

[2] Miss Stanley's party on their arrival at Therapia behaved "like troublesome children." (*Life of Lord Herbert of Lea,* by Lord Stanmore, vol. i, p. 365).

if on consideration she thought fit, to return the party to England at his expense. His letter has unfortunately not survived, but there can be no doubt of his having made it clear that no infringement of her authority had been intended. "I am heart-broken about the nurses," wrote Mrs. Herbert to Mrs. Bracebridge, "but I do assure you, if you send them all home without a trial, you will lose some really valuable women." Miss Nightingale, as she wrote, was deeply touched by their kindness and generosity. Her friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert was in no way affected. Reassured as to the main point, she accepted the fresh burden and set about making the best of it. Between her and Miss Stanley, there was estrangement,[3] and after their parting at Scutari they did not meet again.

The fact that there were fifteen nuns in Miss Stanley's party gave rise to much trouble. The religious difficulty had appeared at the very opening of Miss Nightingale's mission, and dogged her footsteps to the end of it. It was perhaps of all her difficulties the most wearying and worrying. It enveloped a great undertaking in a fog of "envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings." The country had at the time hardly recovered from the shock of the Tractarian Movement, and echoes of the "No Popery" cry of 1850 still sounded. Owing to the abstention of a Protestant Institution, Roman Catholics and High Church nurses made a considerable majority in the original little party, and a sectarian hue and cry was at once raised in the *Daily News* and taken up by the religious press. It raged for months, though Queen Victoria's signs of confidence in Miss Nightingale did something to check its fury.

[3] Miss Stanley took the part of a plausible but dishonest nurse whom Miss Nightingale (with the concurrence of the other authorities) dismissed, but whom Miss Stanley believed to be ill used. Miss Nightingale in an official letter to the War Office, made some criticisms of the nursing service at Koulali, where Miss Stanley took charge; and in another letter (5 March 1855) she asked to be relieved of the responsibility for these hospitals, which were broken up soon after.

Miss Nightingale's comment to Mr. Herbert (Jan. 28, 1855), when the echoes of the storm reached her on the Bosphorus, was characteristic:

"They tell me that there is a religious war about poor me in the *Times,* and that Mrs. Herbert has generously defended me. I do not know what I have done to be so dragged before the Public. But I am so glad that my God is not the God of the High Church, or of the Low, that He is not a Romanist or an Anglican—or a Unitarian. I don't believe He is even a Russian, though His events go strangely against us. (N. B.—A Greek once said to me at Salamis, 'I do believe God Almighty is an Englishman.' "

There was every reason for including Catholics among the nurses. Many of the soldiers were Catholics, the nuns' discipline and spirit were valuable, and some of them were good nurses, though others were more accustomed to deal with souls than with bodies. She retained Catholics on the staff to the end, in spite of great difficulties. One advantage was that she did not lose them by marriage: on a certain morning, six of her best nurses presented themselves with a following of six sergeants and corporals, fortifying themselves with numbers to announce their intention to marry.

The allocation of the new nuns to different hospitals was opposed by their Superior, Mrs. Bridgeman, on the ground that it would be "uncanonical" to separate her from any of her party. A priest said that to return any of them to England would be "like the driving of the Blessed Virgin through the desert by Herod." Dr. Cullen sent Mrs. Bridgeman a Papal Blessing from Rome, with orders to "hold your ground till you shall be sent away by force."[4] Miss Nightingale almost despaired. "The fifteen New Nuns are leading me the devil of a life, trying to get in *vi et armis,* and will upset the coach, there is little doubt of that." "Such a tempest has been brewed in this little pint pot

[4] Shane Leslie's *H. E. Manning,* p. 117.

as you could have no idea of. But I, like the Ass, have put on the Lion's skin, and when once I have done that (poor me, who never affronted anyone before), I can bray so loud that I shall be heard, I am afraid, as far as England. However, this is no place for lions; and as for asses, we have enough." One proposal made to her was that to absorb the nurses whom the doctors were unwilling to accept "ten of the Protestants should be appropriated as clerical females by the chaplains, and ten of the nuns by the priests, *not as nurses,* but as female ecclesiastics." Miss Nightingale stood firm, and the Reverend Mother Moore, of Bermondsey, the Superior of the first party of nuns, who was a good influence throughout, strove to compose the canonical difficulty. At last it was arranged that five of the fifteen should go to the General Hospital, and the other ten to Koulali. Some of the other new nurses went to Balaclava, and some replaced women whom Miss Nightingale weeded out of her original staff. Later at various dates, Miss Nightingale sent for more nurses, and before the war was over she had control of one hundred and twenty-five.

There was great variety in the religious objections. A chaplain appealed to the War Office to remove an excellent nurse who was a "Socinian"; and it was also a chaplain who accused one of Miss Stanley's nurses of "circulating improper books in the wards"—the book being Keble's *Christian Year.*

Charges and countercharges of proselytism were referred by the chaplains to the Secretary of State and instructions were sent out, but the dispatch was unfortunately worded. Nurses being forbidden "to enter upon the discussion of religious subjects with any patients other than those of their own faith," the new nuns inferred unlimited license for pious discourse with their co-religionists. They "now wander over the whole Hospital out of nursing hours 'instructing' (it is their own word) groups of Orderlies and

Convalescents in the corridors, doing the work each of ten chaplains, and bring ridicule upon the whole thing, while they quote the words of the War Office." Miss Nightingale had to beg that the new instructions might not be embodied in Regulations.

One grievance was that there were no Presbyterian nurses. Miss Nightingale was willing to accept some, but she probably found a little consolation for her troubles in laying down a standard of weight. "I must bar these fat, drunken old dames. Above 14 stone we will not have; the provision of bedsteads is not strong enough. Three were nearly swamped in a caique, whom Mr. Bracebridge was conducting to the ship, and had he not walked with the fear of the police before his eyes he might have swamped the whole." Sad to relate, two of the Presbyterians did turn out to be too fond of drink and had to be sent back; but the weakness was not peculiar to the persuasion. There were some black sheep among Miss Nightingale's flock, but there were also devoted and competent women of all denominations. Of some of the Catholic Sisters Miss Nightingale wrote: "They are the truest Christians I ever met with—invaluable in their work—devoted, heart and head, to serve God and mankind—not to intrigue for their Church." The Reverend Mother Moore was throughout one of Miss Nightingale's mainstays. "God's blessing and my love and gratitude go with you, as you well know," Miss Nightingale wrote to her when they were parting in 1856.

"You know well, too, that I shall do everything I can for the Sisters whom you have left me. But it will be not like you. Your wishes will be our law. And I shall try and remain in the Crimea for their sakes as long as we are any of us there. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Reverend Mother, because it would look as if I thought you had done the work not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the General Superintendency, both in worldly talent of admin-

istration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior. My being placed over you in an unenviable reign in the East was my misfortune and not my fault."

Miss Nightingale let her high opinion of the Reverend Mother be known in England. "She writes," said Cardinal Wiseman, "that great part of her success is due to Reverend Mother of Bermondsey, without whom it would have been a failure." Of Miss Shaw Stewart, who served in the Crimea as Superintendent successively of the nurses in the General and the Castle Hospitals, she wrote with almost equally fervent appreciation:

"Without her our Crimean work would have come to grief—without her judgment, her devotion, her unselfish consistent looking to the one great end, viz: the carrying out the work as a whole—without her untiring zeal, her watchful care of the nurses, her accuracy in all trusts and accounts, her truth, her faithfulness. Her praise and her reward are in higher hands than mine."

The services of the invaluable St. Thomas's Sister, Mrs. Roberts, too, were warmly and eloquently described in another of the character sketches she sent to Lady Cranworth, who was acting as nurses' friend in London. Praises might be multiplied, and criticisms recorded, too, for Miss Nightingale sent a careful and plain-spoken sketch of each one of her fellow workers, mainly in order to help the professional nurses to find suitable work on their return. The sketches show the close observation which she kept on the character and conduct of every member of the expedition.

CHAPTER VII

REFORMS OF SYSTEM

The Government of Lord Aberdeen, defeated on the motion appointing the Roebuck Committee, resigned in January 1855, and under his successor, Lord Palmerston, the offices of Secretary of State and Secretary at War were amalgamated. Lord Panmure became Secretary of State in place of the Duke of Newcastle. Sidney Herbert was for a short time Secretary for the Colonies, and then resigned. Mr. Herbert, however, begged Miss Nightingale to continue writing to him, promising to pass on her suggestions. Lord Palmerston knew her personally, and Lord Panmure paid deference to her wishes and opinions. Thus the change of Government did not seriously weaken her position.

Her earlier letters to Mr. Herbert were largely filled with urgent requests for stores. She begs for "hair mattresses or even flock, as cheaper"; for knives and forks: "the men have to tear their meat like wild beasts;" she suggests mops, plates, dishes, towelling, disinfectants. Soon she was sending suggestions of a larger administrative scope. The stores she asked for were sent. But it was one thing for stores to be sent and another for them to arrive. Packing and delivery were almost at haphazard. The *Prince* "had on board," Miss Nightingale wrote, "a quantity of medical comforts for us which were so packed under shot and shell as that it was found impossible to disembark them here and they were sent to Balaclava and lost" in the wreck of the ship. It had occurred to nobody to establish a receiving office at Scutari or at Constantinople, and the

Turkish Custom House was "a bottomless pit, where nothing ever issued of all that was thrown in." It occasionally happened that ships made the journey to the Crimea and back three times before hospital stores in them could be disentangled from military stores and put ashore at Scutari. Sometimes, when warned in time, she was able by petition to the military authorities to intercept consignments; but she saw, what no one else seems to have done, that the whole system was at fault. "It is absolutely necessary," she wrote, "that there should be a Government store house in the shape of a hulk. . . . There are no store houses to be had by the water's edge, and porterage is very expensive and slow." In March, 1855, her plan was adopted.

The exhaustion of sick and wounded men, the evidence of their sufferings from exposure, showed only too clearly what was going wrong at the front. There was needless overwork; and the clothing supply had broken down. Lord Panmure wrote a polite enquiry about Miss Nightingale's health. In her answer, she told him of the disproportionate number of patients from the Artillery, and threw out hints for economising the men's labour. She begged Mr. Herbert to send warm clothing to the Crimea:

"The state of the troops, who return here, particularly those 500 who were admitted on the 19th, is frost bitten, demi-nude, half-starved, ragged. If the troops who work in the trenches are not supplied with warm clothing, Napoleon's Russian campaign will be repeated here."

The plight of the army before Sebastopol in that first winter of the war was some fulfilment of the prediction.

"The extraordinary circumstance of a whole army having been ordered to abandon its kits, as was done when we landed our men before Alma, has been overlooked entirely in all our system. The fact is, that I am now clothing the British Army. The sick were re-embarked at Balaclava for these Hospitals, without resuming their kits, also half-naked besides."

The soldier's pack contained—at first—two shirts, knife, fork, spoon, brushes, etc., and since 1817 the issue of these articles to hospitals had been discontinued. It was assumed that the wounded soldier would bring them into hospital. What really happened was that he commonly arrived draped in the single verminous blanket he had lain in on board ship. "A pair of ragged trousers and a forage cap might be all besides. Many had no shirt."[1] In January they were coming in barefoot and barelegged. Miss Nightingale within three months from the middle of November had issued from her private store 16,560 shirts. But it was not enough to provide clothing for hospital. There was no regular method of renewing lost or war-worn service kit for the convalescent.

"When discharged from here they carry off, small blame to them, even my knives and forks—shirts, of course, and Hospital clothing also. The men who were sent to Abydos as convalescents were sent *in their Hospital dresses,* or they must have gone naked. The consequence is that not one single Hospital dress is now left in store, and I have substituted Turkish dressing-gowns from Stamboul (three bales in the passage are marked Hospital Gowns, but have not yet been *'sat upon'*). To purvey this Hospital is like pouring water into a sieve; and will be till regimental stores have been sent out from England enough to clothe the naked and refill the kit. I have requisitions for *Uniform trousers,* for each and all of the articles of a kit, sent in to me."[2] "The second office of the Purveyor[3] now is to furnish, *upon requisition,* the Hospital with utensils and clothing. But let the Hospital be furnished at once, as has already been described in former letters. If 2,000 beds exist, let these 2,000 beds have their appropriate complement of furniture and clothing, stationary and fixed. . . . The Hospital being once furnished, and a storekeeper appointed to each division to supply wear and tear, let the Ward Masters be responsible. Let an inventory hang on the door of

[1] *England and Her Soldiers.*
[2] Letter to Sidney Herbert, January 8, 1855.
[3] The first being the provision of food.

each ward to shew what *ought* to be found there. Let the Ward Masters give up the dirty linen every night and receive the same quantity in clean linen every morning. Let the Patient shed his Hospital clothing like a snake when he goes out of Hospital, be inspected by the Quartermaster, and receive, if necessary, from Quartermaster's store what is requisite for his becoming a soldier again. While the next patient succeeds to his bed and its furniture."[4]

In the same letter she speaks of the "total inefficiency of the Hospital Orderly System as now is," and sketches a new one.

"The French have a permanent system of Orderlies, trained for the purpose, who do not re-enter the ranks. It is too late for us to organise this. But if the convalescents, being good Orderlies, were not sent away to the Crimea as soon as they have learnt their work—if the Commander-in-Chief would call upon the Commanding Officer of each Regiment to select ten men from each as Hospital Orderlies to form a depôt here (not young soldiers but men of good character), this would give some hope of organising an efficient corps. Above all that the class of Ward Master I shall mention should be sent out from England. . . . We want discharged Non-Commissioned Officers, not past the meridian of life—not the Ambulance Corps, who all died of delirium tremens or cholera—but the class of men employed as Ward Masters of Military Prisons, or as Barrack Sergeants, or Hospital Sergeants of the Guards who can be highly recommended.

"We want these men as Ward Masters and Assistant Ward Masters, as Stewards. They must be under the orders of the Senior Medical Officer, removable by him; they must be well paid, so as to make it worth their while—say 5/ per day, 1st class, 2/6 per day, 2nd class—for they must be superior men, not the rabble we have now. (N. B.—There are three Ward Masters to each division of this Hospital—of which there are three—containing 800 and odd sick in each.) . . .

"The Hospital Sergeants are, of course, up in the Crimea with their Regiments—and we have nothing but such raw

[4] Letter to S. Herbert, January 28, 1855.

Corporals and Sergeants as can be spared, new to their work, to place in charge of the divisions and wards. And these Lord Raglan complains of our keeping. We must have Hospital Sergeants if there is to be the remotest hope of efficiency among the Orderlies here.

"The orderlies ought to be well paid, well fed, well housed. They are now overworked, ill fed, and underpaid. The sickness and mortality among them is extraordinary—ten took sick in one Division to-night."

For the Purveying, Miss Nightingale sketched a plan, not a systematic reorganisation, "deeming so great a change impracticable during the present heavy pressure of calamities here," but one "by which great improvement might be made from within" without abandoning "the forms under which the service is carried on." In a later letter she explains it briefly.

"As Purveying seems likely to come to an end of itself, perhaps I shall not be guilty of the murder of the Innocents if I venture to suggest what may take the place of the venerable Wreford. . . . Let there be three distinct offices instead of one indistinct one:

(1) To provide us with food.
(2) With Hospital furniture and clothing.
(3) To keep the daily routine going.

"These are now the three offices of the unfortunate Purveyor; and none of them are performed.

"But the Purveyor is supposed to be *only* the channel through which the Commissariat stores *pass*. Theoretically, but not practically, it is so. (For practically Wreford gets nothing through the Commissary, but employs a contractor.)

"Now why should not the *Commissariat purvey* the Hospital with food? Perform the whole of Purveyor's office No. 1? The practice of drawing *raw* rations, as here seen, seems on purpose to waste the time of as many Orderlies as possible. . . . The scene of confusion, delay, and disappointment where all these raw diets are being weighed out by twos and threes and fours is inconceivable . . . raw meat drawn too late to be cooked standing all night in the

wards, etc., etc., etc. Why should not the Commissariat send *at once* the amount of beef and mutton, etc., etc., required into the kitchens, without passing through this intermediate stage of drawing by Orderlies?"

The astonishing custom was that the orderlies brought in the portions at whatever time in the course of the morning they could get them. These portions had somehow to be marked, "often in a peculiar manner," before being thrown into the common copper, to which also were consigned potatoes and other vegetables in nets. Hence the rations were cooked perhaps for half an hour, perhaps for four hours, before being fished out.

"Let a Commissariat Officer reside here—let the Ward Masters make a total from the Diet Rolls of the Medical Men—so many hundred full diets—so many hundred half diets—so many hundred spoon diets, and give it over to the Commissariat Officer the day before. The next day the *whole* quantity, the *total* of all the Ward Masters' totals, is given into the kitchens direct.

"It should all be carved in the kitchens on hot plates, and at meal times the Orderlies come to fetch it for the patients —carry it through the wards, where an Officer tells it off to every bed, according to the Bed-ticket, on which he reads the Diet, hung up at every bed. The time and confusion thus saved would be incalculable. Punctuality is now impossible; the food is half raw and often many hours after time. . . .

"There might be, *besides,* an Extra Diet Kitchen to each division; a teapot, issue of tea, sugar, etc., to every mess, for which stores made the Ward Master responsible; arrow-root, beef tea, etc., to be issued from the Extra Diet Kitchens.

"But into these details it is needless to enter to you. . . .[5]

"(3) The daily routine of the Hospital. This is now performed, or rather *not* performed by the Purveyor. I am really cook, housekeeper, scavenger (I go about making the Orderlies empty huge tubs), washer-woman, general dealer, store-keeper. The Purveyor is supposed to do all this but it is physically impossible. And the filth, and the dis-

[5] For (2) see the account of the clothing difficulty above p. 122.

order, and the neglect, let those describe who saw it when we first came. . . .

"Let us have a Hotel Keeper, a House Steward, who shall take the daily routine in charge—the cooking, washing and cleaning up—the superintending the housekeeping, in short be responsible for the cleanliness of the wards, now done by one Medical Officer, Dr. M'Grigor, by me, or by no one—inspect the kitchens, the wash-houses, be what a housekeeper ought to be in a private Asylum. . . ."

"Whether, in any new plan, the House Stewards have command of the Orderlies, or the Medical Man, which I am incompetent to determine, whichever it be let us have a Governor of the Hospital. As it is a Military Hospital, a Military Head is probably necessary as a Governor."

An effective medical and purveying staff to be sent out from England is sketched, "but beyond this a *head*, some one with *authority* to mash up the departments into uniform and rapid action."

On September 20, 1855, a Royal Warrant was issued, reorganising the Medical Staff Corps, "for the better care of the sick and wounded," revising the duties of the several officers, and improving their pay. Comparing this with Miss Nightingale's letters, it may be seen that in large measure her suggestions were adopted by the War Department. In her later writings, hospital organisation was worked out in the fullest way, and with immense mastery both of system and of detail.

One more instance of her eagerness for better ways. Up to the Spring of 1855, the authorities had not taken what she called "the finest opportunity for advancing the cause of Medicine and erecting it into a science which will probably ever be afforded." There was no dissecting room, nor any proper medical statistics.

"Post mortem examinations are seldom made and then in the dead house (the ablest Staff Surgeon here told me that he considered that he had killed hundreds of men owing to the absence of these). No statistics are kept as to between what ages most deaths occur, as to modes of treatment, appearances of the body after death, etc., etc., etc., and all

the innumerable and most important points which contribute to making Therapeutics a means of saving life, and not, as it is here, a formal duty. Our registration generally is so lamentably defective that often the only record kept is—*a man died* on such a day. There is a kiosk on the Esplanade before the Barrack Hospital, rejected by the Quartermaster for his stores, which I have asked for and obtained as a School of Medicine. It is not used now for any purpose—£300 or £400 (which I would willingly give) would put it in a state of repair. . . . The Medical teaching duties could not be carried on efficiently with a less staff than two lecturers on Physiology and Pathology, and one lecturer on Anatomy, who will be employed in preparing the subject for demonstration, and performing operations for the information of the Juniors."

The Government did better than the kiosk. They built a good dissecting room and provided it with apparatus and instruments.

CHAPTER VIII

"SPOILING THE BRUTES"

"We have established a reading room for convalescents," Miss Nightingale wrote to her sister, "which is well attended; and the conduct of the soldiers is uniformly good. . . . But it makes me cry to think that all these six months we might have had a trained schoolmaster and that I was told it was quite impossible; that in the Indian Army effectual and successful measures are taken to prevent intoxication and disorganisation, and that here the Convalescents are brought in emphatically *dead* drunk (for they die of it) and officers look on with composure and say to me, 'You are spoiling the brutes.' The men are so glad to read, so glad to give their money."

This letter refers to reading huts she set up in the Barrack Hospital. Providing the men with leisure occupation and helping them to save were hardly less novel than nursing them, and in these, too, Miss Nightingale was a pioneer. The experiments she set on foot, directly and indirectly, did much to humanize the Army.

"I have never," she wrote home from Scutari, "seen so teachable and helpful a class as the Army generally. Give them opportunity promptly and securely to send money home, and they will use it. Give them schools and lectures and they will come to them. Give them books and games and amusements and they will leave off drinking. Give them suffering and they will bear it. Give them work and they will do it."

Her war experiences gave Miss Nightingale the warmest affection for "her children" of the Army. In extreme old

age, when failing powers could no longer answer to every call, the old light would come to her eye and the faltering mind would instantly stand at attention upon the slightest word about the British soldier.

It was a common belief of the time that it was in the nature of the British Soldier (like the British Nurse) to be drunken. Miss Nightingale had taken an opportunity to lay her views before the Queen, and the letter had reached the Cabinet. "Pam thought it excellent," wrote Lord Granville to Lord Canning. "Clarendon said it was full of real stuff, but Mars said it only showed that she knew nothing of the British Soldier."

Miss Nightingale did not wait for official action. She set up an extempore Money Order Office, in which on four afternoons a month she received the money of any soldier who wished to send it to his family. About £1,000 a month was taken in this way and transmitted with manuscript money order forms, signed by Miss Nightingale or one of her helpers, to Mr. Sam Smith, who passed on these voluntary separation allowances to the homes in England. After the Cabinet meeting just described, Lord Panmure wrote to the Commander of the Forces in the Crimea about Miss Nightingale's "cry," and money order offices were soon opened in Constantinople, at Scutari, Balaclava, and "Headquarters, Crimea." "It will do no good," grumbled "Mars"; "the soldier is not a remitting animal." But during the next six months £71,000 was sent home, rescued, as Miss Nightingale said, from the canteen. She was instrumental, too, in setting up another rival to the canteen—the "Inkerman Café" on the Bosphorus shore, midway between the chief hospitals. She gave much attention to the details of this coffee house, for which the Queen sent a picture. In all such work for the soldiers she was warmly supported by Sir Henry Storks, who succeeded to the command at Scutari towards the end of 1855, for he, too, believed that drunkenness could be made "the exception, not the rule, in

the Army." At the war, the friends of reform were the friends of Miss Nightingale. In later years Sir Henry wrote in "grateful recollection of the time when we served together at Scutari." Her personal influence on the men helped them to give up drink. "I promised *Her* I would not drink." "I promised *Her* to send my money home," they would say, as Mr. Stafford recorded, "in such a tone, as if it were ingrained in the very stuff of them."

She went on to establish classrooms and reading rooms and to equip them with books, games, music, maps, diagrams, magic lantern, stereoscope—all the apparatus of an institute—which were eagerly contributed by all classes in England, from the Queen and her mother the Duchess of Kent downwards, as soon as the plan was made known. The chief centre was at Scutari. Outside the Barrack Hospital a building was bought by Sir Henry Storks in behalf of the Government for a reading room and a garrison school, for which two schoolmasters were sent out. A second school was conducted in a hut between the two large hospitals.

CHAPTER IX

INFLUENCE IN HIGH PLACES

A high authority, who had been through the war, said of her at the time, "She has taught officers and officials to treat the soldiers as Christian men." "I believe," she wrote home, "that we have been the most efficient means of restoring discipline, instead of destroying it, as I have been accused of."

So Miss Nightingale continued, week after week, month after month, pouring out requisitions, hints, plans; effecting much and suggesting more for reducing disorder to good organisation; advising and creating fresh expedients wherever a chance came of helping the soldiers in body, mind, or estate. She did many things herself, but she was the inspirer and instigator of more things which were done by others. She was able of her own initiative to institute considerable reforms, but she was a reformer on a larger scale through the influence she exercised. It was soon perceived at Scutari that she was a power. Any official who felt a particular need in his department, any surgeon who wanted some special representation made to the authorities in London, any purveyor desiring special authority from the military went to her. The confidence with which she was regarded is shewn in an illustration she gave when, years later, she was urging a separation of the Pay Department from Purveying: "I had at Scutari thousands of sovereigns at a time in my bedroom, entrusted to me by officers, who preferred making me their banker because of the perpetual discord. 'Offend the Commissary or Purveyor and you won't be able to get your money.'" Her influence seemed to some onlookers mysterious and "fabu-

lous,"[1] but the private papers which were not available till recent years fully account for it, so far as it was not directly due to her own personal qualities. She had the ear of ministers, she had the favour of the press and public opinion, and she had the sympathy of the Court, which in Victorian times stood for much, especially in military matters. Something of her personal influence may be recovered from the words of Kinglake, the minute historian of the war:[2] "Of slender, delicate form, engaging, highly bred and in council a rapt, careful listener, so long as others were speaking, and strongly though gently persuasive when speaking herself . . . Miss Nightingale gave her heart to this enterprise in a spirit of absolute devotion." "The gift, without which she never could have achieved what she did, was her faculty of conquering dominion over the minds of men; and this, after all, was the force which lifted her out of the ranks of those who are only 'able' to the height reached by those who are 'great.' "

Mr. Herbert had given her private instructions that she was to act as eye and ear for him in the East. A comparison of the long series of her letters to him with his correspondence with officials show how much of the improvements effected by the two Governments were due to her suggestions, remonstrances, entreaties. Her letters were written with complete freedom and often in great haste. She wrote unreservedly about individuals because she saw, as Mr. Herbert himself saw also, that the *personnel* was at fault, and that the most admirable instructions from home would be useless without men of initiative and vigour to carry them out. She wrote in anger, because she saw, what Mr. Herbert soon came to know, that such men were not forthcoming. And it must be remembered that she wrote privately. He was a friend who could not misinterpret her motives, whose discretion might be trusted, to

[1] Sterling's Highland Brigade.
[2] He had a long interview with her in 1860.

whom the hard-hitting style of her humorous quips was well known, and to whom, as he read, the most alarming, knock-down blow of the pen must have seemed to be uttered by a graceful presence in a very sweet voice. The written word is not so tempered in after years, especially when published to the world. It has to be judged in its bare self whatever hurry or emergency produced it, and the impetuous and downright letters which were Miss Nightingale's impromptu weapons of reform have sometimes shocked recent readers who took her hard words for the display of ill temper. She has defended herself: "I feel that this is no time for compliments or false shame, and that you will never hear the truth, troublesome as it is, except from one independent of promotion" (8 January 1855).[3] "I write with all this savagery because of the non-success of your unwearied efforts for the good of these poor Hospitals" (5 March 1855).

Her bearing as she went about her heavy business was closely observed by Mr. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, as it was by many. We trace the weight of the responsibility in his description:

[3] The piece of plain speech for which she apologises here is the following (in which letters have been substituted for some of the names): "The Commission has done nothing; probably its powers were limited to enquiry. A. has done nothing. B. has done nothing. Lord Stratford, absorbed in politics, does not know the circumstances. Lord William Paulet knows them but partially. Dr. C. knows them but will not tell them. D. knows them and is stupefied. The medical officers, if they were to betray them, would have it reported personally and professionally to their disadvantage. Lord William Paulet and Dr. Forrest, the new medical head, I see are desperate. As your official servant, you will say that I ought to have reported these things before. But I did not wish to be made a spy. I thought it better if the remedy could be brought quietly, and I thought the Commission was to bring it. But matters are worse than they were two months ago, and will be worse two months hence than they are now. The medical men are pulled up by the senior medical authorities for receiving ward furniture and food and its being paid for by me, and therefore the naughty children pretend to ignore that their requisitions go in to me, instead of to the Purveyor, and leave me to be rebuked for overfacility." Mr. Herbert thanked her for telling him "the terrible truth."

"In appearance," he wrote,[4] "Miss Nightingale is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman, who may have seen perhaps rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet and rather reserved; still I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain under the principles of the action of the moment every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. I can conceive her to be a strict disciplinarian; she throws herself into a work as its head. As such she knows well how much success must depend upon literal obedience to her every order."

. . . "Every day brought some new complication of misery to be somehow unravelled. . . . Each day had its peculiar trial to one who had taken such a load of responsibility, in an untried field, and with a staff of her own sex, all new to it. Hers was a post requiring the courage of a Cardigan, the tact and diplomacy of a Palmerston, the endurance of a Howard, the cheerful philanthropy of a Mrs. Fry. Miss Nightingale fills that post, and, in my opinion, is the one individual who in this whole unhappy war has shown more than any other what real energy guided by good sense can do to meet the calls of sudden emergency." [5]

The Court had early expressed a lively interest in Miss Nightingale's mission and intimated a wish that full con-

[4] *Scutari and Its Hospitals,* p. 25.
[5] *Scutari and Its Hospitals,* p. 27.

sideration should be given to her experiences and impressions.

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert," wrote Queen Victoria to Mr. Sidney Herbert (6 December 1854), "that I beg she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as *I hear no details of the wounded,* though I see so many from officers, etc., about the battlefield, and naturally the former must interest *me* more than anyone. Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor, noble wounded and sick men that *no one* takes a warmer interest or feels more for their sufferings or admires their courage and heroism *more* than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that *our* sympathy is much valued by those noble fellows."

In accordance with the Queen's wishes reports from Miss Nightingale were forwarded to her, and by her were sent on to the Duke of Newcastle, then Prime Minister. The Duke assured Her Majesty of his constant and painful anxiety for the hospitals. "Nothing can be more just," he added, "than all your Majesty's comments upon the state of facts exhibited in these letters." He had written repeatedly and in the strongest terms respecting them, but with little other result than the denial of charges "which must now be considered to be substantiated."

Miss Nightingale was asked by the Queen, through Mr. Herbert, what comforts would be most useful to the patients, and these were put into her hands for distribution, with some warm scarves, and other things for the nurses. With this commission, the Keeper of the Queen's Purse wrote (14 December 1854):

"The Queen has directed me to ask you to undertake the distribution and application of these articles partly because Her Majesty wished you to be made aware that your goodness and self-devotion in giving yourself up to

the soothing attendance upon these wounded and sick soldiers had been observed by the Queen with sentiments of the highest approval and admiration; and partly because, as the articles did not come within the description of Medical or Government stores usually furnished, they could not be better entrusted than to one who, by constant personal observation, would form a correct judgment where they would be most usefully employed."

The Queen was invoked again in the matter of hospital stoppages against pay—9d a day for the sick, 4½d for the wounded. Miss Nightingale earnestly pressed on Mr. Herbert that soldiers who fell sick at the front should be treated as favourably as the wounded; and on 1 February 1855 she heard with great satisfaction that this had been done and that it had been made retrospective as from the Battle of the Alma. The Queen had asked Miss Nightingale to suggest what might be done "to testify her sense of the courage and endurance, so abundantly shown by her sick soldiers." This matter of the stoppages was put before Her Majesty, and another suggestion was that the Sultan should be asked to grant the military cemetery at Scutari to the British, and that the Queen should have it enclosed by a stone wall.

"There are already, alas!" wrote Miss Nightingale, "about a thousand lying in this cemetery. Nine hundred were reported last week. We have buried one hundred in the last two days only. The spot is beautiful, overlooking the Sea of Marmora, and occupies the space between the General Hospital wall and the edge of the cliff."

The Queen was evidently touched, for she wrote both to the Foreign Secretary and the Ambassador to the Porte, and the soldiers' burial place became British ground.[6] It was at Miss Nightingale's suggestion that the memorial obelisk, still seen afar, was erected "by Queen Victoria and her people."

[6] In 1865 Miss Nightingale, hearing that the cemetery was neglected, succeeded in getting from the War Office a payment, promised long before, for a British custodian.

CHAPTER X

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

Behind the scenes it was Miss Nightingale's administrative power that made the deepest impression. The reformers applauded her; others to whom her resource administered a "telling though silent rebuke"[1] complained that in her methods there was something too masterful. All recognised her power and strength of will.

The sick and wounded knew another side of her character. To them she was also the compassionate and tender nurse. And the general public, who knew nothing else of her work, supposed that ministration to the sick comprised it all. Sidney Smith once complained of "two phrases, the delight of noodledom," which were the current commonplaces about woman: "The true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber," and "Nothing is so honourable for a woman as not to be spoken of at all." Miss Nightingale scarcely succeeded in the second. Everybody was talking about her; she could not help it. The first fitted in perfectly with the popular idea of her mission and of her fitness for it, though, as she wrote to Mr. Herbert, nursing was the least important of the functions into which she "had been forced." But to help and sustain sick and dying people among her neighbours in the cottages near her homes had been her first essay in the work of her life; and she gave the soldiers her best in this as in other ways. There was genuine feeling among the floods of sentiment poured out upon her by noodledom. Some of the enthusiasm bore lasting fruit.

[1] Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. vi.

A letter from Miss Stanley gives a picture of her at work in the Barrack Hospital in December 1854.

"We turned up the stone stairs; on the second floor we came to the corridors of sick, on low wooden stands, raised about a foot from the floor, placed about two feet apart, and leaving two or three feet down the middle, along which we walked. The atmosphere worsened as we advanced. We passed down two or three of these immense corridors, asking our way as we went. At last we came to the guard-room, another corridor, then through a door into a large, busy kitchen, where stood Mrs. Margaret Williams, who seemed much pleased to see me: then a heavy curtain was raised; I went through a door, and there sat dear Flo writing on a small, unpainted deal table. I never saw her looking better. She had on her black merino, trimmed with black velvet, clean linen collar and cuffs, apron, white cap with a black handkerchief tied over it; and there was Mrs. Bracebridge, looking so nice, too. I was quite satisfied with my welcome. . . . A stream of people every minute. 'Please, ma'am, have you any black-edged paper?' 'Please, what can I give which would keep on his stomach; is there any arrowroot to-day for him?' 'No, the tubs of arrowroot must be for the worst cases; we cannot spare him any, nor is there any jelly to-day; try him with some eggs.' 'Please, Mr. Gordon [the Chief Engineer] wishes to see Miss Nightingale about the orders she gave him.' Mr. Sabin [the Senior Chaplain] comes in for something else. Mr. Bracebridge in and out about [the dead] General Adams and orders of various kinds."

This was post day. Still busier were the awful days when sick and wounded arrived from the Crimea Miss Nightingale was known, says General Bentinck, to have passed eight hours on her knees dressing wounds and comforting the men. Sometimes she stood twenty hours at a stretch, apportioning quarters, distributing stores, directing work or assisting at operations. "She has," said Mr. Osborne, "an utter disregard of contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful, to every sense, any particular case, especially

if it was that of a dying man, the more certainly might her slight form be seen bending over him, administering to his ease by every means in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him." "We cannot," wrote Mr. Bracebridge to her uncle, "prevent her self-sacrifice for the dying; she cannot delegate as we would wish." One night he records: "Selina [Mrs. Bracebridge] is sitting up with a dying man. Florence at last asleep, 1 A.M." It is recorded that on one occasion she saw five soldiers set aside as hopeless cases. The first duty of the overworked surgeons was with those whom there was better hope of saving. With the doctors' consent she took charge of the five, and tended them throughout the night with a nurse's help. In the morning they were found to be fit for surgical treatment. "I believe," wrote a civilian doctor who saw her at work, "that there was never a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice." She did not allow the nurses to be in the wards after eight at night, but her own hours were much longer. A night round of the wards is recalled by a volunteer nurse who two days after arrival was sent for to accompany Miss Nightingale on her final visit to the patients.

"We went round the whole of the second story into many of the wards and into one of the upper corridors. It seemed an endless walk and was one not easily forgotten. As we slowly passed along, the silence was profound; very seldom did a moan or cry from these deeply suffering ones fall on our ears. A dim light burned here and there. Miss Nightingale carried her lantern, which she would set down before she bent over any of the patients. I much admired her manner to the men—it was so tender and kind."

The description of these midnight watches given by Mr. Macdonald of the *Times* Fund was made famous throughout the world by adaptation. It was the origin of Longfellow's poem, "The Lady with the Lamp," which became one of the most widely known of poems.[2]

[2] See Appendix B.

"Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form and the hand of the despoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel' without any exaggeration in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary round."

The words which one of her patients sent home also became famous:

"What a comfort it was to see her pass even. She would speak to one, and nod and smile to as many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content." "Before she came," said another soldier's letter, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was holy as a church."

The lamp which became the symbolic attribute of Florence Nightingale was an ordinary camp lantern.

The men used to salute as she passed down the ranks of beds. "She was wonderful," said one, "at cheering up anyone who was a bit low." "She was all full of life and fun," said another, "when she talked to us, especially if a man was a bit down-hearted." An old patient wrote to remind her, years after, how she had saved his arm, advising him not to have it amputated. "Your arm will look better in your sleeve than your sleeve would look against your coat." "The magic of her power over men" was felt, as Kinglake told, in the dreaded operating room. Men not yet resigned, "finding strange support in her presence," would bring themselves to submit and endure.

A member of Parliament, Mr. Augustus Stafford, went

to Scutari in the recess of 1854, and worked with great devotion for Miss Nightingale. "He says," wrote Monckton Milnes (January 1855) that Florence in the hospital makes intelligible to him the Saints of the Middle Ages. If the soldiers were told that the roof had opened, and she had gone up palpably to Heaven, they would not be the least surprised. They quite believe she is in several places at once."

They felt her power, too, and were even ready to attribute to her the gifts of leadership in the field. "If she were at their head, they would be in Sebastopol in a week," was a saying often heard in the wards. In her sympathy there never was anything weakening. Her "life and fun" were for those who could be helped by it. Men who had to be supported in the pains of death could lean on her strength.

Miss Nightingale kept among her papers a bundle of touching letters to and from the friends and relatives of the soldiers. "My dear Miss," writes one mother, "I feel the loss of my poor son's death very keenly, but if anything could help my grief it is the thought that he was looked to and cared for by kind friends when so many miles away from his native land." One letter to a bereaved mother may be given to represent many:

"The first time I saw your son was in going round the wards in the General Hospital at Balaclava. He had been brought in in the morning. . . . He was always conscious and remained so to the very last. He prayed aloud so beautifully that, as the Nurse in charge said, 'It was like a sermon to hear him.' He asked 'to see Miss Nightingale.' He knew me and expressed himself to me as entirely resigned to die. He pressed my hand when he could not speak. He died in the night. . . . He was decently interred in a burial ground we have a mile from Balaclava. One of my own Sisters[3] lies in the same ground, to whom I have erected a monument. Should you wish anything similar to be done over the grave of your lost son, I will endeavour to gratify you, if you will inform me of your wishes.

[3] Elizabeth Drake, of St. Thomas's Hospital, one of the best of the nurses.

"With true sympathy for your loss, I remain, dear Madam,

"Yours sincerely,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

Letters from England contain anxious enquiries about a husband, brother, father, or son. "In order that you may know him," writes one fond mother, "he is a straight, nice, clean-looking, light-complexioned youth." "Died in hospital, in good frame of mind," was Miss Nightingale's docket for the reply. Often the writer of these letters begins by explaining that the newspapers have told of her great kindness, and so she will forgive the intrusion. Others take all that for granted, and begin "Dear Friend." Many are the blessings invoked on Miss Nightingale's head. Every letter was carefully answered, and every message we may be sure was given, whenever it was in her power.

The extent of Miss Nightingale's correspondence with Ministers at home, with military and medical officers in the Crimea and at Scutari may be guessed. She left among her papers piles of store-keeping accounts, mostly in her own handwriting. Accounts relating to the nurses, answers to complaints from them and letters to their relatives made another mass of correspondence, and yet a fourth had to do with contributions and offers of help in money and kind. How she did so much herself without breaking down is the wonder. She could not have done it without a good deal of help from Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, from Mr. Macdonald's co-operation and from the volunteer services of several others such as "S. G. O.," Mr. Stafford, the Blackwoods, and one or two other occasional assistants.

CHAPTER XI

HER ILLNESS

After six months of heavy work and heavy responsibility, Miss Nightingale set forth for the Crimean hospitals, leaving Mrs. Bracebridge in charge at Scutari, where supply and sanitation were much improved, and the pressure in the wards, caused by the terrible winter before Sebastopol, was relieved. Of 1,100 patients left in the Barrack Hospital, only 100 were in bed, and the death rate in the hospitals had fallen from 42 *per cent* to 22 *per thousand* of cases. The strain was now more likely to fall on the Balaclava Hospitals, as assaults on the defences of Sebastopol might be expected, and it was hoped that patients might be saved the suffering of the sea voyage to Scutari.

Miss Nightingale wrote home from the Black Sea (5 May 1855) of

"Poor old Flo steaming up the Bosphorus and across the Black sea with four nurses, two cooks, and a boy to Crim Tartary (to overhaul the Regimental Hospitals) in the *Robert Lowe* or *Robert Slow* (for an exceedingly slow boat she is) taking back 420 of her patients, a draught of convalescents returning to their regiments to be shot at again. 'A mother in Israel' Pastor Fliedner called me; a mother in the Coldstreams is the more appropriate appellation. What suggestions do the above ideas make to you in Embley drawing-room? Stranger ones perhaps than to me, who, on the 5th May, year of disgrace 1855, having been at Scutari six months today, am in sympathy with God, fulfilling the purpose I came into the world for."

Far from pluming herself on the Scutari reforms, she was haunted by the sense of all that had failed or been

left undone. "What the disappointments of the conclusion of these six months are no one can tell. But I am not dead but alive."

It was a mixed party—the faithful Mr. Bracebridge; among the nurses, the excellent Mrs. Roberts; Soyer the cook, who afterwards published a gossiping account of the expedition; the messenger Robert Robinson, an invalided soldier of the 68th Light Infantry, who wrote down his experiences in a copy book which is one of our authorities, and the drummer boy Thomas, aged twelve, a regular *enfant de troupe,* full of wits and fun. He called himself Miss Nightingale's man, and, according to Soyer, used to explain that he had "forsaken his instruments in order to devote his civil and military career" to her. The party arrived at Balaclava on May 5, and the decks of vessels in the harbour were crowded with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous lady. There was no accommodation for her ashore, so her headquarters were on the *Robert Lowe* and later on the sailing transport *London.*

Miss Nightingale set to work at once and with characteristic energy. During the few days after her arrival she investigated hospitals, regimental and general, planned the building of new huts and, in consultation with Soyer, of extra diet kitchens, and made arrangements as to the nurses. Her position in the Crimea was a little ambiguous. Dr. Hall, the Principal Medical Officer in the Crimea, was in some sort the person most responsible individually for the state of things which had stirred so much outcry in England. He had been appointed while still in India and had not arrived in time to think out the preparations properly, nor was he the exceptional man who could have caught up with lost time or carried through the prodigious task of improvising an efficient medical and hospital service in time of war. Mr. Sidney Herbert at a very early stage had put his finger on Dr. Hall's touchy spot. "I cannot help feeling," he had written to Lord Raglan in December 1854, "that

Dr. Hall resents offers of assistance as being slurs on his preparations."

Miss Nightingale's visit to the Crimea was approved by the War Office, Lord Raglan had received private instructions as to her position, and by published instructions dated 27 April 1855 she was given authority as almoner of Free Gifts in all the hospitals in the Crimea, a position which would enable her to draw on very large donations and private resources to supply the doctors' requisitions for hospital supplies not provided by the Purveying Department. Mr. Herbert's *published* instructions, however, had named her as Superintendent of the female nurses in all the British Military Hospitals *in Turkey*[1] and these words gave a standing ground for opponents in the Crimea. The intention of the War Office was to give her general superintendence, but to relieve her of direct responsibility for the nurses in the Crimea, so long as she was at Scutari.

One of her first official duties was a visit to Lord Raglan. She was a good horsewoman, and was now mounted, Soyer says, "on a very pretty mare, which by its gambols and caracoling seemed proud to carry its noble charge." "Our cavalcade produced an extraordinary effect upon the motley crowd of all nations assembled at Balaclava, who were astonished to see a lady so well escorted." The Commander of the Forces was away, but Miss Nightingale was taken to the Three Mortar Battery and the soldiers gave her three times three. The courage and endurance of the men, "often 48 hours with no food but *raw* salt pork sprinkled with sugar, rum and biscuits,"[2] made the deepest impression on her. "I wonder not that the army suffered so much, but that there is any army left at all," she wrote to Lady Canning; "but now all is looking

[1] See above, p. 77.

[2] Miss Nightingale's account of her visit to the trenches was shown to Queen Victoria. It was afterwards found among the Prince Consort's papers.

up. Sir John McNeill has done wonders."[3] Miss Nightingale on this and later visits to the Crimea saw and heard of many deeds of heroism of which she loved to tell. One of these was of the sergeant who having rescued his wounded General when himself too badly hurt to know who it was, assured him afterwards in hospital—"I didn't know your honour, but if I'd known it was you I'd have saved you all the same."

She was always utterly indifferent to "contagion," and now attended to some fever patients herself. One evening on returning to her ship, she complained of great fatigue. There was a consultation of doctors next morning, and they issued a bulletin that Miss Nightingale was suffering from Crimean fever. She was carried on a stretcher by relays of soldiers to the Castle Hospital on the Genoese Heights, and there nursed by Mrs. Roberts in a hut behind the wounded soldiers' huts. The news of her illness was received with consternation in England; the anxiety of her friends was intense, and the suspense in the War Hospitals was scarcely less. "The soldiers turned their faces to the wall and cried." The attack was sharp. She admitted to friends that she had been "very near to death." But after two or three days, hopes of recovery were given. On May 24 Lord Raglan could telegraph that she was out of danger and three days later that she was going on favourably. The bulletins were forwarded to the Queen, and on May 28 Her Majesty, in writing to Lord Panmure, was "truly thankful to learn that that excellent and valuable person, Miss Nightingale, is safe." At this time, a horseman rode up to her hut, and Mrs. Roberts, who had been enjoined to keep her patient quiet, refused to let him in. He said that he most particularly desired to see Miss Nightingale. "And

[3] Sir J. McNeill, a man of great ability and high character, was a doctor who afterwards entered the political service in the East. He became one of Miss Nightingale's most valued friends and fellow-workers. He and Colonel Tulloch had been sent out to report on the Commissariat system.

pray," said Mrs. Roberts, "who are you?" "Only a soldier," replied the visitor, "but I have ridden a long way, and your patient knows me very well." He was admitted, and a month later himself lay ill and died. It was Lord Raglan.

Mrs. Bracebridge, who came from Scutari, found her friend convalescent, but in extreme exhaustion, less from the fever than from the previous overstrain of mind and body. The doctors recommended a complete rest in England, but she would not hear of it. Lord Ward's steam yacht was in Balaclava harbour, and in it she was taken to Scutari, where all the high officials were present at her landing. One of the large barges used to land the sick and wounded was brought alongside, and Miss Nightingale, in a state of extreme weakness and exhaustion, was lowered into it. Soldiers were waiting at the pier to carry her to the chaplain's house. A large and sympathetic crowd followed. "There was no sadder sight," said a soldier, "than to see that dear lady carried up from the pier on a stretcher just the same as we men, and perhaps by some of the fellows she nursed herself." It was the same when a little later she was brought down to go to Therapia, where the Ambassador had offered her his summer residence. Four guardsmen carried her on a litter, but though it was only five minutes' walk to the shore, there were two relays, and her baggage, which two could easily have carried, was divided among twelve, so great was their desire to share in the honour.

Mrs. Bracebridge described her as still unable to feed herself or to speak above a whisper, and the recovery was slow, but neither doctors nor friends could persuade her to go home. There was still work to be done in the Crimean hospitals. There were nurses who, if she went, would go too, and others who had died at their posts. In July business letters were resumed, and in August she was in the full rush of work again. Her sister had at that time "a charming account" from a cousin "about her good looks, which,

as all her hair has been cut off, is good testimony—'her own smile,' he talks of, and says he can hardly believe she had gone through such a winter." The autumn was a season of heavy work. Sebastopol did not fall till September 8, after assaults which filled the British cemeteries and hospitals. She stayed till the end, till the war was over and the last transport had sailed. But the look of exhaustion, the emaciation, and in some cases the sad depression of the portraits which show her as she was after it was all over, tell very plainly at what cost it was done.

In England her illness made her more than ever the popular heroine. Soldiers' letters had made Florence Nightingale known in thousands of small homes, and she became the heroine of the cottages, the workshops and the alleys. Rhymed broad sheets from Seven Dials and Soho with rough wood-cuts of the Lady with the Lamp, penny lives, Poets' Corners in every newspaper from *Punch* and the *Spectator* to the smallest country journal, and University Prize poems, were devoted to her praise. A maker of anagrams discovered the equivalent of Florence Nightingale in "Flit on, cheering angel." Stationers brought out notepaper with her portrait as a watermark, or with a lithographed view of Lea Hurst, and, where portraits failed, likenesses were invented for sentimental prints, china figures, and tradesmen's paper bags. Life boats, emigrant ships, children, streets, valses and race horses were named after her. "The Forest Plate handicap was won by Miss Nightingale, beating Barbarity and nine others." The popularity of the name Florence dates from this time.

This enthusiasm, in part kindly and grateful, in part shallow and fashionable, could not console the subject of it for the real difficulties, the obstacles, intrigues and vanities, with which she was struggling. Her family sent her a packet of lives, poems and portraits with one of the consignments of supplies.

"My effigies and praises," she wrote in reply, "were less welcome. I do not affect indifference to real sympathy, but I have felt painfully since I have had time to hear of it, the éclat which has been given to this adventure. The small still beginning, the simple hardship, the silent and *gradual* struggle upwards, these are the climate in which an enterprise really thrives and grows. Time has not yet altered our Saviour's lesson on that point, which has been learnt successively by all reformers from their own experience. The vanity and frivolity which the éclat thrown upon this affair has called forth has done us unmitigated harm, and has brought mischief on (perhaps) one of the most promising enterprises that ever set sail from England. Our own old party which began its work in hardship, toil, struggle and obscurity has done better than any other."

The popular glorification of her work, however well meant, was not a help towards Miss Nightingale's constant aim of creating a disinterested, serious and efficient nursing service. This letter throws a light on one of the reasons for her severe caution in adding to the number of the nurses.

When it became known that Miss Nightingale had recovered from her illness and was remaining at her post till the war should end, a movement at once sprang up for marking in some public manner the nation's gratitude. She declined any personal testimonial, and her friends knew that what she would best like would be the establishment in some form of "an English Kaiserswerth." The suggestion was put before her and she was asked to submit a plan. This she was not disposed to do. For one thing she was too busy, and for another it must have seemed an invitation to renew the life of negotiation and obstacles of which she had already had too much. "Dr. Bence Jones has written to me," she says in one of her letters, "for a plan. People seem to think that I have nothing to do but sit here and form plans. If the public choose to recognise my services and my judgment in this manner, they must leave these services and that judgment unfettered."

The request was dropped, and an influential committee was formed, with Mr. Sidney Herbert and Mr. S. C. Hall as secretaries. It was decided to raise a fund to enable Miss Nightingale to establish and control a school for nurses.

That she dreaded so conspicuous a scheme is evident.

"Quietness has been, from the beginning of its publicity, the one thing wanting in this work," she wrote later, in laying out a model scheme of military nursing. "I know the fuss which from its beginning surrounded it was abhorrent to us, and was the act of others; but the work, which is all we care for, has throughout suffered from it. It is equally injurious and impeding as regards surgeons, nurses, and people who are neither. . . . One hospital, naval, military or civil, nursed well, and gradually training a few nurses, would do more good to the cause than an endless amount of meetings, testimonials, pounds and speeches, to say nothing of newspaper puffings, which to-morrow might turn into revilings. This never will, never can be a popular work. Few good ones are, for few are without the stern fructifying element of moral restraint or influence; and though the streams of this are many, its source is one. Hearts are not touched without Religion. Religion was not given us from above in impressions and generalities, but in habits of thought and action, in love of God and of mankind, carried into action."[4]

[4] *Subsidiary Notes*, p. 19. See below, p. 272, 276.

CHAPTER XII

THE CRIMEA IN WINTER

Meantime, Miss Nightingale was resuming the Crimean work cut short by her illness. A month after the fall of Sebastopol (8 September 1855) she left Scutari for Balaclava.

There were four hospitals in the Crimea besides the regimental hospitals—the *General Hospital* at Balaclava, the *Castle Hospital* at St. George's Monastery, also consisting of huts, for convalescent and opthalmic cases; and the huts of the *Hospitals of the Land Transport Corps* near Karani. At the time of Miss Nightingale's second visit to the Crimea only the first two had women nurses.[1]

The distance between the hospitals was great, the roads were notorious for badness, the winter was rigorous. Miss Nightingale's exertions, wrote Soyer, "would have been incredible if they had not been witnessed by many." The return at night through uneven country, from the Castle Hospital to the Monastery Hospital, which were her headquarters in turn, was difficult and dangerous. Soyer says he sometimes saw her stand for hours outside the hospital in heavily falling snow, giving instructions. She spent long days in the saddle, or in a mule cart, from which she once had a nasty upset. After this misadventure, Colonel McMurdo, Commandant of the Land Transport Corps, gave her the best vehicle he could get—a hooded baggage car without springs, and in this, on horseback, or, when the

[1] The Monastery Hospital had women nurses from December 1855, the Land Transport Hospitals not till 1856.

roads were very bad, on foot, she made her rounds in all weathers in spite of fatigue and rheumatic pains.

In her absence there had been many difficulties from the supineness or hostility of officials. The Extra Diet Kitchen promised her in May had not been built, and, as she wrote to Mrs. Herbert (17 November 1855) "from that time to this we cooked all the Extra Diet for 500 to 600 patients, and the whole diet for all wounded officers by ourselves in a shed. . . . Every egg, every bit of butter, jelly, ale and Eau de Cologne which the sick officers have had has come out of Mrs. Samuel Smith's or my private pocket. On November 4 I opened my Extra Diet Kitchen." She also established reading rooms, bored for water, and had the huts covered with felt for protection against the winter.

She had received written instructions to send nurses to the General Hospital, had made all the arrangements and told off the party, when a warning came that admission was going to be refused them. She only told the story years after for the encouragement of one who had suffered in the same sort of way.

"I cannot but feel deeply touched," she wrote in 1867, "with what you tell me of your difficulties and of the disheartening absence of support.

I do, however, heartily believe that things prosper best in this way.

When a thing becomes the fashion, then it is ruined. I have gone through opposition which would have been ridiculous if it had not been heartrending.

E.G., it was currently supposed that I in the Crimean War received support from the War Office at home.

And so I did.

But the W. O. at home is a long way off.

Some of the superior authorities out there supported us. Others persecuted us, even to the extent of trying to starve us.

Of these were the principal Medical and Purveying authorities in the Crimea.

It was not the way to win through all these difficulties to publish them.

So I kept them very much to myself.

But *e.g.*

I was ordered by the chief authority to occupy the General Hospital in the Crimea (Balaclava).

I had already deputed a Superintendent and Staff of Nurses to do so, when one of my Superintendents (for which I can never be too grateful) told me—there was to be a 'scrimmage' and I had better go myself.

So I did.

I walked down in the morning from another Hospital (Castle), found the huts for the Nurses locked and the key lost—ditto for our Office—principal authorities out—no means of doing anything for the Patients—getting at food or shelter or anything—snow on the ground.

It was vain for me to send for women whom I could neither house nor feed.

Condition of the Patients frightful—lying in their own dirt.

Sent a messenger up to the front (for orders for keys).

Sent for a chair out of Surgery—to show that I was in earnest—and sat down outside the hut, saying I should wait till they found it convenient to find me the keys. Before night and before my messenger came back, these were brought.

Before night I had sent for my Nurses—we had to sleep on benches in my Office—without food or blankets but what I had sent for from our own nearest Nursing Staff.

I have often been without anything but a cup of tea or a little brandy and water given me by a compassionate Surgeon, from 5 A.M. to 11 P.M. in those days.

I could tell many a similar adventure.

But I do not think this injured our *work*.

But it does not do to talk about it."[2]

Her manner of behaviour after this experience and after others of the same kind is described in a letter she wrote in 1869 to one of her nurses who was working well but "in a spirit of opposition" which was likely to diminish the good she was doing.

[2] The date of this siege of the General Hospital Nurses' Quarters is not given, but the snow indicates November 1855.

"Do you think I should have succeeded in doing anything if I had kicked and resisted and resented? Is it our Master's command? Is it even common sense? I have been even shut out of hospitals into which I had been ordered to go by the Commander-in-Chief—obliged to stand outside the door in the snow till night—been refused rations for as much as ten days at a time for the nurses I had brought by superior command. And I have been as good friends the day after with the officials who did these things—have resolutely ignored these things *for the sake of the work*. What was I to my Master's work? When people offend, they offend the Master before they do me. And who am I that I should not choose to bear what my Master chooses to bear? You have many high and noble points of character. Else I should not write to you as I do."

Lord Raglan, who believed in her and always supported her, was now dead. By some strange omission, the private official instructions sent to him with regard to her position were unknown to his successors, and Headquarters were unsympathetic.

"We get things done all the same," she wrote to Mrs. Herbert, "only a little more slowly. When we have support at Headquarters matters advance faster, that is all. The real grievance against us is that though subordinate to the Medical Chiefs in Office, we are superior to them in influence and in the chance of being heard at home." That this was the correct explanation of the attitude of the "Medical Chiefs in Office" may be gathered from their correspondence. Miss Nightingale had to fight her way into full authority. Dr. Hall disputed her title and resented her interference. She fought him and in the end she beat him. But their personal relations were not unfriendly and she sometimes in her letters bears testimony to good services of his and to his high capacity in many respects.

The attempt to shut out Miss Nightingale from her quarters was the climax of a difficulty in which the second party of nuns were concerned. These were the ladies whom Miss Nightingale described as "excellent, gentle, self-

devoted women, fit more for Heaven than for a Hospital. They flit about," she said, "like angels without hands among the patients, soothing their souls while they leave their bodies dirty and neglected." They had gone to Koulali with Miss Stanley, and now, in October 1855, had come at Dr. Hall's instance to the General Hospital at Balaclava, where the nursing staff in consequence contained too high a proportion of Roman Catholics.

Miss Nightingale's object was efficient nursing. Dr. Hall supported the nuns as his nominees. Mr. FitzGerald, the Deputy Purveyor-in-Chief, supported them as Roman Catholics and Irishwomen, giving the dispute the appearance of a racial-religious feud. He sent confidential reports to the War Office, criticising the female nursing establishment, and opposing Miss Nightingale's claim to be Superintendent of the Nurses in the Crimea. Miss Nightingale was shown these reports by a friend and she felt that advantage was taken in them of mistakes and misdeeds which she could have prevented had she had explicit authority.

There was another case in which a transfer of nurses had been made without Miss Nightingale's sanction, and she made up her mind that it was time to bring about a decision.

It was in the middle of these painful and exasperating troubles that there was a serious outbreak of cholera at the Barrack Hospital, and Miss Nightingale was summoned back to Scutari. From there she wrote an official letter to the War Office (January 7) complaining of the encroachment on her department by the Medical Officer. She also wrote personal letters to Mr. Herbert (February 20 and 21, 1856) telling him that Dr. Hall was "attempting to root her out of the Crimea." Other officials were traducing her behind her back. The War Office was not adequately supporting her. "It is profuse," she said, "in tinsel and empty praises which I do not want, and does not give me the real, businesslike, efficient standing which I do want." She

begged Mr. Herbert to move the House of Commons for the production of the correspondence, so that the public might judge between her and those who were traducing her and striving to thwart her work.

Mr. Herbert thought Miss Nightingale was "overdone with her long, anxious and harassing work";[3] he told her she over-rated the importance of the unjust reports and wrote of them "with an irritation and vehemence" which detracted very much from the weight which would attach to what she said. He was, as we have seen, unaware of the lengths to which the opposition had gone, and he was not now in the War Office. He went on to say that it would be injudicious to raise the question in Parliament; there was no public attack and the publication of papers would call needless attention to disputes; her answers to her critics were complete and conclusive; and a dispatch from the War Office to General Codrington was on its way—"very much what you wish, and what Dr. Hall's proceeding rendered necessary, if you are to maintain any order or discipline among your nurses."

The War Office dispatch was not settled without a stiff fight with subordinates who sided with Sir John Hall and Mr. FitzGerald. But meantime Lord Panmure had sent out Colonel Lefroy, the scientific adviser to the War Office, to bring a confidential report of the condition of the hospitals. Colonel Lefroy had come back with a high opinion of Miss Nightingale's work and abilities and with knowledge of her difficulties. The papers went sent to him, and his minutes on them were plain and forcible. "The medical men," he said, "were jealous of her mission." "Dr. Hall would upset it tomorrow if he could." "A General Order defining her mission . . . is due, I think, to all she has done and has sacrificed."

Lord Panmure decided in Miss Nightingale's favour; but

[3] He wrote in March 1856.

even after his instructions were given, protests were made against a step which, in supporting her, would censure Dr. Hall. He held out, however, and wrote (25 February 1856) to the Commander of the Forces directing that Dr. Hall's attention should be called to the irregularity of his proceeding in introducing nurses into a hospital without previous communication with Miss Nightingale, and that the following statement should be issued:

The Secretary of State has addressed the following dispatch to the Commander of the Forces, with a desire that it should be promulgated in General Orders: "It appears to me that the Medical Authorities of the Army do not correctly comprehend Miss Nightingale's position as it has been officially recognised by me. I therefore think it right to state to you briefly for their guidance, as well as for the information of the Army, what the position of that excellent lady is. Miss Nightingale is recognised by Her Majesty's Government as the General Superintendent of the Female Nursing Establishment of the military hospitals of the Army. No lady, or sister, or nurse is to be transferred from one hospital to another, or introduced into any hospital, without consultation with her. Her instructions, however, require to have the approval of the Principal Medical Officer in the exercise of the responsibility thus vested in her. The Principal Medical Officer will communicate with Miss Nightingale upon all subjects connected with the Female Nursing Establishment, and will give his directions through that lady."[4]

Miss Nightingale was much pleased at appearing in General Orders. She did not care for honours, but she was proud of "serving in the Army," especially since she had come to love the fine qualities of the men.

She now made some transferences of nurses to improve the efficiency of their work. She urged Mrs. Bridgeman to stay on with her nuns, but Sir John Hall and the Deputy Purveyor-in-Chief seem to have laid their heads together

[4] The order was issued on March 16th, a fortnight before the signing of peace. It was printed in the *Times* of April 7th.

and advised Mrs. Bridgeman to resign. "It must rest with you," wrote Sir John, "to decide whether you wish to remain subservient to the control of Miss Nightingale or not." She and her sisterhood resigned (March 28) and returned to England.

CHAPTER XIII

A CONTRAST

While Miss Nightingale was leaving the jealousies of the Crimea to return to the cholera at Scutari, her friends in London were holding a public meeting (20 November 1855) "to give expression to a general feeling that the services of Miss Nightingale in the hospitals of the East demand the grateful recognition of the British people." Willis's Rooms proved far too small, and never, said the *Times,* had a more brilliant, enthusiastic and unanimous gathering been held in London. The Duke of Cambridge took the chair, and among the speakers were Mr. Herbert, Lord Stanley, the Duke of Argyll, Monckton Milnes and Lord Lansdowne. Mrs. Nightingale and Parthe "could not take courage to go"—"our informants came flocking in, and we were rewarded." It was resolved at the meeting to form a "Nightingale Fund" to enable her to establish a nurses' training school, and Mr. Herbert sent her a copy of the resolution. Her answer was dated from Scutari, 6 January 1856—the day before she wrote her final appeal for recognition to the War Office.

DEAR MR. HERBERT:

In answer to your letter (which followed me to the Crimea and back to Scutari) proposing to me the undertaking of a Training School for Nurses, I will first beg to say that it is impossible for me to express what I have felt in regard to the sympathy and the confidence shown to me by the originators and supporters of the scheme. Exposed as I am to be misinterpreted and misunderstood in a field of action which is new, complicated and distant from many who sit in judgment upon it—it is indeed an abiding

support to have such sympathy and such appreciation brought home to me in the midst of labour and difficulties all but overpowering. I must add, however, that my present work is such as I would never leave for any other, so long as I see room to believe that what I may do here is unfinished. May I, then, beg of you to express to the Committee that I accept their proposal, provided I may do so on their understanding of this great uncertainty as to when it will be possible for me to carry it out?

This letter was written at a time of great pressure. Mrs. S. Smith, who had taken Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge's place at Scutari, describes her niece's nightly toil. "She habitually writes till 1 or 2, sometimes till 3 or 4; has in the last pressure given up 3 whole nights to it. We seldom get through even our little dinner (after it has been put off one, two or three hours on account of her visitors) without her being called away from it. I never saw a greater picture of exhaustion than Flo last night at ten (January 7) . . . and she sat up the greater part of the night."

"Such questions as food, rest, temperature," wrote Mrs. Smith again (25 January 1856), "never interfere with her during her work; I suppose she has gained some advantage over other people in her entire absence of thought about these things. . . . She is extremely quick and clear, too, as you know, at her work. This, I suppose, has increased upon her, and she can turn from one thing or one person to another, when in the midst of business, in a most extraordinary manner. She has attained a most wonderful calm and presence of mind. She is, I think, often deeply impressed, and depressed, though she does not show it outwardly, but no irritation of temper, no hurry or confusion of manner, ever appears for a moment."

Public meetings in support of the Nightingale Fund were held throughout England and in the British Dominions. Mr. Herbert, Mr. Monckton Milnes and Lord Stanley spoke to large audiences. The Fund was taken up heartily, but there were still some who thought the attempt

to raise the nursing profession a silly fad. "Lady Pam," wrote Lord Granville, "thinks the Nightingale Fund great humbug." "The nurses are very good now; perhaps they do drink a little . . . poor people, it must be so tiresome sitting up all night." And the jealousies which attended Miss Nightingale's work still found expression. The existence of the Fund was notified in General Orders to the Army in the East. "I hear," wrote Dr. Robertson at Scutari to Dr. Hall in the Crimea, "that you have not (any more than myself) subscribed your day's pay to the Nightingale Fund. I certainly said, the moment it appeared in Orders, I would not do so, and thereby countenance what I disapproved. I believe the subscriptions *in the hospital* are not many or large." But this disgruntlement of some of the doctors was not shared by the troops, who subscribed nearly £9,000. The Navy and the Coast Guard Service joined in, and among the contributions from wealthier subscribers were the proceeds of a concert given by Mme. Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), always a warm admirer of Miss Nightingale.

The Queen had not been behindhand in her recognition:

Windsor Castle (November 1855).

DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE:

You are, I know, well aware of the high sense I entertain of the Christian devotion which you have displayed during this great and bloody war, and I need hardly repeat to you how warm my admiration is for your services, which are fully equal to those of my dear and brave soldiers, whose sufferings you have had the *privilege* of alleviating in so merciful a manner. I am, however, anxious of marking my feelings in a manner which I trust will be agreeable to you, and therefore send you with this letter a brooch, the form and emblems of which commemorate your great and blessed work, and which I hope you will wear as a mark of the high approbation of your Sovereign!

It will be a very great satisfaction to me, when you return at last to these shores, to make the acquaintance of

one who has set so bright an example to our sex. And with every prayer for the preservation of your valuable health, believe me, always, yours sincerely,

VICTORIA R.

The jewel, which is now in the Museum of the United Service Institution, is a large enamelled badge bearing a St. George's Cross and the Royal Cypher with a crown in diamonds and the word "Crimea." The inscription "Blessed are the Merciful" surrounds it and on the reverse is inscribed: To Miss Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion to the Queen's brave soldiers. From Victoria R. 1855.[1]

Miss Nightingale is known to have worn the jewel once, on Christmas Day, 1855, when she dined at the British Embassy in Constantinople. Lady Hornby, who was another guest, has described her appearance that day: [2]

"By the side of the Ambassadress was a tall, fashionable, haughty beauty. But the next instant my eye wandered to a lady modestly standing on the other side of Lady Stratford. At first I thought she was a nun from the black dress and close cap. She was not introduced, and yet Edmund and I looked at each other at the same moment to whisper *Miss Nightingale.* Yes, it was Florence Nightingale, greatest of all now in name and honour among women. I assure you that I was glad not to be obliged to speak just then, for I felt quite dumb as I looked at her wasted figure and short brown hair combed over the forehead like a child's, cut so when her life was despaired of from a fever but a short time ago. Her dress, as I have said, was black, made high to the throat, its only ornament being a large enamelled brooch, which looked to me like the colours of a regiment surmounted with a wreath of laurel. . . . Miss Nightingale is by no means striking in appearance. Only her plain black dress, quiet manner and great renown told

[1] Miss Nightingale received a large number of decorations and distinctions from Sovereigns and Associations. The Order of Merit, then for the first time given to a woman, was conferred on her by King Edward in 1907.

[2] *Constantinople during the Crimean War,* by Lady Hornby. She was wife of Sir Edmund Hornby, British Commissioner to Turkey.

so powerfully altogether in that assembly of brilliant dress and uniforms. She is very slight, rather above the middle height; her face is long and thin, but this may be from recent illness and great fatigue. She has a very prominent nose, slightly Roman; and small dark eyes,[3] kind, yet penetrating; but her face does not give you at all the idea of great talent. She looks a quiet, persevering, orderly, lady-like woman. . . . She was still very weak, and did not join in the games, but she sat on a sofa and looked on, laughing until the tears came into her eyes."

[3] Miss Nightingale's eyes were light grey. In the case of grey eyes, reflections account for much mistakes.

CHAPTER XIV

LAST DAYS IN THE CRIMEA

In the spring of 1856 there was an urgent appeal for help on account of great sickness among the Land Transport Corps in the Crimea, and Sir John Hall wrote to Miss Nightingale (March 10) asking her to send the twelve nurses requested by Dr. Taylor, the Medical Officer in charge of the corps. She brought them herself, and it was soon after her arrival that she took occasion to answer Mr. Herbert's expostulations about the "iritation and vehemence" of her language. The gist of her letter was that it was easy to be calm and "statesmanlike" at a distance, but difficult not to be angry and downright when you were on the spot finding your work for the sick and wounded hampered at every turn. And this time she had an example to hand and gave it. Even now the opposition had not ceased. This time it was an attempt not to shut out, but to starve out.

Miss Nightingale to Sidney Herbert, Crimea, April 4 (1856)

I arrived here March 24 with Nurses for two Land Transport Hospitals required by Dr. Hall in writing on March 10. We have now been ten days without rations. Lord Cardigan was surprised to find his horses die at the end of a fortnight because they were without rations, and said that they *chose* to do it, obstinate brutes. The Inspector-General and Purveyors wish to see whether women can live as long as horses without rations. I thank God my charge has felt neither cold nor hunger (and is in efficient working order, having cooked and administered in both Hospitals the whole of the extras for 260 bad cases ever since the first day of their arrival). I have, however, felt both. I

do not wish to make a martyr of myself; within sight of the graves of the Crimean Army of last winter (too soon forgotten in England) it would be difficult to do so. I am glad to have had the experience. For cold and hunger wonderfully sharpen the wits. . . . During these ten days I have fed and warmed these women at my own private expense by my own private exertions. I have never been off my horse till 9 or 10 at night, except when it was too dark to walk home over these crags even with a lantern, when I have gone on foot. During the greater part of the day I have been without food necessarily, except a little brandy and water (you see I am taking to drinking like my Comrades of the Army). But the object of my coming has been attained, and my women have neither starved nor suffered.

The time of this work at Karani was, Miss Nightingale considered, one of the occasions on which the women nurses most clearly showed their usefulness. She was so much exhausted by the work of this spring in the Crimea that she made some dispositions in case of her death, expressing to Sir Henry Storks, the Commandant at Scutari, the wish that Miss Shaw Stewart should succeed her and requesting among other things that the Army might be given a message of farewell from her, "of remembrance of the time when we lived and suffered and worked together."

It is a relief to turn from painful incidents of Miss Nightingale's Crimean work to Lady Hornby's description (May 1856) of the order and charm of her hospital huts in spring, as seen some weeks after the conclusion of peace.

"The first day of our arrival we took a long ramble on the heights of Balaclava, by the old Genoese castle. On one side is a solitary and magnificent view of sea and cliffs; but pass a sharp and lofty turning, and the crowded port beneath and all the active military movements are instantly before your eyes. Higher up we came to Miss Nightingale's hospital huts, built of long planks, and adorned with neatly bordering flowers. The sea was glistening before us, and as we lingered to admire the fine view one of the nurses, a kind, motherly looking woman, came into the little porch,

and invited us to enter and rest. A wooden stool was kindly offered to us by another and younger Sister. On the large deal table was a simple pot of wild flowers, so beautifully arranged they instantly struck my eye. How charming the little deal house appeared to me, with its perfect cleanliness, its glorious view, and the health, contentment and usefulness of its inmates! How respectable their few wants seemed, how suited their simple dress to the stern realities, as well as to the charities of life, and how fearlessly they reposed on the care and love of God in that lonely place, far away from all their friends; how earnestly they admired and tended the few spring flowers of a strange land, these brave, quiet women, who had witnessed and helped to relieve so much suffering! This was the pleasantest visit I ever made. Miss Nightingale had been there but a few days before, and this deal room and stool were hers."

Peace was signed at Paris on March 30, 1856, but Miss Nightingale was detained at Balaclava till the beginning of July, after which she spent a month at Scutari in winding up her work there. In the House of Lords, Lord Ellesmere moved the address on the conclusion of peace, and included in his speech a florid tribute to the "angel of mercy." The Secretary of State wrote (June 3) to ask what arrangements should be made for her return, "as the period is now fast approaching when your generous and disinterested labours will cease."

"In thus contemplating the close of these anxious and trying duties, which you imposed on yourself solely with a view to alleviate the sufferings of Her Majesty's Army in the East, and which you have accomplished with a singleness of purpose beyond all praise, it is not necessary for me to inform you how highly Her Majesty appreciates the services you have rendered to Her Army, as Her Majesty has already conveyed to you a signal proof of Her gracious approbation. But I desire now, on behalf of my colleagues and myself, to offer you our most cordial thanks for your humane and generous exertions. In doing so, I feel confident that I simply express the unanimous feelings of the people of this country."

Writing from Headquarters at Scutari on July 25, Sir Henry Storks took leave of her, hoping "that you will permit me hereafter to continue an acquaintance (may I say friendship) which I highly value and appreciate."

"I have received your kind note with mingled feelings of extreme pleasure and regret—the former because I appreciate your good opinion very highly; the latter because your note is a Farewell. It will ever be to me a source of pride and gratification to have been associated with you in the work which you have performed with so much devotion and with so much courage. Amidst the acknowledgments you have received from all classes and from many quarters, I feel persuaded there are none more pleasing to yourself than the grateful recognition of the poor men you came to succour and to save. You will ever live in their remembrance, be assured of that; for amongst the faults and vices, which ignorance has produced, and a bad system has fostered and matured, ingratitude is not one of the defects of the British soldier."

The Government offered a man-of-war for the voyage home, but Miss Nightingale and her aunt sailed privately in the *Danube,* accompanied by a Queen's messenger to help with passports, and stayed a night in a modest hotel in Paris. Travelling thence as Miss Smith, she reached London the next day, and avoided the curiosity of newspapers and the suggested public reception, the proposed civic addresses and triumphal arches, by keeping her movements unknown even to her family. "The whole regiments" of the Coldstream, the Grenadiers and the Fusiliers "would like to come, but as that was impossible they desired to send down their three bands to meet her at the station and play her home, whenever she might arrive, whether by day or by night, if only they could find out when." This, too, was eluded. She lay lost for a night in London and next morning (7 August) was at the Convent door at Bermondsey, according to promise. She rested a few hours with the nuns, and then took train and reached

Lea Hurst, unexpected, walking up from the little country station of Whatstandwell.

Certain spoils of war had arrived in advance: William Jones, a one-legged sailor boy; Peter, a little Russian found on the field of Inkerman, who had acquired the surname of Grillage—no doubt a soldier's version of a Russian patronymic; and Rousch, a big black Crimean puppy, a present from soldiers.

PART III

THE LESSON FOR ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

A ROYAL COMMISSION

Lord Stanley, speaking for the Nightingale Fund, showed one aspect of the significance of Miss Nightingale's work. "Mark," he said, "what by breaking through customs and prejudices, Miss Nightingale has effected for her sex. She has opened to them a new profession, a new sphere of usefulness, . . . a claim for more extended freedom of action, based on proved public usefulness in the highest sense of the word, with the whole nation to look on and bear witness, is one which must be listened to and cannot be easily refused."

But in Florence Nightingale's life the Crimean mission was only an episode. She had shown the way to a new and worthy occupation for women, but she had not been able to give the nurses more than an emergency training. Nothing permanent had been established. The sanitary and administrative reforms had been useful lessons, but they, too, extended only to the emergency of the war, and with the war they vanished. The *ancien régime* was still in force in the Departments, and there was nothing to prevent the whole disaster from happening again in a few years. Miss Nightingale, as she walked near the soldiers' graves on the Bosphorus shore in the days that followed her illness, had "identified herself with the heroic dead." What they had suffered, soldiers should not suffer again. "No one," she says in a letter (Feb. 1857), "can feel for the Army as I do. These people who talk to us have all fed their children on the fat of the land and dressed them in velvet and silk while we have been away. I have had to see my

children dressed in a dirty blanket, and an old pair of regimental trousers,[1] and to see them fed on raw salt meat; and nine thousand of my children are lying, from causes which might have been prevented, in their forgotten graves. But I can never forget. People must have seen that long, long, dreadful winter to know what it was." In the Sebastopol trenches "these men would refuse to report themselves sick lest they should throw more labour on their comrades. They would draw their blankets over their heads and die without a word. Well may it be said that there is hardly an example in history to compare with this long and silent fortitude. But surely the blood of such men is calling to us from the ground, not to avenge them, but to have mercy upon their survivors." [2]

"We can do no more for those who have suffered and died in their country's service," she says again; "they need our help no longer; their spirits are with God who gave them. It remains for 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 and wise management." [3]

This was the work to which she was now to devote herself. There were others who knew, or might have known, the facts as well as she, but none who had the same independent knowledge of the working of the administrative machine in the field and of the men who worked it; few who had the same influence; none so free of the ties of party, interest, or other personal consideration. Now, when the lesson of the war was fresh, it was not the moment for rest, however much rest might be needed, but for a supreme effort. "I stand before the altar of the murdered men," she wrote in a private note, "and while I live I fight

[1] See p. 122.

[2] *Notes on the Army,* pp. 507-8.

[3] Answer to an Address from Parishioners of East Wellow. Embley is in this Parish.

their cause." The expression may be rhetorical, but she made good her promise and the fight was victorious. It was generally supposed that Florence Nightingale, her work done, and the addresses and presentations answered, had retired into private life.[4] She never appeared in public on her return.[5] She retired from the public view, indeed, but the sphere in which she was now to appear was acutely conscious of her presence. During her first undertaking after the war we have the extraordinary spectacle of a woman at work privately within and upon the War Office, reforming its methods and creating new ones, educating and improving its *personnel,* amending its organisation, writing its regulations; holding and justifying an anomalous and privileged position in which she had all the advantages of independence and some of those of official power.

She started with the advantage of having a case that was already proven, and a cloud of expert and faithful witnesses. The last five or six months of the war had given "a complete example—history does not afford its equal—of an army, after a great disaster arising from neglects, having been brought into the highest state of health and efficiency." In the first seven months the mortality had been "at the rate of 60 per cent per annum from *disease* alone, a rate of mortality which exceeds that of the Great Plague in London, and a higher ratio than that of cholera to the attacks." "We had during the last six months of the war, a mortality among our *sick* not much more than among our *healthy* Guards at home, and a mor-

[4] The addresses and presentations she most valued came from working men—a case of steel knives and forks from Sheffield cutlers, and an address from 1800 Newcastle workmen.

[5] Incidents of 1857 show what she would have had to endure. Her parents and sister stayed at Manchester to see the "Art Treasures Exhibition," and the newspapers included Florence in the party. The sightseers, Parthe wrote, took Lady Newport, "a very sweet-looking woman in black," for Florence, and treated her like a saint of the Middle Ages. "Let me touch your shawl only," they said as they crowded round, or "Let me stroke your arm."

tality among our troops, in the last five months, two-thirds only of what it is among our troops at home."

This matter of the death rate of troops in England Miss Nightingale investigated in the Registrar General's Office. She found that in the Army from the age of twenty to thirty-five, and even among the Guards, men of picked physique, it was nearly double what it was in civil life. "With our present amount of sanitary knowledge," she wrote to Sir John McNeill, "it is as criminal to have a mortality of 17, 19 and 20 per 1,000 in the Line, Artillery and Guards, as it would be to take 1,100 men per annum out upon Salisbury Plain and shoot them—no body of men being so much under control, none so dependent upon their employers for health, life and morality as the Army."

The campaign opened with the acceptance of an invitation, given with the Queen's knowledge, to stay during September 1856 at Birk Hall, near Balmoral, the home of Sir James Clark, the Queen's physician. Miss Nightingale prepared herself by consultation with the knot of Crimean reformers who were already gathered round her. She met Sir John McNeill at Edinburgh on her way. Colonel Tulloch wrote his advice, and Mr. Herbert his encouragement. The fullest and most suggestive letter was from Colonel Lefroy. He recommended Miss Nightingale to talk unreservedly to the Prince Consort and to "be tempted irresistibly to let fall such suggestions as are most likely to germinate in that high latitude." But royalty was not all-powerful. She was to be similarly frank with the Secretary for War. "Lord Panmure hates detail and does not appreciate system. He can reform, but not organise. It is organisation we want, but which arouses every instinct of resistance in the British bosom, and it is this which can be least influenced by H.M.'s personal interest in it. Like a rickety, clumsy machine, with a pin loose here and a tooth broken there, and a makeshift somewhere else . . . so is our Executive, with the Treasury, the Horse Guards, the

War Department, the Medical Department, all out of gear, but all require to move together before a result can be attained." "In some form or other," he continues, after a long statement of suggested reforms, "we have almost a right to ask at your hands an account of the trials you have gone through, the difficulties you have encountered, and the evils you have observed—not only because no other person ever was or can be in such a position to give it, but because, permit me to say, no one else is so gifted. It will be no ordinary task; and no ordinary powers of reasoning, illustrating, grouping facts will be requisite. Another might repeat what you told him, but the burning conviction, the *vis viva* of the soul cannot be imparted."

A confidential report to Lord Panmure upon a formal request, or evidence before a Royal Commission, were Colonel Lefroy's suggestions, and Miss Nightingale's own ideas took the same lines. Accompanied for a few days by her father, she reached Birk Hall in September and was introduced by Sir James Clark to the Queen and Prince at Balmoral. "She put before us," wrote the Prince in his Diary, "all the defects of our present military hospital system, and the reforms that are needed. We are much pleased with her. She is extremely modest." A few days later the Queen drove to Birk Hall and Miss Nightingale had "tea and a great talk" with Her Majesty. The Queen recorded the impression made on her in a letter to the Duke of Cambridge. "We have made Miss Nightingale's acquaintance and are delighted and very much struck by her great gentleness and simplicity, and wonderfully clear and comprehesive head. I wish we had her at the War Office;" and to the War Minister: "Lord Panmure will be much gratified and struck with Miss Nightingale—her powerful, clear head, and simple, modest manner." To Miss Nightingale the interviews were most satisfactory—"satisfactory, that is, as far as their *will,* not as their power, is concerned." "The Queen," she told her uncle, "wished me to

remain to see Lord Panmure here rather than in London, because she thinks it more likely that something might be done with him here with her to back me. I don't. But I am obliged to succumb." Miss Nightingale was commanded to Balmoral when Lord Panmure arrived, and they had long talks at Birk Hall when she returned there. The *vis inertiae* of the burly "Bison's" resistance was dreaded by Miss Nightingale's friends. But she seemed to have won him. "You may like to know," wrote Sir James Clark's son, "that you fairly overcame Pan. We found him with his mane absolutely silky, and a loving sadness pervading his whole being." "I forget whether I told you," wrote Sidney Herbert (November 2), "that the Bison wrote to me very much pleased with his interview with you. He says that he was very much surprised at your physical appearance, as I think you must have been with his." Lord Panmure had probably imagined a virago.

It was agreed that Miss Nightingale should write her experiences with notes on necessary reforms for the information of the Government, and in this request, the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, joined. Lord Panmure seemed favourable to the scheme for an Army Medical School. He agreed in principle to the appointment of a Royal Commission, and, perhaps at the Queen's suggestion, he asked Miss Nightingale to advise on the plans for the Royal Military Hospital at Netley. All seemed well and hopes ran high among Miss Nightingale's friends. On her return to London, where she stayed at the Burlington Hotel in Old Burlington Street—some of them used to call it "the Little War Office"—she drew up and took opinions on lists of Commissioners. Mr. Herbert of course was to be Chairman; and, for the rest, Dr. Sutherland, Sanitary Commissioner and her friend and physician at Scutari; Sir Henry Storks, the Scutari commandant; Colonel Lefroy, the War Office scientific adviser; Dr. Farr for statistics; and an assortment of civilian and army doctors, with Dr. Graham

Balfour for secretary. Miss Nightingale drafted Instructions for the Commission, too, and circulated them for criticism and advice. On November 16 she had a long interview with Lord Panmure and noted for Mr. Herbert the result of further stroking of the Bison's mane.

My "Pan" here for three hours. . . . Will have Drs. balanced. Not fair: two soldiers reckon as against Civil element. Whenever I represented it (I did not know old "Pan" was so sharp) he offered to take off Col. Lefroy! So I had to knock under.

Won't bring back Alexander from Canada. Will have three Army Doctors. So, like a sensible General in retreat, I named Brown, Surgeon Major, Grenadier Guards, therefore not wedded to Dr. Smith, an old Peninsular and Reformer. Left Lord P. his McLachlan, who will do less harm than a better man. He has generously struck out Milton.[6] Seeing him in such a "coming-on disposition," I was so good as to leave him Dr. Smith, the more so as I could not help it.

Have a tough fight of it: Dr. Balfour as Secretary. Pan amazed at my condescension in naming a Military Doctor; so I concealed the fact of the man being a dangerous animal and obstinate innovator. . . .

Besides things Ld. P. finds convenient to forget, has really an inconveniently bad memory as to names, facts, dates and numbers. Hope I know what discipline is too well, having had the honour of holding H.M.'s Commission, to have a better memory than my Chief. . . .

Instructions: General and comprehensive, comprising the whole Army Medical Department, and the health of the Army at home and abroad. Semi-official letter from Secretary of State and Memorandum from President giving details. Smith, equal parts lachrymose and threatening, will say "I did not understand that we were to enquire into this."

My master jealous. Does not wish it to be supposed he takes suggestions from me, which crime indeed very unjust to impute to him.

You must drag it through. If not you, no one else.

(1) Col. Lefroy to be instructed by Lord P. to draw

[6] A Purveyor, who, she thought, dealt in whitewash.

up scheme and estimate for Army Medical School, appendix to his own Military Education.—I won.

(2) Netley Hospital plans to be privately reported on by Sutherland and me to Lord P.—I won.

(3) Commissariat to be put on same footing as Indian.—I lost.

(4) Camp at Aldershot to "do for" themselves—kill cattle, bake bread, build, drain, shoe-make, tailor, etc.—*Lord P. will consider*: quite agrees; means "will do nothing."

(5) Sir J. Hall not to be made Director General while Lord P. in office.—I won.

(6) Col. Tulloch to be knighted.—I lost. . . .

(7) About Statistics, Lord P. said (i) the strength of these regiments averaged only 200, (ii) denied the mortality, (iii) said that statistics prove anything—and I, a soldier, must not know better than my Chief.

(8) Lord P. contradicted everything—so that I retain the most sanguine expectations of success.

Miss Nightingale had lost on Dr. Alexander, but Mr. Herbert in reply to the offer of the chairmanship, resumed the bargaining (November 22) and made the appointment of Alexander, "the ablest and most effective man in our Army," a condition of his acceptance. He lost on Col. Lefroy, and "a good examining lawyer," Sir T. Phillips, was substituted for Dr. Farr, who, however, worked with Miss Nightingale in preparing the statistics. Sir T. Phillips was the one dark horse; and before the Commission sat, Miss Nightingale was asked to meet him. "We propose an irregular *mess*," wrote Mrs. Herbert (May 13, '57), "as Sidney thinks Sir T. Phillips wants cramming." Dr. Andrew Smith was the only upholder of the old régime on the Commission.[1]

The passive resistance of the old régime delayed the Commission for six months. It was not till May 1857 that the

[1] The Commission finally consisted of: Mr. Herbert (Chairman), Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P. (who had spent some months at Scutari during the war); General Storks, Sir T. Phillips; Army doctors Andrew Smith, Alexander, Graham Balfour, and civilian doctors Sir J. Ranald Martin, Sir J. Clark, J. Sutherland.

Royal Warrant for its appointment was issued; and meantime officials in the War Office and the Army Medical Department were exerting themselves to the utmost to restrict the powers to be granted it and to narrow its scope. The Secretary of State, between two parties, was not the man to force the pace of reform, and Miss Nightingale constantly had occasion to remind her friends of the possibility of "bullying the Bison." At one time she pressed Mr. Herbert to renounce the chairmanship unless Lord Panmure put an end to delay and gave a pledge that the Commission's recommendations should be acted on.

Meantime came the affair of the Chelsea Board. Sir John McNeill and Col. Tulloch had been sent out in 1855 to enquire into the transport and commissariat arrangements of the campaign. With the exception of a single sentence, their report had imputed blame to no one, but the evidence contained in it implied blame, and the impugned officers raised an outcry. The Government thereupon appointed a Board of other officers to report on the Commission's Report, and this Board—called after the Chelsea Hospital, where it sat—removed all blame from individuals and found, in July 1856, that the true cause of the Crimean muddle was the failure of the Treasury to send out at the proper moment a particular consignment of pressed hay. This curious conclusion was accepted by the Government, and the Commissioners' Report was set aside, Lord Panmure omitting even to thank them. But public opinion had to be reckoned with. The *Times* led a spirited attack on the Chelsea Board, and though Sir John McNeill remained contemptuously silent, Col. Tulloch was vigorous in self-defence and rejoinder. In several large towns sympathy was expressed with the slighted Commissioners—a movement which Miss Nightingale and her family, through friends in various places, did something to advance. Signs of sympathy were shown in the House of Commons, and Lord Panmure, driven to offer some sort of amends, re-

sorted to a strange expedient. He "had the honour to acquaint "the Commissioners that Her Majesty's Government have decided to mark the services rendered by you in the discharge of your duties in the Crimea by tendering to each of you the sum of £1,000." The offer was promptly refused by each. "I am glad," wrote Miss Nightingale to Mrs. Tulloch, "that they have been such *fools!* I am sure the British Lion will sympathise with this insult, and if it does not, then it is a degraded beast." She proceeded to rouse the beast. She told Mr. Herbert of the Government's offer, and on March 12 he moved a Humble Address to the Crown praying that Her Majesty would be pleased to confer some signal mark of favour on Sir John McNeill and Col. Tulloch. The Prime Minister noted the temper of the House and accepted the motion, which was agreed to without a division. "Victory!" wrote Miss Nightingale in her Diary. "Milnes came in to tell us;" and she was able to address her congratulations to the Right Hon. Sir John McNeill. "I consider," she said, "that you and Sir Alexander Tulloch have been borne on the arms of the people—a much higher triumph than the mere gift of honour by the Crown."

An appeal to the people might, she thought, be her own last resource if Lord Panmure finally failed the reformers as to the Royal Commission. About the time of her letter to Mrs. Tulloch, another letter went from her to Mr. Herbert threatening the obstructors with an appeal to the British Lion. "Three months from this day I publish my experience of the Crimean campaign and my suggestions for improvement, unless there has been a fair and tangible pledge by that time for reform." She was well aware, and so perhaps was Lord Panmure, of the strong weapon she had in reserve in her popularity in the country, and the use she could make if she chose of the ear of the press and the public. The Report she had been requested to

write would remain confidential if she were convinced the work of the Commission was to be prompt and genuine. If not, there was nothing to prevent her from leading a popular agitation "like Cobden with the Corn Law."

CHAPTER II

NOTES ON THE HEALTH OF THE BRITISH ARMY

It was not till February 1857 that Lord Panmure put into official words the suggestion made at Balmoral that Miss Nightingale should write a report of her own. In asking her "further assistance and advice," he said:

"Your personal experience and observation during the late War must have furnished you with much important information relating not only to the medical care and treatment of the sick and wounded, but also to the sanatory requirements of the Army generally. I now have the honour to ask you to favour me with the results of that experience on matters of so much importance to Her Majesty's Army. I need hardly add that, should you do so, they will meet with the most attentive consideration, and that I shall endeavour to further, so far as it lies in my power, the large and generous views which you entertain on this important subject."

The Report written in response to this request—"Notes affecting the Health, Efficiency, and Hospital Administration of the British Army"—is the most remarkable of her works. It is also the least known, because it was never published. The War Office did not print it, and thus it never became generally known how much of the Report of the subsequent Royal Commission, and how many of the administrative reforms consequent on it, were the work of Miss Nightingale.

The Commission is of course officially the Herbert Commission. The reforms are the Herbert reforms. She printed the *Notes on the British Army* at her own ex-

pense for private circulation, and upon all who read it the book produced, as well it might, a profound impression. Kinglake, the historian of the war, called it "a treasury of authentic statement and wise disquisition." Sir John McNeill, the able and large-minded man who had probed most deeply into the Crimean muddle, regarded it with the highest admiration for its vigour and simplicity of style, its cogent reasoning, and the novel value of its mass of information and its recommendations. It was "a gift to the army and the country altogether priceless." It would be possible to add pages of quotations which would show the unstinted welcome it received from the friends of reform.

The *Notes* indeed contained not only the scheme of all Sidney Herbert's subsequent reforms (except those relating to defence), but the germ and often the details of further reforms in the same kind which have continued to our own day. A recent writer has said that "Had the conclusions which she reached (in this work) been heeded in the Civil War in America, or in the Boer War in South Africa, or in the Spanish-American War, hundreds of thousands of lives might have been saved." [1]

The wide range of the book and its mastery of a great variety of subjects are as remarkable as its firm and consistent grasp of principles. The keynote is struck in the preface. The question of Military Hospitals is shown to be part of wider questions involving the health and efficiency of the Army. The same defects of management of which the soldiers died at so high a rate in hospital were often the only cause of their coming there. Those who fell before Sebastopol by disease were above seven times the number of those who fell by the enemy. And the bad health of the British Army in peace was shown to be hardly less appalling than the mortality during the Crimean War.

[1] *Florence Nightingale: a Force in Medicine.* Address at the Nurses' Training School, John Hopkins Hospital, 19 May 1910, by H. M. Hurd, M. D. Baltimore, 1910.

The only way to prevent such disasters in future was to improve the health conditions of the soldier's life in peace, and during peace to organise and maintain General Hospitals in thorough efficiency. The necessity of reorganisation and the application of sanitary science to the care of the Army are the two principles of which Miss Nightingale never loses sight. In an introductory chapter she writes of the health of British armies in previous campaigns. The medical history of the Crimean War and a discussion of Regimental and General Hospitals follow. The latter part of the book takes wider scope, treating of the need of Army Sanitary Officers; of a Statistical Department; of the education, employment and promotion of Medical Officers; of the Commissariat; of soldiers' pay and stoppages, dieting and cooking, washing and canteens; soldiers' wives; the construction of army hospitals; and the mortality of armies in peace and war. Later Miss Nightingale added abstracts of the principal documents of the official correspondence on the care of the sick and wounded. She occasionally allowed herself an ironical comment; but no comment could be more effective than this deadly parallel between facts and utterances. While the book was passing through the press, news of the Indian Mutiny reached England, and in a flyleaf at the end, the need of army sanitation in India is foreshadowed.

As the work of a single hand, and that the hand of a woman in delicate health, the writing of the *Notes on the British Army* in the space of six months is an astonishing *tour de force.* Only the most intense application assisted by great power of brain and will could have accomplished it. She had no staff of secretaries. Writing in type was unknown. Arthur Hugh Clough, who then held an appointment in the Education Office, gave her some help, out of office hours, with the proofs, and her faithful Aunt Mai did some copying and correspondence. But for the most part everything was written with her own hand, and

it was only by almost incessant labour that the book, which consisted of 830 octavo pages, was completed in the time.

The *Notes* were supplemented at Lord Panmure's request by a confidential report on female nursing. This is called "Subsidiary Notes as to the Introduction of Female Nursing into Military Hospitals in Peace and War," and is almost a treatise on nursing at large. It is her most complete work on hospital nursing, and shows perhaps more fully than any of her other writings the grasp of organisation which she combined with immense care for the smallest particulars. Packed with practical detail though it is, a reader's attention is captured by the author's intense concentration on making the very best of every least part of the nursing method. Mrs. Gaskell, to whom, among others, a copy was sent, said she could not put it down, and had read it through at one long morning sitting. It is notable for attention throughout to what are now called labour-saving arrangements, and for the spirit, both humane and businesslike, in which the conditions of work, both for orderlies and nurses, are shaped.

And at the same time she was preparing the masterly *Statement to Subscribers,* in which she gave an account of the administration of funds and gifts entrusted to her during the war. "Why do you do all this with your own hands?" wrote Mr. Herbert. "I wish you could be turned into a cross-country squire like me for a few weeks."

CHAPTER III

AMONG THE EXPERTS

Miss Nightingale had seen the army administrative machine at work, and she knew where and why it had broken down. This was one of her best qualifications for laying out a scheme of reform. But she did not propose to rely on her past experience alone. From a very short time after her return to England she had been taking every opportunity of adding to her material by visits to hospitals and institutions, and by extending her acquaintance with experts. She visited all the leading civil hospitals in London, and on these expeditions we may imagine her driving about London in her uncle's carriage, with one of his servants on the box. She dines out at this time; with Mr. and Mrs. Milnes to meet Lord Stanley,[1] with Sir James Clark to meet Dr. Sutherland, with the Tullochs to meet Dr. Farr, the first authority on vital statistics of his day; and with the Herberts. She is seen at Dr. Farr's in an afternoon, by a lady who notes "the willowy grace of her figure."

Meantime there were bits of definite reform going on, for which visits and consultations sometimes gave opportunities; and there were matters already raised with Lord Panmure to be followed up. Colonel Lefroy had already drafted the scheme for an Army Medical School to which Miss Nightingale had got Lord Panmure's consent, and she was working on this draft in November 1856, making sug-

[1] Lord Stanley, afterwards 15th Earl of Derby, was already a warm admirer of Miss Nightingale's work, and became one of her steadfast supporters.

gestions in advance of the time, such as a proposal that Medical Officers from the Colonies should be given opportunities for study in the college. She was becoming an established consultant in the War Office: Sir Henry Storks was in frequent correspondence with her, and sent drafts of new regulations for her criticism.

Lord Panmure had shown her the plans for Netley Hospital as he had promised. Miss Nightingale was a pioneer in this country of the "pavilion" system—of separate blocks of buildings—which she had studied in France. She instantly condemned the design, which was on the old corridor lines and had other faults. The foundations were already laid, but she set to work to get the decision reversed, consulting all the best authorities, untiringly collecting information at home and abroad, preparing alternative plans and memoranda and, as a last resort, appealing to the Prime Minister. She went down to Embley at Christmas 1856, and dined and slept at Broadlands. The result was a peremptory letter to Lord Panmure from his chief requesting that the works be stopped for further consideration. But it was of no avail. The scandal and great expense of a rupture of contracts, "the reflections it must cast on all concerned in the planning," prevailed. Many of the minor alterations recommended by Miss Nightingale and Dr. Sutherland were adopted, but the long front of Netley Hospital seen from the water remains to recall Lord Palmerston's remark on it: the object, he thought, had been not to cure the patients but to put up a building which should "cut a dash when looked at from the Southampton River." Miss Nightingale made the future safe, however. Her Notes and the Report of the Royal Commission in almost identical words recommended the submission of plans of new hospitals to competent sanitary authorities before approval, and "that all new hospitals be constructed in separate pavilions." "Poor Andrew Smith," wrote Mr. Herbert during a sitting of the Commission, "swallowed

some bitter pills today, including Pavilions." The bitter pill is now the recognised prescription.[2]

In all branches of the public service, the friends of health reform were now coming to her, some openly, some in secret, some with hints and offers of help, others with petitions for her assistance. Sir John Liddell, Director General of the Navy Medical Department, begged her "to take up the sailors," and "introduce female nurses into naval hospitals." She inspected Haslar Hospital at his request, and he made use of her ideas and consulted her on the plans of a Naval Hospital at Woolwich, supplying in return information about the stores, dietaries and statistics of the Navy. He also accompanied her on a visit to Chatham, a military as well as a naval station. Dr. McLachlan, of the Chelsea Military Hospital, invited her to inspect his Institution, and at his request she exerted "a little pressure from without" to remedy defects she had noticed. Through Mr. Lowe, then in the Ministry, "all the really important points" were conceded. "The men are to have flannel vests and drawers, knives, forks, spoons, plates, etc."

Colonel Lefroy, and another friend, Mr. Sabin, the Scutari Senior Chaplain, who had been her ally in the matter of soldiers' reading rooms and was now stationed at Aldershot, gave their help in the renewal of the war-time experiment in England. After much negotiation, leave was given to use one of the Canteens, and "Divisional Reading Room H Canteen, Aldershot Camp," was opened on 17 June 1857.

[2] Miss Nightingale had a last fight with "the Bison" (as Lord Dalhousie) in 1865. Speaking on a motion he introduced in the House of Lords, he extolled his Netley and attacked the Herbert Hospital as an example of Lord Herbert's "wasteful" system and his habit of paying attention to "hygeists who carried their opinions too far," "hygeists who were not connected with the War Office." Miss Nightingale was forewarned, for the War Office (Lord de Grey) had asked her for a brief; and she primed Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) and others. But Lord de Grey's speech was so effective that they were able to sit by and witness the triumph of "hygeism" in silence.

The funds were provided by Miss Nightingale, and the soldiers liked it so much that she determined to enlarge the experiment. "A propitious moment offered itself yesterday," Colonel Lefroy wrote, "and I asked the Chief whether I was at liberty to accept the offer of 'a private person' to contribute to the amusement of the Soldiers and the improvement of their Reading rooms. He laughed, having probably a shrewd suspicion of the identity of the unknown, and gave leave. I am now therefore quite at your service. . . . I should like to print Milton's IXth Sonnet on everything you give us."

Dr. Farr was at work with her during January and February 1857 on comparisons between military and civil death rates, and asked her help in improving the health of the people. She sent him the proofs of her statistical section. He altered nothing, and thought it "the best that ever was written on diagrams or on the Army." She was something of a pioneer in the graphic method of presenting statistics. The diagrams were in circular arrangement with concentric segments of varying dimensions in colour or shading, and showed the deaths in military hospitals during the War, and in barracks at home. They were nicknamed "coxcombs" in her correspondence, from their shape and colours.

In the spring an expedition was sent to China, and Miss Nightingale, too wise to approach Dr. Smith herself, got Sir James Clark, who was on friendly terms with him, to make some suggestions for the health of the troops. "I find he has attended to almost everything I suggested," reported Sir James, "the disasters of the Crimea are already telling for the benefit of the soldiers." And the sickness and deaths on this expedition showed an immense saving of life and health.

Besides Dr. Sutherland, with whom she was in constant consultation, her other friend of the Crimean Commission, Sir Robert Rawlinson, gave her help in Sanitary matters.

She was in frequent communication from this time onwards with Sir Edwin Chadwick. Sir Joshua Jebb, the architect of model prisons, was an older friend. Professor Christison advised on dietetics and procured dietaries from foreign hospitals; and there was correspondence with Army surgeons whom she had met in the East, and with Army chaplains and missionaries. She was equally thorough in every branch of her enquiry, consulting the best authorities, and collecting the essential facts.

An example of the feeling which fellow workers had for Miss Nightingale appears in a note from Sir Robert Rawlinson to her aunt (1858). "To have earned the good word of Miss N. is most gratifying. I trust I may deserve a continuance of it. I learn with sorrow that her health is so doubtful, but I have a full and abiding faith in the providence of God. She has sown seed that will give a full harvest, and mankind will be better for her practical labours to the end of time. Hospitals will be constructed according to her wise arrangements, and they will be managed in conformity with her humane rules. One man in the army will be more useful than two formerly, and reason will preside over comfort and health. So far as my weak means extend I will strive to work in the same field, and do that which in me lies to embody the lessons I have received."

Miss Nightingale's *Notes* were her own work in a peculiar degree, and, as Sir John McNeill said, no one else could have done it. But it is also true that the book collects from many quarters the best that was known and thought at the time. Except in the nursing system she had built up, she was not a specialist. She was not an architect, nor a sanitary engineer, nor a dietician. But she could use specialists, having the great administrator's flair for the essential and the practical in what she studied, and the gift of memory.

The high standard of well-being to which she worked was novel in its application to public institutions and to "common" soldiers. Sympathy and an unusual sensitiveness created it; and something must be set down to a highly civilised upbringing.

CHAPTER IV

THE COMMISSION'S REPORT AND THE PLAN OF ACTION

The private and confidential Report was more than half finished when the long delayed Royal Commission was appointed. On April 26 Lord Panmure called at the Burlington Hotel with the draft of the Royal Warrant containing detailed instructions to the Commission. Miss Nightingale suggested a few alterations, which were accepted. Every member had been "carried by force of will against Dr. Andrew Smith," she explained to Dr. Graham Balfour, the secretary of the Commission, "and poor Pan has been the shuttlecock. I think I am not without merit for labouring at bullying Pan—a petty kind of warfare, very unpleasant." Even now Lord Panmure protected himself from further departmental resistance by taking care to have the document initialed by the Queen before they were submitted to Dr. Smith—such is the power of permanent officials.

The terms of reference were very wide. The Commissioners were to inquire into and make recommendations as to the organisation and system of the Army Medical Department; the regulations as to Army clothing; rations, etc., having regard to varying climatic conditions; the Army hospitals and their administration and supply in every respect; the system of invaliding and discharging unfit soldiers; the provision for sick and wounded officers and for lunatic officers and men. They were also to report what records should be kept for the purposes of military medical statistics. They were even to inquire into "the system of management of and treatment of and the provision made for patients in civil hospitals," and to consider whether any

methods there used could with advantage be introduced into the Army Medical Department. All these matters were laid down in great detail. Miss Nightingale had certainly been successful in getting a comprehensive reference.

The sittings and the Report of the Commission occupied exactly three months. Mr. Herbert as chairman gave his best to the task, and worked hard and incessantly; but, even so, such speed would have been impossible, but that most of the ground had already been exhaustively covered by Miss Nightingale. Mr. Herbert, Dr. Sutherland and she formed an innermost Cabinet of the Commission and throughout its work she was in daily communication with one or both of her two confederates. She was an unremitting taskmaster.

"My dear Lady," wrote Dr. Sutherland one Friday, "do not be unreasonable. I fear your sex is much given to being so. I would have been with you yesterday had I been able, but, alas! my will was stronger than my legs. I have been at the Commission today, and as yet there is nothing to fear. I was too much fatigued and too stupid to see you afterwards, but I intend coming tomorrow about 12 o'clock, and we can then prepare for the campaign of the coming week. There won't be much to do, as the Commission is going to the Derby, except your humble servant and Alexander, who, for the sake of example, are going to see Portsmouth and Haslar to give evidence on both. We shall meet on Monday and Friday only. The Sanitary arguing goes on on both these days, and I hope tomorrow to be able to perform the coaching operation you desiderate, and as you don't go to church you can coach Mr. Herbert on Sunday. I have now sent you a Roland for your Oliver."

From Mr. Herbert there are constant little letters of consultation between the frequent interviews. As each branch of the enquiry came up, she sent him a memorandum upon

it. She suggested who should give evidence and in what order, and often saw the witnesses beforehand. She was full of the subject and had a good memory: she could examine a witness for two hours and recollect his answers without a note. In the case of some important witnesses, she prepared the briefs for cross-examination, as well as examination. And she was always at Mr. Herbert's call to supply details, dates and references. Of Mr. Herbert she wrote in later years: "He was a man of the quickest and most accurate perception that I have ever known. Also he was the most sympathetic. His very manner engaged the most sulky and the most recalcitrant of witnesses. He never made an enemy or a quarrel in the Commission."

Miss Nightingale did not appear as a witness. She did not wish to do so, and Sir John McNeill strongly supported her on grounds of health. It was unusual though not unprecedented to call a woman.[1] But it was felt that the weight of the report would be diminished if she abstained altogether, and it was agreed that she should supply written answers to written questions. Her evidence occupies thirty-three pages in the Blue book, and is in effect a condensed summary of her confidential report. "When you have to encounter uncouth, hydra-headed monsters of officialism and ineptitude, straight hitting is the best mode of attack. . . . There is in all, she says, a clearness, a logical coherence, a pungency and abruptness, a ring as of true metal, that is altogether admirable." The writer of this comment was an army doctor.

The Report of the Commission was written by Mr. Herbert in August 1857, with much assistance from Miss Nightingale. It closely followed the recommendations made by her in her private Report.

A Royal Commission is sometimes a device for decently

[1] Miss Mary Carpenter and Mrs. Chisholm had previously given evidence at public enquiries.

burying an inconvenient question under a pile of blue books. Mr. Herbert had made it clear in accepting the chairmanship, and Miss Nightingale was resolved that this was to be an effective one. The *personnel* of the Commission was a guarantee in advance against a whitewashing or an equivocal report, but there was still the danger that a strong Report would be shelved. The Crimean War and its muddles were beginning to fade into the past, especially since the Indian Mutiny; and the reorganisation of a department of the Army was not a subject likely to excite any great public interest. What would cause a sensation, the Commissioners knew, was their revelation of the state of the barracks, in figures which Miss Nightingale had tabulated months before, and which they had adopted and confirmed. The death rate of the Army at home in time of peace was twice that of the civil population; and a comparison of the death rates in London barracks with those of the civil population in the same parishes was still more startling.[2] When it was understood that the same bad administration which had killed so many men in the war hospitals was killing hundreds of strong young men year by year at home, public indignation could be counted on for forcing the Government to accept reform. It was agreed therefore that the Report should not be immediately published when it was completed. Mr. Herbert communicated the gist of it privately to Lord Panmure. It was likely, he pointed out, "to arrest a good deal of general attention." There was time, he suggested, to take measures for reform, before the Report became known to the public. To publish at the same moment the Report and the new Regulations founded on it would "give the prestige which promptitude always carries with it." Mr. Herbert would gladly give all the assistance in his power towards that end.

[2] In St. Pancras the civil rate was 2.2; in the barracks of the 2nd Life Guards it was 10.4. In Kensington, the civil rate was 3.3; the rate in the Knightsbridge barracks was 17.5.

There was iron within the velvet of Mr. Herbert's words, for the publication of the Report could not be put off indefinitely. Lord Panmure had to choose between committing himself to instant reform and facing a public opinion inflamed by the disclosures of the Commission. Meantime, Miss Nightingale still held her own report in reserve in case of need.

The plan of action agreed on between her and Mr. Herbert was that four Subcommissions with executive powers should be appointed to settle the details of reform, and in some measure to carry it out, on the general lines laid down in the Report. Mr. Herbert was to be chairman of all four. The Subcommissions were severally (1) to put the Barracks in sanitary order, (2) to organise a Statistical Department, (3) to institute a Medical School, and (4) to reconstruct the Army Medical Department, revise the Hospital Regulations and draw up a Warrant for the Promotion of Medical Officers.

Mr. Herbert sent these proposals on August 7 to Lord Panmure, who wrote "fairly enough" but tried to escape on the plea of grouse shooting. He was caught, however, and agreed to the four Sub-Commissions in general terms. But many weeks passed and there were re-iterated reminders from Miss Nightingale before they were all set on foot. The War Office continued to produce objections, Dr. Smith was reported to be active, and the Minister, who continued his shooting late into the autumn, showed a disposition to back out of his promises. Mr. Herbert returned in September from a well-earned month's fishing in Ireland. Miss Nightingale, in spite of failing strength, had continued at work with Dr. Sutherland, drafting instructions and schemes for each of the Sub-Commissions, and keeping Lord Panmure and others up to the mark by letter. Her correspondence, especially with Sir John McNeill, gives a lively picture of the anxieties and agitations of the campaign, of Miss Nightingale's eagerness, of the Minister's

holidays and hesitations ("Panmure's unmanly and stupid indifference") of her thoroughness and energy in supplying him with material, in "putting together draft regulations" for her advisers to "cut up," and in dealing with their comments—comments which were sometimes nothing but commendations and rejoicings in "the fruits of your labours."

As each of the Sub-Commissions set to work, there were meetings in Miss Nightingale's rooms to settle the procedure. There were times, as she afterwards recalled, "when Sidney Herbert would meet the Cabal, as he used to call it which consists of 'you and me and Alexander and Sutherland, and sometimes Martin and Farr,' every day either at Burlington St. or at Belgrave Square,[3] and sometimes as often as twice or even three times a day." They spoke and wrote of their working together as "our Cabal," "our Cabinet," or "our Mess." Of the members of their "Cabinet," Sir John McNeill was the one for whose intellectual power and judgment she had the highest respect—a respect which he warmly returned, taking a paternal interest in her well-being. "The Nation is grateful to you," he wrote in December 1857, "for what you did at Scutari, but all that it was possible for you to do there was a trifle compared with the good you are doing now." To Mr. Herbert she was personally the most attached, but she was often in dread of his not taking the decisive action for which she looked to her chairman. Dr. Sutherland was becoming an indispensable helper, and to him also she sometimes confided her inner thoughts. He was of a somewhat wayward disposition, which alternately pleased and vexed her businesslike mind. She and Mrs. Sutherland, who was her deeply affectionate friend, sometimes call him "the baby" in their correspondence. "Dr. Sutherland burst out to Aunt Mai the other day," says Parthe, "that F.'s clearness and strength of mind, her extraordinary powers, her grasp of intellect and benevolence of heart struck him more and

[3] Mr. Herbert's house, No. 49.

more as he worked with her—that no one who did not see her proved and tried as he did could conceive the extent of both. 'The most gifted of God's creatures,' he called her."[4]

[4] It was at this time that Sir George Scharf, the Director of the National Gallery, made the pencil drawing of her which is now shown in the National Portrait Gallery. Sir George Scharf was not a portraitist, and the drawing is rather lifeless, but otherwise the likeness seems good. For a reproduction see opposite page. The portrait is not in Sir E. Cook's list.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN 1857.
From a pencil drawing by Sir George Scharf in the National Portrait Gallery.

CHAPTER V

OVERSTRAIN

There was a serious breakdown in Miss Nightingale's health this autumn, but she struggled on without, it seems, even a day's complete intermission. "I quite hate the sight of the post with its long official envelopes," Parthe had written a few days after her sister's return from the war. Florence had had no rest after her convalescence from the Crimean fever, no respite from letters and work in her short stay at home. "I should doubt," Mr. Herbert wrote to her uncle at this time, "with a mind constituted as hers is, whether *entire* rest, with a total cessation of all active business, would not be a greater trial . . . than a life of some, though very limited and moderate, occupation." The year 1857 had brought this fresh undertaking to which in importance the work at Scutari was, as she said, "child's play." And now her friends who had vainly advised and scolded saw her threatened with entire collapse. In August and September she went with her aunt for quiet and treatment to Dr. Johnson's medical establishment at Malvern, and paid a second visit in December, still writing when she was not too ill, and doing business with Commissioners who visited her there. Dr. Sutherland in two letters written at the end of August begged her to put all work aside even if only for a week. She was thinking, he said, of everybody's sanitary improvement but her own. "Pray leave us all to ourselves, soldiers and all, for a while. We shall be all the better for a rest. Even your 'divine Pan' will be more musical for not being beaten quite so much. . . . Please don't gull Dr. Gully, but do eat and drink and don't think.

We'll make such a precious row when you come back. The day you left town it appeared as if all your blood wanted renewing, and that cannot be done in a week. You must have new blood, or you can't work, and new blood can't be made out of tea, at least so far as I know. There is a paper of Dr. Christison's about 28 ounces of solid food per diem. You know where *that* is, and depend on it the Doctor is right. . . . And now I have done my duty as confessor, and hope I shall find you an obedient penitent."

Miss Nightingale did not take the advice in the spirit in which it was given. She was overwrought and exhausted. However ready and expert her helpers were, she knew they depended on her for directing and bringing together their contributions, and needed her force for carrying the joint work through; and it was work that could not wait, for while reformers were holidaying, soldiers would be dying. The real responsibility, she knew, was hers, and her nerves were no longer in a state to bear responsibility with ease, or to let her consider fairly the economy of some rest. It was only three years since she had broken away from that old irksome life of perpetual holiday, and Dr. Sutherland's advice sounded maddeningly like the familiar exhortations she had been accustomed to hear from the sofas of Embley: "don't exert yourself"—"don't tire yourself"—"why can't you enjoy life as we do?"

Miss Nightingale to Dr. Sutherland

And what shall I say in answer to your letter? Some one said once, He that would save his life shall lose it; and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? He meant, I suppose, that "life" is a means and not an end, and that "soul," or the object of life, is the end. Perhaps he was right. Now in what one respect could I have done other than I have done? Or what exertion have I made that I could have left unmade? . . . Had I "lost" the Report what would the health I should have saved have "profited" me? Or what would ten

years of life have advantaged me, exchanged for the ten weeks this summer? . . .

But shall I tell you what made you write to me? I have no second sight. I do not see visions nor dream dreams. It was my sister. Or rather I will tell you that I have second sight. I have been greatly harassed by seeing my poor owl lately, without her head, without her life, without her talons, lying in the cage of your canary (like the statue of Rameses II in the pool at Memphis) and the little villain pecking at her. Now, that's me. I am lying without my head, without my claws, and you all peck at me. It is *de rigueur, d'obligation,* like the saying something into one's hat when one goes into church, to say to me all that has been said to me 110 times a day during the last three months. It is the *obbligato* on the violin, and the twelve violins all practise it together, like the clocks striking 12 o'clock at night all over London, till I say like Xavier de Maistre, *Assez, je le sais, je ne le sais que trop.* I am not a penitent; but you are like the R. C. Confessor, who says what is *de rigueur,* what is in his Formulary to say, and never comes to the life of the thing—the root of the matter.

Dr. Sutherland wrote a friendly and charming answer, but he had no success. In September her aunt reported that for a month she had scarcely been off her sofa. "Now she goes down for half an hour into a parlour, to do business with a Commissioner who has been there to see her. Aunt Mai says it throws her back more to put off work for 'the cause' she lives for than to do a little every day—so we reconcile ourselves. . . . Aunt Mai is a dragon, and the Commissioner is the only person who has seen her." The doctors said there was no disease, but every organ was exhausted from overwork, and only a long rest could restore her. Yet in November she made Lady Canning an offer to go out to India for army nursing if there was anything to do in her "line of business." Had this been accepted by the Viceroy, it is possible that her power of will and the excitement of service in the field would have carried her along; but she had barely enough strength for what she had undertaken in England. Towards the end of the

year she was not thought likely to live, and fearing that death might overtake her with the work unfinished, she wrote a letter to Mr. Herbert "to be sent when I am dead." The work, she wrote, had kept her alive. "I am sorry not to stay alive to do the 'Nurses.' But I can't help it. 'Lord, here I am, send me,' has always been religion to me. I must be willing to go now as I was to go to the East. You know I always thought it the greatest of your kindnesses sending me there. Perhaps He wants a 'Sanitary Officer' now for my Crimeans in some other world where they are gone.

"I have no fears for the Army now. You have always been our 'Cid'—the true chivalrous sort—which is to be the defender of all that is weak and ugly and dirty and undefended, rather than of what is beautiful and artistic. You are so now more than ever for us. 'Us' means in my language the troops and me." She goes on with a careful list under heads, of "What remains to be done," already "sanctioned by your judgment." She also arranged that the Nightingale Fund should go to St. Thomas' Hospital, and her own inheritance in trust to Sir John McNeill, Mr. Herbert and Dr. Sutherland for building model barracks "with day rooms, separate places to sleep in (like Jebb's Asylum at Fulham), lavatories, gymnastic places, reading rooms, etc., not forgetting the wives, but having a kind of Model Lodging House for the married men." To her sister she wrote about personal keepsakes for Mrs. Herbert and her fellow workers, and of her wishes for her burial: "The associations with our men amount with me to what I never should have expected to feel—a superstition, which makes me wish to be buried in the Crimea, absurd as I know it to be. *For they are not there.*"

Miss Nightingale did not die and she continued to work. Throughout 1858 she was in very weak health and there were many times in 1859 when she and her friends expected her death at any moment. In 1860 she wrote to Manning:

"Dear Sir, or dear Friend (whichever I may call you), I am in the land of the living still, as you see, contrary to everybody's expectation, but so much weaker than when you were so kind as to come here, that I do not sit up at all now." "'Nunc dimittis' is the only prayer I can make now as regards myself." Yet she would show a fire and energy, an animation and vigour in her talk that seemed to some of her visitors to negative the idea that she was a serious invalid; and she lived laborious days in writing and interviews. This she was only able to do by careful husbanding of her strength; any critical business or the strain of any excitement in conversation would leave her prostrate and palpitating afterwards. The doctors believed for long that her heart was seriously affected and that she could not live. There were times when for weeks she did not leave her sofa or her bed, and for months did not go out of doors. She lived thus for years under sentence of death; and when her continued life and activity falsified the too confident opinion, she continued to work as an "incurable invalid." What must have been the discouragement and the physical depression of such sentences! She lived to be 90 and to regain perfect health. The history of her case appears to point to dilatation of the heart and neurasthenia, the distressing symptoms of which yield to treatment and above all to rest.[1] Complete rest would probably have cured her; but the hope was not held out, and she continued to save up her strength for work, and to live the life of a laborious hermit, cut off from almost every pleasure and variety of life and from almost all friendship and intercourse unconnected with work. A strange, isolated, unnatural life, but irradiated by splendour of achievement and by the brave, merry and helpful front she could turn to the world.

During 1858 she divided her time between Malvern and

[1] In 1865-66 her letters sometimes complain of acute pain, which, it has been suggested, may have been pseudo-angina.

Old Burlington Street, travelling backwards and forwards in an invalid carriage, accompanied on the journey by Mr. Clough. Her aunt was still in frequent attendance on her, and her father came to stay with her at Malvern. She seldom saw her mother and sister. In June 1858 her sister married. "Thank you very much," wrote Miss Nightingale to Lady McNeill, "for your congratulations on my sister's marriage, which took place last month. *She* likes it, which is the main thing. And my father is very fond of Sir Harry Verney, which is the next best thing. He is old and rich, which is a disadvantage. He is active, has a will of his own and four children ready made, which is an advantage. Unmarried life, at least in our class, takes everything and gives nothing back to this poor earth. It runs no risk, it gives no pledge to life. So, on the whole, I think these reflections tend to approbation." For herself she "thinks," wrote her aunt, "that each day may be the last on which she will have power to work."

During this time "Aunt Mai" was very helpful to her; but if her aunt or a cousin stayed with her at Old Burlington Street it did not mean that they saw very much of her. "I communicate with her every day," wrote Mrs. Smith (January 1861), "but I have not seen her to speak to for nearly four years." "Indeed we know," wrote Mrs. Smith's daughter Beatrice to Mr. Nightingale, "how hard it is for you to hear nothing of her, but no one can know anything now that the isolation of work has set in." Her father, however, she did see when he was in London. Her parents had been asked not to stay at the Burlington Hotel during their London visits, as it was difficult to keep their many visitors from wanting to break in upon their much-sought daughter. "Dear Papa," she wrote, "I shall always be well enough to see *you* while this mortal coil is on me at all." "Dear Papa, I will keep all Sunday vacant for you. I should like to have you twice, please, say at 11½ and 3½." The

relations between father and daughter, always sympathetic, had been made closer by her book of religious speculation. He loved to sit with her and talk of such things. In a letter of 1861 he writes to her: " 'Quidquid ex Agricola amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis.' I say it not in vain praise, but whatever I have heard at your bedside and from your sofa *manet mansurumque est in animis.* And so would I fain hear whatever words I might catch from your lips when your active work ceases and your prophecy begins." Hilary Bonham Carter was often with her at Burlington Street and at Hampstead. She was an artist; Florence continually urged her to persevere with her own work and not sacrifice it, as a very kind heart tempted her to do, to other people's daily needs. To her cousin's great grief she died in 1865.

Miss Nightingale's uncle, Samuel Smith, who was an Examiner of Private Bills, managed her money matters and answered personal letters. She was, as she had been ever since her return, inundated with begging letters, appeals from every kind of eccentric, proposals of marriage, requests for interviews and religious outpourings. Her dockets to these must have been some reward for the drudgery. "Dear Uncle Sam, please choke off this woman [a member of a religious community] and tell her that I shall *never* be well enough to see her, here or *hereafter.*" "Choke her off; my private belief is that she merely wants a chance of getting married." On a reverend gentleman who had "a secret cure": "These miserable ecclesiastical quacks! Could you give them a lesson? What would they think of me did I possess such a discovery and keep it secret?" "Dear Uncle Sam, I am so glad to think that I am laying up such a store in heaven upon *your* £2 sent without my permission to this woman."

Benefactions on her own account were many and generous. Her father had enlarged her allowance at the

time of Parthe's marriage, giving her £500 a year in addition to paying her bills for board and lodging. Among the first uses she made of her increased income was to give £500 for the improvement of the school near Lea Hurst.

CHAPTER VI

THE REFORM OF THE BARRACKS AND ARMY HOSPITALS

By the end of 1857 the Sub-Commissioners were getting on with their work; and the Report of the Royal Commission was published at the beginning of February, 1858. On May 11th Lord Ebrington, prompted by Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale, moved in the House of Commons a series of Resolutions with regard to the health of the Army. These were accepted by the Government, and Miss Nightingale's campaign thus had the unanimous approval of the House. She left among her papers a curious collection of letters and memoranda, partly in her own handwriting, partly in Mr. and Mrs. Herbert's, showing how industriously they then set to work to pull wires in the press, negotiating with editors and scheming with friends to place articles by public men who were in their counsels. The result was that the Report had prompt notice, and on the whole "a good press" in the dailies, monthlies and quarterlies. Further publicity was given by a pamphlet, *Mortality of the British Army*, containing her "coxcomb" diagrams, which had formed an appendix to the Report. This was now distributed by her to Royal persons, Ministers and leading Members of the Houses of Parliament and to medical and commanding officers throughout the country, in India and the Colonies. "It is our flank march upon the enemy," she wrote to Sir John McNeill, "and we might give it the old name of *God's Revenge upon Murder.*"

But the month of February was not out before Lord Palmerston's government was defeated on the Conspiracy Bill and resigned. Lord Derby came in (Feb. 25th, 1858),

with General Peel as Secretary for War. The "Bison" had been dilatory to the last, and Mr. Herbert had had trouble in moving him to appoint Professors for the Army Medical College.

Mr. Herbert at first had high hopes of General Peel, who, to begin with, gave ear to his warning against the expected recommendation of Sir John Hall of the Crimea, and appointed Miss Nightingale's candidate, Dr. Alexander, as head of the Army Medical Department on the retirement of Dr. Smith.[1] Another new Minister—Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary—was also a friend. "He will send the *Coxcombs* out to the Colonial Governors," Mr. Herbert reported; "he offered any service his position can enable him to give to assist our cause, and suggests that a Commission should inspect Colonial barracks." Lord Stanley, however, was soon moved to the India Office, where Miss Nightingale enlisted his interest in another sanitary campaign.

But though the new Government seemed promising, the "intolerable War Office subs." continued to obstruct. "Peel ought not to let these subs. interfere, spoil and delay as they do," wrote Mr. Herbert. "That office wants a thorough recasting, but I doubt whether Peel is the man to do it. He has a clear head and good sense, but I think he is overpowered by the amount of work, which Panmure, by the simple process of never attempting to do it, found so easy."

Mr. Herbert himself was feeling the strain. He had all four Sub-Commissions at work, and from time to time during 1858, he broke down, once with a sharp attack of pleurisy. Upon the Barracks and Hospitals Commission, he did the harder work, inspecting Barracks and Hos-

[1] It was a great thing for the reformers to have such a man as Dr. Alexander in power while the Department was being recast. "Alexander seems able and willing to be his own Commission," wrote Mr. Herbert. Dr. Alexander unhappily died suddenly in 1860.

pitals throughout the kingdom and writing or revising each report on them. But he or Dr. Sutherland or Captain Galton (the three original members of this Commission) or all of them, reported each inspection to their "Chief," as they sometimes called her, and she was unfailing in suggestions and criticisms. Much of the Report, and especially the long section on Hospital and Barrack construction, in large measure was her work. Miss Nightingale's improvement of barrack accommodation is probably the chief of the many causes which have conduced to the better health of the Army in peace.[2]

When the London Barracks were being overhauled, Miss Nightingale called Soyer into counsel and they took the kitchens in hand.

The reform of army cookery was one of Miss Nightingale's excellent achievements. "At present," she had written in her Notes on the Army, "but one mode of dressing food is recognised or provided for, viz., boiling." "As Sir Richard Airey states, 'the man lives upon boiled meat for 21 years.'" The ration was "full diet," "half diet" or "low diet," according to the quantity of boiled meat served to a patient. It was this universality of the common copper that made Miss Nightingale's stoves and the extra diet cooked on them so important at Scutari. The stoves introduced later by Soyer "did everything except grill."

But the kitchen reforms had only just begun when Soyer died suddenly.

[2] The final results of the work of this Commission, which reported in 1861, may be summarised here. Buildings were ventilated and warmed; drainage was introduced and improved; water supply was extended; kitchens were remodelled; gas was introduced in place of "dips." Structural improvements were made in many cases; and buildings condemned by the Commission were reconstructed, so far as Mr. Herbert could extract money from the Treasury. Miss Nightingale, with a view to the future, later induced Mr. Herbert to appoint a special Barracks Works Committee to report on measures to improve the system of construction, repair and maintenance in order to give more direct responsibility to the officers concerned. The Draft Report of this Committee was submitted to her for criticism and suggestion.

"His death is a great disaster," she wrote to Captain Galton. "Others have studied cookery for the purpose of gormandizing, some for show, but none but he for the purpose of cooking large quantities of food in the most nutritious manner for great numbers of men. He has no successor. My only comfort is that you were imbued before his death with his doctrines, and that the Barracks Commission will now take up the matter for itself."

As a supplement to the improvement of barrack kitchens Mr. Herbert later introduced a reform which Miss Nightingale had urged on Lord Panmure. He established a School of Practical Cookery at Aldershot, for the training of Regimental and Hospital cooks.

In the work of the other three Commissions Miss Nightingale had a large share. There were hundreds of letters to her at this time, full of technical detail, and there were constant interviews.

The main labours of the year were interrupted by a last fight over Netley Hospital, undertaken in the hope of converting the new Secretary of State, now that both the Commission and the Sub-Commission could be quoted against his plans. Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale made a hard fight. She herself wrote half-a-dozen newspaper articles in the cause. But General Peel appointed another Committee to report, and went on with the building. "Unhappily the country which has led the van in sanitary science has as its chief military hospital a building far from satisfactory." [3]

Miss Nightingale's defeat over Netley showed her the need of informing public opinion on Hospital construction, and she wrote two papers for the Social Science Congress (Liverpool, 1858) which were the germ of her *Notes on Hospitals.*

She now distributed widely her private report, the

[3] Prof. F. de Chaumont in the 9th Edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* But Netley is no longer the chief military hospital.

Notes on the Health of the British Army, and received in return many letters of encouragement from illustrious and influential personages. The Prince Consort wrote to assure her again of the Queen's high appreciation of her services. The Princess Royal, then Crown Princess of Prussia, begged for a copy, and the Duke of Cambridge in a particularly cordial letter assured her of his and the whole Army's sense of her devotion, and his hopes of carrying out her suggestions.[4]

Harriet Martineau was one of those to whom Miss Nightingale sent a copy of the Report, warning her to use it discreetly.

"The Report is in no sense public property. And I have a great horror of its being made use of after my death by *Women's Missionaries* and those kinds of people. I am brutally indifferent to the wrongs or the rights of my sex. And I should have been equally so to any controversy as to whether women ought or ought not to do what I have done for the Army; though a woman, having the opportunity and *not* doing it, ought, I think, to be burnt alive."

The result was a series of articles by Miss Martineau in the *Daily News* and afterwards the able and readable *"England and her Soldiers"* (1859).[5] The "coxcomb" diagrams were repeated in the book, and appeared again in

[4] Miss Nightingale was often severe on the Commander-in-Chief in her letters. He was anything but a red hot reformer, but she had a certain fondness for him, and was alive to his better qualities. "In going round the Scutari hospitals at the worst time with me," she wrote, "he recognised a sergeant of the Guards (he has a royal memory, always a great passport to popularity) who had had at least one-third of his body shot away, and said to him with a great oath, calling him by his Christian and surname, 'Aren't you dead yet?' The man said to me afterwards 'Sa feelin' o' 'is Royal 'Ighness, wasn't it, m'm?' with tears in his eyes. George's manner is very popular, his oaths are popular in the army. And he is certainly the best man, both of business and of nature, at the Horse Guards: that even I admit. And there is no man I should like to see in his place." (Letter to Harriet Martineau, 8th Oct., 1861.)

[5] Miss Nightingale revised the MS. of this book, supplemented the publisher's fee to the author and bought £20 worth of copies for reading rooms.

a yet more telling form in "A Contribution to the Sanitary History of the British Army," Miss Nightingale's answer to what she calls "an obscure pamphlet circulated without a printer's name," and reproducing "nearly every possible statistical blunder on this and other points." Mr. Herbert and she suspected in it the hand of Sir John Hall. Her reply is the most concise, the most scathing and the most eloquent of all her accounts of the preventable mortality she had witnessed in the East.

CHAPTER VII

THE ARMY MEDICAL SCHOOL AND STATISTICS

The second Sub-Commission, for reorganising the Army Medical Statistics, reported in June, 1858.[1] The Secretary of the main Commission, Dr. T. Graham Balfour, was appointed head of the Statistical branch of the Army Medical Department, and in 1861 was issued the *First Annual Statistical Report on the Health of the Army,* compiled by him. Miss Nightingale's perception of the importance of statistics, the persistence and the statistical skill with which she showed the way to an effective system, are among her best services to the Army. When the suggestions of the Sub-Commission were carried out, the British Army Statistics became the best and most useful in Europe.

The new year (1859) brought an event of great import for the cause of Army reform. The Government was defeated on Disraeli's Reform Bill, and after a general election, Lord Palmerston returned to power. On June 13th, Mr. Herbert wrote to Miss Nightingale:

"I must send you a line to tell you that I have undertaken the Ministry of War. I have undertaken it because in certain branches of administration I believe that I can be of use, but I do not disguise from myself the severity of the task, nor the probability of my proving unequal to it. But I know that you will be pleased to hear of my being there. . . . I will try to ride down to you tomorrow afternoon. God bless you!"

As Secretary of State Mr. Herbert was able to accom-

[1] Mr. Herbert, Sir A. Tulloch and Dr. Farr were the members of this Sub-Commission.

plish a great deal in continuing and adding to the work which he had set going as Royal Commissioner while he was out of office. But he could by no means always count upon the consent of the Treasury for his schemes. Mr. Gladstone was now Chancellor of the Exchequer. They were close friends; but Mr. Gladstone's chief concern was for public economy, and much of Mr. Herbert's strength was exhausted in disputes with the Chancellor of the Exchequer about expenditure on the national defences, and in extracting money for plans for improving the sanitary and moral condition of the Army.

The project of the third Sub-Commission for an Army Medical School had met with the most wearisome delays and obstructions, and it was only after Mr. Herbert's return to office that the School was set up at Chatham. Even then the War Office "Subs" had not done with it, for as Secretary of State Mr. Herbert had much else to attend to. The first students did not arrive till September, 1860, and then they found only bare walls, and concluded, as its foundress remarked, that "the school was a hoax." The Professors had sent in their requisitions for fittings and instruments in April, Treasury sanction was not given till August, and the document was then sent wandering to the Tower, to Woolwich Arsenal, and other appropriate places, until Miss Nightingale at last rescued it from the Assistant Under-Secretary by calling in Mr. Herbert again. The Army Medical School was peculiarly Miss Nightingale's child, and she watched over its early stages with constant solicitude. Mr. Herbert commissioned her, in consultation with Sir James Clark, to draw up the regulations. She nominated the Professors. For the chair of hygiene she named the great sanitarian, Dr. E. A. Parkes, whose acquaintance she had made during the war, and he had much correspondence with her about the syllabus of his first course of lectures. She had made a successful fight against much opposition for a Professorship of Pathology, and Dr. Aitken,

who became one of her most voluminous correspondents, was appointed to this chair. In every administrative difficulty the professors went to her for help; at one point she had to intervene to extract their pay.

The School was afterwards removed to Netley, and it is now in London. Under the name of the Royal Army Medical College, it is one of the Medical Schools of the London University, and is housed in a spacious building with laboratories, lecture theatre, library and messrooms, on the Embankment next to the Tate Gallery, and conveniently near to the Royal Alexandra Military Hospital. Both these military buildings bear witness to the work of Miss Nightingale. The hospital, built on the pavilion plan of which she was a pioneer in this country, conforms to her ideas of what a hospital should be, with many fresh resources which science has suggested since her day. Through its neighbour the College every Army doctor now has to pass, taking a preliminary and a post-graduate course. Miss Nightingale's services as the true founder of the Army Medical School were publicly acknowledged at the time. Dr. Longmore,[2] the Professor of Military Surgery, told the students that it was she "whose opinion, derived from large experience and remarkable sagacity in observation, exerted an especial influence in originating and establishing this School." "In the Army Medical School just established," wrote Sir James Clark, "hygiene will form the most important branch of the young medical officer's instruction. For originating this School we have to thank Miss Nightingale, who, had her long and persevering efforts effected no other improvement in the Army, would have conferred by this alone an inestimable boon on the British soldier."

[2] The death, at the age of 97, of Dr. Longmore, who went out with Miss Nightingale in the *Vectis,* is announced while this chapter is being revised.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WIPING SUB-COMMISSION

The last of the Sub-Commissions, called in the correspondence the "Wiping Commission," from its varied functions, effected a reorganisation and other reforms in the Army Medical Department which are now ancient history. With its more general work the case is different. Though there have been new developments and some changes of form, the foundations laid in the years 1859-60 remain good. To Miss Nightingale primarily and to her more than to any other is due the principle that the Army Medical Department is a department of sanitation and hygiene as well as treatment, caring for the soldier's health as well as for his sickness.

The code drawn up by her and Mr. Herbert defines the position and relative duties of the Commanding and Medical Officers in regard to soldiers' health, constitutes the regimental surgeon the sanitary adviser of his Commanding Officer, and lays down regulations for organising General Hospitals and improving the administration of Regimental Hospitals in peace and war. Formerly General Hospitals in the field had to be improvised on no defined principles, and on no defined personal responsibility. The wonder is not that they broke down, as they did in all our wars, but that they could be made to stand at all. The new general hospital system, with governor, principal medical officer, captain of orderlies, female nurses and their Superintendent (Miss Shaw Stewart), was first realised in 1861, in the hospital at Woolwich.

In January, 1861, Mr. Herbert issued a new Purveyor's Warrant and Regulations, which owed their origin to Miss Nightingale's experiences and suggestions. The new code defined the duties of each class of purveying officers, and their relation to the Army Medical Department. They were to provide "all necessaries and comforts for men in hospital (both in the field and at home) on fixed scales, instead of requiring sick and wounded men to bring with them into hospital articles for their own use which they had lost before reaching it." This code, based on the lines Miss Nightingale had suggested in letters from Scutari, was drawn up by her in consultation with Sir John McNeill.

Mr. Herbert also appointed in 1861 a Committee to reorganise the Army Hospital Corps. The reformed corps was on Miss Nightingale's lines, and definitely on a regimental basis. The men were selected by the commanding and medical officers, trained for their work and permanently attached to the regimental hospitals. In the old system, men were sometimes told off in rotation to attend to the sick, as if they had been mounting guard over stores. These regimental Hospital Orderlies have been succeeded by the trained men of the Royal Army Medical Corps. As Miss Nightingale desired, they form a less skilled grade of hospital attendants, while the once despised nurses represent the highly trained and professional element. Promotion in the ranks of the R.A.M.C. is now dependent on an examination *plus* a certificate from the nursing authorities.

Those questions of wholesome leisure occupation for the soldiers in which Miss Nightingale had been a pioneer were also taken up. She was the prime mover in the appointment of a Committee to consider how best to provide soldiers' dayrooms and institutes;[1] and plans for the men's work and play were introduced with great success at Gib-

[1] Col. Lefroy, Captain Galton and Dr. Sutherland were on this Committee.

raltar, Chatham and Montreal.[2] Mr. Herbert's latest official act was to direct an inquiry as to how best to introduce improvements of this kind at Aldershot.

The Committee, it may hardly be realised now, had to demonstrate that there were advantages in providing the soldiers with some place in which they could sit: "that separate rooms can be attached to barracks, where men can meet their comrades, sit with them, talk with them, have their newspaper and their coffee, if they want it, play innocent games and write letters; that every barrack, in short, may easily be provided with a kind of soldiers' club, to which the men can resort when off duty, instead of to the everlasting barrack-room or the demoralising dram-shop." Workshops, outdoor games, lectures, etc., were also recommended. In all these respects, Miss Nightingale's reforms have been greatly developed. No modern barrack is considered complete without its regimental institute, with recreation room, reading room, coffee room, lecture room, workshops, and means of outdoor recreation. The Army is now actually recommended as giving young men the means of preparing themselves for various occupations in civil life.

The reformers were speedily justified of their work. To her account of Mr. Herbert's reforms written in 1861, Miss Nightingale added some coloured diagrams showing how he found the Army and how he left it. The death-rate in the three years 1859-60-61 among the men who entered the Army was just half what it had been, and the China expedition had put the reforms to the test of service in the field. The death-rate in the expeditionary force, including wounded, was little more than three per cent per annum, while the "constantly sick" in hospital were about the same as at home.

[2] The reading room at Gibraltar was in part equipped by Miss Nightingale and friends she had interested, one of whom was Mrs. Gaskell.

CHAPTER IX

THE DEATH OF SIDNEY HERBERT

The end of the fortunate and fruitful co-operation of Sidney Herbert and Florence Nightingale came in sight in December, 1860. "A sad change," wrote Miss Nightingale from Hampstead (Dec. 6th) to her uncle, "has come over the spirit of my (not dreams but) too strong realities. Mr. Herbert is said to have a fatal disease. You know I don't believe in fatal diseases, but fatal to his work I believe this *will be*. He came over himself to tell me and to discuss what part of the work had better be given up. I shall always respect the man for having seen him so. He was not low, but awestruck. It was settled that he should give up the House of Commons, but keep in office at least till some of the things are done which want doing. It is another reason for my wishing to go to town soon, as he is particularly forbidden damp, and to see him here always entails a night ride." To their meeting on this occasion Miss Nightingale often referred in letters of a later date. Mr. Herbert had put before her the three courses between which he had to choose. He might retire from public life altogether. He might retire from office, remaining in the Commons, or retain office and go to the House of Lords. The first, though it might promise the best hope of recovery, was soon put away. It offered small temptation to a man of Herbert's buoyancy of spirit and high sense of public duty. The second alternative was that to which he at first inclined. He had sat for twenty-eight years in the House of Commons, where his fine appearance, his personal charm and his gifts as a speaker made him a com-

manding and popular figure. To go to the House of Lords was, as he thought and said, to be "shelved." Miss Nightingale urged him to make the sacrifice for the sake of their unfinished work, and so it was agreed; at the cost of many a pang on his part, as he confessed, but to the great relief of his wife, who warmly thanked Miss Nightingale for her help in the decision. Mr. Herbert retained office, resigned his seat in the Commons, and was created Lord Herbert of Lea.

Miss Nightingale did not know, did not see, how ill Lord Herbert was. She was passionately set on crowning and securing their reforms in the Army Medical Department, the Purveying and the Barracks by completing the reorganisation of the War Office. "The principle involved in [Lord Herbert's] reforms" was, she wrote, "to simplify procedure, to abolish divided responsibility, to define clearly the duties of each head of the department, and of each class of office; to hold heads responsible for their respective departments, with direct communication with the Secretary of State." The work would not be completed and secured unless every department of the War Office were similarly re-organised under a general and coherent scheme. A Departmental Committee had been appointed, and Lord de Grey (who was Under Secretary until Mr. Herbert went to the Lords) had drafted a scheme. This in substance was what Miss Nightingale now urged on Lord Herbert. But the Horse Guards was on the alert; and Sir Benjamin Hawes, the Permanent Under Secretary at the War Office, was copious with objections. Miss Nightingale had her fears from the first. The scheme was launched, she wrote to Sir John McNeill (Jan. 17th, 1861), but I feel that Hawes may make it fail: there is no strong hand over him." Lord Herbert struggled on manfully with his many tasks, including constant dispute with Mr. Gladstone over the Army Estimates. But his strength was failing. At last he had to admit that on the reorganisation he was beaten.

Lord Herbert to Miss Nightingale, 7th June, 1861

As to the organisation I am at my wits' end. The real truth is that I do not understand it. I have not the bump of system in me. I believe more in good men than in good systems. De Grey understands it much better. [He then describes some minor reforms in personnel.] This I should like to do before I go. And now comes the question, when is that to be, and what had I best do and what leave to be done by others. I feel that I am not now doing justice to the War Office or myself. On days when the morning is spent on a sofa drinking gulps of brandy till I am fit to crawl down to the Office I am not very energetic when I get there. I have still two or three matters which I should like to settle and finish, but I am by no means clear that the organisation of the Office is one of them. . . . I cannot end even this long letter without a word on a subject of which my mind is full and yours will be too—Cavour. What a life! What a life! And what a death! I know of no fifty lives that could be put in competition with his. It casts a shade over all Europe. . . . But what a glorious career! And what a work done in one life! I don't know where to look for anything to compare with it.

Cavour had died the day before, his work done. His last recorded words were: *"La cosa va."* The next few weeks gave a sadder meaning to Lord Herbert's letter, and in pencilled notes of many years later Miss Nightingale recalled its phrases with deep feeling, and recalled also words spoken by Lord Herbert about this time. But at the moment his confession of failure left little room in her thoughts for anything but the sense of despair and defeat. Sir John McNeill, to whom she confided her bitter disappointment, took the true view of the case. It was sad, he admitted (June 18th) that Lord Herbert had been beaten on his chosen ground by Ben Hawes. "But," he added, "the truth I suspect is that he has been beaten by disease and not by Ben." "What strikes me in this great defeat," she replied (June 21), "more painfully even than the loss to the Army is the triumph of the bureaucracy over the leaders

—the political aristocracy who at least advocate higher principles. A Sidney Herbert beaten by a Ben Hawes is a greater humiliation really (as a matter of principle) than the disaster of Scutari."

Ill as he was, Lord Herbert still worked indomitably at others of the reforms. One was the General Military Hospital at Woolwich. "Col. Wilbraham has consented to be Governor," wrote Miss Nightingale to Sir John McNeill. "Last week we made a list of the staff and the names were approved by Lord Herbert. There has been an immense uproar, perhaps no more than you anticipated, from the Army Medical Department and the Horse Guards." Would he help her in revising the draft of the Governor's Commission? Then she was to name a Superintendent of Nurses. She chose Miss Shaw Stewart, an admirable, though at this time "difficult," lady who had now quarrelled with Miss Nightingale, but whose efficiency marked her out for the place. Two other of Lord Herbert's last official acts were suggested by Miss Nightingale, the appointment of the Barracks Works Committee, and of a Commission[1] to improve the Barracks and Hospitals on the Mediterranean Station.

Lord Herbert was worse in June and the doctors ordered him to Spa. On July 9 he called at the Burlington Hotel to say good-bye to Miss Nightingale. He thought, or at least said, that he was better; but they never met again. He wrote to her from Spa a week later, first of some details about Woolwich.

"I have written an undated letter of resignation to Palmerston to be used whenever convenient to him. I have not written it without a pang, but I believe it to be the right and best course. I believe Lewis with de Grey for Under Secretary is to be my successor. I can fancy no fish more out of water than Lewis amidst Armstrong guns

[1] Captain Galton and Dr. Sutherland.

and General Officers, but he is a gentleman, an honest man, and de Grey will be invaluable for the office, and for many of the especial interests to which I specially looked. . . . I wish I had any confidence that you are as much better as I am."

But not many days had passed when he learnt that if he wished to die at home no time must be lost. The Herberts left Spa for Wilton on July 25, and on August 2 he died. "To the last," wrote his sister to Miss Nightingale, "he had the same charm, that dear, winning smile, that almost playful, pretty way of saying everything." Among his last words were these: "Poor Florence! Poor Florence! Our joint work unfinished."

The death of Sidney Herbert was a heavy blow to Miss Nightingale, the heaviest, perhaps, which she ever had to suffer. It meant not only the loss of an old friend and companion, in whose society she had constantly lived and worked for five years. It meant also the closing of her way of communication, the interruption of the work which was dearer to her than life itself. She was without all public responsibility and direct power; and now the friend was gone who had both, and had carried her influence as well as his own. She felt in the severance of their alliance the true bitterness of death.

Miss Nightingale to Her Father, Hampstead, August 21 [1861]

Dear Papa:

Indeed your sympathy is very dear to me. So few people know in the least what I have lost in my dear master. Indeed I know no one but myself who had it to lose. For no two people pursue together the same object, as I did with him. And when they lose their companion by death they have in fact lost no companionship. Now he takes my life with him. My work, the object of my life, the means to do it, all in one, depart with him. "Grief fills the

room up of my absent" master. I cannot say it "walks up and down" with me, for I don't walk up and down. But it "eats" and sleeps and wakes with me. Yet I can truly say that I see it is better that God should not work a miracle to save Sidney Herbert, altho' his death involves the misfortune, moral and physical, of five hundred thousand men, and altho' it would have been but to set aside a few trifling physical laws to save him. . . . "The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart." The Scripture goes on to say, "None considering that he is taken away from the evil to come." *I* say, "None considering that he is taken away from the good he might have done." Now not one man remains (that I can call a man) of all those whom I began work with five years ago. And I alone of all men "most deject and wretched" survive them all. I am sure I meant to have died. . . . Ever, dear papa, your loving child, F.

Her grief was accompanied and intensified by some remorse:

Miss Nightingale to Harriet Martineau, Hampstead, 24 September [1861]

. . . And I, too, was hard upon him. I told him that Cavour's death was a blow to European liberty. But that a greater blow was that Sidney Herbert should be beaten on his own ground by a bureaucracy. I told him that no man in my day had thrown away so noble a game with all the winning cards in his hands. And his angelic temper with me, at the same time that he felt what I said was true, I shall never forget. I wish people to know that what was done was done by a man struggling with death—to know that he thought so much more of what he had not done than of what he had done—to know that all his latter suffering years were filled not by a selfish desire for his own salvation—far less for his own ambition (he hated office, his was the purest ambition I have ever known), but by the struggle of exertion for our benefit. "As for his friendship and mine," she added, "I doubt whether the same could ever occur again."

The friendship, commemorated now by the two statues on either side of the Guards' Crimean Memorial, is prob-

ably unique in the history of politics and of friendship. For five years the politician in the public eye and the woman behind the scenes were in active co-operation, often seeing each other daily, at other times in frequent communication, either directly or through Mr. Herbert's beloved and devoted wife, who often acted as her husband's secretary, and whose admiring affection for Miss Nightingale was constant. The secret of this rare friendship lay not only in the gifts and characters of the two friends, but in a common disinterested devotion to great public objects, and in their differing and complementary capacities and experience, he in the first place a public man, and in the best sense a man of the world, with political influence and the politician's caution, she a great administrator, with grasp of principles and immense knowledge of detail. The motive was all. "A woman once told me," Miss Nightingale said to an old friend, "that my character would be more sympathised with by men than by women. In one sense I don't choose to have that said. Sidney Herbert and I were together exactly like two men—exactly like him and Gladstone." Florence Nightingale, said Jowett, was the only woman he ever knew in whom public feelings were far stronger than private. With her, the service of suffering mankind was a passion and the greater part of religion; and Herbert, to whom worldly position and the popularity due to a peculiar charm of personality might well have sufficed for happiness, was drawn the same way by a high conception of duty and a sensitive conscience; no doubt in some measure, too, by the powerful influence of his friend, whom so many able men, and women also, delighted to serve. In all that was done, she wrote, "Sidney Herbert was head and centre." And so in many respects he was. He was from first to last the official and responsible head of the movement, and, more than that, he threw his heart and soul into the work with generous devotion. Yet if Sidney Herbert had written the account he might have said that

Florence Nightingale was the head and centre of it all. His was the public voice; the words were often hers. The initiating, the inspiring, the impelling force was hers. Her mastery of detail was ever at Mr. Herbert's elbow. Her powerful, persuasive influence, her practical experience and insight were always at hand to move obstruction, to suggest expedients, to make the experts give their best. "I never intend to tell you," he wrote to her, when their first Royal Commission was nearing its end, "how much I owe you for all your help during these last three months, for I should never be able to make you understand how helpless my ignorance would have been among the medical Philistines. God bless you!"

CHAPTER X

MISS NIGHTINGALE REMAINS AT HER POST

Fortunately for Miss Nightingale's peace of mind, there came an almost immediate call to serve the memory and the work of her "dear master," as in her letters of this time she constantly named Lord Herbert. On behalf of his friends and family, Mr. Gladstone asked her to advise how his services might best be made known and recorded, and she instantly set about writing a memorandum on his work as an Army reformer. At the end she wrote of what he meant to do, and what remained to be done by others. His heart was set on the preservation of the soldiers' health, physical and moral. "This is the work of his which ought to bear fruit in all future time, and which his death has committed to the guardianship of his country."

In sending the paper to Mr. Gladstone, Miss Nightingale offered to talk with him about the unfinished work. Mr. Gladstone, warmly as he had felt towards Sidney Herbert, did not refuse to hear, but made it clear that he was not to be captured. His duty was "to watch and control on the part of the Treasury rather than to promote officially departmental reforms." His watchfulness on behalf of the Treasury had indeed been one of the chief obstacles with which Lord Herbert had had to struggle so desperately. Sidney Herbert, she now wrote to Dr. Farr, would live in the hearts of the nation, but "not in the hearts of Ministers. There he is dead already, if indeed they have any. . . . Gladstone attends his funeral and then writes to me that he cannot pledge himself to give any assistance in carrying out his friend's reforms. The reign of intelligence

at the War Office is over. The reign of Muffs has begun." The policy of spending money on barrack improvements was abandoned for many years after Lord Herbert's death, and later generations in consequence heard of sanitary scandals in barracks in various places.

Only a few months after the death of Sidney Herbert Miss Nightingale had another loss, which she felt scarcely less, if less at all. Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, had been her close friend since her return from the Crimea.[1] He held an appointment in the Education Office, and had for some time been giving his spare time to helping her. He was bent, he had told her, on doing "plain work"; he had "studied and taught too much for a man's own moral good." He did secretary's work for her, arranged journeys, corrected proofs and became, at a modest salary, Secretary of the Nightingale Fund. Some of his friends thought the work not good enough for him; nor was it, in a sense. But there can be nothing but admiration for the desire of such a man to serve, if only as a private soldier, in an assault on the world of selfish materialism, so alien to all he cared for. His health began to fail in 1861, and in the following spring he went abroad. But the journey was in vain, and in April he died at Florence. The depth of her grief at his loss was intense. As with Sidney Herbert, she had sometimes been inclined to attribute to infirmity of will what was in fact infirmity of health, and she reproached herself. "I have always felt," she had written to her uncle (December 7, 1860), "that I have been a great drag on Arthur's health and spirits, a much greater one than I should have chosen to be if I had not promised him to die sooner."

"He was a man of rare mind and temper," she wrote to Sir John McNeill, "the more so because he would gladly do 'plain work.' To me, seeing the blundering harasses

[1] His wife was the eldest daughter of the uncle and aunt who were her nearest friends of the elder generation, Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith.

which were the uses to which we put him, he seemed like a race horse harnessed to a coal truck. This is not because he did 'plain work' and did it so well. For the best of us can be put to no better use than that. He helped me immensely, though not officially, by his sound judgment and constant sympathy. 'Oh, Jonathan, my brother Jonathan, my love to thee was very great, passing the love of woman.' Now, not one man remains (that I can call a man) of all those whom these five years I have worked with. But as you say, 'we are all dying.' "

"His death leaves you dreadfully alone in the midst of your work," Sir John McNeill answered; "but that work is your life, and you can do it alone. . . . To work out views in which no one helped me has all my life been to me a source of vitality and strength. So I doubt not it will be to you, for you have a strength and a power for good to which I never could pretend. It is a small matter to die a few days sooner than usual. It is a great matter to work while it is day, and so to husband one's power as to make the most of the days that are given us. This you will do. Herbert and Clough and many more may fall around you, but you are destined to do a great work, and you cannot die till it is substantially, if not apparently, done. You are leaving your impress on the age in which you live, and the print of your foot will be traced by generations yet unborn. Go on—to you the accidents of mortality ought to be as the falling of the leaves in autumn."

Sir John McNeill was not mistaken. But at the time Miss Nightingale's grief and loneliness were intense. In her state of nervous exhaustion they were sometimes morbid. Soon after Lord Herbert's death, having finished the paper on his work, she left the Burlington Hotel finally, and was inclined to shut herself up from friends and fellow workers. Her correspondence was to go through her uncle's hands, and he was to give no one her address. A great and overwhelming affliction, he was to say, entirely pre-

cluded her from seeing or writing to anybody. She was in such extreme discouragement that her fellow workers feared her working days were over, and this was intensified by the loss of Clough. "She saw my father," wrote Mr. Smith's daughter, Beatrice, "to speak only of Arthur, as only she can speak. She was quite natural, *very* affectionate, very, very much moved." For months she could not bear to open a newspaper for dread of seeing a loved name. "I believe it is a morbid peculiarity of long illness," she wrote to Mrs. Clough, "the loss of power of resistance to morbid thoughts." But she was drawn into work again by the possibility of "saving something from the wreck," as she put it, and the years which followed these sorrows were to be among the busiest and most useful in her life.

In the first place, the "reign of muffs" had not set in so hopelessly as she supposed. Lord de Grey, who now returned to the War Office Under-secretaryship under Sir George Lewis, could not be counted among the muffs. He told Monckton Milnes "with much earnestness" that he would do all in his power, limited though it was, to forward Miss Nightingale's "great and wise designs." He was in the councils of the "Cabal" and during his earlier tenure of office, he had already, at Mr. Herbert's request, drawn up a clear and careful scheme of reorganisation in accordance with their views—of reorganisation, that is, of the only part of the administrative machine which Parliament had left them free to operate upon. For a Select Committee of the House of Commons had reported against any interference with the Commander-in-Chief's powers. As to the War Office, however, there was hope; and its "chaos," as the Select Committee called it, Lord de Grey had proposed should be organised into four great departments, the heads of which were to be competent military technicians with distinct functions and directly responsible to the Secretary of State and to the Parliamentary Under

Secretary, who was to be relieved from departmental work and become his chief's deputy. Lord Herbert, not long before his death, had presented this minute to the Cabinet and it had been accepted. He had wished De Grey to be his successor; but the office had fallen to Sir George Lewis, Gladstone being determined that the heads of the great spending departments should be in the Commons. As Lord de Grey was not to be in the chief seat himself, it was fortunate that he had over him a man who took little interest in the department,[2] and he was thus able quickly to rectify the position of the Under Secretary (himself) in the sense of his scheme. The change gave him new leverage for reform, and within a month he had set up a Director of Ordnance responsible for the supply of war material. For the moment he could do no more. But in May 1862 the chief obstruction was removed by the death of Sir B. Hawes—"Ben Hawes," who had beaten Lord Herbert. Miss Nightingale's hopes revived and she wrote to Lord de Grey. There was "but one man who could carry through the reorganisation," and that was himself. Lord Herbert, she recalled to him, had intended to put Captain Galton in one of the headships of Departments.[3]

Lord de Grey was ready and willing; but the Horse Guards were not. They considered the appointment and the necessary re-arrangement "simply impossible." Miss Nightingale had to carry the case to the Prime Minister.

Miss Nightingale to Her Father, 9, Chesterfield St.

Poor Queen's Birthday, 1862. I must tell you the first joy I have had since poor Sidney Herbert's death. Lord Palmerston has forced Sir G. Lewis to carry out Mr. Herbert's and my plan for the reorganisation of the War Office *in some measure.* Hawes's place is not to be filled up.

[2] Sir George Lewis became "the Muff" in Miss Nightingale's correspondence.

[3] See letter from Miss Nightingale to Lord de Grey. *Life of Lord Ripon* pp. 181-2.

Galton is to do his work as Assistant Under-Secretary. This brings with it some other reforms. Lord de Grey says that he can reorganise the War Office with Captain Galton, because Sir G. Lewis will know nothing about it, and never inquires. Sir G. Lewis wrote it (innocently) to the Queen yesterday, and Captain Galton was appointed today, resigning the Army of course. No, Sir Charles Trevelyan would not have done at all [in Hawes's place]. It would have been perpetuating the principle (which I have been fighting against in all my official life, *i.e.*, for eight years) of having a dictator, an autocrat, irresponsible to Parliament, quite unassailable from any quarter, immovable in the middle of a (so-called) constitutional government and under a Secretary of State who *is* responsible to Parliament. And, inasmuch as Trevelyan is a better and abler man than Hawes, it would have been *worse* for any reform of principle. I don't mean to say that I am the first person who has laid down this. But I do believe I am the first person who has felt it so bitterly, keenly, constantly as to give up life, health, joy, congenial occupation for a thankless work like this. . . . It has come too late to give happiness to Galton, as it has come too late for me. He seems more depressed than pleased. And I do believe, if he feels any pleasure, it is that now he can carry out Sidney Herbert's plans in some measure. And it may seem to you some compensation for the enormous expense I cause you, that if I had not been here, it would not have been done. Would that Sidney Herbert could have lived to do it himself! Would that poor Clough could have lived to see it! He wished for it so much—for my sake. . . .

The new arrangement was not quite as symmetrical as the original scheme, but it gave Galton a share with the new Permanent Under Secretary in the direction of the office, and in the co-ordination of the various departments; and it disposed between these two officials of the work of a second of the four departments that had been proposed—the only one which already had a well defined sphere—that of the "Secretary for Military Correspondence," a name redolent of the dual control of military affairs, for the cor-

respondence in question was largely correspondence with the Horse Guards. For Miss Nightingale's own work, Galton's new appointment was important. He was in close touch with her,[4] and thenceforth until his retirement in 1869 she had a valuable standing ally within the War Office.

The third great department was soon after constituted by appointing an officer of Engineers as adviser of the Secretary of State on all engineering questions, and head of a department comprising Fortifications and Works. The Barrack and Hospital Improvement Commission, of which Dr. Sutherland was the paid member, was put on a permanent basis. Miss Nightingale secured for it the right to report directly to the Secretary of State, and she drew up its instructions. "Lord de Grey said," wrote Galton, "that he had adopted exactly your minute about the Instructions to the Commission." Most of the plans for new barracks and hospitals were submitted to her searching criticism, as were all regulations for military hospitals and their nursing staff.

The work of supply, of which Miss Nightingale had so extensive and peculiar a knowledge, was the last left in the region of chaos. Miss Nightingale preached the necessity of reform incessantly and plied her War Office friends with schemes, calling always for clear responsibility and logically defined functions. "What strikes me in them," she said of some papers submitted to her (June 1862), "is the black ignorance, the total want of imagination as to a state of *war* in which the *War* Office seems to be. Really if it was a Joint Stock Company for the manufacture of skins, it could not, as far as appears, be less accustomed to contemplate, or to imagine, or to remember a state of war." And again, on papers dealing with the Commissariat and its banking functions: "Is a man who buys bullocks

[4] His wife was her first cousin, Marianne Nicholson.

the best man to be a banker? Would it not be better to have a separate Treasurer for the Army to receive all moneys and issue them to all departments? In private life nobody makes his steward or butler his banker. It would not be economical. Finance is as much a specialty as marketing, and as much so, to say the least of it, in the Army as in private life." She had a conclusive argument against the confusion of functions: it worked badly in the field.

It was at this stage of the War Office story that Miss Nightingale heard one day from her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, of the sudden death of Sir George Lewis, the Secretary for War. Three men were talked of for the succession. One was Lord de Grey, but he himself was not very hopeful of the promotion. Gladstone knew him for one of the extravagants of the War Office, and still wished for the Secretary for War to be in the Commons. The second was Lord Panmure, whose advent would mean more of the unpleasant task of bullying the Bison; and the third was Cardwell, of whom Miss Nightingale knew nothing. There was no doubt about her choice. A telegram preserved by Miss Martineau shows how "a good press" was obtained for Lord de Grey.

From Florence Nightingale *to* Harriet Martineau—Agitate, agitate, for Lord de Grey to succeed Sir George Lewis.

The *Daily News* informed the world next day that public opinion expected the appointment of Lord de Grey. Miss Nightingale also used her court of last instance: she wrote to Lord Palmerston. The letter was committed to Sir Harry Verney, with strict instructions as to what he was to do with it. This was Sir Harry's report of his mission:

Cleveland Row, Ap. 15.

From Hampstead I returned to South St. [to his house] and found your letter. Thence to Cambridge House. Lord Palmerston was so good as to admit me. I said that I had

seen you this morning, and that by your desire I requested him to allow me to read a letter to him from you. He said "Certainly"; and I read it to him rather slowly. Having read it, I said you had mentioned this morning that within a fortnight of Lord Herbert's death, he had said to you more than once that he hoped Lord de Grey might be his successor. I then added, "I have not to request any reply or observations on Miss Nightingale's letter. I have only to thank you for your kindness in allowing me to read it." He took the letter and put it in his pocket. He then asked how you are, and where, and I told him. There is a Cabinet at 5:30 this afternoon. I think if Gladstone has your note before going to it, it might be well.

Gladstone had already had a copy of the letter to Lord Palmerston, and had answered that he saw great difficulty in not having the head of the War Office, with its vast expenditure, in the Commons.

But Lord Palmerston took the letter with him to Windsor and read it to the Queen,[5] and on April 22 it was announced that Her Majesty had approved the appointment of Lord de Grey as Secretary of State for War. Lord de Grey's biographer thinks that he never knew of Miss Nightingale's part in his appointment. He was astonished at his own success and could hardly believe it.[6]

During Lord de Grey's tenure of the Secretaryship of State and under his successor, the remaining part of those War Office responsibilities which were still, in his words of 1860, "wild, indefinite, and unprofessional," were dealt with. In 1863 he carried out part of his scheme by taking the clothing business from the old Stores Department and making it a separate branch under a Director of Clothing. It was not till two years later that he was able to appoint

[5] It had been thought the Queen would object to the appointment to such a position of a man who had not yet been in the Cabinet.

[6] *Life of Lord Ripon,* pp. 192-3. Mr. Wolf adds that "Together with Tom Hughes, Miss Nightingale frequently whipped up her friends in the Press to help her friend in Pall Mall, and in this way did much to smooth his path."

a Commission on Military Transport. Its powers were enlarged by General Peel, who succeeded him, and as the result of its Report, a supplies department was at last created on the lines of the original scheme, though with rather larger functions. All business relating to supplies, stores, transport and clothing was placed under a Military chief directly responsible to the Secretary of State.

By the time this last reform was carried Miss Nightingale was deep in other work, and it does not appear that she was concerned in it latterly. But the above general outline will show that between 1861 and 1868 a substantial reform of military administration was effected on the lines of and in direct descent from the scheme for which Lord Herbert was officially responsible.[1]

Miss Nightingale was much concerned in the current work of the War Office during these years. Her position as the first expert of the day on her special questions was so well established that though, without Lord Herbert's support, she was deprived of much in the scope and directness of her influence on War Office policy, her work, even for the War Office itself, remained as constant and varied as when her friend was Secretary of State. Her position was an extraordinary one. She was a kind of Advisory Council to the War Office, a privileged consultant and volunteer draughtsman, with the right of initiating sugges-

[1] The changes here described were by no means the end of the story, for modifications and re-organisations have taken place at different times during Miss Nightingale's life and later. The complex problem of good administrative method is not peculiar to the War Office. Distinction of functions in separate branches has to be reconciled with the local man's initiative in his various matters of concern. Intelligent and responsible service throughout a Department of State has to be reconciled with Parliamentary control of finance. Those who wish for light on these vital problems of Government will find it in a most readable article on Decentralisation, by Sir Charles Harris, late of the War Office, in the *Journal of Public Administration* for April, 1925.

tions.[8] Minutes, Warrants, Regulations, Plans of Barracks and of Hospitals, and Rules for Nurses, passed to and fro. Nearly every vexed question of administration (other than purely military) came to her, and she carried on an immense correspondence with Ministers, with Captain Douglas Galton, and with the Secretary of the Barrack and Hospital Commission. Dr. Sutherland, her constant assistant, was a member of this Commission and of the Army Sanitary Committee. Lord de Grey was ready both as Under Secretary and as Secretary of State to ask and to take her advice. She was on very friendly terms with him and he was a valuable ally, though he lacked the brilliance and popularity of Sidney Herbert, and his modesty deprived him of some of his due honour as a genuine reformer and a man of industry, good sense and rare disinterestedness.

At the end of 1861 he made a call upon her which brought into play all her war experience. Britain was in danger of being involved in the American Civil War through the Trent affair, and it was decided to send reinforcements to Canada. Lord de Grey was charged with many of the preparations, and he consulted Miss Nightingale as to sanitary arrangements—transports, hospitals, clothing of the troops, supplies and comforts for the sick, and generally upon the defects and dangers to be provided

[8] The War Office was not the only department which consulted her. There is a correspondence with Mr. N. S. (afterwards Mr. Justice) Wright on Colonial prisons on which he was reporting for the Colonial Office. He thought it would be "a great advantage" if he might say she approved of his conclusions. On her own initiative, she carried on a large work through the Colonial Office from 1860 to 1864—an enquiry into the causes of the disappearance of native races in British dominions. This arose from talks with Sir George Grey, the great Colonial statesman, whom she met in 1859 and 1860. She was among the pioneers in advocating protection for these races by the provision of lands, suppression of the liquor traffic, and wise adaptation of educational methods to their habits of life and hygienic needs. See her papers for the Social Science Congress, 1863 and 1864.

against. He also asked her for the names of suitable men for the position of Principal Medical Officer, and he consulted her again before making the appointment. All her suggestions for the Instructions to Officers were adopted. She worked out the problems of the special Canadian conditions in great detail, calculating the distances that might have to be covered in sledges, counting relays and depots, comparing the relative weights and warming capacities of blankets and buffalo robes. "I have been working just as I did in the times of Sidney Herbert," she told Harriet Martineau, and, "the Horse Guards were so terrified at the idea of the national indignation if they lost another army that they have consented to everything." But her advice on this occasion was, most happily, not put to the test of war.

She was also consulted on behalf of the American Government.

"Did I tell you," she wrote to Dr. Farr" (8 October 1861) "that I had forwarded to the War Secretary at Washington, upon application, all our War Office Forms and Reports, statistical and other, taking the occasion to tell them that as the U. S. had adopted our Registrar-General's nomenclature, it would be easier for them to adopt our Army Statistics Forms? . . . I also took occasion to tell them of our Chinese success in reducing the Army mortality to one-tenth of what it was, and the Constantly Sick to one-seventh of what they were during the first winter of the Crimean War, due to my dear master."

When the Civil War broke out, the Crimean example at once took effect. A "Woman's Central Association of Relief" was formed in New York. In co-operation with other bodies, they petitioned the Secretary of War to appoint a Sanitary Commission, and after some delay this was done. Camps were inspected, women nurses were sent to the hospitals, improved cookery was instituted, and, in

short, much of Miss Nightingale's Crimean work was reproduced.[9]

As one who had had experience of war and had worked for the Army, she wrote in 1861 a stirring letter on the Volunteer movement which Sidney Herbert had organised in 1859. Displayed in large print on a card, it must have attracted many recruits. "The nation can never go back which is capable of such a movement as this: not the spirit of an hour." She upheld the voluntary spirit, and also the supreme importance of training. "Garibaldi's Volunteers did excellently in guerilla movements; they failed before a fourth-rate regular army."

The Army Medical School was still in need of Miss Nightingale's good offices in many difficulties, and during 1862-63 there is a long series of letters from her to the War Office in which she persistently pleaded for improvements in the status and emoluments of the Army doctors. From first to last, she was the most efficient friend that the Army Medical Service ever had. "In re Medical Warrant," she writes to Captain Galton (24 December 1863), "I am meek and humble, but 'I cut up rough.' I am the animal of whom Buffon spoke, *'Cet animal féroce mord tous ceux qui veulent le tuer.'* You must do something for these doctors, or they will do for you, simply by not coming to you." There is a series of letters to Sir James Clark (1864):

April 6. I have written threatening letters both to Lord de Grey and to Captain Galton about the [Medical Officers'] Warrant; and after pointing out that both restoration of Warrant and increase of pay are now necessary, I have shown how, when we are exacting duties from the Medical Officer, such as sanitary recommendations to his Command-

[9] An account of the work of the Commission is dedicated to Miss Nightingale. "All that is herein chronicled," says the author, "you have a right to claim as the result of your own work"—*A Woman's Example and a Nation's Work: A Tribute to Florence Nightingale.* London. W. Ridgway. 1864.

ing Officer, which essentially require him to have the standing of a gentleman with his Commanding Officer—we are doing things, such as dismounting him at parade, depriving him of presidency at Boards, etc., which in military life, to a degree we have no idea of in civil life, deprive him of the weight of a gentleman among gentlemen.

April 7. The W. O. seem now willing to listen to some kind of terms. They are frightened. They sent me your letter. It was very good, very firm. Don't be conciliatory.

April 11. What is wanted is to put a muzzle on the Duke of Cambridge, and to tell him that he *must not* alter a Royal Warrant.

April 15. You may think I am not wise in being so angry. But I assure you, when I write civilly, I have a civil answer—*and nothing is done.* When I write furiously, I have a rude letter—*and something is done* (not even then always, *but only then*).

And to Galton: "I send you my protest about the Medical School. Make what use of it you like. But if we fail, I shall refer it to Lord Palmerston, who, as you know, befriended us on a former occasion (after Hawes' death)"—a home thrust, as that was the occasion of Galton's own appointment.

A very congenial piece of work fell to her that year. The International Red Cross, now so familiar in war, was initiated by a Swiss doctor, M. Henri Dunant. He had witnessed the horrors of the bloody battlefield of Solferino, and from that time he devoted his life to founding and extending the Geneva Convention. In a paper on the movement read in London in 1872 he generously gave the honour of the Convention to an Englishwoman: "What inspired me to go to Italy during the war of 1859 was the work of Miss Florence Nightingale in the Crimea." In the work of the International Congress which framed the Convention in August 1864, she had a more direct share. The British delegates were her friend Dr. Longmore, of the Army Medical Department, and Dr. Rutherford; and their Instructions were drafted by her.

Societies formed under the Red Cross were soon organized throughout Europe, and the movement led to a great development of volunteer nursing in war.[10]

[10] The English society was not formed till the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. See below, p. 301.

CHAPTER XI

THE ARMIES IN INDIA

Another large undertaking, begun earlier, was running concurrently with this work for the War Office. In 1859 Miss Nightingale, in the thick of the work of the Sub-Commissions, and in very weak health, had begun laying plans for the health of the Indian Army. "I must tell you a secret," she wrote to Harriet Martineau, "because I think it will please you. For eight long months I have been 'importunate widowing' my 'unjust judge,' *viz.*, Lord Stanley, to give us a Royal Sanitary Commission to do exactly the same thing for the Armies in India which the last did for the Armies at home. We have just won it. The Queen has signed the Warrant. So it is safe. Mr. Sidney Herbert is chairman, of course. Drs. Sutherland, Martin, Farr and Alexander, whose names will be known to you, and Sir R. Vivian and Sir P. Cautley of the India Council are on it."

Lord Stanley had been introduced to her by Monckton Milnes in 1857 as likely to prove a useful friend. Already an enthusiast for Miss Nightingale and her work, he had begged, on making her personal acquaintance, to be allowed to receive "future instructions" from her, and had already done some services for her, such as asking questions in the House of Commons. His move from the Colonial to the India Office gave Miss Nightingale her chance. He agreed at once to her suggestion of the Commission, but the membership and the terms of reference took months of correspondence and scheming on the part of Miss Nightingale and Mr. Herbert. Before the Commission was appointed Miss Nightingale was already at work with Dr. Sutherland

and Dr. Farr issuing forms of enquiry, collecting statistics, and getting written evidence from authorities in India. The Commission began to take oral evidence in November 1859, and Miss Nightingale, as with its predecessor, supplied questions to be put and saw some of the witnesses before they gave their evidence. One of these visitors was Sir John Lawrence.

When Mr. Herbert became Secretary for War, Lord Stanley, who in turn went out of office, succeeded him as chairman of the Indian Commission. Miss Nightingale thus still had her channel, and it was towards this Commission she turned when the death of Sidney Herbert seemed to close the chapter of War Office reorganisation. The Commission was her main interest in 1862, and gave her an enormous amount of work in that and the next year. Lord Stanley, as Mr. Herbert had done in the earlier Commission, relied chiefly on her, on Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Farr. But of the three, Miss Nightingale did the lion's share of the work.

The Report of the Indian Sanitary Commission consists of two formidable Bluebooks of over 2,000 pages in all, mostly in small print; and of this mountainous mass the greater part in one way or another bears her impress. She and Dr. Sutherland, in their analysis of the replies to her questions, put together the most complete picture of British and native life that had yet been recorded. There were vanloads of these replies, she said, which cost her £4.10 to move whenever she changed houses. The twenty-three pages of "Observations by Miss Nightingale" on the reports, written at the formal request of the Commission, are among her best works. They are extremely readable and are enlivened by woodcuts illustrating Indian hospitals and barracks, and native customs as to water supply and drainage. The Treasury objected to the cost of the illustrations, and Miss Nightingale, paying for them herself and for the printing, too, seized the opportunity to get a number of

copies struck off for private use in Royal, professional and other distinguished quarters. The paper, Dr. Farr wrote to Dr. Sutherland, was "a masterpiece, in her best style; and will rile the enemy very considerable—all for his good, poor creature." Sir Bartle Frere, when asked later how the sanitary crusade was set going, and what gave Miss Nightingale her influence in India, said that it was not done by the big Bluebook, which nobody read, but by "a certain little red book"—"which made some of us very savage at the time, but did us all immense good." This little red book was a reprint of the "Observations." Sir John Lawrence, among many others, studied it closely and corresponded with her about it.

The "Observations" are a synopsis of the whole subject, including every aspect of the soldiers' lives, and such kindred subjects as Native Towns, Soldiers' Wives, and Statistics. The language often has a racy character unusual in Bluebooks. The prevailing diseases, she showed from the Stational Reports, were camp diseases, such as she had seen in the war, largely due to the choice of unsuitable sites. Other causes were Bad Water, Bad Drainage, Filthy Bazaars, Want of Ventilation, Overcrowding in Barrack Huts and in Sick Wards. The diet was uniform, with no adaptation to season or climate. The neglect of elementary precautions was such as is almost incredible now. "Where tests have been used, the composition of the water reads like a very intricate prescription," including "quantities of animal and vegetable matter, which the reports apparently consider nutritive." She ventures to doubt if cesspits are desirable adjuncts to kitchens. She overhauls the returns of sickness due to drink, and discusses the results of "Want of Occupation and Exercise." Idleness and drink were almost the worst features of the barrack life. Apart from drill, the soldiers had nothing to do. Unsuitably dressed for the climate, they had little temptation to go out, and spent most of their spare time lolling on their beds.

If they did go out, nothing offered except drink and vice. The soldier was supposed to be a drunken animal by nature. The only question was whether he should get drunk on canteen spirits or on bazaar spirits; and liver disease from drink was then regarded as almost the natural end of Europeans in India, even in classes far better placed for health than the private soldiers.

Besides holding up defects to shame, Miss Nightingale picked out better opinions and hopeful experiments, and on all these matters she made constructive proposals; and she constantly insisted on the importance of an Indian sanitary service to carry out the reforms.

Of the Report itself, the introductory first page or two was written by Lord Stanley. He entrusted the statistical part of the body of the Report to Dr. Farr and the rest to Miss Nightingale and Dr. Sutherland. The Recommendations may be described as a Sanitary Charter for the Army in India—a charter which in succeeding years was gradually put into force. In 1850 it was shown that the average annual death rate of British soldiers in India from the year 1817 had been 69 per 1,000. "Besides deaths from natural causes (9 per 1,000) 60 head per 1,000 of our troops perish annually in India. It is at that expense that we have held dominion there for a century; a company out of every regiment has been sacrificed every twenty months. These companies fade away in the prime of life; leave few children; and have to be replaced, at great cost, by successive shiploads of recruits."

As in England, new machinery was necessary to carry out the reforms, and for this she had a stiff fight on the Commission. The Commissioners were agreed on a Sanitary Commission for each Indian Presidency, but a mainspring was required at home if a high standard was to be kept up. Miss Nightingale proposed the formation of a Sanitary Department at the India Office. This she failed to carry, but after much labour in the shape of discussion,

interviews and correspondence, she succeeded in a second best scheme—the reinforcement of the standing Army Sanitary Committee at the War Office by two Indian officials, and for a third, her Crimean friend, Mr. Rawlinson, the leading English sanitary engineer. The body thus formed was to act as a standing Sanitary Commission for India.

"I cannot help telling you, in the joy of my heart," Miss Nightingale wrote to Harriet Martineau (May 19), "that the final meeting of the India Sanitary Commission was held today—that the Report was signed—and that after a very tough battle, lasting three days, to convince these people that a Report is not self-executive, our Working Commission was carried. . . . This is the dawn of a new day for India in sanitary things, not only as regards our Army, but as regards the native population."

But this was not the end. The support of public opinion had to be secured. Miss Nightingale's arts as a manipulator of the press were at once brought to bear for popularising the findings. By Lord Stanley's authority, and the good offices of Mr. Spottiswoode, the Queen's printer, she got some of the earliest copies of the Report, sent them to friendly writers and influential people, and arranged for reviews in newspapers and magazines in Edinburgh and Dublin as well as in London. It appeared, however, that the full Report was not to be accessible to the public. A shorter version had been officially prepared, leaving out the reports from the stations and Miss Nightingale's "Observations." If this was done designedly to suppress the facts, and not, as alleged, in "mistake," it failed in its object; for Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Farr at once arranged with a publisher to reprint the "Observations," which had a large sale; and Miss Nightingale, by prompting her many acquaintances to apply for the original volumes, created quite a run upon them. She was resolved, too, that the essential parts of the Report should be available to every officer or official in India who could further the cause.

"Done in some way or other I am determined it shall be," she wrote to a War Office friend. And she got Lord de Grey's consent to issue a fresh abbreviated edition of the Report, prepared by herself, for circulation among commanding, engineering and medical officers in India, and persuaded the Secretary for War to write a preface to it. "Surely Sir Charles Wood will be very grateful to you for remedying his mistake." She put on pressure in another way by offering to bear the cost if the Treasury objected; in one way or another, she said, she had spent £700 in connection with the report of the Royal Commission on the British Army, and the cost for India would be less. This shorter report in turn had its press campaign—a series of articles in the *Times*—for Miss Nightingale knew a friend of Delane's.

The next step was to induce the departments to carry out the recommendations of the Commission. In some ways the position was more difficult than it had been in the case of the Commission on the British Army. There was now not only the War Office to deal with, but the India Office and the Government of India. On the other hand, sanitary ideas had now taken root in the public mind, as Lord Stanley said, and could not be treated as visionary. Directly the report was signed, Miss Nightingale was urgent with her chairman to be up and doing. But, though friendly, he was not of an enthusiastic temperament, and he preferred to wait. Help could not be offered to the departments by "an outsider" he considered (July 10, 1863), but if Sir C. Wood desired assistance in giving effect to the sanitary projects, he would not refuse it. Accordingly it became Miss Nightingale's business to see that Sir C. Wood did desire assistance. Beginning at the further end of the chain, she saw Lord de Grey (W.O.), Lord de Grey saw Sir Charles Wood (I.O.), and Sir Charles Wood saw Lord Stanley and was induced to declare himself ready to act on the recommendations of the Commission. He did in

fact send a dispatch proposing the formation of Sanitary Commissions, and Miss Nightingale was asked to draft a code of sanitary suggestions for India. But there was trouble with the military element in the India Office. The work came to a standstill, and Miss Nightingale had to "urge and bait" Lord Stanley (as she put it) to come up from the country, and set it going again. He came up in November, and went to Miss Nightingale before seeing Sir Charles Wood.

At this moment came a change in the Government of India. Lord Elgin died and was succeeded by Sir John Lawrence. Miss Nightingale had perhaps a deeper admiration for Lawrence than for any other of the many statesmen with whom she came in contact. He was a hero in action, rarely disinterested, devoted to his own high standard of duty, wise, yet simple, in life and character and in unaffected piety. She had had an opportunity for putting in her fervent word for his appointment. Sir Charles Wood had consulted Lord Stanley, his predecessor at the India Office, who in turn had talked it over with her. Lawrence was to start for India immediately, and Lord Stanley suggested and even urged that Miss Nightingale should see him.

Lord Stanley to Miss Nightingale, December 1 [1863]

Sir J. Lawrence's appointment is a great step gained. He knows what is wanted and has no prejudices in favour of the existing military administration. I shall see him tonight and shall probably be able to have some talk with him on the subject [of sanitation]. But why should he not see you? The plans are in the main yours; no one can explain them better. You have been in frequent correspondence with him. . . . Let me repeat—you must manage to see Sir John Lawrence. He does not go till the 10th. Your position in respect of this whole subject is so peculiar that advice from you will come with greater weight than from anyone else.

Lord Stanley took pains to satisfy himself that the interview was arranged. "How kind it was of Lord Stanley," wrote Miss Nightingale in a reminiscence thirty years later. "He came like a footman to my door, and without giving his name, sent up to ask whether Sir John Lawrence was coming. The interview was one never to be forgotten." Lawrence was the first of a succession of high Indian officials who made a point of coming to Miss Nightingale before leaving for their posts.

"I have had the great joy," she wrote to Dr. Farr (December 10), "of being in constant communication with Sir John Lawrence, and of receiving his commands to do what I had almost lost the hope of being allowed to do—*viz.*, of sending out full statements and schemes of what we want the Presidency Commissions to do. I should be glad to submit to you copies of papers of mine which he desired me to write and which he took out with him. . . . And with Sir John Lawrence's command, we feel ourselves empowered to begin the Home Commission [1] and to further our plans upon it. Sir John Lawrence, so far from considering our Report exaggerated, considers it under the mark."

Within a month of his arrival, Lawrence had set up Sanitary Commissions for the Presidencies and was writing to Miss Nightingale for "codes, rules and plans" in use at home, that might be adapted to Indian needs. She had already prepared, with her advisers' help, "Suggestions in Regard to Sanitary Works Required for the Improvement of Indian Stations" at his urgent request, and she had also at Lord de Grey's request drafted an explanatory letter for the India Office to send to the War Office. But then came a deadlock. Days, weeks and months passed and nothing happened. The Viceroy continued to ask for Miss Nightingale's suggestions and Miss Nightingale to urge the War

[1] The original Barrack and Hospital Commission, reinforced by India Office representatives, as already described (p. 209). It was afterwards called the Army Sanitary Commission.

Office on, but the Departments had ceased to function. No work was referred to the Sanitary Committee at home, no suggestions reached the Sanitary Commissions in India. It turned out to be a matter of departmental dignity. The India Office did not like being advised by the War Office, and the War Office complained that it had been "snubbed" and was sulking. And another difficulty was that though many of the recommendations of the Royal Commission could be carried out by administrative order, it could not always be ascertained with what authority the power or the responsibility of making the order lay. The tangle of responsibilities and spheres was almost Crimean, and Miss Nightingale declared that "I.O., W.O., Horse Guards at home, Commander-in-Chief in India are as little defined in their respective powers and duties as if India were the Sandwich Islands." She was preparing to threaten the War Office with the House of Commons when the "outsider," Lord Stanley, reappeared on the scene. He was now a prominent member of the Opposition, and his promise of support for India Office sanitary measures oiled the official wheels effectively. Miss Nightingale's *Suggestions* at last came before the Army Sanitary Commission, and were adopted with slight alterations.

The title page of the Bluebook states that the *Suggestions* were prepared by the said Commission "in accordance with Letters from the Secretary of State for India in Council." The fact was that they were prepared by Miss Nightingale in accordance with the wishes of Sir John Lawrence.

When the *Suggestions* had thus been passed officially, Miss Nightingale had no need to wait for the War Office.

"I beg to inform you," she wrote to Captain Galton at the War Office (August 8), "that by the first mail after signature I sent off by H.M.'s book post, at an enormous expense (I have a good mind to charge it to you!), to Sir John Lawrence direct no end of copies of *Suggestions* (also

to the Presidency Commissions); and that as he is always more ready to hear than you to pray (you sinners!) I have not the least doubt that they will have been *put in execution* long before the India Office has even begun to send them."

She may have remembered that some of the recommendations of the Royal Commission had been put in force before the Government of India had officially received copies of the Report. And in fact six or seven weeks passed before the *Suggestions* officially reached India.

In India advance was now rapid, and Miss Nightingale was informed of every step by Sir John Lawrence, his secretary Dr. Hathaway, the Presidents of the Commissions and others. To Sir John Lawrence she wrote with admiring reverence. There was no need here for irksome "baiting" and "bullying." "What work it is!" she writes of the Bengal Sanitary Commission (September 26, 1864). "All we have in Europe is mere child's play to it. Health is the product of civilisation, *i.e.*, of real civilisation. In Europe we have a kind of civilisation to proceed upon. In India your work represents, not only diminished mortality as with us, but increase of energy, increase of power of the populations. I always feel as if God had said: Mankind is to create mankind. In this sense you are the greatest creator of mankind in modern history." Her thoughts were busy not only with the soldiers but with the Indian populations. She draws Lawrence's attention to the Police and other hospitals in Calcutta, to the condition of the Indian Jails and Lunatic Asylums, to the need of Sailors' Homes at the Indian ports. The Commissions themselves, besides their strictly military work, were charged with the sanitary improvement of towns in proximity to Military Stations. "I sing for joy every day," she wrote, "at Sir John Lawrence's Government."

Sir Hugh Rose, Commander-in-Chief in India, was hardly less helpful. He introduced regimental workshops and sol-

diers' gardens in cantonments. In a preface to a paper giving a résumé of the Royal Commission's report [2] she told how the soldiers were being given workshops and trades, gymnasia, savings banks, games, libraries, gardens; how drink and disease were diminishing by regulation and through the provision of healthy work and pleasure; and what remained to be done in such ways.

The main direct causes of disease among the men were, however, want of drainage, want of good water, want of proper barracks and hospitals. In these respects, too, she set going a work which has since been continuous, and in which she played a part for many years as consultant and sometimes as inspirer. The co-operation between Florence Nightingale and Sir John Lawrence did as much for the British Army in India as that between her and Sidney Herbert did for the Army in England. The death rate from disease in the Indian Army has sunk far below the figure (10 per 1,000) which the Royal Commission named as a counsel of perfection.

It is impossible here to give a full account of Miss Nightingale's many-sided work for Indian sanitation and hygiene. In England Lord Stanley was her constant correspondent and acted for her in matters where it was necessary to treat with Sir Charles Wood. She found him "a splendid worker," and one of his letters at this time gives his view of her position.

Lord Stanley to Miss Nightingale, St. James's Square, July 25 [1864]

I don't wonder that the delays of the "savage tribe" should try your patience; and I admire the more the care and success with which you keep outward show of annoyance to yourself. I had rather be criticised by anyone than you! I am only passing through town today . . . but shall be again in this place on Thursday and ready to wait upon you if any matters want settling. If not, I can only

[2] It was a reprint of a paper read at the Social Science Congress (October 1863) entitled "How People May Live and Not Die in India."

wish you health—success is sure to come—and beg that you will remember the value of your own public service and not by overwork endanger its continuance. Pray excuse a caution which I am sure I am not the first to give. Every day convinces me more of two things: first, the vast influence on the public mind of the Sanitary Commissions of the last few years—I mean in the way of spreading ideas which otherwise would have been confined to a few persons; and next, that all this has been due to you, and to you almost alone.

PART IV

CIVIL HOSPITALS, NURSING, AND THE POOR LAW

CHAPTER I

HOSPITAL CONSTRUCTION AND STATISTICS

Though fate had led Miss Nightingale first to military hospitals and to work for the health of soldiers, she had never lost sight of the greater matter—the condition of civil hospitals, and the health of the people. She had no sort of "vested interest" in hospitals, either as means of health or as a specialty that she might be supposed to have made her own. Hospitals, she knew, were only a necessary evil. Beyond them came district nursing, health in the home, all the life conditions of the people.[1] She was the missionary of health far more than of nursing.

In the years following the Crimean War, her authority on hospital hygiene and hospital construction ruled paramount. The name she had won during the war was backed by an experience probably unique. "Have you," she was asked by the Royal Commission of 1857, "devoted attention to the organisation of civil and military hospitals?" "Yes," she replied, "for thirteen years. I have visited all the hospitals in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, many county hospitals, some of the naval and military hospitals in England; all the hospitals in Paris, and studied with the 'Soeurs de la charité'; the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where I was twice in training as a nurse; the hospitals at Berlin, and many others in Germany, at Lyons, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, Brussels; also the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians."

[1] When she was past new work herself, she liked to hear about factory legislation and the regulation of dangerous and unhealthy trades.

Her defeat over the Netley plans had shown her the need of informing public opinion on Hospital Construction, and in 1858 she wrote two papers for the Social Science Congress at Liverpool. These she republished, with additional matter, as a book—*Notes on Hospitals* (1859)—which in its day opened a new era in hospital construction and fitting. The high death rates in hospitals, the diseases described as "hospital gangrene," "hospital fever," "hospital pyæmia," and so forth were traced in the *Notes* to their true causes in defects of site and construction, overcrowding of the sick, want of air and light, insanitary flooring and furniture, insanitary and unsuitable kitchens and laundries.

Miss Nightingale was not the one and only discoverer of the principles she laid down, but authorities disagreed, and the average opinion of the time was unenlightened. In many quarters her ideas were revolutionary. Fresh air, for instance, had been heard of before, but in practice windows were shut for warmth. She quotes the case of a well-known London physician who, whenever he entered a sick room, took care to have the bed turned away from the light; and of a barrack, the south windows of which were boarded up in such a way that it had the forbidding appearance of a penitentiary of that time. She was a pioneer in the consistent emphasis she gave to the supreme necessity of fresh air, and to the importance of "direct sunlight, not only daylight."

On the construction of military hospitals Miss Nightingale was constantly consulted, and as a matter of course. Captain Galton and Mr. Herbert took her advice; medical officers and military governors sought leave to quote her approval of their hospitals, and even where she was not directly consulted the new standard had an effect. Copious requests for advice about civil hospitals and infirmaries came from all parts of the country. No trouble was too much for her to take in answering. She had decided views

of her own, but in particular cases often consulted experts. Dr. Sutherland was one of the leading authorities. Captain Galton she frequently referred to; and she sometimes engaged Sir Robert Rawlinson professionally to prepare plans and specifications. He on his part often consulted her about hospitals and infirmaries on which he was advising. Among the institutions on which she advised in 1860 and the years immediately following are the Birkenhead Hospital, the Bucks County Infirmary (Aylesbury), the Chorlton Union Dispensary, the Coventry Hospital, the Surrey County Hospital (Guildford), the Leeds Infirmary, the Malta (Incurables) Hospital, the Putney Royal Hospital for Incurables, the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and the Swansea Infirmary. The King of Portugal was advised about a children's hospital, and correspondence from other countries, from British colonies, and India added to her mass of letters, plans, specifications and memoranda on such matters.

There is a specially voluminous and characteristic correspondence about the County Hospital at Winchester, in which she took a particular interest, as her father's house, Embley, was a few miles from Winchester. The first idea was to alter the old hospital, but Miss Nightingale, having studied its death rate and Sir R. Rawlinson's report, told the Committee that they were proposing to patch up a "pesthouse, where a number of people are exposed to the risk of fatal illness by a special hospital disease." Was Hampshire anxious, she asked, to emulate the evil fame of Scutari? Then she attacked the financial problem, comparing the estimated cost of adaptation with that of building a new hospital on a better site. She submitted plans and details of her estimate. She promised the advice of Dr. Sutherland in the choice of a new site. "I understand," she wrote, "that Lord Ashburton will give £1,000 towards a new hospital if built upon a new site; if not, nothing." As Lady Ashburton was one of her dearest

friends, the condition was probably not unprompted. On the same condition, she promised contributions from herself and her father. She collected and sent in opinions of eminent experts—civil engineers and medical officers. She prodded friends who had local influence. "Would you please," she wrote to Captain Galton, "devote the first day of every week till further notice in driving nails into Jack Bonham Carter, M.P. [for Winchester], about the Winchester Infirmary?" The correspondence extended over several years. In the end she carried her point, and the hospital was rebuilt on a higher and healthier site.

A like campaign had to be undertaken for St. Thomas' Hospital, then on its old site in the Borough and threatened by the extension of the South Eastern Railway from London Bridge to Charing Cross. Mr. Whitfield, the Resident Medical Officer, thought that the Railway Company should be made to take all or none of the Hospital's land, and, if it took all, the Hospital should be rebuilt on a healthier site and on an improved plan. Others were in favour of a partial sale and some rebuilding on or near the old site. Mr. Whitfield opened the case to Miss Nightingale in February 1859, and she sent a careful memorandum to the Prince Consort, who was a Governor of the Hospital. The Prince went into the case with his usual thoroughness, and ultimately concurred in her views and let his opinion be known among his colleagues on the Board. There was still a strong party which held that the Hospital should be "in the midst of the people whom it served" rather than on a healthier but more distant site. This is a controversy which continually recurs. Miss Nightingale took immense pains to meet the argument. She analysed the place of origin of all the cases received, tabulated the percentages in the various radii, and showed that removal of the hospital would affect far fewer patients than was commonly supposed. She even set out a proportion—so much of inconvenience and conceivable danger in making

the few take a little longer on their way to the Hospital, against the greater convenience and larger chance of recovery for all. At the critical moment, when eviction was near, it was still uncertain how the voting would go, and Miss Nightingale had to appeal again for the Prince Consort's help with the Governors. "You will find in the Prince's letter," she was told by a correspondent behind the scenes, "your own arguments and sometimes your own words embodied." Ultimately the decision to move was taken. The Railway Company, given no option, bought the whole of the land, and St. Thomas's Hospital was removed to temporary buildings in the old Surrey Gardens. It remained there till the present Hospital was finished in 1871. Built on the "pavilion" system and spreading its chain of monstrosities over one of the finest sites in central London, the new St. Thomas's is a characteristic monument of the nineteenth century, an offence to the eye, but memorable in its novel insistence that nothing is too good for the sick poor.

In the case of the Manchester Royal Infirmary Miss Nightingale was beaten. It was decided to patch the old building instead of rebuilding on a site outside the city. She took no public part in this controversy, but supplied material for it through a large correspondence with Mr. Joseph Adshead, one of the leading advocates of removal. In a letter to her uncle a year later, she writes her thoughts on hearing of Mr. Adshead's death:

Burlington, February 25 (1861).

Dear Uncle Sam:

Adshead of Manchester is dead—my best pupil. . . . How often I have called him my "dear old Addle-head," and now he is dead. He was a man who could hardly write or speak the Queen's English; I believe he raised himself, and was now a kind of manufacturer's agent in Manchester. He was a man of very ordinary abilities and commonplace appearance—vulgar, but never unbusinesslike, which is, I think, the worst kind of vulgarity. Having made "a com-

petency," he did not give up business, but devoted himself to good works for Manchester. And there is scarcely a good thing in Manchester of which he has not been the mainstay or the source—schools, infirmary, paving and draining, water supply, etc., etc. At 60, he takes up an entirely new subject, Hospital Construction, fired by my book, and determines to master it. This is what I think is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon. He writes to me whether I will teach him (this is about 18 months ago), and composes some plans for a Convalescent Hospital *out of* Manchester, to become their main Hospital if the wind is favourable. He comes up to London to see me about these. The working plans passed eight times thro' my hands and gave me more trouble than anything I ever did. Because Adshead would not employ a proper builder, but would do them himself—which is part of the same character, I believe. The plans are now quite ready, but nothing more. He meant to *beg in person* all over Lancashire, and had already some promises of large sums. He had been ailing for about a year, but never intermitted anything. I don't know whether you remember that I had a three months' correspondence with him (and oh! the immense trouble he took) about the transplantation of the Spitalfields and Coventry weavers to Manchester, Preston, Burnley, etc. . . . It never came to anything. . . . He was 61 when he died. This is the character which I believe is quite peculiar to our race—a man, a common tradesman, who, instead of "retiring from the world" to "make his salvation," or giving himself up to science or to his family in his old age, or founding an Order, or building a house, will patiently (at 60) learn new dodges and new-fangled ideas in order to benefit his native city. . . . How I do feel that it is the strength of our country and worth all the R. Catholic "Orders" put together. I hate an "Order," and am so glad I was never "let in" to form one. . . .

Miss Nightingale in her investigations of London hospitals had looked into their statistical records. These were not as unsatisfactory as the records at Scutari, where three different departments kept three separate death rolls, none of which agreed with the other two. But each hospital went its own way, and there was a complete lack of uni-

formity and co-ordination. With the advice of Dr. Farr as to statistics and of some friendly doctors on the medical side, she drew up a standard classification of diseases and a set of model forms for Uniform Hospital Statistics. She wrote a paper on the subject for the International Statistical Congress which met in London in 1860, and took some pains to make the scheme known by distributing the forms. The programme for the Statistical Section of the Congress was drawn up by her and Dr. Farr.

She took a keen interest in the proceedings and gave a series of breakfast parties, presided over by her cousin Hilary, to the delegates, some of whom she afterwards saw upstairs. Miss Bonham Carter received sundry instructions as to the conduct of these hospitalities by note from above: "Take care that the cream for breakfast is not turned." "Put back Dr. X.'s big book where he can see it while drinking his tea."

In the statistical plan Sir James Paget gave his help at St. Bartholomew's, and several of the great London hospitals adopted the forms, but the scheme took no permanent hold. The hospital population seemed at the time to give the most promising opportunity for initiating a system of sickness and mortality statistics, but the project was too big and the business of recording too laborious to be carried out by voluntary institutions as a labour of love.

Miss Nightingale also made the suggestion that through uniform hospital statistics one hospital might be compared with another, and systems of treatment and methods of operation be put to the proof. But this part of the plan, so far as any public and general statistics are concerned, has gone no further.

Miss Nightingale made another valiant attempt to get statistics of sickness: she proposed that in the Census of 1861 an enumeration should be made of persons suffering from sickness and infirmity on the Census day. And at

the same time she suggested the addition of questions which would bring in full information about housing accommodation. The Home Secretary, Sir George Lewis, replied that both her points had been considered before the Census Bill was introduced, but the question of health or sickness was considered "too indeterminate." With regard to an enumeration of houses, it was thought that this was "not a proper subject to be included in a census of population," and he did not see how the result of such an enumeration could be "peculiarly instructive."

Miss Nightingale to Mr. Robert Lowe, Old Burlington St.,
10 May [1860]

I cannot forbear thanking you for your letter and for your exertions in our favour. Sir George Lewis's letter, *being interpreted,* means: "Mr. W—— does not choose to take the trouble." It is a letter such as I have scores of in my possession from Airey, Filder, and alas! from Lord Raglan, from Sir John Hall (the Doctor) and from Andrew Smith. It is a true "Horse Guards" letter.

They are the very same arguments that Lord John used against the feasibility of registering the "cause of death" in '37—which has now been the law of the land for 23 years. . . . It is mere child's play to tell us that what every man of the millions who belong to Friendly Societies does every day of his life, as to registering himself sick or well, cannot be done in the Census. It is mere childishness to tell us that it is not important to know what houses the people live in. The French census does it. The Irish census tells us of the great diminution of mud cabins between '41 and '51. The connection between the *health* and the *dwellings* of the population is one of the most important that exists. The "diseases" can be obtained approximately also. In all the more important—such as small-pox, fevers, measles, heart disease, etc.—all those which affect the *national* health, there will be very little error. (About ladies' nervous diseases there will be a great deal.) Where there *is* error in these things, the error is uniform, as is proved by the Friendly Societies; and corrects itself. . . .

As far as death statistics are concerned, Dr. Farr s successors at the statistical branch of the Registrar Gencral's Office have carried on investigations such as Miss Nightingale hoped for, into the mortality from particular causes, at particular ages, in particular social classes and particular districts in their Quinquennial Reports, based on the Registrar's returns of deaths. As to general statistics of sickness, we have not yet come up to the standard of Miss Nightingale's desire. Here, too, the material is coming from other sources than the hospitals, and as the result of laws passed with other than statistical objects. The compulsory notification of certain diseases and the medical inspection of schools have given some definite data, and the Insurance system has given a mass, and an opportunity, of information of which full use has not yet been made.

CHAPTER II

THE SPIRIT OF GOOD NURSING

Nursing is at least as old as Christianity and for centuries the religious orders had sent cultivated women into hospitals. The very name of Sister, now applied to a rank in the nursing profession, recalls its historical origin in religious enthusiasm. Sisters had already accompanied armies into the field, though never the British army. And the idea, at least, of trained nursing was not new. Pastor Fliedner had shown the way in Germany, and in England, Mrs. Fry's Institute of Nursing was established in 1840 and St. John's House in 1848. Nevertheless, though not the founder of nursing, Florence Nightingale was the founder of modern nursing. Through the experience and opportunities gained in the war, and through the power to communicate devotion, and through the elaboration of an exquisite technique she was able to give to nursing a vast impetus and to lift it out of the ruck of unskilled and menial employments to the level where public service is habitually recognised as a prevailing motive. "Where is the woman," Southey had asked,[1] "who shall be the Clara or the Teresa of Protestant England, labouring for the certain benefit of her sex with their ardour but without their delusion?" Miss Nightingale was the Clara or Teresa of the new order, but it was an order organised on a secular and scientific basis. Science was in the air. Medicine and surgery were on the eve of great developments. Sanitary science was making advance. At the time when Florence Nightingale was at Kaiserswerth, Joseph Lister, the inventor of anti-

[1] *Colloquies,* 1829.

septic surgery, was a student at University College. Cohn, the founder of bacteriology, was only eight years her junior. Parkes, one of the founders of modern hygiene, was almost exactly her contemporary, and she became herself the centre of a group of earnest and devoted men who were giving their lives to sanitary science. She had had nothing that could be called a scientific training, but she was deeply imbued with the scientific spirit, influenced by her liberal education and reading, and perhaps in this respect more by Mill than by any other writer; by the natural bent, too, of a mind attracted by the logical aspect of things. And on yet another side her work was characteristic of the age. The women's movement was hardly yet conscious, nor in any sense organised; but such women as Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. Somerville, Mary Carpenter, Harriet Martineau were her contemporaries or seniors. We can now see these solitary lights as the precursors of the dawn of women's emancipation.

The nurse's occupation may seem to a later generation rather to be an ordinary profession than the "high calling," inspired by religious motives, which Miss Nightingale sought to make it. Skilled technique may seem to have gained the upper hand. But the change is perhaps not that nurses have fallen away from a high ideal, but that, for one thing, the ideal expresses itself in other language or is shyer of expressing itself in words at all; and, for another, that it has become to some extent common property. Women's capacity for steady and conscientious work and their sense of public duty, far from falling off, have immensely increased since her active days, as education and opportunities have opened to them—a change of which some part no doubt is due to that profession or calling in which the example first was set. Nurses no longer stand out as they did in the early days of the Nightingale school as the only women receiving a regular technical training apart from industrial apprenticeship, and to whose ranks disin-

terested and public-spirited women could be attracted. A large number of gifted and highly qualified women have since done, and are doing, as a matter of course, distinguished and devoted public service of various kinds. The first women factory inspectors and (especially during the war) women doctors may be mentioned among many. It requires an effort of imagination to realise an England to which the very idea of such service by women was astonishing and strange. It was strange to women themselves; and that is why a great part of Miss Nightingale's work of training women nurses was training them to be conscientious and single-minded. The picture Miss Nightingale herself draws of women, or, to be exact, of "ladies," may seem exaggerated now, but at the time there was a great deal of truth in it. She writes to her old confidant Mme. Mohl (13 December 1861) of the contrast between men's work and women's

"I have read half your book thro' [Madame Récamier], and am immensely charmed by it. But some things I disagree with and more I do not understand. This does not apply to the characters, but to your conclusions, *e.g.*, you say 'women are more sympathetic than men.' Now if I were to write a book out of my experience I should begin *Women have no sympathy*. Yours is the tradition. Mine is the conviction of experience. I have never found one woman who has altered her life by one iota for me or my opinions. Now look at my experience of men. A statesman, past middle age, absorbed in politics for a quarter of a century, out of sympathy with me remodels his whole life and policy—learns a science, the driest, the most technical, the most difficult, that of administration, as far as it concerns the lives of men—not as I learnt it, in the field from stirring experience, but by writing dry regulations in a London room by my sofa with me. This is what I call real sympathy. Another (Alexander, whom I made Director-General) does very nearly the same thing. He is dead too. Clough, a poet born if ever there was one, takes to nursing administration in the same way for me. I only mention three whose whole lives were remodelled by

sympathy for me. But I could mention very many others —Farr, McNeill, Tulloch, Storks, Martin, who in a lesser degree have altered their work by my opinions. And, the most wonderful of all, a man born without a soul, like Undine—all these elderly men.

"Now just look at the degree in which women have sympathy—as far as my experience is concerned. And my experience of women is almost as large as Europe. And it is so intimate, too. I have lived and slept in the same bed with English Countesses and Prussian Bauerinnen. No Roman Catholic Supérieure has ever had charge of women of the different creeds that I have had. No woman has excited 'passions' among women more than I have. Yet I leave no school behind me. My doctrines have taken no hold among women. Not one of my Crimean following learnt anything from me, or gave herself for one moment after she came home to carry out the lesson of that war or of those hospitals. . . .

"No woman that I know has ever *appris à apprendre,* and I attribute this to want of sympathy. You say somewhere that women have no attention. Yes, and I attribute this to want of sympathy. Nothing makes me so impatient as people complaining of their want of memory. How can you remember what you have never heard? . . . It makes me mad, the Women's Rights talk about 'the want of a field' for them—when I know that I would gladly give £500 a year for a Woman Secretary. And two English Lady Superintendents have told me the same thing. And we can't get *one*. . . . They don't know the names of the Cabinet Ministers. They don't know the offices at the Horse Guards. They don't know who of the men of the day is dead and who is alive. They don't know which of the Churches has Bishops and which not. Now I am sure I did not know these things. When I went to the Crimea I did not know a Colonel from a Corporal. But there are such things as Army Lists and Almanacs. Yet I never could find a woman who, out of sympathy, would consult one—for my work. The only woman I ever influenced by sympathy was one of those Lady Superintendents I have named,[2] yet she is, like me, overwhelmed with her own business. . . . In one sense I do believe I am 'like a man,' as Parthe says.

[2] Probably Miss Mary Jones.

But how? *In having sympathy.* I am sure I have nothing else. I am sure I have no genius. I am sure that my contemporaries, Parthe, Hilary, Marianne, Lady Dunsany, were all cleverer than I was, and several of them more unselfish. But not one had a bit of sympathy. Now Sidney Herbert's wife just did the Secretary's work for her husband (which I have had to do without) out of pure sympathy. She did not understand his policy, yet she could write his letters for him 'like a man.' . . . Women crave *for being loved,* not for loving. They scream out at you for sympathy all day long, they are incapable of giving *any* in return, for they cannot remember your affairs long enough to do so. . . . They cannot state a fact accurately to another, nor can that other attend to it accurately enough for it to become information. Now is not all this the result of want of sympathy? . . . You say of Mme. Récamier that her existence was 'empty but brilliant.' But you attribute it to want of family. Oh, dear friend, don't give in to that sort of tradition. People often say to me, 'You don't know what a wife and mother feels. No, I say, I don't and I'm very glad I don't. And *they* don't know what *I feel.* . . . I am sick with indignation at what wives and mothers will do out of the most egregious selfishness. And people call it all maternal or conjugal affection, and think it pretty to say so. No, no, let each person tell the truth from his own experience. Ezekiel went running about naked 'for a sign.' I can't run about naked because it is not the custom of the country. But I would mount three widows' caps on my head 'for a sign.' And I would cry, This is for Sidney Herbert, This is for Arthur Clough, and This, the biggest widow's cap of all, is for the loss of all sympathy on the part of my dearest and nearest." [3]

By sympathy Miss Nightingale did not mean personal affection or personal devotion. She meant devotion to a cause, to the cause of mankind, the cause of the work of

[3] Her aunt "Mai." Mrs. Smith had been accustomed after Miss Nightingale's return from the Crimea to stay with her frequently and to give her much motherly help and some assistance in letter writing. After Mr. Clough's death this ceased. Mrs. Smith was sixty-three, and other claims were now stronger. But affectionate letters on old recollections and on the religious subjects they had often discussed were exchanged in later years.

those women Superintendents and of her own work. For any such public work, women had to be taught *to care.* They had to be trained, she knew, but still more they had to catch the infection, the enthusiasm of unselfish work—they had to be taught "sympathy." "I read some of Mme. Roland's Mémoires," she wrote to Mme. Mohl (May 20, 1865), "but, do you know, I was so disappointed to find out that her patriotism was inspired by a lover. Not that I care much about virtue: I do think 'virtue' by itself is a very second-rate virtue. But because I did hope that here was one woman who cared for *res publica* as alone, or as chief, among her cares." In the years when she was seeking the means of training women and hoping to do the practical training herself, she was seeking how to teach not only a method but a motive. Sometimes she sees what she wants in the professional motive. There is a passage in a letter to a correspondent who had asked whether nursing could be successfully followed out without "higher motives." She thinks the "natural motive" is indispensable, "the love of nursing the sick, which may entirely conquer (as I know by personal experience) a physical loathing and fainting at the sight of operations, etc."

"The professional motive," she says, "is the desire and perpetual effort to do the thing as well as it can be done, which exists just as much in the Nurse as in the Astronomer in search of a new star, or in the Artist completing a picture. These may be thought fine words. I can only say that I have seen this professional ambition in the nurse who could hardly read or write, but who aimed just as much at perfection in her care and dressings as the surgeon did in his operation. The 'professional' who does this has the higher motive; the 'religious' who thinks she can serve God 'anyhow' has not."

In a letter to Jowett, discussing mystical religion and its outward forms, she suggests that a form of *work* is the right "religious form."

"The two thoughts which God has given me all my whole life have been: First, to infuse the mystical religion into the forms of others (always thinking they would show it forth much better than I), especially among women, to make them the 'handmaids of the Lord.' Secondly, to give them an organisation for their activity in which they could be trained to be the 'handmaids of the Lord.' (Training for women was then unknown, unwished for, and is the discovery of the last thirty years. One could have taken up the school education of the poor, but one was specially called then to hospitals and nursing—both sanitation and nursing proper.) This then was the 'organisation' which we had to begin with, to attract respectable women and to give religious women a 'form' for their activity. . . . When very many years ago I planned a future, my one idea was not organising a Hospital, but organising a Religion."

What mattered was not the particular form of service, but that the work, whatever it was, should be done with faithful purpose. The "professional," she seems to say, might do this by a native devotion which was truly, but not consciously, religious. "But I do entirely and constantly believe that the *religious motive* is essential for the highest kind of nurse. There are such disappointments, such sickenings of the heart that they can only be borne by the feeling that one is called to the work by God, that it is a part of His work, that one is a fellow-worker with God. 'I do not ask for success,' said dear Agnes Jones, even while she was taking every human means to ensure success, 'but that the will of God may be done in me and by me.' "

Thus Miss Nightingale believed much in individual qualities and gifts, in individual influence, and little in the machinery of an organised institution.

"For my part I think that people should always be Founders. And this is the main argument against Endowments. While the Founder is there, his or her work will be done, not afterwards. The Founder cannot foresee the evils which will arise when he is no longer there. Therefore

let him not try to establish an Order. This has been most astonishingly true with the Order of the Jesuits, as founded by S. Ignatius Loyola, and with S. Vincent de Paul's Soeurs de la Charité. It is quite immeasurable, the breadth and length which now separates the spirit of those Orders from the spirit of their Founders. But it is no less true with far less ambitious Societies."

Many of Miss Nightingale's pupils became Founders in their turn, and the best of them were most conscious, like her, of their shortcomings.

CHAPTER III

THE NIGHTINGALE SCHOOL

During the busy years of army reform Miss Nightingale could not give her attention to the Fund which had been collected to enable her to establish a school of nursing. She had written from Scutari, accepting the Council's proposal, on the understanding of great uncertainty as to when she could carry it out. Again in March 1858 she asked to be allowed to hand over responsibility to the Council, as she could see no early prospect of having time or strength for its administration. They begged her to put off the decision; the contributors, her Council thought, wished her "mind and intention to animate the work." And in the following year, that fortunate year in which Sidney Herbert became Minister for War, she made a beginning. A sub-committee of the Council was formed, consisting of Mr. Herbert, Sir John McNeill, Sir James Clark, Dr. Bowman, and Sir Joshua Jebb, with Mr. Clough as secretary. After much consideration, St. Thomas's Hospital was chosen as the scene of the main experiment in nurse training.

The experiment was greatly favoured by the warm interest Florence Nightingale had attached to the very name of nursing. The thrill which the story of her Crimean work excited throughout the country, the intensity of sympathetic imagination that went out towards her, had left a strong impression. Everyone had heard of her. Books of the time, reminiscences of Nightingale nurses and recol-

lections of people still or lately living show how many women and young girls had been inspired and influenced by her example. No woman perhaps has excited more of passionate and affectionate admiration among her sex. Those who became acquainted with her were not disappointed in the reality behind the "gentle and heroic" figure of their fancy. "She is far more delightful in herself than in one's imagination," wrote the great singer Clara Novello. To nurses already at work she was an inspiration. Miss Mary Jones, matron at King's College Hospital, addressed her as "My beloved friend and mistress." "I look upon a visit to you," says one of Miss Jones' letters, "as my one indulgence and greatest pleasure." When in 1859 her little book *Notes on Nursing* was published, it came to many minds as a kind of resurrection of the popular heroine, who had vanished from the public eye during those years immediately after the war when she was in fact doing some of her greatest work.

Notes on Nursing is not now up to date, of course; it contains a good many questionable assertions by the way. But in its main drift it still stands the test of time, and when it appeared it was, within its range, epoch making. It was instantly recognised by the leaders in medical and sanitary science and by others, too, as a work of the first importance. "This," wrote Harriet Martineau, "is a work of genius if ever I saw one; and it will operate accordingly. It is so real and so intense, that it will, I doubt not, create an Order of Nurses before it has finished its work." There were little touches of personal experience in the book that excited warm interest by reviving its readers' memories of the story of Scutari and Balaclava. The book was not cheap at first: the price was 5/—. But 15,000 copies were sold in a month, and a 2/— edition which followed had a very large circulation. It is her best-known and in some respects her best book. The little volume made no pretence to be a manual of nursing: it was "meant simply

to give hints for thought to women who have personal charge of the health of others," and the hints were on "sanitary nursing," not on "nursing as a handicraft," which "can only be thoroughly learnt in the wards of a hospital," nor on the organisation of nursing, of which the confidential *Subsidiary Notes* had treated.

"I use the word nursing for want of a better. It has been limited to signify little more than the administration of medicines and the application of poultices. It ought to signify the proper use of fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet, and the proper choosing and giving of diet—all at the least expense of vital power to the patient." It ought to include, she insists, "nursing the well,"—in other words, the practice of domestic hygiene. In all this the book had more originality than can be easily perceived today. The homes of the poor were those depicted, with little exaggeration, by Dickens and Cruickshank. Elementary schools as we know them, with their immense influence by social example, by their buildings and their teaching, did not exist. And the richer classes, too, suffered from the want of what are now common precautions for health. The very word hygiene was new. Miss Nightingale sometimes writes *hygiène*.

Intended for popular reading—a later cheap edition was "for the labouring classes"—it was written in a witty and original style, graphic, sometimes eloquent, and without a trace of the dull jargon so common in "improving" books. Beside the strictly sanitary matters there are many wise hints about the patient's mind. The nurse must understand her patient. She must observe him quietly and intelligently and not only for medical purposes. "A nurse must be something more than a lift or a broom." "A sick person intensely enjoys hearing of any *material* good, any positive or practical success of the right. Do, instead of advising him with advice he has heard at least fifty times before, tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded

practically—it is like a day's health to him." The nurse must remember how the nerves of the sick suffer from seeing the same walls, the same ceiling, the same surroundings during a long confinement in one or two rooms.

"The effect in sickness of beautiful objects, of variety of objects and especially of brilliancy of colour, is hardly at all appreciated. . . . I have seen, in fevers (and felt, when I was a fever patient myself), the most acute suffering produced from the patient (in a hut) not being able to see out of the window, and the knots in the wood being the only view. I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright-coloured flowers. . . . People say the effect is only in the mind. It is no such thing. The effect is on the body, too. Little as we know about the way in which we are affected by form, by colour, and by light, we do know this, thatthey have an actual bodily effect. Variety of form and brilliancy of colour in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery. But it must be *slow* variety. . . . Painful ideas are far better dismissed by amusing the invalid, or by showing him something pretty than by arguing with him. I have mentioned the cruelty of letting him stare at a dead wall. In many diseases, especially in recovery from fever, that wall will appear to make all sorts of faces at him; now flowers never do this. A patient can just as much move his leg after it is broken as change his thoughts when no help from variety is given him. "Nurses" vary their own employments many times a day; and while nursing (!) some bedridden sufferer, they let him lie there with no view at all but the flies on the ceiling. . . . A man received an injury to the spine from an accident. . . . he was a workman,—he didn't care about "nature," he said—but he was desperate "to see once more out of window." His nurse, who was the woman of the house where he lodged, actually got him on her back, and managed to perch him at the window for an instant "to see out." The consequence to the poor woman was serious illness, which nearly proved fatal. . . . The craving for variety in the starving eye is just as desperate as that for food in the starving stomach and tempts the famishing creature in either case to steal for its satisfaction. No other word will express it but

"desperation." And it is just as stupid not to provide the sick bed with a "view" or with variety of some kind as if you did not provide the house with a kitchen.

In 1861, a popular seven-penny edition was issued, with a fresh chapter on "Minding Baby."

The book was read, not only by all sorts and conditions of people in palaces, cottages, factories, and schools in England, but abroad. It was instantly reprinted in America, and it was translated into German, French and most of the other European languages. It was a valuable forerunner to the training experiment.

St. Thomas's Hospital, the scene of the experiment, was large, rich and well-managed. The Resident Medical Officer, Mr. A. G. Whitfield, was sympathetic and the Matron was Mrs. Wardroper, whose acquaintance Miss Nightingale had made in 1854, when seeking nurses for the war.[1] Mrs. Wardroper, who had been left a widow at forty-two, with a young family, had been for nine months matron of the great hospital when they first met. "I saw her next after the conclusion of the Crimean war," wrote Miss Nightingale in a character sketch. "She had already made her mark. She had weeded out the inefficient, morally and technically; she had obtained better women as nurses; she had put her finger on some of the most flagrant blots, such as the night nursing, and where she laid her finger the blot was diminished as far as possible, but no training had yet been thought of. . . . She had never had any training in hospital life. There was none to be had."

Mrs. Wardroper was a remarkable woman. Very unpretentious and spontaneous, intuitive in judgment, with a

[1] The Senior Surgeon, Mr. South, was strongly and even bitterly opposed to the Nightingale Fund and to the training of nurses. "These are in much the same position as housemaids and require little teaching but that of poultice making.' (*Facts Relating to Hospital Nurses,* etc., 1857.) The book is typical of the opposition to Miss Nightingale's reforms. The author says that only 5 hospital doctors had subscribed to the Fund.

prepossessing gaiety and charm of manner, she yet had force of character and a gift for organisation and discipline. "She was straightforward, true, upright. . . . Her whole heart and mind, her whole life and strength, were in the work. . . . She took such an intense interest in everything, even in things matrons do not generally consider their business, that she never tired." This was the woman who till 1887 was to be head and friend of the Nightingale probationers and nurses in St. Thomas's.

After much consultation with Mrs. Wardroper and Mr. Whitfield, with Sir John McNeill and others, Miss Nightingale formulated a scheme, and an agreement for the foundation of the Nightingale school was made between the Committee and the Hospital Governors, who were to provide facilities for training, while the Fund paid the cost, including the nurses' salaries. In May 1860 candidates for admission were invited by advertisement, and on June 24 the first probationers, fifteen in number, were admitted for a year's training.

Miss Nightingale had laid it down that in addition to training in hospitals specially organised for the purpose, nurses "should live in a home fit to form their moral life and discipline." The upper floor of a new wing of the Hospital was accordingly fitted up as a home for the pupils, with separate bedrooms, a common sitting room, and two rooms for the Sister in charge. Besides lodging, the pupils' board, washing and uniform, with £10 for personal expenses, were provided by the Fund. The Chaplain addressed them twice a week. The matron's discipline upheld the strictest standard of propriety of the mid-Victorian young woman. The least flightiness was reprimanded, and any pronounced flirtation was visited with the last penalty. Mrs. Gamp had to be swept away, in part by Mrs. Grundy. The repute of nurses had been a by-word. The school had to raise it to a different distinction.

After training, the nurses were expected to serve in hos-

pitals or institutions. It was not intended that they should enter upon private nursing. Miss Nightingale had it in mind from the first that the Training School should be the source of training elsewhere. In fact, at the end of her first year, six of the thirteen who completed their training were admitted as nurses at St. Thomas's, two were appointed as nurses in Poor Law Infirmaries, and applications were under consideration for others. Miss Nightingale was too ill and too busy to visit the Hospital, but she thought out every detail. She took constant counsel of Miss Mary Jones, of King's College Hospital. In addition to the monthly report, there were private reports from Mrs. Wardroper, and the nurses were encouraged to keep diaries. Miss Nightingale sent books, prints, maps and flowers for the nurses' quarters. Friends, such as Mrs. Bracebridge and Sir William Bowman, gave her their observations. "As far as a cursory inspection could go," wrote Sir William (August 25, 1860) everything seemed perfect as to order, cleanliness and propriety of demeanour. Your costume I particularly liked—I suppose I must not say admired. Two or three of your probationers whom I spoke to impressed me favourably. They seemed earnest and simple minded, intelligent and nice mannered. Altogether the experiment seemed to be working well, considering the difficulties. . . ." "The nurses wore a brown dress," says Mrs. S. C. Hall in a glowing account of the school in the *St. James' Magazine.* "Their snowy caps and aprons looked like bits of extra light as they moved cheerfully and noiselessly from bed to bed."

The pupils served as assistant nurses in the wards, receiving instruction from the Sisters and the Resident Medical Officer. Other members of the Medical staff gave them lectures; and there was a formidable "Monthly Sheet of Personal Character and Acquirements" to be filled up by the matron for each nurse. The Moral Record was under five heads: punctuality, quietness, trustworthiness, per-

sonal neatness and cleanliness, and ward management (or order). The Technical Record was under fourteen main heads, some of them with as many as ten or twelve sub-heads. "Observation of the sick" was especially detailed. Under each head, moral or technical, the record was marked as Excellent, Good, Moderate, Imperfect or 0. At the end of the year's course, the names of nurses who had done satisfactorily were entered on the hospital register of nurses, and those who served creditably in a hospital for a further complete year were awarded gratuities of £3 to £5 according to two classes of efficiency. Equally thorough were the Medical Officer's General Directions "For the Training of Probationer Nurses in taking Notes of the Medical and Surgical Cases in Hospitals."

The movement started and extended by the Nightingale School has been appraised by a great authority on the life of the people. Mr. Charles Booth has given his opinion that "the value of Hospitals as schools of surgery and medicine is hardly greater than is their usefulness as a training for nurses, and the field is no less large. It is an employment suited to women. There has been an astonishing change in this matter since Miss Nightingale volunteered." "This change," he goes on to say, "is perhaps the best fruit the past half century has to show." [2]

[2] "Life and Labour of the People in London," by Charles Booth. Final volume 1903, p. 154.

CHAPTER IV

"MEDICAL WOMEN" AND THEIR CRAFT

Soon after the opening of the Nursing School at St. Thomas's, a part of the Nightingale Fund was applied to establishing a Lying-in Ward at King's College Hospital in which to train midwives for service among the country poor. The matron of this hospital was Miss Mary Jones, who in 1856 had been appointed to the position which had been proposed to Miss Nightingale just before her mission to the war. The nurses were supplied by St. John's House. Women of good health and character between twenty-six and thirty-five years of age were to be given a midwifery training of not less than six months. The hospital being very poor, they were asked to pay between eight and nine shillings a week—the cost price of their board.

"They are supposed to return to their parishes and continue their avocations there. . . . The women will be taught their business by the Physician Accoucheurs themselves, who have most generously entered heart and soul into the plan, at the bedside of the Lying-in patients in this ward, the entrance to which is forbidden to the men students, and they will also deliver poor women at their own homes, out patients of the hospital. The Head Nurse of the Ward, who is paid by us, will be an experienced midwife, so that the pupil nurses will never be left to their own devices. They will be entirely under the Lady Superintendent—certainly the best moral trainer of women I know." [1]

After six years' successful working, the scheme at King's College Hospital was given up, owing to an epidemic of

[1] Letter to Harriet Martineau, 24 September 1861.

puerperal fever in the wards. The collapse of the experiment set Miss Nightingale to work on the mortality figures, and she found that there were no trustworthy statistics of deaths in childbed. She searched for them throughout the country and from foreign hospitals and doctors, and discovered that in lying-in wards everywhere the death rate was many times higher than where births took place in the patients' homes. There was a school of medical opinion which held that the high mortality in these institutions was in the nature of things, but the facts suggested to Miss Nightingale an extreme danger of infection. She collected an immense mass of information, calling in the assistance of sanitary engineers and other authorities, and meantime, through her War Office connections, an experiment under very strict conditions of sanitation was set going for the benefit of soldiers' wives.

"I think we have succeeded in producing a perfectly healthy and successful Lying-in Cottage by means of great *subdivision* and incessant cleanliness and ventilation, which includes the not having *any* ward *constantly* occupied. In one of these Huts we have had 600 Lyings-in consecutively without a single death or case of puerperal disease or casualty of any kind. (This experience is, I believe, without a fellow, but will, I trust, have many fellows before long.) [2]

. . . Hitherto Lying-in Hospitals have been not to cure, but to kill."

The development of antiseptic and aseptic methods has made precaution much more surely effective since that time. But the book which Miss Nightingale, with Dr. Sutherland's help, at length found time to put together:—*Introductory Notes on Lying-in Institutions* (1871)—did in its day something of the same service which *Notes on Hospitals* had done in the general sphere. She showed from statistics that many lying-in wards and institutions were pesthouses; pointed out the importance of isolation

[2] Letter to the Crown Princess of Prussia, 21 December 1868.

and extreme cleanliness; and furnished rules, plans and specifications for model lying-in hospitals. She urged the need of training schools for midwives; described the ideal of an institution of the kind; and pleaded for "Midwifery as a Career for Educated Women."

It was a time of agitation for the admission of women to the medical profession. Miss Nightingale, in a letter addressed "Dear Sisters," suggested that "there is a better thing for women to be than 'medical men' and that is '*medical women.*'" Dr. Sutherland sending his last suggestions ("Don't swear but read the reasons on the accompanying paper") thought it was a good thing she was at Lea Hurst, or the Dear Sisters "would infallibly break your head."

It was many years before the period of midwifery training qualifying a woman for practice reached the six months laid down by Miss Nightingale.

CHAPTER V

THE WORKHOUSE AND THE POOR LAW

In the middle of the last century the sick poor, outside the more fortunate number who were treated in the voluntary hospitals, underwent in the workhouse sick ward or the workhouse infirmary the "deterrent" treatment which had been devised to keep able-bodied men and women off the rates. It was a principle of treatment tragically inappropriate to the sick. The sick wards of the London workhouses, according to the report of the Poor Law Board in 1866, were for the most part insanitary and overcrowded. Uncleanliness, want of proper equipment, bad cookery and dietary, insufficient medical attendance, were general. The nursing of the sick was done by other workhouse inmates —women ignorant, incompetent, and inadequately supervised, sometimes disreputable and thievish. The natural consequence was that the sick were neglected or ill cared for, even robbed and roughly treated.

The dawn of a better day came with the passing of the Metropolitan Poor Act of 1867, and in this legislation Miss Nightingale was a prime mover.[1]

The initiative in experiment, too, was taken in Liverpool by Mr. William Rathbone in concert with Miss Nightingale. He used to speak of her as his "beloved chief," and she, when he died, sent a wreath, "in remembrance and

[1] Many persons contributed to the reform. The first public notice was in a paper read by Miss Louisa Twining at the Social Science Congress at Birmingham in 1852, and her writings and workhouse visiting did a good deal to make the facts known. A "commission" instituted by the *Lancet* under Mr. Ernest Hart effectively roused interest in the state of the London workhouses.

humblest love of one of God's best and greatest men." They had already worked together in the establishing of his nursing school and district nursing, and Miss Nightingale had then given as close and constant consideration to his plans "as if she were going to be herself the matron." [2]

The so-called nurses of the workhouse infirmary of the great seaport were of an especially low and vicious class, little qualified to bring order and comfort to a miscellaneous mass of the sick poor. All night a policeman patrolled some of the wards to keep order, while others in which the patients were too weak to be riotous were locked up and left unvisited till morning.

On 31 January, 1864, Mr. Rathbone wrote to Miss Nightingale, propounding a plan for introducing a staff of trained nurses and promising to guarantee the cost for a term of years if she would help with counsel and by finding a suitable Lady Superintendent. He asked for two letters, "one for influence" to be shown to the Vestry,[3] the other for his private advice. She and Dr. Sutherland drew up these documents. She arranged that twelve nurses should be sent from St. Thomas's Hospital and she selected the Lady Superintendent—a choice on which, both she and Mr. Rathbone felt, everything would depend. The nurses did not begin work till May 16. "There has been as much diplomacy and as many treaties," wrote Miss Nightingale,[4] "and as much of people working against each other, as if we had been going to occupy a kingdom instead of a Workhouse." The experiment was at first limited to the male wards.

The Lady Superintendent was Miss Agnes Jones, daugh-

[2] Rathbone's *Organisation of Nursing in a Large Town,* p. 30. Miss Nightingale, on being consulted as to trained nurses, recommended that Liverpool should train its own in its principal hospital, the Royal Infirmary. Mr. Rathbone built a Training School, which provided nurses both for the Infirmary and for the sick poor in their own homes.

[3] The local authority of the time.

[4] To the Rev. Mother of the Bermondsey Convent.

ter of Col. Jones, of Fahan, Londonderry, and niece of Lord Lawrence—a charming girl, attractive, beautiful, witty, intensely religious, and devoted to her work. She was one of the many young women who had been thrilled by Miss Nightingale's volunteering for the Crimean War. "That honoured name," she wrote, "is associated with my first thought of hospital life. In the winter of 1854, when I had those first longings for work . . . how I wished I were competent to join the Nightingale band when they started for the Crimea! I listened to the animadversions of many but I almost worshipped her who braved them all." In 1860 Miss Jones went for training to Kaiserswerth. In 1862 she introduced herself to Miss Nightingale, and on her advice went to St. Thomas's for a year's training. "Hitherto," the matron reported to Miss Nightingale, "I have had no lady probationer equal at all points to Miss Jones." She was serving as a nurse in the Great Northern Hospital when the invitation to Liverpool came. Miss Jones was diffident at first, but after an interview with Miss Nightingale, became convinced that it was "God's call" and must be obeyed in trust and hope.

Miss Jones had much kindly encouragement from outside friends, such as Mr. Rathbone and Mr. C. W. Cropper, but hers was a formidable task. The foul language of the wards, the drunkenness, the vicious habits, the bodily and mental degradation on all sides appalled her. "Una and the Lion" was the title Miss Nightingale gave to her account of Agnes Jones and her paupers "far more untameable than lions." She had the twelve nurses, devoted alike to her and their work, but there were 1,200 patients, and of the other "nurses" some were probationers of an indifferent class and some "pauper nurses" of whom she had in the first few months to dismiss thirty-five for drunkenness. The men, she found, wore the same shirts for seven weeks; bedclothes were sometimes not washed for months; many of the patients had to sleep two in a bed for lack of beds;

the diet was wretchedly meagre. It was "Scutari over again," Miss Nightingale wrote. She was constant in advice and encouragement to her disciple, whose letters show how welcome and sustaining was her help. "I could never pull through without you," "God bless you for all your kindness." There were disputes of every kind, such as accompany new experiments, and all were referred to Miss Nightingale by Mr. Rathbone, Miss Jones or both. At critical moments Mr. Rathbone would come up to see Miss Nightingale, on less serious occasions he would write. And then Miss Nightingale and Dr. Sutherland would sit as a kind of Conciliation Board. It became obvious to this Board that the powers of the Lady Superintendent must be better defined, obvious too that the worthless probationers and drunken "pauper nurses" must be cleared out. But that was just one of the things that the experiment was meant to prove. Meanwhile it was enough to drive in the thin end of the wedge. So well did Miss Jones do that soon there was a demand for the thicker end. The doctors went to Miss Jones and asked eagerly when she and more Nightingale nurses were to be given charge of the female wards. The Liverpool Vestry began to wonder whether the cost of the now popular experiment, hitherto borne by Mr. Rathbone, should not be thrown upon the rates. The decision to take these two steps was made in March 1867. The work had gone ahead with ever-increasing success. But when the strain of extension was at its height, Agnes Jones fell ill; and on the 19 February 1868 she died—of typhus.

To *Good Words* in the following June, Miss Nightingale contributed a touching paper in memory of her friend and disciple.

"She died as she had lived, at her post in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in the Kingdom. She lived the life, and died the death, of the saints and martyrs; though the greatest sinner would not have been more sur-

prised than she to have heard this said of herself. In less than three years she had reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline, such as the police themselves wondered at. She had converted a vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses. She had converted the Poor Law Board—a body, perhaps, not usually given to much enthusiasm. She had disarmed all opposition, all sectarian zealotism; so that Roman Catholic and Unitarian, High Church and Low Church, all literally rose up and called her 'blessed.' All, of all shades of religious creed, seemed to have merged their differences in her, seeing in her the one true essential thing, compared with which they acknowledged their differences to be as nothing. And aged paupers made verses in her honour after her death. In less than three years—the time generally given to the ministry on earth of that Saviour whom she so earnestly strove closely to follow—she did all this. She had the gracefulness, the wit, the unfailing cheerfulness—qualities so remarkable but so much overlooked in our Saviour's life. She had the absence of all asceticism, or 'mortification' for mortification's sake which characterised His work, and any real work in the present day as in His day. And how did she do all this? She was not, when a girl, of any conspicuous ability, except that she had cultivated in herself to the utmost a power of getting through business in a short time, without slurring it over and without fid-fadding at it;—real business—her Father's business. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her 'Father's business.' How can any undervalue business habits? As if anything could be done without them. She could do, and she did do, more of her Father's business in six hours than ordinary women do in six months, or than most of even the best women do in six days. . . . What she went through during her workhouse life is scarcely known but to God and to one or two. Yet she said that she had 'never been so happy in all her life.' All the last winter she had under her charge above 50 nurses and probationers, above 150 pauper scourers, from 1,290 to 1,350 patients, being from two to three hundred more than the number of beds. All this she had to provide for and arrange for, often receiving an influx of patients without a moment's warning. She had to man-

age and persuade the patients to sleep three and four in two beds; sometimes six, or even eight children, had to be put in one bed; and being asked on one occasion whether they did not kick one another, they answered, 'Oh, no, ma'am, we're so comfor'ble.' Poor little things, they scarcely remembered ever to have slept in a bed before. But this is not the usual run of workhouse life. And, if anyone would know what are the lowest depths of human vice and misery, would see the festering mass of decay of living human bodies and human souls, and then would try what one loving soul, filled with the spirit of her God, can do to let the light of God into this hideous well (worse than the well of Cawnpore), to bind up the wounds, to heal the broken-hearted, to bring release to the captives —let her study the ways, and follow in the steps of this one young, frail woman, who has died to show us the way—blessed in her death as in her life."

The loss of Agnes Jones was a heavy one in all ways. Miss Nightingale's first concern was for the nurses who had lost their chief and who rallied "splendidly" to their work. She had to find a successor, and, in addition, as she wrote to Mme. Mohl, "they expect me to manage the Workhouse at Liverpool from my bedroom." There was an immense increase in her correspondence. The Liverpool experiment, rendered successful by the devotion of Agnes Jones, rapidly made its mark. In ten years the pauper inmates employed as nurses in sick asylums and separate infirmaries had been entirely superseded by paid nurses. The employment of pauper nurses in any workhouse was forbidden in 1897, and the training of the paid nurses has been much improved.

But before Agnes Jones had been a year at work, Miss Nightingale had carried the fight to London. A newspaper scandal about a workhouse death gave her the opportunity. She wrote in cautiously moderate tone to Mr. Villiers, then President of the Poor Law Board,[5] confining

[5] The predecessor of the Local Government Board and the later Ministry of Health.

herself chiefly to her acknowledged *métier* of nursing and to the Liverpool experiment. The letter went straight to its mark. It led to a long series of interviews and to correspondence with Mr. Villiers during the next few years. His right-hand man, Mr. H. B. Farnall, soon became for Poor Law purposes the chief of Miss Nightingale's staff. Mr. Farnall was a keen reformer and her ideas were on lines which he too had considered. "From the first," he said, "I had a sort of fixed faith that Florence Nightingale could do anything, and that faith is still fresh in me; and so it came to pass that the instant that name entered the lists I felt the fight was virtually won, and I feel this still." Powder and shot was provided by a schedule of enquiries drawn up by Miss Nightingale to be filled in for the sick wards and infirmaries of London. But though Mr. Villiers was willing to be convinced, he was an aging man; there was opposition from officials and doctors; and with the public the question was not "ripe."

Miss Nightingale herself knew that the improvement in nursing must come as part of a large reform including administration and finance. She set to work with Mr. Farnall and Dr. Sutherland on the sketch of a scheme, and a memorandum was finally submitted to Mr. Villiers. Her essential points were three—the separation, with modern humane and curative treatment, of the different classes of afflicted people,—"sick, insane, 'incurable,' etc."—from each other and from those in health, and the placing of all children in schools; a central administration, both for efficiency and economy; and a general metropolitan rate.

"So long as a sick man, woman or child is considered *administratively* to be a pauper to be repressed and not a fellow creature to be nursed into health, so long will these most shameful disclosures have to be made. The care and government of the *sick* poor is a thing totally different from the government of paupers. Why do we have hospitals in order to cure, and Workhouse Infirmaries in order *not*

to cure? Taken solely from the point of view of preventing pauperism, what a stupidity and anomaly this is! The past system of mixing up all kinds of poor in workhouses will never be submitted to in future. The very first thing wanted is classification and separation."

But to provide suitable establishments for the different classes of persons, consolidation and a general rate were essential.

To give differentiated treatment in each Workhouse would involve an expenditure which even London could not bear. "The entire Medical Relief of London should be under one central management, which would know where vacant beds were to be found and be able so to distribute the Sick, etc., as to use all the establishments in the most economical way."

Hospitals, nursing, and the other heads were treated in detail. The cardinal point was what Mr. Farnall called in writing to her "your Hospital and Asylum Rate." Mr. Villiers, he was able to report in December, "has decided on adopting your scheme. . . . I shall tomorrow commence a list of facts for you on which those who are to support your plan in print will be able to hang a considerable amount of flesh, for I shall furnish a very nice skeleton." Miss Nightingale had interested the Editor of the *Times* in the subject and he had seen Mr. Villiers. The Association for the Improvement of the Infirmaries of London Workhouses, an outcome of the *Lancet* articles, sent a deputation to the Poor Law Board. Mr. Villiers in reply foreshadowed legislation on Miss Nightingale's lines, and he appointed Mr. Farnall and another of her friends, Dr. Angus Smith, to visit all infirmaries. Their report is the authority for the horrible state of these places, and though the tottering condition and finally the fall of the Ministry destroyed the hope of an immediate Bill, the case was too strong to be neglected. The new Minister was Mr. Gathorne Hardy. Miss Nightingale wrote

at once to him, procured an introduction for Mr. Farnall to Lord Derby (her old friend Lord Stanley) and backed up Mr. Villiers in his Parliamentary attempts to harry his successor. In the autumn (1866) Mr. Hardy appointed a Committee, mainly of doctors, to report upon certain matters relating to workhouses and workhouse infirmaries. Nursing was one of these matters, and this the Committee referred to Miss Nightingale. In the memorandum she sent in she took full advantage of the chance, pointing out that the question of nursing could not, either in logic or in effective practice, be separated from that of administration. What must the Paris *Assistance Publique* think of the system or no system reigning here? "I allude to the heaping up of aged infirm, sick, able-bodied, lunatics, and sometimes children in the same building instead of having, as in every other Christian country, your asylum for aged, your hospital for sick, your lunatic asylum, your union school, etc., etc., each under its proper administration, and your able-bodied quite apart from any of these categories. This point is of such vital importance to the introduction and successful working of an efficient nursing system that I shall illustrate it. . . ." And so forth.

As usual, Miss Nightingale had copies of her paper struck off and sent to influential people.

Mr. Hardy made no sign, and, as the session drew near, Miss Nightingale grew anxious and poured in letters and memoranda upon him. On February 8, 1867, he introduced a Bill, a tentative and largely permissive measure, but, in spite of all that could be said against it by the reformers, a step in the right direction. The whole of the unions and parishes of London were united into the "Metropolitan Asylum District" for the treatment of insane, fever and smallpox cases, hitherto kept in the workhouses. Separate infirmaries were formed for the non-infectious sick with a greatly enlarged cubic space per inmate. Above all, the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund (the "Hospital and Asy-

lum Rate" of Miss Nightingale's memorandum) was established to maintain the institutions, including separate schools for pauper children. The bill did nothing directly to improve workhouse nursing, and the separation of the sick and the children was not complete. Miss Nightingale had at first pronounced it a "humbug," but in counting up the gains she concluded that this was a beginning. They would get more in time. And so it has proved, though some of Miss Nightingale's reforms are still to make.

She continued her workhouse campaign in an article in Fraser's Magazine for March 1869. The paper is rather disconnected in style and slight in treatment, and suffered from patching, as she had for once admitted the collaboration of friends. "I have adopted *all* your corrections," she laments to Dr. Sutherland, "and *all* Parthe's and *all* Sir Harry's; and they have taken out all my *bon mots* and left unfinished sentences on every page." But the "Note on Pauperism" is full of far-reaching suggestions, some on her old lines, some novel. She insists on the separation of the sick and incapable from the workhouse. She argues that the thing to do is "not to punish the hungry for being hungry, but to teach the hungry to feed themselves." She attacks the school of *laissez faire,* "which being interpreted means 'Let bad alone.' " She even thinks that the State should try to facilitate the organisation of labour. The *Times* had talked about "the convenience in the possession of a vast industrial army ready for any work and chargeable on the public when its work is no longer wanted." Such talk was both false and wicked. Where work was in one place and labour in another, the State should bring them together. There should be State-aided colonisation. Education should be more manual and less literary. Pauper children should be boarded out and sent to industrial schools. The condition of the dwellings of the poor was at the root of much pauperism, and the State should remedy it.

The article attracted much attention. Carlyle spoke warmly of it to Mr. Rawlinson, and it produced a large bundle of correspondence. It was very expensive to her, for she gave away the editor's fee many times over in contributions to emigration societies and other bodies interested in the ideas she had propounded. She accumulated a good deal of material about colonisation which she was never able to use in a connected shape, and she made more attempts to interest official persons. The subject took much of her time in 1869, and led to a long discussion with Mr. Goschen, the President of the Poor Law Board. "He is a man of considerable mind," she wrote, "great power of getting up statistical information and political economy, but with no practical insight or strength of character. It is an awkward mind—like a pudding in lumps. He is like a man who has been senior wrangler and never anything afterwards." She thought he saw too many objections to every course to be likely to take action, and his economic doctrines paid too little regard to facts. "You must sometimes trample on the toes of Political Economists, just to make them feel whether they are standing on firm ground." [6]

The present Highgate infirmary, built under the Act of 1867, was the scene of an important extension of the new nursing. The plans of the building were submitted to Miss Nightingale by Mr. William Wyatt, the leader of a reform party in St. Pancras, and approved by her. Miss Torrance, whom she thought "the most capable Superintendent they had yet trained," was appointed matron with nine nurses under her. The experiment was soon extended, and a training school for nurses established. "I have never seen such nurses," wrote the Medical Superintendent; "they are so thoroughly conversant with disease that one feels quite on one's mettle in practice. What strikes one most is the real interest they take in the work, and this is the

[6] Letter to Mme. Mohl, 26 March 1869.

secret of their success." Among other reforms, Miss Torrance introduced useful work for the inmates. The men's suits were made by three tailors she discovered in the wards. The matron, whose letters show her a canny, capable, devoted woman, taking her work quietly without fussiness or self-importance, wrote to Miss Nightingale about a hundred times a year, reporting progress or difficulties, and approved nurses came in batches to South Street. They and their matron alike considered these visits a high privilege.

Miss Torrance presently fell from grace in Miss Nightingale's eyes by becoming engaged to be married. At a critical period of the engagement, she failed to keep some appointments at South Street, and Miss Nightingale recalled to herself a saying of Mr. Clough's: "Persons in that case should be treated as if they had the scarlet fever."

In 1871 Miss Nightingale drew up a Code for Infirmary Nursing which was accepted by Mr. Stansfeld, President of the newly instituted Local Government Board.

As time went on, the extension of trained nursing in the workhouse infirmaries called for the services of more and more of her pupils. "Yesterday," she wrote to Mme. Mohl (June 30, 1881), "We opened the new Marylebone Infirmary (760 beds). We nurse it with our trained nurses, thank God!"

CHAPTER VI

THE HEAD CENTRE

From all parts of the country, from British lands overseas and from some foreign countries, plans of General Hospitals, Cottage Hospitals, Convalescent Homes were laid before Miss Nightingale. When consulted at an early stage she often submitted plans of her own. She had begun as reformer of Military Hospitals, but the standard of these was now so high that she often went to them as models. The improvement of buildings and nursing went on together. The suggestion of one naturally brought the other to mind, or Miss Nightingale took care that it should. In the years between 1868 and 1872 there was a great extension of nurses' training schools, and of the introduction of trained nurses into institutions of various kinds, and many questions arose as to the relation between the medical and nursing staffs. She printed a code of suggestions on such subjects in 1868. Hundreds of girls who thought of becoming nurses applied to her, and she generally answered their letters. But the supply of nurses barely kept up with the demand and there was a great lack of suitable applicants for the higher positions. She wrote often to friends in various parts of the country begging them to enlist promising recruits.

Among those who asked her advice were Queens and Princesses. As an invalid Miss Nightingale had a great advantage in dealing with Royalties. She could pick and choose by feeling a little stronger or a little weaker, and two rules were communicated to friends who negotiated the interviews. She would not be well enough to see any

Queen or Princess who did not take a personal and practical interest in hospitals and nursing; nor would she ever be well enough to receive any who did not come unattended by ladies or lords in waiting. An interview must be devoid of ceremonial; it must be simply between one woman interested in nursing and another. These rules did not prevent Miss Nightingale from writing to her royal correspondents in the strain considered appropriate to their exalted position. In such matters she was a woman of the world.

The royal lady who made the greatest impression on her was Victoria, Crown Princess of Prussia, afterwards the Empress Frederick, and their acquaintance led to nursing and sanitary reforms in Prussia and Germany. For the war of 1866, Miss Nightingale had been consulted by all three combatants as well as an English society for helping the wounded. The two sisters of the English Royal house were on different sides, for Hesse-Darmstadt had thrown in its lot with Austria. Both the Crown Princess and Princess Alice asked for advice on hospital and nursing arrangements, and there was an application from a Florence Committee for helping the Italian sick and wounded, all which requests busily engaged Miss Nightingale. A long correspondence followed with the Crown Princess, and Miss Nightingale was able to congratulate her on the good work of the Prussian surgeons, the well-managed hospital service and the Venetian "liberation brought about by Prussian arms." The Princess was in England in 1868, and was full of schemes for a new Hospital at Berlin, for maternity hospitals and for a training school for nurses. She sent her architect's plans in advance and had two long interviews with Miss Nightingale, who had a very busy fortnight in collecting statistics of maternity hospitals and preparing model plans with the help of the Army Medical Department and the War Office Sanitary Committee. "She has a quick intelligence," Miss Nightingale wrote to Sir John McNeill (December 25, 1868), "and is cultivating

herself in knowledge of sanitary (and female) administration for her future great career. She comes alone like a girl, pulls off her hat and jacket like a five-year-old, drags about a great portfolio of plans, and kneels by my bedside correcting them. She gives a great deal of trouble. But I believe it will bear fruit." The thoroughness both of the instructress and of the pupil appears from the correspondence.

To the Crown Princess of Prussia, 35 Park St., Dec. 21 [1868]

MADAM:

In grateful obedience to your Royal Highness's command, directing me to forward to Osborne before the 24th the commissions with which you favoured me, I send (1) the Portfolio of plans for the Hospital near the Plotzen See, and, in this envelope, the criticism upon the plans. Also in another envelope (2) a sketch of the Nursing "hierarchy" required to nurse this Hospital (with a Training School attached), even to ages desirable—as desired by your Royal Highness. Also (3) the methods of continuous examination in use (with full-sized copies of the Forms) to test the progress of the Probationers (Probe-Schwestern). Also (4) lists of the clothing and underclothing (even to changes of linen) we give to and require from our Probationers and Nurses, and of the changes of sheets. Your Royal Highness having directed me to send patterns "in paper" of our Probationers' dress, I have thought it better to have a complete uniform dress such as our Probationers wear, for indoors and outdoors, made for your Royal Highness's inspection, even to bonnet, cap and collar, which will arrive by this messenger in a small box and parcel. I am afraid that the aspect of these papers will be quite alarming from their bulk. But I can only testify to my gratitude for your Royal Highness's great kindness by fulfilling as closely as I can the spirit of your gracious will. I am sorry to say that I have not yet done encumbering your Royal Highness. The plans for Lying-in cottages had to be completed at the War Office and are not quite ready. But they shall be forwarded "before the 24th." . . . May I beg always to be considered, Madam, the most faithful, ready and devoted of your Royal Highness's servants.

In spite of constant work in other fields Miss Nightingale never lost general control and supervision of her Training School for Nurses. With Mrs. Wardroper there was a voluminous and intimate correspondence year after year. She often saw her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, who had become Chairman of the Nightingale Fund, and with her cousin, Mr. Henry Bonham Carter,[1] the Secretary of the Fund, there was a great mass of correspondence extending over forty years and more, sometimes through the post, sometimes by written question and answer at her house.

Her principal lieutenants who went out on important service and many members of the rank and file kept up a constant correspondence with her—sending direct reports, consulting her in difficulties, looking to her, and never in vain, for counsel and encouragement. "We are your soldiers and we look for the approval of our Chief," wrote Agnes Jones. Miss Nightingale took especial pains to help the Lady Superintendents who went from St. Thomas's in command of nursing parties. Among her earlier papers containing thoughts about her future work, there is more than one reference to "Richelieu's self-multiplication," and she always bore in mind the aim of creating lieutenants who should spread the work beyond her personal scope in enlarging circles.

A correspondence with Sir Henry Parkes about nursing for the Sydney Infirmary led to the despatch of Miss Osburn as Lady Superintendent with five nurses. All went well at first, with not more than the usual difficulties to be smoothed away; but in a few years' time all the five had either married or received good appointments outside the Infirmary and Miss Osburn had to recruit her staff from

[1] Mr. Bonham Carter was the friend and adviser on whom she most leaned in her later years. She listened to his advice not to burn her papers, and bequeathed them to her executors, of whom he was the senior.

the Colony. Miss Nightingale thought the expedition had thus "failed," but the diffusion of the party did much towards the extension of trained nursing in New South Wales.

In November 1869 Mrs. Deeble and a staff of six Ward Sisters were setting out from St. Thomas's for the great emprise of taking charge of the War Office Hospital at Netley, and Miss Nightingale saw them all, gave them presents and spoke words of encouragement. "I trust," wrote one of the Sisters, "that I shall never forget some of the things you said to me, and that 'looking up' I may be enabled to show by my future life that your great kindness has not been thrown away." "I have been preaching to them four hours a day," wrote Miss Nightingale to M. Mohl, "expounding Regulations. Some of them are very nice women. One was out with Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie on the Zambesi Mission. One, a woman who would be distinguished in any society, accidentally read my little article on 'Una,' and wrote off to us the same night offering to go through our training (which she did) and join us."

The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War brought a great addition to Miss Nightingale's work. English philanthropy was taken unprepared. The British Government had been a party to the Geneva Convention, but nothing had been done to organise a Society under its rules until a letter to the *Times* of July 22, 1870, from Colonel Loyd Lindsay (Lord Wantage) led to the formation of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded, which afterwards became the British Red Cross Aid Society. One of the first acts of the Committee was to consult Miss Nightingale, and a letter from her was read at the public meeting at which the Society was constituted. The words of stirring appeal were received with loud cheers. If she had not been confined to a sick bed, she said, she would have volun-

teered to go out as a nurse. As it was she must leave that work to others, and she gave the volunteers a characteristic caution:

"Those who undertake such work must not be sentimental enthusiasts, but downright lovers of hard work. If there is any work which is simple stern necessity it is that of waiting upon the sick and wounded after a battle—serving in war hospitals, attending to and managing the thousand-and-one hard, dry, practical details which nevertheless mainly determine the question as to whether your sick and wounded shall live or die. If there is any nonsense in people's ideas of what hospital nursing is, one day of real duty will root it out. There are things to be done and seen which at once separate the true metal from the tinkling brass both among men and women."

She was closely connected with the Red Cross work throughout the war. Relatives and friends of hers were on the Committee. Her allies, Captain Galton and Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, were sent early in the war to visit the hospitals of France and Germany; and when the war was over, the task of reporting on the correspondence of the Society's agents and of the English doctors was committed to Dr. Sutherland. Miss Nightingale herself was diligent in collecting money and gifts, in writing letters and memoranda of advice, and answering applications from doctors and nurses.

She thought the promoters of the Society showed a lack of vigour at the start. Why, she wanted to know, did not the Society advertise itself more? "If it had been sick and wounded itself, what could it have done less?" "It makes me mad to see advertisements only of the 'Voysey Defence Fund,' and the 'Derby Memorial Fund.' What *does* it matter whether Voysey is defended or not, and whether Lord Derby has a memorial or not?" The Committee, in reply, hoped to do more presently; as it did. It collected nearly £300,000 and rendered a great deal of aid both in France and Germany.

From the moment that war was seen to be inevitable Miss Nightingale had been deluged with correspondence both from home and from all sorts and conditions of people in France and Germany. The French applied to her for plans of temporary field hospitals; the Crown Princess of Prussia wrote for assistance and advice of all sorts. "The dreaded letter has come," Miss Nightingale wrote to Dr. Sutherland, "what *am* I to answer; how to express sympathy with Prussia without alienating France?" Her personal sympathies were rather with the French, but she was consistently impartial in rendering aid to good work on both sides and advice to both nursing services. "I think," she wrote (December 20), "that if the conduct of the French for the last three months had been shown by any other nation, it would have been called, *as it is,* sublime. The uncomplaining endurance, the sad and severe self-restraint of Paris under a siege now of three months, would have rendered immortal a city of ancient Rome. The Army of the Loire fighting seven days out of nine barefoot, cold and frozen, yet unsubdued, is worthy of Henry V and Agincourt. And all for what? To save Alsace and Lorraine, of which Paris scarcely knows." In writing to the Crown Princess on hospital matters she put in a plea for clemency in the hour of final victory in words full of later meanings. "Prussia would remember," she was sure, "the future wars and misery always brought about by trampling too violently on a fallen foe, and Germany will show to an astonished Europe that moderation of which victorious nations have hitherto shown themselves incapable." Miss Nightingale here hoped more of human perfectibility than she was to find.

Later the Crown Princess came again to South Street. "She let me tell her," wrote Miss Nightingale, "a good deal of behind the scenes of Prussian ambulance work. I do like her so very much, and twice as much now that she is really worn and ripened by genuine hard work and anxiety."

This visit produced large results. In answer to the Crown Princess's request, Miss Nightingale had sent Miss Florence Lees (Mrs. Dacre Craven), an able Nightingale nurse, to serve in Germany, and this lady had been put in charge of the Crown Princess's War Hospital at Hamburg and employed to visit and report on war hospitals elsewhere. From her reports and from many other sources of information Miss Nightingale had formed a poor opinion of the Prussian nursing, medical and ambulance services.[2] "The abnormally bad among the Crimean hospitals," she told Dr. Sutherland, "were luxurious compared with the normal Prussian hospitals." "The only Prussian hospitals up to the present standard of sanitary experience are those of the Princess herself, and in those it was H.R.H. who taught the doctors and not the doctors who taught her." She spoke freely to the Princess, as she had been requested to do, and provided her with papers. In 1872 the Princess drafted a report on hospital organisation, and a Home and Nursing School, named after her, was established in Berlin. The superintendent was Fraulein Fuhrmann, whom the Crown Princess had sent for training to the Nightingale School at the time of her first acquaintance with the founder. The "Victoria Nurses," following the lead of the Nightingale nurses, also undertook the nursing in municipal hospitals, and the success of the Victoria Training School led to the establishment of similar institutions throughout Germany.

[2] Private reports sent to her contained a mass of information about the treatment of the sick and wounded, of which she said that it far surpassed in horror, as of course it vastly exceeded in scale, anything that she had seen in the Crimean War.

PART V

"REAL CIVILISATION" FOR INDIA

CHAPTER I

THE ADMINISTRATIVE MACHINE

The end of Sir John Lawrence's term as Viceroy was coming near, and the question of a sanitary organisation for India had still to be settled. To Miss Nightingale it was as if there were impending a second catastrophe such as the death of Sidney Herbert had brought upon the unfinished work at the War Office. It was an anxious time at home, too—an unusually trying example of the ups and downs of Miss Nightingale's semi-official life. Lord Russell's Government and with it the position of Mr. Villiers and the Poor Law reforms and of her "own peculiar masters," Lord de Grey and Lord Stanley, were, in the spring of 1866, tottering towards a fall. Negotiations with Sir John Lawrence's government were hung up from a curious cause—the non-appearance in London of a dispatch of which she had received notice in a letter from him. After much vain enquiry and search at the India Office, it turned out that the document had been fastened to papers belonging to another department, and thus had "escaped attention." It was only discovered after four months by the perseverance of Lord de Grey, who hunted among the India Office files himself.[1] As soon as he could find leisure from the troubles of the Government, he asked Miss Nightingale for a draft which he could submit to the India Council as his reply to the dispatch. He wanted a practical scheme of sanitary organisation, or at least a description of requirements, or both. It was a large order; Miss Nightingale

[1] Sir Charles Wood had resigned in February 1868, and Lord de Grey succeeded him as Secretary of State for India.

was ill, and Dr. Sutherland was away. It took her eight days to produce the draft and she sent it in on the 19th June. But on the 18th the Government had been defeated and she had lost the chance, as she lamented to Harriet Martineau, "by 24 hours!! owing to Lord de Grey's going out." Lord de Grey, however, had time before he departed to leave at the India Office a minute closely following her memorandum. Lord Stanley, too, helped to bridge the void: he said he would talk sanitation to Lord Cranborne, the new Secretary for India,[3] "and also say that I have advised you to write to him as you have always done to me, to my great advantage." Miss Nightingale's first letter to Lord Cranborne was one of those cautious, businesslike and apologetic letters with which she was accustomed to feel her way with a new "master." Lord Cranborne sent a friendly answer, but his stay at the India Office was short. He resigned when Disraeli introduced the Franchise Bill, and was succeeded by Sir Stafford Northcote, whom Miss Nightingale did not know. Captain Galton, however, suggested the possibility of another ally: Sir Bartle Frere had just returned from the Governorship of Bombay and had been given a seat on the India Council. Miss Nightingale and he met and had "a great talk" (June 1867). "He impressed me wonderfully," she wrote to Galton, "more than any Indian whom I have seen except Sir John Lawrence, and I seemed to learn more in an hour from him upon Indian administration and the way it is going than I did from Ellis in six months, or from Strachey in two days, or from Indian Councils (Secretaries of State and Royal Commissions and all) in six years." He became a constant visitor and correspondent. Considerably more than 100 letters on each side passed between them in the next six years. "I will make 35 South Street the India Office," he said, "while this affair is pending." "If only," she wrote

[3] Better known as the seventh Marquis of Salisbury.

to Captain Galton, "we could get a Public Health Department in the India Office to ourselves with Sir Bartle Frere at the head of it, our fortunes would be made." Encouraged by Sir Bartle Frere's sympathy, she set to work afresh on the Viceroy and the India Office.

The Sanitary Commission for each Indian Presidency recommended by the Royal Commission of 1863 had indeed been set up by Lawrence, but on the ground of expense they had later been reduced to two officers each; and as a further economy it was proposed that the Inspector General of Prisons in each Government should take over the duties, and that an Inspector of Prisons should hold the office of Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India. At the India Office in London, the compromise of creating an Indian sanitary authority by adding Indian experts to the War Office Sanitary Committee had not answered well. Miss Nightingale had accepted it as a second-best expedient, not giving the clear-cut authority and responsibility that were needed; and the resulting friction between the two Offices had justified her view.

She had a clear policy of organisation in her mind, and in the campaign which followed she secured most of her points with a speed and completeness which make the achievement one of her most brilliant successes. She wanted (1) an executive sanitary authority in India, (2) an expert, controlling (and incidentally an inspiring) authority in London, and (3) publicity through an annual report. On the first point she was doomed to some disappointment. On the others she was completely successful.

As to the India Office there was a preliminary difficulty. "Dr. Sutherland is so very etiquettish," she wrote to Captain Galton, "that he says, 'But how are you to have seen these papers?' I don't know. It seems to me that the cat has been out of the bag so long that it is no use tying the strings now. I will say, if you like, that Broadhead of Sheffield [author of "rattening" outrages] gave me

£15 to steal them and to blow you up. I am going ahead anyhow." Captain Galton would not admit the doubt: it had been the established practice for years, as every official person knew, to send Indian sanitary papers to Miss Nightingale, and he would take the responsibility. Accordingly a letter, carried by Sir Bartle Frere, went from Miss Nightingale to the Secretary of State. It is an admirable document, closely reasoned, with pleasant pungency of expression here and there and a touch of emotion kept well in reserve. She begged the Minister to go back to the point at which the matter had been left when Lord de Grey went out, and "to put the Indian Health Service once for all on a satisfactory footing. This would indeed be a noble service for a Secretary of State to render to India." Sir Stafford Northcote answered, gave an opening for further letters, asked for "a little conversation," and had an hour's talk on the subject.

Miss Nightingale to Captain Galton, 22 August, 1867

"I saw Sir S. Northcote on Tuesday. He came of his own accord—which I think I partly owe to you. The result is (that is, if he does as he says) that there will be a Controlling Committee at the India Office for sanitary things with Sir B. Frere at the head and Sir H. Anderson at the tail, and your War Office Commission as the consulting body. As to the Public Health Service, I told him that we want the Executive Machinery in India to do it, and the Controlling Machinery at the I. O. to know that it is being done. The work of the Controlling Committee will really be introducing the elements of civilisation into India. . . . (I wish I could choose the members as I did in Sidney Herbert's time.) But I have the greatest faith in Sir B. Frere and he asked me to let him bring Sir H. Anderson here; so we shall have the Chairman and the Secretary on our side. . . . But my principal reason for writing to you now is this: I went as fully as I could with Sir S. N. into this, that no time should be lost in sending R. Engineers intended for service in India to examine and

make themselves acquainted with improvements in sewerage, drainage, water supply of towns, and in application of sewage to agriculture, and with improvements in Barrack and Hospital construction, etc., as carried out here. Now, there is no one but you who can properly advise Sir S. N. in this way. Pray do so."

She kept Sir Stafford Northcote's attention alive, and two months later he asked for another interview.

He told her that he had definitely decided to appoint a Sanitary Committee at the India Office, and read out the list of names with the promised Chairman and Secretary. He then asked her advice as to the delicate question of the relation between the new body and the old—the War Office Sanitary Committee. Miss Nightingale recommended that the India Office Committee should be the controlling and responsible body, and the other consultative only. The body with which she had been so intimately associated was thus to have no direct responsibility for India. "But I shall be much surprised," she wrote to Captain Galton, "if Sir Bartle Frere does not refer many more matters to you than has previously been the case." She had thus won her second point.

Sir Stafford Northcote then produced a dispatch from the Government of India, suggesting the appointment of medical officers as full-time advisory Health Officers for each Local Government in India. Miss Nightingale had already heard of this from Sir John Lawrence, but was doubtless too discreet to say so. Sir Stafford asked her to write him her views on the subject, and to suggest the answer, if she cared to do so. The officers proposed would not have the executive authority she wanted; but the plan was a step in the right direction.

She had now a spell of very hard work. At the end of it she had sent to Sir Stafford Northcote (1) a draft for immediate reply to the Indian Government, approving the

appointment of the Health Officers. This was sent to India on November 29th; (2) a digest of the Indian sanitary question from 1859 to 1867. This was printed in a Blue Book issued by the Secretary of State in 1868; (3) thirdly, a memorandum on the whole subject full of suggestions and advice. This was sent out to the Indian Government and printed anonymously in the same Blue Book; [3] (4) fourthly and principally, the heads of a dispatch on the whole subject which she suggested might be sent to the Government of India. "Of course I cannot say," she wrote, "how far these heads may meet with your concurrence." They were all adopted, and for the most part in her own language.

The suggestions of this dispatch are one of Miss Nightingale's best services to the cause of public health in India. It begins with calling for a Report on Sanitary Progress. It draws attention in detail to the "Suggestions" of 1864, and asks for reports on any progress made in carrying them out. It also includes the proposal that Engineer Officers should be sent to England to study sanitary methods. The dispatch is altogether an excellent example of the method of suggestion, advice and stimulation from headquarters as the means of raising the standard, the executive authority remaining with the Government of India. The reports asked for were duly forwarded and printed with the dispatch and other papers in the Blue Book already mentioned. This Blue Book was the first of an annual series of Indian Sanitary Reports—Miss Nightingale's third point.

The Government of India somewhat resented the process of hustling by the India Office in London. But Miss Nightingale kept her faith in Sir John Lawrence when Dr. Sutherland, greatly daring, ventured to call him "our worst

[3] It contains tell-tale phrases, such as "The result will be the civilisation of India."

enemy;"[4] and Sir Bartle Frere was hopeful. He urged Miss Nightingale to write again to the Viceroy as to the need of an Executive Sanitary Department. There had been frequent and friendly correspondence between them, in spite of some trials to her faith. She wrote but did not prevail.

"It may seem to you," wrote Lawrence (25 October 1868), "with your great earnestness and singleness of mind, that we are doing very little, and yet in truth I already see great improvement, more particularly in our military cantonments, and doubtless we shall from year to year do better. But the extension of sanitation throughout the country and among the people must be a matter of time, especially if we wish to carry them with us. . . . (November 23). I think that we have done all we can do at present in furtherance of sanitary improvement, and that the best plan is to leave the Local Governments to themselves to work out their own arrangements. If we take this course we shall keep them in a good humour. If we try more, we shall have trouble. . . ."

He enclosed a letter from Mr. Strachey, the member of Council in charge of the Indian Home Department, to which sanitary matters had been transferred. Mr. Strachey wrote indignantly about the memorandum: there might be grave dangers in forcing sanitary reform on an unwilling people. "The nastiest pill we have had," said Miss Nightingale to Dr. Sutherland, "but we have swallowed a good many and are not poisoned yet." They sent an answer which Sir Bartle Frere thought "admirable." "My letter

[4] A minor controversy was on the question of Doors v. Windows as a means of ventilation for Indian Hospitals. Miss Nightingale and the Army Sanitary Committee were for Windows, the Government of India for Doors. Miss Nightingale's main object was to show the futility of the administrative machinery. The papers about Doors and Windows were referred backwards and forwards between medical, military and district authorities, local and central governments, and she objected to "sanitary administration by universal suffrage."

to Sir J. L. to bless and curse," Miss Nightingale entered in her Diary.

When Sir John Lawrence returned to London one of the first things he did was to call at South Street and leave with a little note, "a small shawl of the fine hair of the Thibet goat." He did not presume, he said, to ask to see her without an appointment, but would call another day if she cared to give him one. Three days later he came and his conversation roused all Miss Nightingale's admiration afresh. The talk, of which she made a long note, ranged over the whole field of Indian government. On the subject of public health she recorded with pleasure his saying: "You initiated the reform which initiated Public Opinion, which made things possible, and now there is not a station in India where there is not something doing." But "in the first place," she wrote, "when I see him again I see that there is nobody like him. He is Rameses II of Egypt. All the ministers are rats and weasels by his side." "He has left his mark on India," she wrote to Mme. Mohl; "wherever superstition or ignorance or starvation or dirt or fever or famine or the wild, bold lawlessness of brave races, or the cringing slavishness of clever, feeble races was to be found, there he has left his mark. He has set India on a new track which—may his successors follow!"

CHAPTER II

THE MACHINE AND THE MISSIONARY

Miss Nightingale's main work during the following year may be called that of a Health Missionary for India. Through "her own little department," the new Sanitary Committee at the India Office, she did a large amount of official work in collaboration with Sir Bartle Frere. She also saw and corresponded with Indian officials of many ranks from Viceroys to local officers of health, and made acquaintance with leading men of Indian birth.

On October 28, 1868, Dr. Sutherland was summoned to South Street. He was in a hurry and hoped there was "nothing much on today." The message came down:

"There is a 'something' which most people would think a very big thing indeed. And that is seeing the Viceroy or Sacred Animal of India. I made him go to Shoeburyness yesterday and come to me this afternoon because I could not see him unless you give me some kind of general idea what to state."

The Sacred Animal, who was Lord Mayo, asked for a memorandum of guidance, and this she prepared with the advice of Sir Bartle Frere and Dr. Sutherland. It covered the whole ground of sanitary improvement, dwelling much on irrigation and agricultural development as aids. His policy, Miss Nightingale said, in an autobiographical note on her relations with successive Viceroys, was in accord with the lines Sir Bartle Frere and she desired. In his time there was some improvement of sanitary conditions, and irrigation works were extended.

"I say nothing," she adds, "of his splendid services in foreign policy, in his Feudatory States and Native Chiefs policy, in which doubtless Sir B. Frere helped him. I saw him more than once before he started, and he corresponded with me all the time of his too brief Viceroyalty. I think he was the most open man, except Sidney Herbert, I ever knew. I think it was Lord Stanley who said of him, 'He did things not from calculation, but from the nature of his mind.' "

But Miss Nightingale's greatest ally in India at this time was Lord Napier, Governor of Madras.[1] During his six years' Government he gave his most particular attention to public health, and wrote to her often to report progress. "I remember Scutari," he wrote, "and I am one of the few original faithful left, and I think I am attached to you, irrespective of sanitation." In Madras he carried through a scheme of female nursing, and he sent, on her advice, one of his engineer officers home to study sanitary works. Both these were points in which she had failed with Lawrence.[2] He wished to be "a humble but devoted member of the sanitary band, of *your* band, I might more properly say. Do you know," he continues,

"that I was sent by Lord Stratford to salute and welcome you on your first arrival at Scutari, and that I found you stretched on the sofa where I believe you never lay down again? I thought *then* that it would be a great happiness to serve you, and if the Eltchi would have given me to you, I would have done so with all my heart and learned many things that would have been useful to me now. . . . But if I can do something now, it will be a late compensation. . . ." (Report on various sanitary measures then in hand.) "I have read the beautiful account of 'Una' last evening driving along the melancholy shore. I

[1] Afterwards Lord Napier and Ettrick.

[2] Lawrence had asked her to draw up a scheme of female nursing, but failed to carry out the experiment, in a single hospital, which she suggested. His advisers greatly enlarged the scheme, which then appeared impracticable.

send it to Lady Napier, who is in the Hills. I will write again soon, as you permit and even desire it, and am ever your faithful, grateful and devoted servant,

"NAPIER."

In December 1869 Miss Nightingale made a new friend, another Lord Napier—of Magdala—who was soon to become Commander-in-Chief in India. He spent some hours with her before going out, and she was full of admiration for his character, and especially for his belief in the British soldier and his great concern for the moral and physical health of the Army.

"When I look at these three men (tho' strangely different) —Lord Lawrence, Lord Napier of Magdala, and Sir Bartle Frere—for practical ability, for statesmanlike perception of where the truth lies and what is to be done and who is to do it, for high aim, for noble disinterestedness, I feel that there is not a Minister we have in England fit to tie their shoes—since Sidney Herbert. There is simplicity, a largeness of view and character about these three men, as about Sidney Herbert, that does not exist in the present Ministers. They are party men; these three are Statesmen. S. Herbert made enemies by not being a party man; it gave him such an advantage over them."

To prepare the way for the Commander-in-Chief it was arranged that Miss Nightingale should send a memorandum on sanitation and especially army sanitation to the Viceroy. Lord Napier himself begged her to do so, and the result was a careful memorandum on the Indian sanitary question at large. One outcome of this was a suggestion by Sir Bartle Frere that she should write a letter on sanitation for Indian Village Elders. Such a letter was accordingly written for the Bengal Social Science Association (June 1870), who had it translated into Bengali. Sir Bartle Frere had it translated into other Indian languages, and it was the most widely distributed of all Miss Nightingale's Indian writings.

Meantime she continued to advise the Sanitary Department of the India Office through Sir Bartle Frere, and during the years 1869-74 put an immense amount of work into the preparation of the Annual Sanitary Report, of which Dr. Sutherland was supposed to be the real author. The editor was instructed by Sir Bartle Frere to submit all reports to her, and her will seems to have been law. She criticised the abstracts of the local reports, and wrote or suggested the introductory memorandum. The report for 1874 included a long and important paper from her, afterwards read to the Social Science Congress of 1863—"How Some People Have Lived and Not Died in India." It was a popular summary of ten years' progress.

The Army death rate had been brought down from 69 per 1,000 to 18. Only 18 men died where 69 died before, and £285,000 was thus saved on recruits in a single year. The soldier, as Miss Nightingale was never tired of pointing out to opponents of "sentiment," is a very expensive article. No such definite test could be applied to the civil population. There was no census till 1872. But many and important cases of improvement had been created, in military stations and their neighbourhood, by expert committees and officers and village authorities; in fairs and pilgrimages by sanitary regulation; in institutions, and to some extent in the great cities, in respect of water supply, drainage, and sanitation. The condition of the vast country districts was another matter. The teaching of the Sanitary Commissioners had had some effect here and there, enough to show by examples that the old bogey "the hopeless Indian climate" could in certain respects be kept within bounds by the accepted sanitary measures. But research into the propagation of tropical diseases had not then been far advanced. Varieties of "fever" were not differentiated, nor were the preventive measures proper to each yet known. The connection between standing water, mosquitoes and

malarial fever in particular was not understood.[3] But Miss Nightingale's scavenging, such as cleaning wells, removing refuse, and providing other harbourage for sewage than the drinking tanks, was in accord with lasting principles. It was, like her campaign of army sanitation, on the right lines of attack against typhoid, dysentery and cholera.

She had used the ravages of cholera among the troops in the North West Provinces as an argument with Sir Stafford Northcote for an improved public health service, and in accordance with her usual method she tried during Lord Mayo's Viceroyalty to obtain an exhaustive enquiry into the facts of the incidence of cholera as a groundwork for remedy. Sir Bartle Frere warmly supported the proposal and an elaborate *questionnaire* was drawn up for her by Dr. Sutherland and sent to India by the Army Sanitary Committee with a dispatch from the Secretary of State. Miss Nightingale followed this up by letters to Lord Mayo and Lord Napier of Madras. The enquiry furnished much material for successive Blue Books and for scientific discussion of theories of origin among the Indian Medical Officers. She sometimes feared that these disputations led to a neglect of the essence of the matter, namely, that the one protection against cholera is a constant attention to sanitary precautions.

[3] Practical results of bacteriology were not fully established in scientific orthodoxy till late in Miss Nightingale's life, and she regarded that branch of research as rather a nuisance. It was apt to distract doctors from what she thought the more urgent work of saving life by sanitation and hygiene.

PART VI

"OUT OF OFFICE"

CHAPTER I

CHANGES AND SORROWS

In the later sixties, Miss Nightingale's connection with the War Office was slackening. Lord de Grey ceased to be Secretary for War in 1866, Sir Douglas Galton retired from the War Office at the end of 1869, and thus she no longer had an ally within the department.[1] This could have been remedied, for her old friend Sir Henry Storks had received a high appointment in the War Office. It was a more serious obstacle that Mr. Gladstone's advent to power was indirectly unfavourable to her work. The strength of his Government was thrown into political reform, not into administration. The administration of the departments, as she was not alone in thinking, was defective, and what she cared for, and was fitted for, she said to herself, was only administration. In previous years she had not only written reports, she had been able to organise the mechanism for carrying them out, and to speed the carrying out. Now that administration was, as she thought, going to the dogs, it was time for her to be departing. For 1872 there is a summary entry in her diary: This year I go out of office.

There were still occasional calls. In 1868 the Army Sanitary Commission had to be saved. Mr. Gladstone was cutting down the Army Estimates; the medical service was believed to be marked for retrenchment and the Sanitary Commission for destruction. Miss Nightingale moved Lord de Grey to intercede, and both were spared. Lord de Grey

[1] Miss Nightingale intervened to secure his continuance on the Army Sanitary Committee.

asked for a memorandum to justify the work of the threatened institutions.

"I am all in the arithmetical line now," she wrote to M. Mohl (21 November 1869). "Lately I have been making up our Returns in a popular form for one of the Cabinet Ministers (we are obliged to be very 'popular' for them—but hush! my abject respect for Cabinet Ministers prevails). I find that every year, taken upon the last four years for which we have returns (1864-7), there are in the Home Army, 729 men alive every year who would have been dead but for Sidney Herbert's measures, and 5,184 men always on active duty who would have been 'constantly sick' in bed. In India the difference is still more striking."

There was still the Indian work, and the incessant labour of advising on hospitals and nursing; and the strain of these was enough to take all her strength. The death of Agnes Jones in 1868, and the anxieties it entailed, told greatly on her health and spirits. Mr. Jowett, after seeing her early in July, was seriously alarmed at her physical weakness and mental despondency. A month's cure at Malvern had done no good. He persuaded Mrs. Nightingale to arrange a visit to Lea Hurst, so that Florence could combine a country rest with a stay with her mother, now eighty years old. They were together for three months at the old home, and for a week Mr. Jowett was there with them. The mother and daughter had seldom been on such affectionate and understanding terms. They talked of the past, and the mother was ready to blame herself. "You would have done nothing in life if you had not resisted me." Such visits to her parents' country homes were repeated in the years that followed. Something may have been due to Mr. Jowett's counsels. Continuous drudgery, he said, was not good for body or soul. They were supposed to have entered into a compact not to overwork, and he called on her to do her part in it. At any rate, though the post brought quantities of papers, there was at this time more of the

country in her life, more intervals for reading and meditation. Mr. Jowett was often a visitor for a few days at a time. He continued to urge her to undertake some sustained writing, and the first fruits of the attempt were the "Note on Pauperism." But business would break in. There was always India. There was the work on maternity statistics. There was the Franco-Prussian War.

Country air in this state of things brought no better health. There is evidence of sleepless nights in many letters dated in the small hours of the morning. During 1870 and 1871 especially her letters and diaries speak of great weakness. She was able to do as much as she did only by the devotion of Dr. Sutherland, to whom she was obliged to refer for almost everything at this time, letters to a few intimate friends excepted. He helped her with constant loyalty and kindness. Her letters were often impatient and references to her weakness were frequent. She sometimes called herself a "vampyre," and she was certainly exacting both to herself and to her faithful friend and assistant. Overstrain still continued, and though she was no longer, it seems, expected to die of her past exertions, she was still supposed to be a hopeless invalid. She had always resorted to self-examination and self-criticism, whenever her full life had given time for thought. The will was strong but the spirit very sensitive, and now self-reproach and the sense of failure in the height and purity of motive wore upon the overwrought nerves and tended to morbidity of mind, and sometimes to self-pity. She lived with pen and pencil at her side. The lack of close human affections was in some sort filled by spiritual meditations, and it may be that setting them down served to relieve her mind. Those who sought counsel and help, and the friends who occasionally saw her, were little aware of the deep sadness and discouragement which pervaded most of her many private notes at this time of her life.

In February 1872 Lord Mayo was murdered—"a great

blow" to Miss Nightingale's cause. Lord Northbrook was appointed to succeed him, and the new Viceroy left for India without coming to see Miss Nightingale. He afterwards answered a request from her in a friendly way and invited further suggestions, but she did not take the opening. His omission to consult with her seemed to be a sign that she ought to go "out of office."

In this time of uncertainty she saw before her no distinct call, "no consecutive path growing out of one's own deed, but only a succession of disjointed lives and unconnected events." It was the penalty of her free position. Mr. Jowett tried to encourage her. "I am glad," he says, "that you have given up drudgery for public offices. . . . The position which you held was always precarious because dependent on 'temples of friendship' and the good will of the Minister." He continued to urge her to write. "The way of influencing mankind by ideas is the more excellent way"—a surprising advice to be given to so confirmed a "man of action."

Mill, too, had urged her to come into the open. He regretted "the very general preference among women for moving the hidden springs rather than letting their work be known to the world." He thought that there was a duty to speak out—that everyone should stand by the truth taught by his own experience and intelligence. She could have given a good answer at the time. As adviser to Ministers and Governors General she had no possible public status. But that objection could not apply to philosophical and religious topics. She was not happiest in writing. "I am sure if anybody in the world is most unsuited for writing and official work, it is I. And yet I have done nothing for seven years but write regulations," she said in 1864.[2] But if the work had to be done she would do it. "What nonsense people do talk, to be sure, about people

[2] Letter to Julius Mohl.

finding themselves in suitable positions, and looking out for congenial work."

The blank was filled in several ways. She overhauled her school of nursing and threw herself more energetically and more closely into improving its work and keeping her hand on its pupils and heads. This gave her, as Jowett said, "a straightforward work to do in which you are dependent on yourself." She remained a general adviser on hospitals and nursing, and, as far as the Indian work was concerned, the idea, or the fear, of being "out of office" was too hasty, for she continued for many years in close touch with Indian officials and reformers.

She took Mill's and Jowett's advice so far as to set to work on an attempt to re-state the gist of the abandoned *Suggestions for Thought*. Two articles in *Fraser's Magazine* and a third, never published, were the result. God as the God of Law is the subject of the first. The general idea of the second and more discursive is that the purification of religion is not to be attained by destructive criticism, but by reconstruction in the shape of a re-ordering of modern life on the lines of social service. Both were widely read and brought many letters, sympathetic or critical. The third article, in the main a plea for what is now called social reform, was disapproved on the score of arrangement by Froude, who had read and admired the first two, and it was never published. Other essays on the same tack were undertaken at Jowett's suggestion, but they failed to come up to his standard and were laid aside. She could only give to such writing the odd hours of an already overfull life and the failure was not surprising. But it weighed heavily on her spirits.

There was a lighter and happier task for her in helping Jowett to revise his *Plato*, the first edition of which had appeared in 1871. Her Greek had grown a little rusty, but her interest in Plato's religious ideas was intense, and her volu-

minous notes and suggestions took effect in many a page of the revised work.

As in former years, she continued, too, to send Mr. Jowett suggestions for sermons. When he became Master of Balliol he projected a special form of service for the College Chapel, and she suggested a selection of passages from the Psalms; but Jowett had to report that "the Bishop has disallowed our versicles and some other things on legal grounds," and the plan was given up. Another scheme was carried out—a selection from the Bible: "The School and Children's Bible." The name of the Rev. W. Rogers appears on the title page, but the selection was in fact made for the most part by Mr. Jowett, with the help of friends. Swinburne was one of these; the other principal collaborator was Florence Nightingale. Swinburne wished to add more of the prophetic and poetic element. Miss Nightingale suggested both omissions and additions. She wanted a clear plan of the space to be given to:

"(a) Matters of *universal* importance, moral and spiritual —*e.g.*, the finest parts of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the New Testament; (b) matters of *historical* importance—*e.g.*, which embrace the history of great nations, Egypt, Assyria, Babylon. The petty wars of the petty tribes seem to take up a quite disproportionate space; (c) matters of *local* importance which have acquired a *universal moral* significance—*e.g.*, Jonah is entirely left out: yet Jonah has a moral and spiritual meaning, while Samson, Balaam and Bathsheba have none; (d) matters of *merely local* importance, with no significance but an *immoral* one—*e.g.*, the stories about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, almost all Joshua and Judges, and very much of Samuel and Kings. The story of Achilles and his horses is far more fit for children than that of Balaam and his ass, which is only fit to be told to asses. The stories of Samson and Jephtha are only fit to be told to bulldogs; and the story of Bathsheba to be told to Bathshebas. Yet we give all these stories to children as 'Holy Writ.' There are some things in Homer we might better call 'Holy' writ—many, many in Sophocles and Æschylus. The stories about Andromache and An-

tigone are worth all the women in the Old Testament put together; nay, almost all the women in the Bible."

"I blessed you every time I took the papers up, especially in the Prophets," Jowett wrote. "I have adopted your selection almost entirely, with a slight abridgement."

Miss Nightingale was fond of reading the books of Catholic devotion which the Rev. Mother of the Bermondsey Convent used to send her; and study of Plato and the Bible increased her interest in Christian mysticism. The Fourth Gospel was the work of a mystic, and there were curious analogies, as she pointed out to Mr. Jowett, between Plato and the mediæval mystics. The famous myth of the purified soul, for instance, recalled a passage in the Fioretti of St. Francis. The closing prayer in the Phaedrus—"Give me beauty in the inward soul, and may the outward and inward man be at one"—was, she thought, unequalled by any collect in the Prayer Book. Concurrently with her work for the revised *Plato* she gave much time during 1873 and 1874 (with additions later) to transcribing or translating and arranging passages from devotional writers of the Middle Ages. This study was not at variance with her outward life of activity, nor was it a refuge from weariness. She read the mystics not for the sake of reposing in contemplative ecstasy, but that she might learn to give more perfect service. She makes some notes from St. Catherine of Siena:

It is not the occupation but the spirit which makes the difference. The election of a bishop may be a most secular thing. The election of a representative may be a religious thing. It is not the preluding such an election with public prayer that would make it a religious act. It is religious so far as each man discharges his part as a duty and a solemn responsibility. The question is not whether a thing is done for the State or the Church, but whether it is done with God or without God.

Miss Nightingale's symbolical heading to this passage was "Drains."

"These old Mystics whom we call superstitious," she said, in a passage of one of her drafts for the Preface, "were far before us in their ideas of God and of prayer (that is, of our communion with God). 'Prayer,' says a mystic of the 16th Century, 'is to ask not what we wish of God, but what God wishes of us.' 'Master who hast made and formed the vessel of the body of Thy creature, and hast put within so great a treasure, the Soul, which bears the image of Thee:' so begins a dying prayer of the 14th Century. In it and in the other prayers of the Mystics there is scarcely a petition. There is never a word of the theory that God's dealings with us are to show his 'power'; still less of the theory that 'of His Own good pleasure' He has 'predestined' any souls to eternal damnation. There is little mention of heaven for self; of desire of happiness for self, none. It is singular how little mention there is either of 'intercession' or of 'atonement by another's merits.' True it is that we can only *create* a heaven for *ourselves and others* 'by the merits of another,' since it is only by working in accordance with God's laws that we can do anything. But there is nothing at all in these prayers as if God's anger had to be bought off, as if He had to be bribed into giving us heaven by sufferings merely 'to satisfy God's justice.' In the dying prayers, there is nothing of the 'egotism of death.' It is the reformation of God's Church—that is, God's children, for whom the self would give itself, that occupies the dying thoughts. There is not often a desire to be released from trouble and suffering. On the contrary there is often a desire to suffer the greatest suffering, and to offer the greatest offering, with even greater pain, if so any work can be done. And still this, and all, is ascribed to God's *goodness*. The offering is not to buy anything by suffering, but—If only the suppliant can do anything for God's children!

"These suppliants did not live to see the 'reformation' of God's children. No more will any who now offer these prayers. But at least we can all work towards such practical 'reformation.' The way to live with God is to live with Ideas—not merely to think about ideals, but to do and suffer for them. Those who have to work as men and

women must above all things have their Spiritual Ideal, their purpose, ever present. The 'mystical' state is the essence of common sense."

The selections were never finished. This and all other literary work was interrupted in the beginning of 1874 by the sudden death of her beloved father, with whom, in the reflective side of his character, she had so much in common. The death of her old friend, Mrs. Bracebridge, quickly followed. Mr. Bracebridge had died eighteen months before.

"He and she have been the creators of my life," she had said. "It is people like these," M. Mohl wrote in answer, "in whom lies the glory of England and the strength of the country. They were so genuine, so ready to help and to impoverish themselves for public purposes, and to do it unostentatiously and without fishing for popularity."

Her father's death involved Miss Nightingale in much distracting business. His land and the two houses passed under the entail to his sister, "Aunt Mai," and her husband, other property to Miss Nightingale and Lady Verney, and there was much to arrange, many people of different views to consult and reason with. Mrs. Nightingale's movements and future mode of life had to be settled. She was eighty-six, and Florence felt deeply the responsibility of providing for her mother's old age.[3] 1874 and 1875 were years of anxiety and worry, especially painful in the unavoidable interruption to her work. "Oh, God," she exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart, "let me not sink in these perplexities, but give me a great cause to do and die for." And again: "What makes the difference between man and woman? Quetelet did his work and I am so disturbed by my family that I can't do mine." Quetelet, too, "the founder of the most important science in the whole world"—that of social statistics—had died a short time before.

[3] From 1876 till her death, Mrs. Nightingale lived in London with her nephew W. Shore Smith and his family, spending the autumn with them and with Miss Nightingale at Lea Hurst.

From 1872 onwards, and with increased intensity after her father's death, Miss Nightingale's mood, in all communings with herself, was one of deep dejection and utter humbleness. The notes are often heartrending in their impression of loneliness, of craving for sympathy which she could not find, of bitter self-reproach. Such times must come in the history of sensitive hearts, and with most they remain unknown. Perhaps it was her way of relief to set down on paper the record of sad, sleepless hours of night and early morning. But with her, reflections of despondency and failure were inseparable from religious strivings. Miss Nightingale was masterful and eager; she had often been able to impress her will upon men and upon events. She had been interrupted, suddenly and painfully, in a long career of almost unceasing action. The pause, the painful sense of disappointment and vacancy, was a fresh call upon her spiritual faculties. It brought fresh consciousness of the difficulty of sustaining in active life that absolute purity of motive which makes light even of success or failure. She strove to attain and tried to teach others to ensue, passivity in action—to do the utmost and leave the rest to God: she reproached herself for censoriousness, rebellion, impatience. She knew indeed that some of all this and much of her dejection were morbid, and she would warn others against the like weakness. She knew that laughter and the "hard good sense of others" were in some things better than dwelling on one thought or feeling in solitude. But there was too little of such outside helps. At times faith grew faint.

"Oh, my Creator, art Thou leading every man of us to perfection? Or is this only a metaphysical idea for which there is no evidence? Is man only a constant repetition of himself? Thou knowest that through all these 20 horrible years I have been supported by the belief (I think I must believe it still or I am sure I could not work) that I was working with Thee Who wert bringing every one of us, even our poor nurses, to perfection."

She marked many a passage from devotional writers such as this from Thomas à Kempis:

"Oh, Lord my God, patience is very necessary for me, for I perceive that many things in this life do fall out as we would not. . . . It is so, my son. But my will is that thou seek not that peace which is void of temptations, or which suffereth nothing contrary; but rather think that thou hast found peace when thou art exercised with sundry tribulations and tried in many adversities."

The middle path of perfection between acquiescence and impatience was hard to find. "O Lord, even now I am trying to snatch the management of Thy world of Thy hands." "Too little have I looked for something higher and better than my own work—the work of supreme Wisdom, which uses us whether we know it or not."

Among her papers was a creed which expresses the faith by which she tried to guide her life:

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth. And in Jesus Christ, His best Son, our Master, Who was born to shew us the way through suffering to be also His sons and His daughters, His handmen and His handmaidens, Who lived in the same spirit with the Father, that we may also live in that Holy Spirit whose meat was to do his Father's will and to finish His work, who suffered and died saying 'That the world may love the Father.' And I believe in the Father Almighty's love and friendship, in the service of man being the service of God, the growing into a likeness with Him by love, the being one with Him in will at last, which is Heaven. I believe in the plan of Almighty Perfection to make us all perfect. And thus I believe in the Life Everlasting."

CHAPTER II

THE SPREAD OF TRAINED NURSING

In 1871, St. Thomas's Hospital was moved from its temporary quarters to the present site. Queen Victoria both laid the foundation stone and opened the completed building. The number of beds was greatly increased and with it the number of nurses and probationers. The new conditions called for fresh care and thought. Dr. Sutherland inspected the new buildings for Miss Nightingale, and considered all the arrangements from the point of view of an expert sanitarian; and she examined and cross-examined Sisters and Nurses. Here as elsewhere there was a difficulty in finding suitable women for responsible positions. She thought the technical standard was not so high as it should be, and feared that the moral standard also fell short. She determined to throw herself into a sustained effort for raising the level, and directly and indirectly carried out sweeping reforms. A four-page printed document headed "Private and Confidential" bears the characteristic title, "Notes on the New St. Thomas's Hospital. [Being simply Notes on those things which should be avoided.]"

Experience had shown that it was impossible to make good nurses, skilled in practice, without including in the course a good deal of theory and written work. The courses were improved and increased, and the examinations made more regular and searching. An assistant to Mrs. Wardroper was appointed with the title of Home Sister, who undertook class teaching. The Resident Medical Officer, who was medical instructor of the Probationers, submitted his syllabus to Miss Nightingale, and at her request drew

up a course of reading for them. The Probationers' answers to examinations and their notes on lectures were sent to her from time to time, and the Home Sister and the Matron wrote constantly to her of the technical and also of the moral and spiritual side of the School—the conduct, the general reading, the Bible and Confirmation classes. The Home Sister's duty was to make a home. She was to give interests which would keep the nurses "above the mere scramble for a remunerative place." The Training School was to be, in Miss Nightingale's words, "a Home—a place of moral, religious and practical training—a place of training of character, habits, intelligence, as well as of acquiring knowledge." And so it became. Those who saw the Nightingale nurses in these years were struck by the bright, kindly and pleasant spirit which pervaded them, and could well understand that the Institution was really a home as well as a school.

Miss Nightingale now made a point of seeing regularly when she was in London, all the Sisters, Nurses and Probationers. She had resolved when Agnes Jones died "to give herself up to finding more Agnes Joneses." She was still untiring in her efforts to find promising raw material. When applications for trained nurses came from provincial towns, she used to tell them how Pastor Fliedner would say in such a case: "Have *you* sent me any probationers? I can't stamp raw material out of the ground." From 1872 onward the raw material all passed under her own eye.

As soon as a Sister or Nurse took leave of her after an interview, Miss Nightingale wrote down a memorandum of the visitor's attainments, knowledge and character. The character sketches are terse and vivid, often racily expressed:

Miss A. Seems a woman of good feeling and bad sense; much under the meridian of anybody who will try to persuade her. I think her praises have been sung exaggeratedly. She wants a very steady hand over her. Such

long-winded stories. . . . Had I not been intent on persuading her, I should have been out of all patience.

Miss B. As self-comfortable a jackass (or Joan-ass) as ever I saw.

Nurse C. A most capable little woman, no education, but one can't find it in one's heart to regret it; she seems as good as can be.

Sometimes she would write a note of advice after an interview, as to Miss Z.:

A wise man says that true knowledge of anything whether in heaven or earth can only be gained by a true love of the Ideal in it—that is, *of the best that we can do* in it. Forgive me, dear Miss Z., do you think that you have the true *love* of the *best* in nursing? This is a question I ask myself daily in all that I do. Do not think me governessing. It is a question which each one of us can only ask of, and answer to, herself.

The close hand she kept on the School, its personnel and its work, from South Street or from Lea Hurst, was extraordinary, but it was done at great expense to herself. "It takes a great deal out of me," she wrote to a friend. "I have never been used to influence people except by leading in *work;* and to have to influence them by talking and writing is hard. A more dreadful thing than being cut short by death is being cut short by life in a paralysed state." She had to "write 100 letters to do one little thing" instead of doing it directly. "God meant me for a reformer and I have turned out a detective," she laments in a private note.

When a Sister passed out of the hospital to new work, Miss Nightingale's care followed with her.

"I am immersed," she wrote (June 1873), "in such a torrent of my trained matrons and nurses, going and coming to and from Edinburgh and Dublin, to and from watering places for their health, dining, teaing, sleeping—sleeping by day as well as by night."

"Her attitude to her lieutenants," says one of them, "was

that of a mother to daughters. Yet they were not living with her in an enclosure, but were out in the open, encountering the experiences of their individual lives, often under very difficult conditions. When they confided their trials to her, she advised them in the spirit of her own high aims, wrestling with them or encouraging them as the case might be, with a fullness of attention, which might lead each one of us in turn to think that she had no other care."

Her papers and correspondence bore this out to an astonishing degree. During several years, her nursing correspondence could be counted in thousands.

Hospitals and workhouse infirmaries in London and elsewhere looked to the Nightingale School for Superintendents, and sometimes Miss Nightingale used her influence to secure the election of one of her candidates to an advertised position. There were few important posts that were not filled in these and the following years by pupils of the Nightingale School. To a number of institutions, a large contingent of nurses, amounting in some cases to a complete nursing staff, was provided from the School. Moreover, other Hospitals and Institutions had followed the lead of Miss Nightingale and established Training Schools, and several of these were again superintended by her pupils.[1] These Schools in their turn sent out Lady Superintendents, Matrons, and Nurses to other institutions.[2] The result of all this was the gradual introduction into British Hospitals of an organised system of trained nursing.

The movement was not confined to Great Britain. "Nightingale Nurses" became Matrons or Superintendents in many Colonies (*e.g.*, Canada and Ceylon), in India, in

[1] For instance at Edinburgh (under Miss Pringle), at St. Mary's (Miss Williams), the Marylebone Infirmary (Miss Vincent), and the Westminster (Miss Pyne).

[2] "Let us hail the successes of other Training Schools, sprung up, thank God, so fast and well in latter years. . . . *All* can win the prize. One training school is not lowered if others win. On the contrary, all are lowered if others fail."—Miss Nightingale's address to her Probationers, 1884.

Sweden, in Germany and the United States. "Miss Alice Fisher, who regenerated Blockley Hospital (Philadelphia), was a Nightingale nurse, and Miss Linda Richards, the pioneer nurse of the United States, enjoyed the advantage of post-graduate work in St. Thomas's and of Miss Nightingale's personal kindly interest and encouragement."[3] Miss Machin (afterwards first matron at St. Bartholomew's) went in 1875 from St. Thomas's with a staff of nurses to the General Hospital at Montreal. In France, in Austria and other countries the training of nurses similarly followed Miss Nightingale's lead.

Miss Nightingale's close acquaintance with her pupils in the School and their *dossiers* helped her to choose the best woman available for a position to be filled. There was a Triumvirate, she used to say, Mr. Bonham Carter, Mrs. Wardroper and herself (now, as in the Crimea, the "Lady in Chief") with Dr. Sutherland sometimes as court of appeal. When a Sister was to be promoted, Miss Nightingale would make her more intimate acquaintance and prepare her for the work. The help and care and advice which followed such a one into the new sphere were extraordinarily thorough. Holidays, often in the shape of a visit to Miss Nightingale in town or country, were provided or seen to. Books, technical and other, were generously given. A Sister on a journey would be seen off by the old soldier who was a part of Miss Nightingale's household under the style of "Messenger"—with a luncheon basket. Her notes to those who were working in London Hospitals or Infirmaries were often accompanied by country eggs, game or flowers. Embley evergreens decorated the wards. At one or two of the London Infirmaries there is a Matron's garden, planted with Embley rhododendrons.

It was an occasion for tact, not without plain speaking, when one of the flock had to be persuaded to an exchange. To a favourite pupil in such a case she writes:

[3] *The History of Nursing,* by M. A. Nutting and L. L. Dock, 1907.

". . . We thought that this arrangement was what would approve itself best to your best judgment. But as I am well aware that my dear Goddess-baby has—well, a baby-side, I shall not be surprised at any outburst—though I know full well that in the dear Pearl's terrible distress you will do everything and more than everything possible to drag her through and to spare her and to keep *her* up and the *place* going. Only don't break yourself down, my dear child. . . . Alas, I would so fain relieve you of your 'bitterness.' You say you are 'bitter'; and indeed you *are,* . . . I would not have written thus much, unless urged by seeing my Goddess-baby suffering from delusions. And how can a woman be a Superintendent unless she has learnt to superintend herself?"

With an erring sister she would take infinite pains. She was firm to save the good name of the School, but firmness went hand in hand with infinite pity for the individual, and in such cases her own sensitive spirit suffered far more pain than she inflicted.

In 1872 and for many succeeding years, Miss Nightingale wrote an anniversary address or letter to the probationer nurses of the School. Of the first address, the best of the series, Dr. Sutherland said: "It is just what it ought to be, written as the thoughts come up. This is the only writing which goes like an arrow to its mark. It is full of gentle wisdom. . . ." The addresses were written for young women, many of whom, especially in the earlier years of the School, had had a poor general education, and all of whom were beginners in training. There is a strong religious tone in all of them. They read like school sermons of an unusual gentle originality of style. The gist of them is that nursing requires a special call, that it needs, more than most occupations a religious basis; that it is an art, in which constant progress is the law of life; and that the nurse, whether she wills or not, has of necessity a moral influence. Self-sufficiency, which it seems was a failing of the early Nightingale Nurses, is constantly chastised.

There are little discourses on the uses and limits of school friendships, on the right use of dress, on the art of exercising authority, with wise sayings quoted—without the name—from Plato and others. There are stories of Rorke's Drift, of Tel-el-Kebir, of Gordon at Khartoum. More rarely she referred to incidents in her own life, but only to say that any success or repute she had attained was by attention to the smallest details.

One of the most important of many responsible appointments over which Miss Nightingale took infinite pains was that of Miss Florence Lees (Mrs. Dacre Craven) to the Metropolitan District Nursing Association. The foremost promoter of the movement for District Nursing in London was Mr. William Rathbone, who had already, with Miss Nightingale's co-operation, introduced District Nursing in Liverpool. He at once came to consult her.

The movement for District Nursing was always very near to Miss Nightingale's heart. She now reproached herself that though she had resolved some years before to give herself to District Nursing, "now that District Nursing comes it is too late for me to help." The promoters, however, acted on her advice; she had not long before printed a paper of "Suggestions" on various subjects connected with nursing and hospital management, among which was a discussion of the best methods for training nurses for the sick poor, and this was taken as the scheme for the new project. Her letter to the *Times,* too, reprinted as a pamphlet, first made the Metropolitan Association well known to the public. Miss Lees filled the post of Superintendent General most efficiently for some years, and throughout her work was in consultation with Miss Nightingale. The nurses employed were largely supplied by the original School, and considerable grants to the support of the scheme were made from the Nightingale Fund.

CHAPTER III

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER

Though "out of office," Miss Nightingale remained within hail of the War Office as expert in war nursing. In 1878, Sir William Muir, the Director General of the Army Medical Department, came to consult with her about a female nursing establishment for an expected war with Russia. In 1880, she was asked by General Gordon to help in improving the training of hospital orderlies, of whose inefficiency his cousin, Mrs. Hawthorn, wife of a Colonel of Engineers, had had experience in South Africa. Miss Nightingale submitted the case to the Secretary for War, Mr. Childers, who thereupon called for a report. The departmental answer was forwarded to her. "I have seen such answers," she wrote, "at the Crimean war time: 'The patient has died of neglect and want of proper attendance; but by Regulations should not have died; therefore the allegation that he is dead is disposed of.'" The Egyptian campaign of 1882 and the fighting in South Africa put to the test a re-organisation of the Army Medical and Hospital Service which had taken place since Miss Nightingale was "in office" with Sydney Herbert. She was in close touch with the Hospital arrangements both in Natal and in Egypt through Mrs. Hawthorn and other friends among the Sisters and lady visitors, and again sent in a memorandum.

Mr. Childers appointed a Court of Inquiry presided over by Sir Evelyn Wood. "All the independent evidence went to shew," wrote Sir R. Loyd Lindsay (Lord Wantage), "that the orderlies were often drunk and riotous, that they ate the rations of the sick, and left the nursing of the

patients to the convalescents." An enlarged enquiry, with the Earl of Morley as Chairman, was carried into the whole question of hospital management and nursing in the field. Miss Nightingale, in close alliance with Lord Wantage, took up her old rôle, suggesting witnesses, drawing up briefs for their examination, and writing successive papers of suggestions for the Report. The evidence, she considered, had justified her old forebodings of the undoing of Sidney Herbert's work. The later changes in organisation had not been thought out in all the details or in terms of war. Accepting the changes, she threw herself into an effort towards improvement, and was consulted on revised regulations for various branches of the medical service, in which she was helped by her old friends Sir Douglas Galton and Dr. Sutherland. In 1884, Lord Wantage sent her a statement from the War Office "showing how far the recommendations of Lord Morley's Committee had been carried out."

There was one feature of the Hospital Service upon which these inquiries threw nothing but praise, and that was the "female" nursing.

"I have always thought," Lord Wolseley said, "that the presence of lady nurses in our military hospitals was a matter of the first consequence. . . . Apart from the incalculable boon which the care and kindness of such ladies confers upon the sick or wounded soldier, I regard their presence in all our hospitals as a most wholesome check upon the whole personnel in them. I am sure that the patients in a ward where there was a lady nurse would always receive the wine, food, etc., ordered them by the doctor, and the irregularities of the orderlies, such as those complained of by Mrs. Hawthorn, could not take place. . . . I think it would be desirable to call attention in the Queen's Regulations to the great advantage of procuring the aid of lady nurses at all stations, both in peace and war."

Later experience in Egypt confirmed his view, and he was even more emphatic in his evidence before Lord Morley's Committee.

When "The Gordon Relief Expedition" was organised in 1884 Miss Nightingale was again deeply concerned. She admired Gordon as the Christian hero, and to take part in this expedition was a great occasion for the nurses. The Superintendent of the nurses sent out by the Government for Wady Halfa was one of her dearest pupils, Miss Rachel Williams. Miss Williams stayed at South Street while arrangements were pending, and there is a pleasant account by Sister Philippa Large, another of the expedition, of Miss Nightingale's prompt summons of the party of seven who were to go out with Miss Williams in the *Navarino*, her affectionate hospitality and instructions, and the cordiality with which, on their return, she put her house at their disposal. She was living her Scutari life over again in the lives of her pupils.

To Miss Williams at Suez, 3 July, 1885

. . . The orderlies are not hopeless, but untrained. Government are now doing all they can. In my day they *were* hopeless. They place them now under the Sisters. The great business of the Sisters *is* to train them. It is the more aggravating when there are so few Sisters that they *can't* give time to train these men who are essential in the Field. . . . Would that I could help you to nurse the Typhoids! I am sure you *are* doing great good among the Orderlies, even though you do not know it. The very fact that they see you think neglect a crime does good. How well I know their fatal neglects with Typhoid cases! But 30 years ago, women Nurses were just as bad. See the difference now. There is a Miss Williams. Cheer up: fight the good fight of faith. I need not say this to my dear, for she *is* fighting it. God bless her! When I am gone, she will see the fruit of her labours. Three cheers for her! A Dieu. To God I commend you. Would I were His servant as you are. I wonder whether you have had my letters. I have written by every mail.

She had indeed, and more. Miss Williams received sixty-five letters from her during the campaign.

With thankfulness that she had been able to show the

way to others, there was mingled something of the wistful regret of old age. There was much in the administrative conduct of the nursing service at the front which she could have ordered better. A newspaper paragraph about the attractions of "afternoon tea in the nurses' tents" pained her, though they were not, it seems, her own nurses. Encouraging, cheery, helpful to others, she was herself sad and almost sombre. The note which she struck in her next address to probationers was all of humility. Old friends and comrades were dying. Mme. Mohl in 1882, Dr. Farr, her old associate, and one of the founders of statistical science in England, Sir Bartle Frere. In 1883 died one of her oldest friends and wisest counsellors, Sir John McNeill. He had sent her the last thing he wrote—a reply to Kinglake's belated account of the Chelsea Board affair. Her answer sent "with the deepest affection and veneration" was in a sombre vein. How little progress had been made! She only, she began to feel, was left; and she so unworthy. What opportunities she had been given! How little use she had been able to make of them! But some years of life would perhaps still be granted to her. She would consecrate them the more devotedly to higher service. "Today," she wrote (Christmas Day 1885), "let me dedicate this poor old crumbling woman to Thee. Behold the handmaid of the Lord. I was Thy handmaid as a girl. How have I backslidden!"

Miss Nightingale continued to maintain the closest touch with her nursing school. She was consulted by Sir James Paget in 1887 as to the administration of the "Women's Jubilee Gift," devoted by the Queen to home nursing of the poor. The lines of the Metropolitan District Nursing Association were adopted by the "Jubilee Institute for Nurses," and the Association became affiliated to the Institute. Mr. Rathbone wrote a book on these matters, with a preface by Miss Nightingale.

"The tendency," she wrote, "is now to make a formula

of nursing; a sort of literary expression. Now no living thing can less lend itself to a formula than nursing. Nursing has to nurse living bodies and spirits. It must be sympathetic. It cannot be tested by public examinations, though it may be tested by current supervision."

She gives here in few words the view which was now to involve her in a long controversy. For seven years (1886-1893) the nursing world was rent in twain by the dispute whether or not there should be a Register of trained nurses. In 1886 the Hospitals Association appointed a Committee to inquire into the possibility of establishing a General Register of Nurses, and Miss Nightingale naturally became the leader of those who opposed registration.

You cannot select the good from the inferior by any test or system of examination. But most of all, and first of all, must their moral qualifications be made to stand pre-eminent in estimation. All this can only be secured by the current supervision, tests or examination which they receive in their training school or hospital, not by any examination from a foreign body like that proposed by the British Nurses' Association.

The only real and sufficient guarantee in the case of an art in which the training, both technical and moral, is a continuous process, was, she held, that the public should be able to get a *recent* recommendation of the nurse, who was to be passed on from one doctor, hospital or superintendent to another with something of the same elaborate record of work and character which she herself required in the case of the Nightingale Probationers and Nurses.

The controversy took many shapes, and petitions, memorials, pamphlets, letters abounded. There was a campaign for a Royal Charter, in which the figurehead was Princess Christian. There was an application to the Board of Trade for the registration of a public Company, whose foremost object was to be a register of trained nurses. There

was an enquiry by the House of Lords on the London Hospitals, into which the vexed question entered. In the intermediate steps victory fell to the laborious efforts of Miss Nightingale and her associates. In the final result a Charter was granted to the British Nurses' Association, but on such terms that though the Association could keep its list of "persons who may have applied to have their names entered therein as nurses," no authoritative or exclusive right to "register" was vested in them.[1]

It may seem now that Mr. Jowett was right in thinking that the question of registration was "a comparative trifle" in comparison with Miss Nightingale's other preoccupations. A nurse who has taken a three years' course at a recognized training school has long been described as "fully trained," and such a standard, like a doctor's degree, is a useful one for what it is worth. To be entered on a general register as fully trained may seem only another step and a simple one. But it takes very little experience of nurses to show that "moral qualifications" are all-important. A registered nurse may be worse than useless, if she is not kindly, wise, refined, conscientious, and willing to be helpful in matters which are not always strictly within her province. Nursing on the technical side is not an occupation requiring uncommon intellectual powers and attainments. But on the side of character, it is a most exacting calling. A perfect nurse is as rare as a saint. And as for the very imperfect, the unreformed nurse, it was still not far to look back to the women who had been a by-word for drink and immorality. To set up a qualification which should be merely one of technical training was to leave out of account all the rarer and higher essentials of good nursing, and to give a wrong direction to the public demand. "You have to educate public opinion up to *wanting* a good article." Hence the fervour Miss Nightingale put into her fight against Registration.

[1] The existing system of registration dates from some years after Florence Nightingale's death.

CHAPTER IV

LARGER CARES FOR INDIA

The passion of Miss Nightingale's later life was the redress of the sufferings and grievances of the Indian people, and from 1874 onward she did an immense amount of work to that end. Her energy and resource, her capacity for laying out a scheme, and her mastery of detail were during a great part of this time as great as ever, in spite of increasing age. She corresponded with successive Secretaries of State and Viceroys, and was in close touch for many years with the Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Louis Mallet, who, though he did not always agree with her conclusions, was entirely sympathetic with her general aims and gave her facilities for pursuing her researches. There was voluminous correspondence with Lord Napier and Ettrick, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir George Campbell and Sir Richard Temple. Colonel Yule, who succeeded Sir Bartle Frere in the charge of sanitary affairs, was in frequent communication with her. On irrigation she was coached by the leading authorities. On education, she advised with Mr. A. W. Croft, the Director of Public Instruction. She had a network of correspondents in India among Sanitary Commissioners, doctors, engineers, irrigation officers, who wrote to her sometimes more freely than in official reports.

But in several ways circumstances were against her. The conjunction of events which gave her much immediate power in the earlier stages of Indian reform was no longer operative, and with less direct leverage, there was disproportion between effort and result. She could not, as in earlier campaigns, rely so largely on her own personal ex-

perience, though indeed many a Minister is forced to depend more than she did on other people's observation, experience and technical knowledge. Her work suffered from some incompatibility of its methods. Her official connections gave her some good information, but they hampered her as a writer, and her published writings made her distrusted in official circles.

The positive and statistical bent of her mind inclined her to the conviction that for every acknowledged evil there must be a definite remedy. She wanted a positive policy, clearly laid down and promptly carried out. The attitude of Secretaries of State and Governments of India was different. Lord Salisbury in a characteristic state paper —it was about the land question in Madras—once wrote a philosophic defence of the policy of drift:

"We must be content to contribute our mite towards a gradual change. . . . Sir George Campbell appears to dread this gentle mode of progression which he denounces under the name of drifting. I cannot accept the metaphor in its entirety, for I believe that there is still left some, though not a very important, influence for the helm. But with this reservation, I see no terror in the prospect of 'drifting.' On the contrary, I believe that all the enduring institutions which human societies have attained have been reached, not of the set design and forethought of some group of statesmen, but by that unbidden and unconscious convergence of many thoughts and wills in successive generations, to which, as it obeys no single guiding hand, we may give the name of 'drifting.' It is assuredly only in this way that a permanent solution of these difficult questions will be given to the vast communities of India. The vacillation of purpose, the chaos of opinion we are now deploring, only indicate that the requisite convergence has not yet been attained."

To Miss Nightingale, however, Lord Salisbury did not write complacently of vacillation of purpose. A real obstacle to sanitary progress was the malaria microbe, whose habits were yet unknown, though its disturbing influence,

like that of an undiscovered planet, had become perceptible. There was also the inelastic character of the Indian revenue, and the perpetual controversy between the advocates of retrenchment and those of wealth-producing expenditure.

Lord Salisbury to Miss Nightingale, 4 November 1874

It is perfectly true that if the remedies were as certain of their effect as the existence of the evils is certain and serious, we might obviate the difficulty of the money by borrowing without stint. But the consideration that withholds the Indian Government from such a course is the very fact that the remedies are not absolutely certain. [A great expenditure was producing little result in Peshawur.] I heard Sir George Clark the other day state in Council that one of the new stations in Rajpootana . . . had become decidedly more unhealthy since remedial measures recommended by the sanitary authorities had been adopted. There may be something of prejudice and something of timidity in these apprehensions. I do not wish to give to them more weight than they deserve. But it is obvious that in sanitary action we are still groping our way, and that we are far from having arrived at that point of certainty at which it would be safe, on account of any particular series of undertakings, very heavily to pledge the future industry of the Indian people.

Miss Nightingale herself was no longer satisfied by a purely sanitary policy. Recurrent famines gave a new turn to her thoughts. In India, sanitation for the people almost seemed to be premature. What was the good of trying to keep them in health if they could not be kept alive? They were being "done to death" by floods, by drought, by the rent system, by money-lenders. She was drawn on into irrigation questions, into the land question, the question of usury and debt, even to some extent into political questions.

Her work in this period was not without useful results. Her reforms, if not all-sufficient—as she would never have claimed—cannot now be called visionary. The principal

irrigation works in the advocacy of which she took a vigorous part have been carried out with success and to the great benefit of the country. Even in her own lifetime there was a very large increase in the area irrigated by "productive" canals; a consistent policy of "preventive" irrigation was adopted in 1901; a reform of the Bengal Land System projected by Lord Ripon was carried out by Lord Dufferin, and others have succeeded it. Opportunities of agricultural education have since been so widely extended that it can now be said that a knowledge of scientific agriculture has been brought within reach not indeed of the cultivators but of the land owners and of the class employed in revenue collecting; and the colleges are well attended. Representation and the admission of persons of Indian birth more largely to administrative and judicial positions have passed through many phases and are still controversial. In earlier stages of these matters and in specific cases of sanitary reform, Miss Nightingale had some influence through letters and personal interviews, and through her published writings in newspapers and magazines.

In her own life the significance of her later Indian work lies not so much in what she accomplished as in the extraordinary deference with which her letters and suggestions were received by statesmen and officials—a deference which could not now wholly be due to the name she had won twenty or thirty years before. Without official position, she had to make a new reputation with every fresh statesman whom friends and fellow workers introduced to her. The attention she commanded, the effect produced by her interventions, were extraordinary. Her knowledge and her personal weight were felt. She had to be answered even where there was not a consensus of experts in favour of her policy.

On the substance of a letter from her which Lord Salisbury had forwarded and to which he himself replied at length, Lord Northbrook, then Viceroy, writes six sheets

of quarto paper to show that he is doing his best in army sanitary matters. He agrees with Miss Nightingale's principles as to the relative importance of different sorts of work, and says that she is not far out in her detailed lists of what should be done. He pleads hindrances, such as local scarcities of labour, and runs on with justifications, achievements, hopes.

"I have written on (he ends) as the subject is one in which I have for a long time taken a personal interest, and Miss Nightingale may be glad to know that I have not neglected it here. I can promise you that, so far as our funds will permit, every attention shall be paid to the health of the British and the Native Army in India."

Lord Salisbury, who was not the man to listen to what Miss Nightingale had once called Chattering Advices,[1] writes to her at length in his characteristic philosophising vein, taking up her suggestions and carefully giving them their due. He was her principal correspondent in a long series of letters and papers about the drainage of Madras, which, in spite of differences of experts and want of money, was at last accomplished with a more than Oriental leisureliness. He submits her irrigation figures to the India Office, directs them to send her papers, and promises to get fuller returns. He argues at length against her suggestion of a Committee of experts (1 November 1875). "Do not for a moment imagine," he says in a long letter (27 February 1876), "that I have forgotten the question. . . . When I am able to get a little light, I will let you know; but as long as my oracles flatly contradict each other, I am not likely to get nearer certainty than I am now." Again he calls for returns at her suggestion. When she writes in the *Nineteenth Century* (October 1878) on "The People of India," the Secretary of State, Lord Cranbrook, writes to the Viceroy about the article. He thinks Miss Nightingale generalises too much, but he will be truly glad if Lord Lytton's legislation can

[1] In *Notes on Nursing*.

find a remedy. The article, a friend tells her, was described by disturbed officials as "a shriek," and "the question was whether something could be done to counteract the impression." The India Office gave 1¼ million as the number of deaths in the famine. Miss Nightingale's figure was 5/6 millions. "I begin to think now," writes Sir Louis Mallet, a little later, "that your 'Shriek' was a better expression of the truth than any other utterance."

In the winter of 1879 comes a correspondence with Gladstone on Indian Affairs, which had some part in his general campaign against Lord Beaconsfield's policy; and he visits her in May for an Indian talk. Lord Lawrence, in one of his last letters to her, discusses fully many of the points she raises in the draft of a work on Indian Irrigation and Land Tenure.[2] When Lord Ripon—her old ally as Lord de Grey—becomes Viceroy and his Indian policy is disclosed, a cordial and confidential correspondence begins. Advocacy of his reforms becomes one of her absorbing interests. He sends her a long letter of explanation, almost of apology, when she thinks his resignation is a desertion of the Empire. His successor, Lord Dufferin, in turn comes to be coached.

"We went over many things," she writes to Dr. Sutherland (6 November 1884), "Sanitation, Land Tenure, Agriculture, Civil Service, etc., etc., and I am to send him a note of each. But about sanitary things he says he is perfectly ignorant, especially of Indian sanitary things. But he says: 'Give me your instructions and I will obey them. I will study them on my way out. Send me what you think. Supply the powder and I will fire the shot.' Give me quickly what instructions you think I should send him."

This letter arrived on a Friday, and the Doctor was commanded to send in his notes "before Monday." But, as ill luck had it, the old man—now nearly 80—was busy

[2] This book, "The Zemindar, the Sun and the Watering Pot as Affecting Life and Death in India," was never put into satisfactory shape and has not been published, but it served her as a quarry for many articles, papers and private letters.

"in working at the cholera bacillus with a beautiful Vienna microscope purchased with this object." That would occupy him on Friday and Saturday, and Sunday was Sunday; so "the Viceroy must wait." Miss Nightingale's wrath and entreaties may be imagined. Notes and telegrams followed fast upon each other. "I did not know the bacillus was of more consequence than a Viceroy." "If you did a little on Sunday, the Recording Angel would drop not a tear, but a smile." It turned out that Lord Dufferin was not leaving so soon as she had thought, and there was time for his indoctrination.

In 1885 Lord Reay calls upon her before going out as Governor of Bombay, and Lord Roberts before going out as Commander-in-Chief. Miss Nightingale took great pains with this interview, and Lord Roberts' command was fruitful of some reforms in which she had been a pioneer. He established a club or institute in every British regiment and battery in India, and took temperance measures. In 1887 he was able to tell her that the Government of India had sanctioned the employment of female nurses in the Military Hospitals. A beginning was to be made at Umballa and Rawul Pindi, and eighteen nurses, with Lady Superintendents, were to be sent out. Miss Nightingale had several interviews with the Surgeon General to whom the choice of nurses was entrusted; she saw the Superintendents before they went out, and letters from them were added to her large nursing correspondence throughout the world.

In 1887, though conscious of failing strength, she intervenes to save the Indian sanitary services, endangered by retrenchment. She sends a long statement to Lord Dufferin, who writes that he has read it to the head of the Finance Committee and undertakes to have the question thoroughly discussed in Council. That is not enough. She even, thinking the times propitious for a new move, brings up again her old plan of a central sanitary department in India with executive powers, and collaborates with two offi-

cial friends to produce a draft dispatch in this sense, which gets as far as being circulated in the India Office by the Secretary of State. This Secretary of State is a new friend, Lord Cross. He is invoked to save the Army Sanitary Commission, threatened with disintegration by the approaching retirement of Dr. Sutherland. He is most willing to hearken, but disappears after the thunderclap of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation. "We *are* unlucky," complains Miss Nightingale to Sir Douglas Galton. "As soon as we seem to have got hold of two Secretaries of State, this Randolph goes out. The Cabinet will have to be remodelled and perhaps we shall lose our men." Mr. Stanhope, however, succeeds Lord Cross, and he, too, comes to Miss Nightingale. After interviews with her (June 1890) he reconstitutes the Army Sanitary Commission. The second Secretary of State here mentioned is W. H. Smith, who was for a short time a much appreciated ally of Miss Nightingale at the War Office.[3]

Lord Lansdowne, the next Viceroy, introduced by Mr. Jowett, visits Miss Nightingale twice (1888) before going out to India, and they correspond frequently on sanitary affairs. From Lord Cross he receives an influentially signed memorandum on the financing of village sanitation—got up by Miss Nightingale. He forwards it to Lord Lansdowne, by whom it is circulated among the local Governments.[4] This, for village sanitation, was Miss Nightingale's last Indian campaign.

Her strong interest in agricultural development in India led to many consultations with the Master of Balliol, whom she had long before proselytised to the cause, on

[3] He was apt and industrious in administrative detail and cared sincerely for the soldiers' welfare. These characteristics suited Miss Nightingale and she paid him a high compliment: he reminded her in some respects of Sidney Herbert. Superficially no two men could be more different.

[4] Miss Nightingale put a great deal of work into the advocacy of Health Visitors ("Health Missioners") for Indian villages. She was also a pioneer of health visiting in England; in 1892 she helped to set going a scheme under the North Buckinghamshire Technical Committee.

improving the course for Oxford candidates for the Indian Civil Service. Successful candidates had been given the option of a year's study at the University before going out, and at Balliol Mr. Arnold Toynbee was appointed a lecturer to them. He came to see Miss Nightingale, and to him she writes (October 1882) to ask if some instruction could not be given in various branches of scientific agriculture and forestry, in such a way as to direct the students' attention to the needs of India. She induced Sir George Campbell to lecture at Oxford on agrarian conditions in India.

"I want to prove to you," Jowett writes (14 October 1887), "that your words do sometimes affect my flighty or stony heart and are not altogether cast to the winds. Therefore I send you the last report of the Indian Students, in which you will perceive that agricultural chemistry has become a reality; and that, owing to *YOU* (though I fear that, like so many other of your good deeds, this will never be known to men), Indian students are reading about agriculture and that therefore Indian Ryots may have a chance of being somewhat better fed than hitherto."

CHAPTER V

FRIENDS AND FAREWELLS

After leaving the Burlington Hotel in 1861 Miss Nightingale lived for some years in hired houses in London or at Hampstead. In 1865 she settled finally. Her father bought for her a lease of No. 35 South Street, Park Lane, afterwards re-numbered 10, and this was her home till her death. It was a pleasant small house with large rooms, but of course did not possess the labour-saving arrangements its tenant had initiated for hospitals. Indeed it was rather a tower than a house; it had four floors (besides basement and attic) containing on each one big room facing south, with large windows, and one small north room. On the ground floor was a plain and serious Victorian dining room with a large bookcase of Blue Books. The drawing room with its balconies and large French windows was sunny and pleasant. There was space near the fire or the window for Miss Nightingale's sofa, her visitors and their adjuncts of tea tables, but elsewhere the habitable space was built in with tall bookcases of Blue Books and reports. Bookcases again and boxes of papers almost blocked the little back drawing room, and the under cupboards of all the bookcases were filled with parcels of paper and letters, for nothing had been destroyed for many years. Miss Nightingale's bedroom upstairs was very bright and peaceful. Here the books were kept down and there was a view of Dorchester House and the Park. Only in her last years did the noise of Park Lane become insistent. The bedroom—it was rather a sitting room with a bed—had white walls. There were no blinds or

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN HER ROOM IN SOUTH STREET.
From a photograph by Miss E. F. Bosanquet, 1906.

curtains, and the room, as fresh and sweet smelling as a country room, seemed full of light and flowers. It was very simple in an old-fashioned way, and had the chief charm of a room in being pleasantly arranged for habitation, not for show. The guest room above was sometimes occupied by the Mohls or other visitors—a cousin or one of her nursing superintendents.

The visitors by day were, almost all, those who came for work, and, like all busy people, she only saw them by appointment. Her habit was to see only one person at a time. Nobody, even if staying in the house, ever came into her room by chance, and no outside visitor appeared unexpectedly. She never had the relief, or the enlightenment, of hearing two other people talk, or of witnessing for a moment two other personalities in contact. So much was sacrificed to work. "I am *obliged* (by my ill-health) to make Life an Art, to be always thinking of it," she wrote to Mme. Mohl. "Because otherwise I should do *nothing*. (I have so little life and strength.)"

Mrs. Bracebridge, Lady Ashburton, Lady Herbert with a few other friends of old times, continued to come. Miss Nightingale always wrote to Lady Herbert on the anniversary of her husband's death. The event of 1866 was a visit to Embley from the middle of August to the end of November—the first holiday for ten years, and only a partial holiday. Beyond later visits to Embley, Lea Hurst and Claydon (Lady Verney's home), a stay at Lady Ashburton's house at Seaton, and one or two stays at seaside hotels, there is little of incident to record. Her last stay at Embley was in 1891. The friendships which had arisen from association in work were many and in the later years of a long life there were many farewell letters from or to the distinguished men with whom Miss Nightingale worked and whom she outlived. They are friendships that throw much light on her character. Pages might be filled with words of admiring affection used towards her by these

fellow workers. Some have already been given. There are touching letters from Dr. E. A. Parkes, the sanitarian, and from Colonel Sir Henry Yule, whom she had known first as the Indian Council member in charge of sanitary affairs. Both wrote to her shortly before death thanking and blessing her for her help—for the privilege of having known her.

One of her oldest friends and wisest counsellors was Sir John McNeill. As a fellow worker in her campaigns of reform, and as the recipient of many of her impetuous and warlike letters, he knew her well; and she regarded him, as one of her messages says, "with the deepest affection and veneration." She had rejoiced with Lady Tulloch over a rehabilitation[1] of the McNeill-Tulloch report—that report which she said had been "the salvation of the Army in the Crimea"; and Lady Tulloch had sent a copy of her letter to Sir John.

"There is no one, dead or alive," he answered, "whose testimony I could value so highly with regard to the matters in question as I do Miss Florence Nightingale's. Her favourable opinion is very precious to me, not only because she knew more, and was intellectually more capable of forming a correct judgment than anyone else who visited that strange scene, but because my regard and affection for her is such as would make it very painful to me to find that she had reason to think in any degree less favourably of our services than she did formerly. Her letter is very characteristic, and therefore to me very precious."

Another of these friends was Dr. Sutherland—her assistant and fellow worker for thirty years. He was a man of marked ability in his profession, cultivated, sweet tempered and kindly in disposition, with a gentle, almost feminine grace of appearance and an expression that, even in slight portraits, seems ready to break into a smile of whimsical humour. He had been an inspector under the first

[1] In the fifth edition of the Prince Consort's *Life*.

Board of Health, and was employed by the Government on many special enquiries before he went on his sanitary mission to the East as a middle-aged man—he was nearly twenty years older than Miss Nightingale. Co-operation with her opened great opportunities to him. He was in many ways the ideal private secretary, and she owed much to his technical knowledge and experience, skill in drafting, and careful work. He served on almost every Commission or Committee with which she had anything to do, and if he was not nominated in the first instance, she would insist on his inclusion. Much of his work as paid member of the Army Sanitary Commission was her work also, and at some period of their co-operation, a regular arrangement was made between them by which he gave Miss Nightingale part of his time for her Army and Indian Sanitary work, and, as the years went on, for her other interests. Partly because he was deaf, and partly no doubt because Miss Nightingale was often too unwell to dress, or to give her best in an interview, it became her habit to discuss business with him, as with others, by an exchange of notes.[2] She would pick up any odd piece of paper, somebody's letter, or the blotting paper, and write her mind or her repartee in pencil to be carried downstairs: "Well, you know I have already said that to Lord Stanley, I can't do more." "Yes, you *must*." "Oh, Lord bless you, *No*." "You want me to decide in order that you may do the reverse." "Can you answer a plain question?" "You have forgotten all we talked about." "You told me positively there was nothing to be done. There is everything to be done." "Why did you tell me that tremendous banger? Was it to prevent my worrying you?" Sometimes he went on strike. One scrap had a drawing of a dry pump with a handle marked "F. N.":

[2] Most business, such as the making of appointments, could be done by one or two exchanges. Captain Galton's business was done in interviews, as he did not like the system of notes. Consequently Dr. Sutherland was the chief recipient of the scraps of paper.

"Your pump is dry. India to stand over." He would receive business visitors for her, or entertain them in her behalf at luncheon or dinner. "These two people have come. Will you see them for me? I have explained who you are." "Was the luncheon good? Did he eat? Did he walk?" "Yes." "Then he's a liar; he told me he couldn't move." In 1865-6 the Sutherlands moved to Norwood. Miss Nightingale complained of this remoteness. Dr. Sutherland dated his letters from "The Gulf." Sometimes he complained of being unwell and did not come up when business was pressing. Miss Nightingale did not take this easily, and Dr. Sutherland would "answer back" in letters beginning "Respected Enemy" or "Dear Howling Epileptic Friend." Mrs. Sutherland, an active and vivacious woman of the world, was a warm friend and adherent of Miss Nightingale, and often helped her in finding houses and servants.

Dr. Sutherland lived till 1891. At the end he was in great weakness and could hardly read or speak. His wife received a letter from Miss Nightingale with messages to him. She spoke of it, and to her surprise he roused himself once more, read the letter through, and said, "Give her my love and blessing." They were almost his last words.

Her long friendship with Mr. Jowett was of a different character from the working friendship with men engaged in her own administrative business. He did not belong to the type which she most respected—the simple and "open" men of action; but he was devoted to his College and his University, where he was "making mankind," and in religious matters there was much, though not everything in common. The next world was a subject of difference. Would it be a state of peace or of immense activity? Needless to say which of the friends prognosticated which. Mr. Jowett was seldom if ever in London without paying her an afternoon visit: he used to give her the Sacrament, in which Mrs. Bracebridge or some of her family would share.

Her letters to him were burnt at her request,[3] but his letters show that from 1862 onwards she gave him much of her intimate confidence. He treated her as an equal, while many of the dearest of her other friends paid her an almost adoring worship, and some who were estranged by what they thought excessive sacrifices to work offered only unsympathetic criticism. It was Mr. Jowett alone who wrote with an affectionate plainness of speech, begging her to rise above her too great anxieties and perturbations, as he thought them, persuading her to rest more, to "venture and to see more of the sights and sounds of nature." She would take such criticisms and advices from him, as she would take a *no* from Sir John Lawrence, because she recognised in both a purpose in life like her own.

Jowett was not afraid to criticise her writing. "The style is too jerky and impulsive," runs one comment, "though I think it is logical and effective. You must avoid faults of taste and exaggeration." But he did not succeed in raising Miss Nightingale's style to his own level of unimpeachable propriety.

His friendship was evidently a true solace to her in anxious years of middle life. There came times, though she never let him know, when it lost some of its helpfulness. Those private notes which were unseen till after her death show that sometimes she felt his demands for sympathy too heavy. "He talks to me as if I were someone else," says one note. Jowett's delicately inanimate manner may well have been wearisome sometimes, but it was a faithful friendship and these little secret impatiences were transient.

He always sent her a New Year's letter. In one written on the last day of 1879, he says:

"It is about 17 years since we first became friends. How can I thank you properly for all your kindness and sym-

[3] She commonly asked her correspondents—not, apparently, the Mohls—to destroy her letters. But a good many letters which contained this request survived.

pathy—never failing—when you had so many other things to occupy your mind? I have not been able to do so much as you expected of me, and probably never shall be, though I do not give up ambition. But I have been too much distracted by many things; and not strong enough for the place. I shall go on as quietly and industriously as I can. If I ever do much more, it will be chiefly owing to you: your friendship has strengthened and helped me, and never been a source of the least pain or regret. Farewell. May the later years of your life be clearer and happier and more useful than the earlier! If you will believe it, this may be so.

"I think no day passes," he says elsewhere, "in which I do not think of you and your work with pride and affection." "How greatly am I indebted to you for all your affection," says his last note, a few days before he died. "How large a part has your life been of my life." And yet in Jowett's Life, there is but one casual mention of Florence Nightingale, so strictly did she always avoid or suppress any public notice of herself.

In 1879 she wrote to Gladstone, of whom she then had hopes as to Indian matters, a long letter of her thoughts on Lord Lawrence.

Miss Nightingale to Mr. Gladstone, July 6, 1879

"I see you were at Lord Lawrence's funeral yesterday, and you may care to hear the story of his last days from one who has been privileged to know and serve with two such men as Sidney Herbert and John Lawrence—very different, but alike in the "one thing needful"—the serving with all their souls and minds and without a thought of self their high ideal of right. Lord Lawrence's last years were spent in work: he did not read, he studied; though almost blind, he waded with the help of a Private Secretary (who was a lady) thro' piles of Blue Books—chiefly, but not wholly, Indian—bringing the weight of his unrivalled experience to bear upon them. Up to Tuesday night, tho' very ill (he died on Friday) he worked. On the Thursday before, he had spoken in the House of Lords on the Indian Finance question. . . . I received a letter from him the day *after*

his death—dictated, but signed by himself, sending me some recent Indian Reports—private papers—which he had read and wished me to read—all marked and the page turned down where he had left off. This was his legacy. O that I could do something for India for which he lived and died! The simplicity of the man could not be surpassed—the unselfishness, the firmness. It was always "Is it right?" If it was, it was done. It was the same thing; its being right and its being done. . . . All India will feel his loss. No one now living knows what he did there—in private, I mean, as well as in public—the raising of the people by individuals as well as by Institutions—the letters and messages from Sikhs to him, the Indian gentlemen who used to come to see him here and treated him as their father. . . . Lady Lawrence wished to give every one something which had belonged to his personal use. But it was found he had nothing. There were some old clothes, and a great many boots, patched; but nothing else, not even a pin, except his watch, twenty years old, and his walking-stick, which she kept. The lady who served as his secretary after his blindness had his old shoe horn, and told me this story with an infinite relish of its beauty. It was so characteristic of him.

One of the dearest friends who survived to her later years was Paulina Irby, a cultivated and entirely unworldly woman, a friend after her own heart, whose life was devoted to the education of Christian girls and boys for schoolmasters and mistresses in Bosnia under the Turks and later under Austria. During the war of 1876 she relieved a multitude of refugees and orphans, and Miss Nightingale and others gave her work some help from London.

The best-loved among her pupils were two nursing superintendents, Miss Pringle and Miss Rachel Williams (Mrs. Daniel Morris). These two, who were devoted friends, were sometimes to be met at South Street. There was a great contrast in their looks—the little, neat, dark-eyed Miss Pringle, with all the air of a mistress of circumstances, and the tall, impetuous Miss Williams, a sweet-tempered, expressive woman who appears as "the Goddess" in Miss

Nightingale's letters. Miss Williams was for many years matron of St. Mary's Hospital, and head of its training school for nurses, and she was Lady Superintendent of nurses during the Egyptian campaign of 1884-5. Miss Pringle ("the Pearl") was nursing head of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and of its Training School, and afterwards (1887) succeeded Miss Wardroper at the original school at St. Thomas's. The great grief of Miss Nightingale's nursing life was Miss Pringle's conversion to Roman Catholicism, on which she was obliged by the hospital rules to resign the matronship, after a short tenure. Again and again in the anxious time of unsettlement and the distress of parting Miss Nightingale wrote down lines from Clough's *Qua Cursum Ventus,* with its parable of the two ships, steering one course, parted by wind and tide. "One port, methought, alike they sought, One purpose hold, where'er they fare." The friendship was too true for the sorrow to leave any abiding division. Miss Pringle often called at South Street in Miss Nightingale's last days. Mrs. Williams had died earlier; in her case not even marriage diminished Miss Nightingale's affection.

Lady Verney's London home was a few doors from her sister's in South Street and there was a good deal of commerce between the houses. There was some sharing of friends, such as the Mohls, and the Verneys were often hospitable to Miss Nightingale's nurse visitors. In the earlier eighties Miss Nightingale's better health allowed her to drive in Sir Harry Verney's carriage and sometimes to walk in the Park, and she went with him to the opening of the new Law Courts (1882), where she was recognised in the distance by Queen Victoria's observant eyes. In the same year (January 27, 1882) she paid her first and only visit to St. Thomas's Hospital, and saw the Nurses' Home (the Training School quarters) and Alexandra Ward. She even, with Sir Harry, saw the arrival of the Grenadier Guards at Victoria from the Egyptian campaign, and at

Mr. Gladstone's invitation watched a review of the returned troops in the Horse Guards Parade from the garden of 10 Downing Street.

The family of "Uncle Sam" and "Aunt Mai" were her nearest relations after Lady Verney.* In Miss Nightingale's girlhood, their little son ("Shore") was often at Embley. She used to tell how he was put into her arms as a baby when she was a girl of eleven. "Flo" gave the little boy an almost motherly love and much care for body and soul; but in later life they could see less of one another. To the younger generation of this family (including Mr. Clough's children) of the Bonham Carters and of others of her cousins, she was most kind, entering, when she saw them, into their doings, readings and thoughts with as much concern as if they had been the people of India. One or two of many letters will give some little idea of her way with young people. The first is to a cousin who had turned vegetarian:

10 South Street, November 8 (1887).

Dearest, I send you two "vegetables" in their shells. We shall have some more fresh ones tomorrow. A new potato is, I assure you, *not* a vegetable. It is a mare's egg, laid by her, you know, in a "mare's nest." No vegetarian would eat it. I send you some Egyptian lentils. I have them every night for supper, done in milk, which I am not very fond of. The delicious thing is lentil soup, as made every day by an Arab cook in Egypt, over a handful of fire not big enough to roast a mosquito. . . . Ever your loving

AUNT FLORENCE.

To Louis H. Shore Nightingale, 10 South Street, December 23 (1898)

I send a small contribution to your journey. I approve of Switzerland, but wish you could prick on to Italy. I always do. If you make a bother about this bit of paper, you will find that, in the words of the immortal Shake-

*Lady Verney had no children, and there are no living descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale.

speare,[5] "Ravens shall pick out your eyes and eagles eat the same." I have the Doctor coming this afternoon, whom I dare not put off, from considerations of the same nature. If you are so good as to come, please come at 5—for only half-an-hour, that is till 5:30.

Mr. Karl Pearson gives in the *Life of Francis Galton,* "the master builder of the modern theory of statistics," a letter which he thinks "one of the finest that Florence Nightingale ever wrote."[6] It is that in which she writes to Galton in February 1891 to consult him as to a Statistical Professorship or Readership which she was hoping to establish at the University of Oxford by contributions from herself and from Jowett. Galton proposed the endowment of a Professorship at the Royal Institution and a yearly course of lectures. He also wished for a scheme of prizes to essayists and an advisory committee. "There is small doubt," says Mr. Pearson, "that Florence Nightingale's plan of a professorship round which a school of young enthusiasts might be developed was the wiser, if less showy policy." At the time, Galton preferred his own scheme. The discussion got no further than a proposal by him that prizes should be offered for essays on three subjects proposed by her, and the plan dropped, partly because Miss Nightingale's advisers thought her unable to contribute as largely as she had hoped. The correspondence may in Mr. Pearson's opinion have had some influence on Mr. Galton's mind in his decision to link up the Galton Eugenics Laboratory, which he founded later, with a school of statistical training.

In 1898 she saw the Aga Khan, head of an Indian re-

[5] Viz: Dr. Watts.

[6] *Life and Letters of Francis Galton,* vol. ii, pp. 416-418. The letter is given below in Appendix C. Mr. Pearson considers that it is "almost as true today as it was thirty years ago." "Were I a man of wealth," he says, "I would see that Florence Nightingale was commemorated not only by the activities symbolised by 'the Lady with the Lamp,' but by the activities of the 'Passionate Statistician.' I would found a Nightingale Chair of Applied Statistics. . . . " *Life of Francis Galton,* vol. ii, p. 416.

ligious community, and her note on his visit shows her capacity for still, at the age of 78, receiving a new impression: "A most interesting man, but you could never teach him sanitation. I never understood before how really impossible it is for an Eastern to care for material things. I told him as well as I could all the differences both in town and in country during my life. Do you think you are improving? he asked. By improving he meant Believing more in God. To him sanitation is unreal and superstitious; religion, spirituality, is the only real thing."

After her mother's death Miss Nightingale did not go to Lea Hurst again, but for some years she made an annual stay at Claydon in Buckinghamshire, with her sister, now an invalid, and after Lady Verney's death until 1895 with Sir Harry. She had a great regard for his daughter-in-law, Margaret, Lady Verney; and his son, Mr. Frederick Verney, was a useful friend. Both at Claydon, where parties of nurses were sometimes held, and at Lea Hurst, where nurse visitors were also entertained, she took a generous and most detailed interest in local good works and personal charities.

She continued even up to 1896-7 to carry on a very large nursing correspondence, to look over the papers relating to the training school work, and to receive visits from nurses. Her health was excellent; until at length the time came when old age made it necessary to call in a nurse for her own needs. Even then she would often reverse the parts, and when the nurse had tucked her up for the night, would get out of bed and go into the next room to tuck up the nurse. One of her last public actions was to try to get into the press a good appreciation of Sir Douglas Galton's services after his death in 1899. Privately she wrote that he was "the first Royal Engineer who put any *sanitary* work into R. Engineering. The head of these men at the War Office, the R. Engineers, himself said to me: 'Our business is to make roads and to build bridges—we have nothing to do with health and that

kind of Doctor's work,' or words to that effect. Sir D. G. opened his own ears and his heart and his mind, and put all his powers into saving life while working in his profession."

In the last years from 1900 onwards there was a gradual cessation of activity and loss of powers, though charm and sweetness, the strong and beautiful voice, and occasional vivacity long remained. On August 13, 1910, she fell asleep at noon and did not wake again.

The offer of burial in Westminster Abbey was declined, for she had left directions that her burial should be of the simplest. The coffin was carried by six sergeants of the Guards. She was buried beside her father and mother in the little country churchyard near Embley, and on their monument was put the inscription she wished—the letters F. N. and the dates of birth and death.

CONCLUSION

Miss Nightingale's life was her work. It might almost be said she had no private life, except that religious and spiritual background of her work of which few knew very much in her lifetime, and that more deeply hidden mood of depression and self-reproach which so troubled her in youth and in later life. Her many-sided personal character, if it could be conveyed, would more fully explain how her work was possible. Those who knew her as a fellow worker, a leader, an adviser or a friend quickly felt the spell of an immensely attractive personality. Great people delight us with the variety of their qualities, often of opposite qualities, and it was so with Miss Nightingale. She refreshed and strengthened her friends. The English wholesomeness, the power, the pleasantness and often the gaiety were the first impression. There was a great receptivity and sympathy; she entered eagerly or with quiet attention into what her interlocutor said. She absorbed and comprehended, and gave back. The subject lived and gained in interest. Sometimes she was searching and then it was as Colonel Yule said: "In the most gracious and charming manner, she immediately finds out all I don't know."

There was great earnestness: not an earnestness of the heavy and dull kind, but a character of the soul finding an unforced and natural expression in the tone of the beautiful voice. She would speak seriously in a quiet, natural way, without the attempt to impress you. But the impression was all the greater.

It would be impossible to read her life without seeing how imaginative she was—not with the poetic, but the sym-

pathetic imagination—and how her imagination guided her longing for work. When debarred from action in youth, she was obsessed by dreams of action, and the suffering and sorrow of the world oppressed her almost to distraction. It was sympathetic imagination which showed her how to nurse—*Notes on Nursing* is full of it—and which made it an agony to rest idle while soldiers were dying in the English barracks and hospitals. The imaginative sense of her country's (and her own) responsibility for the relief of Indian wrongs and sufferings haunted her later years. And it reacted on a very sensitive temperament.

If this is understood, it becomes possible to account for her strange, retired way of living,—compulsory for many years on account of physical suffering. When it was too late to resume the active work she preferred, retirement was prolonged, it may be, in some degree from habit, but perhaps rather as a necessary protection from the batterings of nerves and spirit and wasting of time which we foolishly allow ourselves to undergo in everyday life. The high, quiet, sunny drawing-room at South Street or the peaceful bedroom, flooded with light and air, were places where continuous work could be carried on in strengthening influences of calm.

A passage in *Suggestions for Thought* seems to refer to her own youth and her work:

> Some have an attention like a battering ram, which, slowly brought to bear, can work upon a subject for any length of time. They can work ten hours just as well as two upon the same thing. But this age would have men like the musket, which you can load so fast that nothing but its heating in the process puts any limit to the number and frequency of times of firing, and at as many different objects as you please.
>
> So, later in life, people cannot use their battering ram. Their attention, like society's, goes off in a thousand different directions. They are an hour before they can fix it; and by the time it is fixed the leisure is gone. . . .

What these suffer—even physically—from the want of such work no one can tell. The accumulation of nervous energy, which has had nothing to do during the day, makes them feel every night, when they go to bed, as if they were going mad; and they are obliged to lie in bed in the morning to let it evaporate and keep it down.

At last they suffer at once from disgust of the one and incapacity for the other—from loathing for conventional idleness and powerlessness to do work when they have it. "Now go, you have several hours," say people, "you have all the afternoon to yourself." When they are all frittered away, they are to begin to work. When they are broken up into little bits, they are to hew away.

Monckton Milnes said at the meeting to form the Nightingale Fund that too much had been made of her sacrifice of position and luxury. "God knows," he said, "that the luxury of one good action must to a mind such as hers be more than equivalent for the loss of all the pomps and vanities of life." "The luxury of a good action" is a Victorian way of putting it. But Miss Nightingale did indeed enjoy her work—her active work. "The Catholic Orders," she said, "say that they are leaving the 'pleasures of the world' when they are serving the sick. No; they are finding the 'pleasures of the world.'" And, though less fully, she enjoyed the work done from her sick room.

No one can now fail to realize the force of character that accomplished so much. Rather than what is called "force of will"—a phrase which suggests a barren obstinacy—it was the impulsion of her entire personality filled with the thing that had to be done. What has been called the "violent" language of some of her letters may easily give a false impression of the sources of her power. Forcible expression came naturally to her pen. Less ardent persons sometimes forget that a "violent" word may be nearest the truth. But she did not like the indispensable "baiting and bullying"—"a petty kind of warfare, very unpleasant." When she allowed herself an explosive

word it was for a purpose; it was by no means the expression of an uncontrollable temper. This is not to say that it was invariably well calculated or well deserved; but in general it was a most useful natural weapon, and one that she took care to keep bright. "You may think I am not wise in being so angry. But I assure you when I write civilly, I have a civil answer, *and nothing is done.* When I write furiously, I have a rude letter—*and something is done* (not even then always, *but only then*)." Her hard words made Blue Books readable and startled official correspondents out of their official calm. There is an exaggeration not uncommon with forcible and sensitive people in many of her private letters; but the "Passionate Statistician,"[1] though not abstaining from picturesque expressions, was scrupulously careful for a backing of exactitude in all her work, and showed great sobriety in her correspondence with willing colleagues. Nobody could be more self-restrained.

" 'She is extremely modest,' said the Prince Consort and "Queen Victoria when they met her,[2] and she made the "same impression on all who came in contact with her, "whether in the region of public affairs or in that of nurs- "ing. She had a consistent and a perfectly sincere shrinking "from every form of popular glare and glory. There are "passages, however, in letters to her intimate friends which "leave, on a first reading, a somewhat different impression. "She craved for a full and understanding sympathy with "her mission and her work. She was fully conscious, it "would seem, of her great powers; she did not always care "in private letters to hide or to under-rate the extent "of her influence upon men and affairs. She objected, in "one letter to a friend, that Kinglake's chapter was intol- "erable, because it posed her as 'a Tragedy Queen'; but "there are other letters in which she dramatises herself

[1] So Sir Edward Cook called her (*Life,* vol. i, p. 428). "I remember," he says, "hearing the first Lord Goschen make a speech in Whitechapel many years ago, in which he avowed that for his part he was 'a passionate statistician.' "

[2] I am quoting the *Life,* vol. ii, p. 431.

"somewhat; there is self-pity in them, and there is other "self-consciousness. All this, which on a superficial glance "may seem to present some difficult inconsistency, admits, "I think, of easy explanation when the conditions of her "life are remembered. She was intensely conscious of a "special destiny, and the tenacity with which, in the face "of many obstacles, she clung to her sense of a vocation "enabled her to fulfil it. The sphere of women's work and "opportunities has been so much widened in the present "day that readers of a generation later than Florence Night- "ingale's may require, perhaps, to make some effort of sym- "pathetic imagination in order to realise how much of a "pioneer she was. In her earlier years it was a daring nov- "elty for a young woman to put her hand to any solid work "in political administration or other organising business. "She knew all this by hard experience, and it emphasised "her sense of special destiny. The manner of her life "threw her at the same time, at each stage, though in dif- "ferent ways, in upon herself."

Though she deeply disliked and avoided ignorant applause and the worship of "noodledom," she had, I think, a natural share of the human liking to be liked and desire to be loved—by people she could respect. She often reproached herself for "the desire to live in other people's imaginations." One wonders whether her uncompromising religion served her well in this. Mill says somewhere that "where there is life, there is egotism." Such an acknowledgment, that entire "purity of purpose" is unattainable, may appear to some minds as the best help towards humility and realisation. It may be thought that a soul which knows its aspiration to be social and sympathetic in origin may through that knowledge approach more nearly to complete disinterestedness than by attempting to root out every trace of desire to please mankind. She was more human than her creed. But she never had the common opportunity of correcting motives by those close and long intimacies to which the last little personal importances will yield more easily than to a more abstract purity of motive

enforced by self-communings. The saints, or even the sinners, may in such ways be more helpful than the attempt at direct communion with Perfection. In one of her private notes she said that she had "never had the discipline of family life." She was capable of deep and passionate affection. But on this side her life and her nature were never fulfilled. She had many and warm friendships, but none at once close enough, long enough and congenial enough to play any great part in influencing her own character. It was thus, I think, that there remained (as noted by Sir Edward Cook in the passage just quoted) some youthful crudities of mind and expression which intercourse brushes off in more ordinary lives. In any general estimate of her, they remain very unimportant. It was part of her charm that she remained youthful.

Strong as she was, her way with disciples was never crude compulsion; consistently and consciously it was to try to inspire a good motive. She placed a high value on the power to take responsibility, and in her search for recruits was constantly anxious to find women who could stand alone and "superintend themselves" and others. Lawrence, who was completely independent and incompellable, was, I think, the fellow worker she most admired. In the case of young friends in her own family, she was almost too scrupulous in abstaining from influence and from suggesting except very indirectly, what they might do.[3] In talking of religion she guarded most tenderly the freedom of young souls, and the tone of authority in speaking of her own beliefs was entirely absent. "I write positively, but I do not think positively," she said once; and she did not talk positively, though there might be, as a nurse says, "flashes of maternal authority" in her serious manner when speaking

[3] A young man once said, "She has asked me if I can get her some statistics of what happens to boys after they leave reformatories." It was obvious what this meant, as she was not working on reformatories.

of *conduct* she disapproved. Such flashes were serious but never overbearing in manner.

Miss Nightingale's religious beliefs may seem unsatisfying both to adherents of the churches and to modern philosophical thinkers. It must be remembered that they were formed in 1852 or earlier. They may be summed up by saying that she sought God, or at least the will of God for mankind, in what are often called the laws of nature—by her the laws of God—and not in divine interferences with those laws. Very characteristic is her desire for the statistical investigation of those laws. *"God is definite,"* she wrote. "Truth is not what one troweth," she would say. As Mr. Karl Pearson says: "She held that the universe—including human communities—was evolving in accordance with a divine plan; that it was man's business to endeavour to understand this plan and guide his actions in sympathy with it. But to understand God's thoughts, she held we must study statistics, for these are the measure of his purpose." [4]

Mr. Pearson makes an interesting comparison of her religious beliefs with Francis Galton's. "For Galton the world was developing; at present under stern forces a mentally and physically superior human type was being evolved, and it was the religious duty of man to assist these changes; but for effective action we must study the laws of evolution, we must know and *statistically* know before the pace could be hastened." . . .

Beside this let us place a passage from *Suggestions for Thought:* "It is one of the distinctive attributes of man that he is capable of improving his own nature. But, alas! methinks he has less improved his own nature than he has improved natures which can be serviceable to his material wants. We hear discussions on the improvements in animals—improvements which cannot be doubted. But is the

[4] *Life and Letters of Francis Galton,* vol. ii, p. 415.

human being improved? Some races are so far above other races that we cannot doubt man's *capability* for improvement. But is there any race or any individual in this century (what century shall we call it since man began to inhabit this earth?) decidedly above any former race or individual? So long as we know not the nature or purpose in consequence of which we live, . . . so long man will make no real and steady advance in the improvement of his nature, the fulfilment of its destination."

A few are still living who knew Florence Nightingale and loved her on this side idolatry. Is it possible for others to form for themselves some image of the play of the active mind, the ever-helpful and gracious strength, the warmth and gaiety of heart, the profusely generous kindness? If the record cannot convey these, or cannot compose them into the picture of a living woman, it can at least tell what she achieved by her resolve, her power of seeing and putting forth the truth and her "faculty of conquering dominion" over men's minds. Her greatness of character may be forgotten, even as "the light shone and was spent." But her work is not spent. She has made the world different for us. She opened many paths of escape from "incivilisation" that are still too little used. She set an example of intensity of purpose in the service of the people which has never been excelled, perhaps never equalled. As a figure in history she must be judged and her virtues and failings appraised by the standards applied to the man of action, the public servant, the statesman.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX A

Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Florence Nightingale*

A substantial part of Mr. Lytton Strachey's popular and entertaining volume, *Eminent Victorians,* is occupied by a caricature of Florence Nightingale, the materials for which were inevitably taken from Sir Edward Cook's *Life.* It is unfortunate that for the great majority of readers this travestied and upon the whole unfriendly abridgement has been the principal source of enlightenment concerning Florence Nightingale's life and character. Mr. Strachey had the intelligence to perceive two things: First, that Sir Edward Cook had demolished the loose popular theory that Miss Nightingale was nothing but a soft-hearted person gushing with indiscriminate benevolence, and had proved her to be a woman whose resolution, force of character, and power of laborious achievement amounted to genius of the first order; and secondly, that owing to the profusion, solidity and elaborate detail of Sir Edward's work, these facts could never become known at first hand to more than a very small proportion of the fairly intelligent reading public, but could reach the much larger number of superficial and not specially industrious readers only through the interpretation of a more compendious and lively commentary. He, Mr. Strachey, had the opportunity of conveying to a comparatively large audience important information of genuine interest, and was practically free to make his communication as picturesque and entertaining as he could. What more piquant contrast could he devise than the conversion of the indefinitely amiable Sister of Mercy of tradition into a harsh, domineering, relentless and terrible old woman?

The art of caricature is threefold. Some of the facts about the person or work selected as its subject are hopelessly inconsistent with the general design of the caricaturist; these must be suppressed. Some of them it is desired to emphasize by the method of exaggeration, and these must be distorted. Yet other facts, from the point of view of the artist, ought to exist, but do not. These must be invented. Mr. Strachey laboured

conscientiously in all three departments of his industry. Three or four examples will sufficiently indicate Mr. Strachey's command of his craft.

Sir Edward Cook had written: "There was always a note of calm authority in her voice. A Crimean veteran recalled her passing his bed with some doctors who were saying, "It can't be done," and her replying quietly, "It *must* be done." For the purpose of travesty this becomes:

Once when she had given some direction, a doctor ventured to remark that the thing could not be done. "But it must be done," said Miss Nightingale. A chance bystander who heard the words never forgot all his life the irresistible authority of them. And they were spoken quietly—very quietly indeed.

Of Miss Nightingale's illness in the Crimea, Sir Edward Cook wrote: "The attack of fever was sharp, and she was, as she afterwards admitted to her friends, 'very near to death.' There are scraps of manuscript among her papers (for even in illness she could not be kept from the use of her pen) which show a wandering mind." Had he known that his work would achieve the distinction of being burlesqued, he might have explained that these fragments were two in number, one the beginning of a letter to her colleague Mr. Bracebridge, and the other a mere scrap with a few words shakily written upon it in pencil. If by not taking this precaution he invited inflation, he certainly got it. Mr. Strachey's version runs:

She was attacked by fever, and for a moment came very near to death. Yet she worked on; if she could not move she could at least write; and write she did until her mind had left her; and after it had left her, in what seemed the delirious trance of death itself, she still wrote.

Sir Edward Cook, when his story was approaching the death of Sidney Herbert in 1861, used, by way of commentary on his own part, a quotation from *Prospice.* Mr. Strachey, hastily concluding that this, in Miss Nightingale's mouth, would add tc the spiciness of his narrative, informs us that *she said* "One fight more, the best and the last." But he should have waited to look up his dates, for Browning's poem was not published till 1864. An equally enlivening passage is Mr. Strachey's account of the visitors "ushered trembling into the shaded chamber" of the advocate of fresh air and sun, whose room, as Sir Edward Cook says, was "full of light," being "without blinds or curtains."

Three years before her death, King Edward VII created Miss Nightingale a member of the Order of Merit. According to Sir Edward Cook, who was accurately informed, "Sir Douglas Dawson, on the King's behalf, brought the Order—then for the first time bestowed upon a woman—to South Street. Miss Nightingale understood that some kindness had been done to her, but hardly more. 'Too kind, too kind,' she said."

Mr. Strachey decided to conclude his sketch with this episode, and his final sentences are:

> The Order of Merit was brought to South Street and there was a little ceremony of presentation. Sir Douglas Dawson, after a short speech, stepped forward and handed the insignia of the Order to Miss Nightingale. Propped up by pillows, she dimly recognized that some compliment was being paid to her. "Too kind—too kind," she murmured; and she was not ironical.

There was no little ceremony. Sir Douglas Dawson did not make a speech, short or long, did not step forward, and did not hand the insignia of the Order to Miss Nightingale. On the contrary, he stayed downstairs with members of Miss Nightingale's family, while the Order was taken to her by one of her cousins and her private secretary in the room in which she was confined to her bed.

Mr. Strachey's narrative has the essential merit of being easy and entertaining to read. His bright presentment of Florence Nightingale to his readers is perhaps, in an opposite direction, as far from the truth as the insipid image of meek benevolence which had been based on the ignorance of the public and demolished by Sir Edward Cook.

APPENDIX B (VERSE)

SANTA FILOMENA

By H. W. Longfellow

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A Lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

THE SOLDIERS' SONG OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

(*To the tune of "The Cottage and Water Mill"*)

On a dark, lonely night on the Crimea's dread shore,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morning 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 soldiers so cheerful in the morning do arise.
So forward, my lads, may your hearts never fail,
You are cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Now God sent this woman to succour the brave;
Some thousands she saved from an untimely grave.
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's beauteous 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 are torn.
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,
They are cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Her heart it means good, for no bounty 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 the 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, and 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 cared for by night and by day.
Whatever her country, this gift God has given,
And the soldiers they say she's an Angel from Heaven.
All praise to this woman, and deny it who can,
That woman was sent as a comfort to man.
Let's hope that no more against them you'll rail,
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss Nightingale.

[This is the best and most popular of the wartime songs about Miss Nightingale. It was sung to great effect on Christmas day, 1870, at a treat arranged by the nurses of St. Thomas's Hospital, then in the Surrey Gardens. The children had sung hymns and older patients had contributed songs, when a patient in the accident ward, a coal heaver with a broken leg, volunteered. The words of the refrain caught the ears of the Nightingale nurses. "We dropped all work," says one of them, "and listened intently till the song was over, all enthusiasm for our Chief." The singer was an old soldier who had been nursed by Miss Nightingale in the General Hospital, Balaclava.]

THE HEROIC DEAD

"They are not here!" No, not beneath that sod,
And yet not far away,
For they can mingle their new life from God
With living souls, not clay.

And they, "the heroic dead," will softly pour
Into thy spirit's ear
A music human still, but sad no more,
To tell that they are near—

Near thee with higher ministering aid
Thy heart-work to return,
So that each sacrifice that love has made
A victory shall earn.

[Believed to be by R. M. Milnes. The words "they are not here" and "the heroic dead" are from a letter from Florence Nightingale to her sister, describing her walks on the shore near the soldiers' graves during her convalescence from the Crimean fever. It was the time when she vowed to "fight the cause" of the "murdered men."]

APPENDIX C

LETTER ON SOCIAL STATISTICS FROM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE TO FRANCIS GALTON

10 South Street, Park Lane, February 7, 1891.

Scheme of Social Physics Teaching

DEAR SIR:

Sir Douglas Galton has given me your most kind message, saying that if I will explain in writing to you what I think needs doing, you will be so good as to give it the experienced attention without which it would be worthless. By your kind leave it is this:

A scheme from someone of high authority as to what should be the work and subjects in teaching Social Physics and their practical application in the event of our being able to obtain a Statistical Professorship or Readership at the University of Oxford.

I am not thinking so much of Hygiene and Sanitary Work, because these and their statistics have been more closely studied in England than probably any other branch of statistics, though much remains to be desired: as *e.g.*, the result of the food and cooking of the poor as seen in the children of the Infant Schools and those of somewhat higher ages. But I would—subject always to your criticism and only for the sake of illustration—mention a few of the other branches in which we appear hardly to know anything, *e.g.:*

A.—The results of Forster's Act, now 20 years old. We sweep annually into our Elementary Schools hundreds of thousands of children, spending millions of money. Do we know:

(1) What proportion of children forget their whole education after leaving school; whether all they have been taught is *waste?* The almost accidental statistics of Guards' recruits would point to a large proportion.

(2) What are the results upon the lives and conduct of children in after life who don't forget all they have been taught?

(3) What are the methods and what are the results, for example in Night Schools and Secondary Schools, in preventing primary education from being a *waste?* If we know not what are the effects upon our national life of Forster's Act, is not this a strange gap in reasonable England's knowledge?

B.—(1) The results of legal punishments—*i.e.*, the deterrent or encouraging effects upon crime of being in gaol. Some excellent and hardworking reformers tell us: Whatever you do, keep a boy out of gaol—work the First Offenders' Act—once in gaol, always in gaol—gaol is the cradle of crime. Other equally zealous and active reformers say—a boy must be in gaol once at least to learn its hardships before he can be rescued. Is it again not strange in practical England that we know no more about this?

(2) Is the career of a criminal from his first committal—and for what action—to his last, whether (a) to the gallows, or (b) to rehabilitation, recorded? It is stated by trustworthy persons that no such statistics exist, and that we can only learn the criminal's career from himself in friendly conference—what it has been from being in gaol, say for stealing a turnip for a boys' feast, or for breaking his schoolroom window in a temper because he has been turned out of school for making a noise—to murder or to morality.

In how many cases must all our legislation be experiment, not experience! Any experience must be thrown away.

(3) What effect has education on crime? (a) Some people answer unhesitatingly: As education increases, crime decreases. (b) Others as unhesitatingly: Education only teaches to escape conviction, or to steal better when released. (c) Others again: Education has nothing to do with it either way.

C.—We spend millions in rates in putting people into workhouses, and millions in charity in taking them out. What is the proportion of names which from generation to generation appear the same in workhouse records? What is the proportion of children depauperised or pauperised by the workhouse? Does the large Union School, or the small, or "boarding-out," return more pauper children to honest independent life? On girls, what is the result of the training of the large Union Schools in fitting them for honest little domestic places—and what proportion of them falling into vice have to return to the workhouse? Upon all such subjects how should the use of statistics be taught?

D.—India with its 250 millions—200 millions being our fellow subjects, I suppose—enters so little into practical English public life that many scarcely know where this small country is. It forms scarcely an element in our calculations, though we have piles of Indian statistics. As to India the problems are:

(1) Whether the peoples there are growing richer or poorer, better or worse fed and clothed?

(2) Whether their physical powers are deteriorating or not?

(3) Whether fever not only kills less or more, but whether it incapacitates from labour for fewer or more months in the year?

(4) What are the native manufactures and productions needed by the greatest customer in the world, the Government of India, which could be had as good and cheap in India, as those to be had from England?

(5) Whether the native trades and handicrafts are being ruined or being encouraged under our rule?

(6) What is the result of Sir C. Wood's (1853) Education Act in India?

These are only a very few of the Indian things which—I will not say are hotly contested, for few care either in the House of Commons or out, but—have their opposites asserted with equal positiveness.

I have no time to make my letter any shorter, although these are but a very few instances. What is wanted is that so high an authority as Mr. Francis Galton should jot down other great branches upon which he would wish for statistics, and for *some teaching how to use these statistics in order to legislate for and to administer our national life* with more precision and experience.

One authority was consulted and he answered: "That we have statistics and that Government must do it." Surely the answering question is: The Government does not use the statistics which it has in administering and legislating—except indeed to "deal damnation" across the floor of the H. of C. at the Opposion and vice versa. Why? Because though the great majority of Cabinet Ministers, of the Army, of the Executive, of both Houses of Parliament have received a university education, what has that university education taught them of the practical application of statistics? Many of the Government offices have splendid statistics. What use do they make of them? One of the last words Dr. Farr of the General Register Office said to

me was: "Yes, you must get an Oxford Professorship; don't let it drop."

M. Quetelet gave me his *Physique Sociale* and his *Anthropometrie*. He said almost like Sir Isaac Newton: "These are only a few pebbles picked up on the vast seashore of the ocean to be explored. Let the explorations be carried out."

You know how Quetelet reduced the most apparently accidental carelessness to ever recurring facts, so that as long as the same conditions exist, the same "accidents" will recur with absolutely unfailing regularity.

You remember what Quetelet wrote—and Sir J. Herschel enforced the advice—"Put down what you expect from such and such legislation; after —— years see where it has given you what you expected, and where it has failed. But you change your laws and your administering of them so fast, and without inquiry after results past or present, that it is all experiment, see-saw, doctrinaire, a shuttlecock between two battledores."

Might I ask from your kindness—if not deterred by this long scrawl—for your answer in writing as to heads of subjects for the scheme? Then to give me some little time, and that you would then make an appointment some afternoon, as you kindly proposed, to talk it over, to teach and to advise me? Pray believe me,

Yours most faithfully,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

APPENDIX D

How to Make a Nightingale

This little garment is the strip of flannel used as an emergency bed-jacket by Florence Nightingale. Four safety pins are required.

The length of the strip should be 1¾ yards, or 2 or 3 inches more, the exact length depending on the width of the patient's back and the reach of his arm when stretched out for the reasonable movements of a person sitting up in bed. For the width of the flannel, 28 inches is good. In the centre of the length, at one edge, cut, at right angles to the length, a slit from 4 to 7 inches long (according to the size of the person's neck and its flatness or humpiness at the back). This is the whole of the making. To adjust the jacket, turn down the two points, made by the slit, in the form of two *revers*. The base of the triangle formed by each of the *revers* should be made long enough to form the half of a roomy collar. Put the garment on like a shawl, with the middle of the two *revers* (constituting the collar) at the back of the neck. Bringing the strip round the patient's shoulders like a shawl, you find the top edge (that in which you have made the collar) hangs down as the fronts of a jacket. Pin together the collar in front, and pin the fronts together at the chest. Place the corner of the bottom edge on the back of the patient's hand; turn the corner back to form a pointed cuff. Pin together at the front of the wrist the ends of the little *revers* which forms the cuff. The same for the other hand.

You can of course put strings at the wrists and front, instead of pinning. It is better not to sew the points down, on account of washing. The edge can be bound with ribbon, but with flannel this is not a necessity.

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