**The story of Florence Nightingale : the heroine of the Crimea / by W.J.W.**

SPLENDID LIVES SERIES

# The Story of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

## The Heroine of the Crimea

BZP (Nightingale) (2)

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

*Frontispiece*]. [*From a photograph.*

# THE STORY OF
# FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

*THE HEROINE OF THE CRIMEA*

BY

W. J. W.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA" "ALBERT THE GOOD" "DR. J. I. PHILLIPS' ETC.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land;
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood."

*Longfellow.*

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TO THE MEMORY OF

My Mother

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# THE STORY OF
# FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

## CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

The City of Flowers—A pleasant home—Earnest study—
A father's guidance.

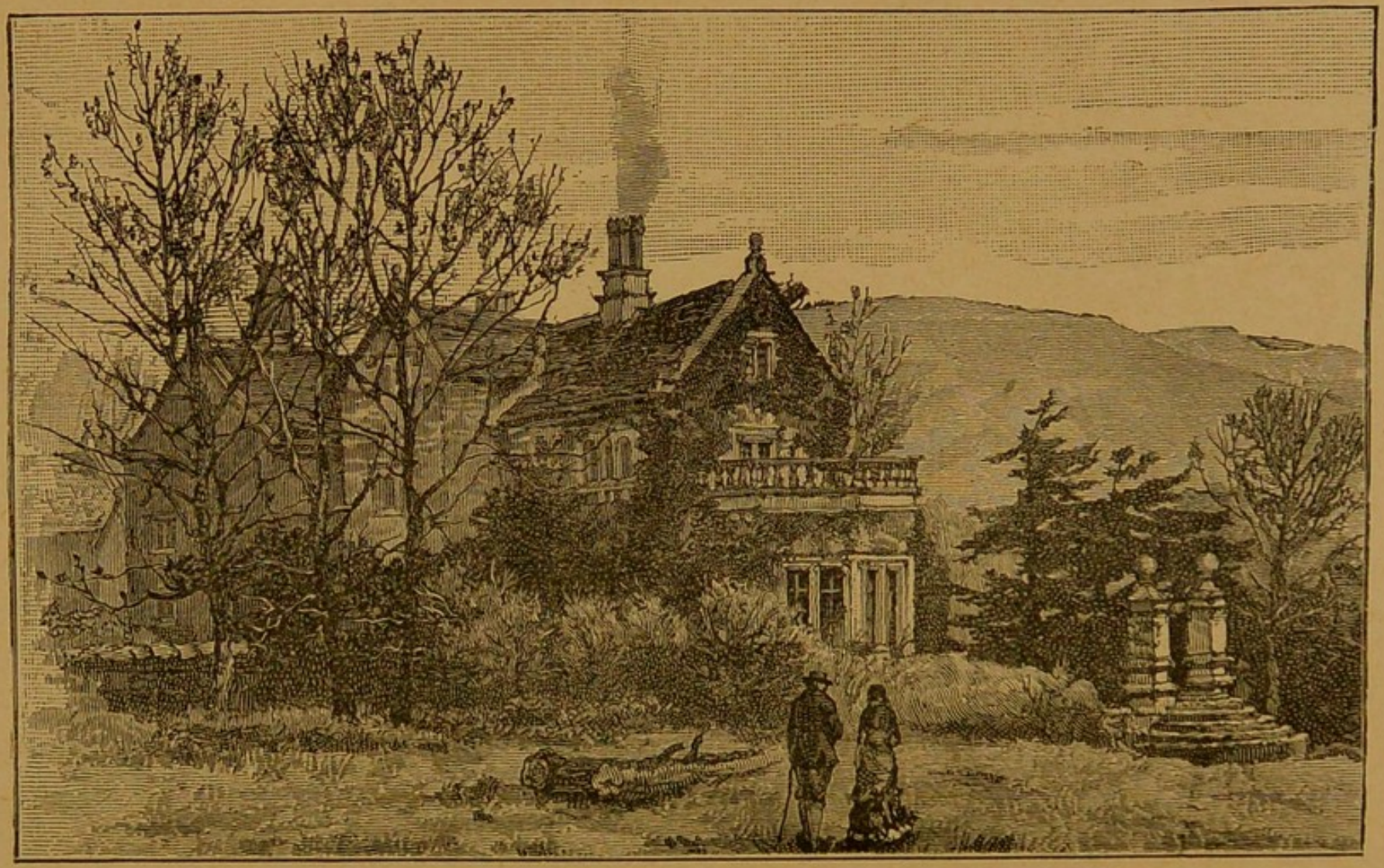
IT was in May 1820, just four months after the long reign of George III. had come to an end, that a little girl was born at Florence, and was named after the beautiful "City of Flowers," where she first saw the light. She was the second daughter of Mr. William Shore Nightingale, a very wealthy English gentleman, belonging to the ancient family of the Shores of Derbyshire, but who had taken the name of Nightingale by the Prince Regent's sign-manual in 1815, in accordance with the will of Mr. Peter Nightingale, whose niece his father had married.

He possessed, by inheritance, the large and

valuable properties of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and Embley Park, Hampshire. So that it was amongst happy and beautiful surroundings that little Florence Nightingale lived her early days. We shall see afterwards how much her life was influenced by this.

The city where she was born is one of the fairest upon earth. One who visited it said: "If you wish to see it to perfection, fix upon such a day as Florence owes the sun, and, climbing the hill of Bellosguardo, or past the stages of the Via Crucis to the church of San Miniato, look forth upon the scene before you. You trace the course of the Arno from the distant mountains on the right, through the heart of the city, winding along the fruitful valley toward Pisa. The city is beneath you, like a pearl set in emerald. All colours are in the landscape, and all sounds are in the air. The hills look almost heathery. The sombre olive and funereal cypress blend with the graceful acacia and the clasping vine. The hum of insect and the carol of bird chime with the blithe voices of men; while dome, tower, mountains, the yellow river, the quaint bridges, spires, palaces, gardens, and the cloudless heavens overhanging, make up a panorama on which to gaze in trance of rapture, until the spirit wearies from the exceeding beauty of the vision."

But Lea Hurst, in Derbyshire, where Miss Nightingale spent the summer months of each year, is scarcely less lovely. It is situated in the



LEA HURST.
*(The Early Home of Miss Nightingale.)*

famous Matlock district, about two miles from Cromford station. The house, erected in the late Tudor or Elizabethan style, is built in the form of a cross, with gables at its extremities and on its sides. The windows which open beneath the many gables are square-headed, with dripstone and stone mullions, and the general outline of the building is much heightened by the clustered chimney-stacks which rise from the roofs. At the ends, large bay-windows stand out in the grounds, and are terminated with balustrades and battlements.

The house stands on an expansive, sloping lawn on the outer edge of a large park, and is closely surrounded by shrubberies and plantations. The whole neighbourhood is beautiful in the extreme, diversified with hill and dale, mountain and stream, with great gritstone rocks jutting out from amidst the bracken and the foxgloves, while far down in the valley the Derwent dashes over its rocky bed, and makes music as it goes.

Here little Florence spent much of her childhood, and the earliest thing remembered of her is that she was kind and good. The thing which most struck all who knew her, was that she never seemed to be thinking about herself, but always about those around her and how she could help or cheer them. Nothing pleased her better than to go about the village or to the lonely cottages on the hillsides, taking little gifts to poor or sick people. She took a pleasure in bearing others'

burdens, and did her deeds of kindness not merely because they were right, but because she really enjoyed them.

She was just the same at her lessons. In those days people generally thought it unnecessary that young ladies should learn very much. But Mr. Nightingale believed that girls should be thoroughly trained, and he would have rejoiced in what is now called "the higher education of women." He was himself a highly educated man and a great traveller, and it was his wish that his daughters should share the advantages he himself possessed.

So little Florence had many lessons to learn and many long hours to spend in the schoolroom at home. Under her father's supervision she was taught mathematics, and became quite proficient in classics, history, and modern languages. She learned to speak French, Italian, and German with great fluency. Besides this, she was a clever musician and skilful at all kinds of needlework. It will thus be seen that she did not lead an idle life because she was rich. This little girl had to work much harder than most children, yet we find that she was always happy and contented. When she grew up, she found the advantages of all this teaching, and had cause to thank the wise father who had her thus instructed, and the loving mother who trained her in deeds of kindness and of love.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRST PATIENT.

The squirrels' confidence—The old grey mare—An injured dog—A forecast of the future.

OME years ago a true story of little Florence Nightingale appeared in *Little Folks* magazine, and is so pretty, and illustrates so well her loving disposition, that we give it here only very slightly altered.

It tells us that she was very fond of animals, and was so gentle in her ways, that even the shyest of them would come quite close to her, and pick up whatever she threw down for them to eat.

There was, in the garden beyond her father's house, a long walk, with trees on each side, the abode of many squirrels. When Florence came down this walk, dropping nuts as she went along, the squirrels would run down the trunks of the trees, and, hardly waiting till she had passed by, would pick up the prize and dart away, with their little bushy tails curled over their backs and their

black eyes looking sharply around, though they did not seem to be afraid of Florence. The reason was that she loved them, and never did anything to startle or frighten them.

In a paddock near the house an old grey pony lived, named Peggy, past work, and with nothing now to do but to amuse herself. Whenever Florence appeared at the gate, Peggy would come trotting up and put her nose into the dress-pocket of her little mistress, and take out the apple or the crust of bread which she knew she would always find there. Florence was fond of riding, and the clergyman of the parish, who was an old friend of her father's, would often come and take her for a ride with him when he went to the farm cottages at a distance. He was very kind to the poor, and as he had studied medicine when a young man, he was able to tell the people what to do when they were ill or had met with an accident.

Little Florence was extremely fond of nursing those who were ill, and whenever she went for these long rides, she had a small basket fastened to her saddle, filled with little gifts of soup or beef-tea, or other suitable things, which her mother had given her for the poor. In this way she learned to be useful as well as kind-hearted.

Now there lived in one of two or three lonely cottages in the wood, an old shepherd of her father's, named Roger, who had a valuable sheep-dog called Cap. Roger had no wife or child, so Cap lived with him, and kept him company at

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

nights, after he had penned his flock. Cap was a very sensible dog; indeed, people used to say that he could do everything but talk. He kept the sheep in wonderfully good order, and thus saved his master a great deal of trouble.

One day, as Florence and the clergyman were out for a ride, they came to a field, where they found the shepherd giving the sheep their evening meal. But he was without his dog, and the sheep knew it, for they were running about in all directions. Florence and her friend noticed that the old man looked very worried, and they stopped to ask what was the matter, and what had become of his dog.

"Oh," said Roger, "Cap will never be of any more use to me. I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I get home to-night."

"Hang him?" said Florence. "Oh, Roger, how wicked of you! What has dear old Cap done?"

"He has done nothing," answered Roger, "but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him for nothing; one of those mischievous schoolboys throwed a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs."

The old shepherd's eyes filled with tears, which he wiped away with his shirt-sleeve, for he did not like to be seen crying.

"Poor Cap!" he sighed. "He was as knowing as a human being almost."

"But are you sure his leg is broken?" asked Florence.

"Oh yes, miss, it is broken safe enough; he has not put his foot on the ground since."

Then Florence and her friend rode on their way.

"We will go and see poor Cap," said the vicar. "I don't believe the leg is really broken. It would take a big stone, and a hard blow, to break the leg of a great dog like Cap."

"Oh, if you could but cure him, how glad Roger would be!" answered Florence.

They soon reached the shepherd's cottage; but the door was fastened, and when they moved the latch, such a furious barking was heard, that they were quite startled. However, a little boy from the next cottage knew where the key had been put, and the door was soon opened. There, on the bare brick floor, lay the dog, barking angrily at the intruders. But when he saw the little boy, he was soon quiet. Dogs always know their friends. When he looked at Florence, and heard her call him "poor Cap," he began to wag his tail, and then crept on three legs from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him, while her friend examined the injured leg.

It was terribly swollen, and hurt him to have it touched; but the dog knew it was meant kindly, and though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"It's only a bad bruise; no bones are broken," said the clergyman; "rest is all that Cap needs, and he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed the little girl; "but can we do nothing for him? He seems in such pain."

"There is one thing that would ease the pain, and cure the leg all the sooner," was the answer, "and that is plenty of hot water to foment the part."

"Well, then," said Florence, "if that will do him good, I will foment poor Cap's leg."

"I fear you will only scald yourself," laughed her friend.

But Florence had already struck a light with the tinder-box—for all this happened in the days before matches were used—and lighted the fire, which was already laid. She then set off to the other cottage for something to bathe the leg with. Here she found some old flannel, and quickly tore it into strips, which she wrung out in warm water, and laid on Cap's swollen leg. Soon the poor dog felt the benefit of the treatment, and showed his gratitude by wagging his tail.

On their way back they met the shepherd coming slowly home, with a piece of rope in his hand.

"Oh, Roger," cried Florence, "you are not to hang poor old Cap; his leg is not broken after all."

"No; he will serve you yet," said the vicar.

"Well, I be main glad to hear it," said the shepherd; "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

Next day Florence set out early, taking some

flannel with her to replace that which she had torn up to bathe Cap's leg. Then she went to the dog, and was delighted to find the swelling much less. She bathed it again, and Cap was as grateful as before.

Two or three days afterwards, Florence and the clergyman again met the shepherd on the hillside. Now Cap was with him, and busy minding the sheep.

"Do look at the dog, miss," he said; "he be so pleased to hear the sound of your voice. I be greatly obliged to you, miss, for what you did. But for you, I should have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life."

Florence little knew that she would some day become the greatest nurse in the world, and that rough soldiers, with tears in their eyes, would stoop down to kiss her shadow as she passed.

## CHAPTER III.

### GROWING DAYS.

An important question—Elizabeth Fry—Old-fashioned nurses—Hospital visiting.

S Florence Nightingale grew towards young womanhood, and school days drew to their close, the great question of the future presented itself to her. What should she be in life? Her parents were very rich, and she knew that she would always have plenty of money. Most young women in such a position think that they need do nothing but enjoy themselves. But Florence was not at all like that. Sometime in her girlhood she must have given herself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and her great desire was to serve Him, and to use her strength and time and money in doing good.

The little incident in the last chapter was a true sign of her great desire. She wanted to be a nurse. "A very strange wish," you say? Well, it was strange, certainly, for nursing is very hard and very unpleasant work; and in those days it

was not looked upon as a suitable occupation for a young lady. Her parents did not at all like her inclinations, but they did nothing to actually oppose them, for in several cases of serious illness in the family she had proved her aptness for the work. It is said that she often dressed the wounds of men who were injured in the quarries near her home, and that it was a common saying in the neighbourhood, "Our young miss is better than nurse or doctor."

About this time she made the acquaintance of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, a lady whose whole life had been devoted to works of active philanthropy—amongst prisoners more especially. From her we may be sure that Florence received much wise encouragement and advice. More and more she became persuaded that her duty in life was to nurse the sick.

Miss Nightingale was well aware that before she could be a competent nurse she must learn the way, so we find that she took every opportunity of studying the subject. First of all, she paid frequent visits to the various hospitals in the neighbourhood of her own home, and thus considerably enlarged the knowledge she had gained in the houses of the poor. When she reached the age at which young ladies usually enter society, she proceeded with her parents to London, where she was duly presented at Court. But she was very rarely seen in the haunts of pleasure or in scenes of gaiety. She had but little taste for that.

All her thoughts were engaged upon the great work which she had chosen—that of providing better nursing for the sick, and especially for the sick poor.

In those days hospital nursing was looked upon as a profession which no decent woman would choose to follow. If a servant turned nurse, it was at once supposed that she did so because she had lost her character.

A lady, whose memory goes back to those days, speaks thus of the ordinary hospital nurse: "I have seen her, coarse-faced, thick of limb, heavy of foot, brutal in speech, crawling up and down the stairs or about the wards, in dresses and aprons that made me feel (although quite well, and with a good healthy appetite) as if I would rather not have my dinner just then." It was this state of things that Florence Nightingale set herself to mend.

She never lost an opportunity of visiting a hospital. After spending some months in those of London, she went to Dublin and Edinburgh, and afterwards to France, Germany, and Italy, always on the same errand. On the occasion of her visit to Egypt, when she went as far as the first cataract of the Nile, she did not forget to visit the hospital at Alexandria.

The result of all this study and investigation was seen in the firm conviction that formed itself in Miss Nightingale's mind. She clearly saw that want of any organised system of training nurses

lay at the root of all the evil. She found that both in France and Germany the work of nursing was far better done, simply for the reason that women were set apart for it, and devoted long periods to careful study and training. Many of these were ladies, who had no need to work for a living, but who, for the love of Christ and of His poor, gladly gave up ease and comfort to go as nurses in the public hospitals.

She was especially attracted by the system of training pursued at Pastor Fliedner's Institution at Kaiserwerth, and so, in 1849, she offered herself as a voluntary nurse in his establishment.

# CHAPTER IV.

## KAISERWERTH.

A struggling pastor—The day of small things—Surprising growth—A distinguished pupil.

HE Kaiserwerth Deaconess Institution, which exercised such an influence upon the mind of Miss Nightingale, is situated near Düsseldorf, on the Rhine. The history of the founder, which we can here only briefly sketch, affords one of the most remarkable illustrations on record of the power of a consecrated life.

Theodore Fliedner was the son of the parish minister of Eppstein, a small village on the frontiers of Nassau and Hesse, and was born in the year 1800. At the early age of twenty he became pastor of the Evangelical Church at Kaiserwerth. The people were mainly Roman Catholics, the whole town was both dirty and poor, and the pastor's salary was only £27 a year. Little as this was, it grew still less when the velvet manufactures failed, and the young minister found it impossible to get a maintenance. He was unwilling to abandon his charge, and so went on a tour to

collect funds in Holland and England. During this tour he met Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who influenced him, as, later on, she was to influence Florence Nightingale. She talked to him of her work amongst

PASTOR THEODORE FLIEDNER.
(*The Founder of the Deaconess Institution at Kaiserwerth.*)

prisoners, and he caught her enthusiasm. Returning home, he instituted regular visitation and fortnightly services in the Düsseldorf prison, and in 1826 the first Prison Society in Germany was formed.

He was soon faced with a perplexing question. What was to be done with the prisoners, especially the women, when they were discharged? If they returned to their old haunts, any good influence they might have received through the prison services would soon be lost. Something must be done, and Pastor Fliedner resolved to do it. There was an old summer-house in his garden, and this he set to work to make habitable. After mending the door and making the roof water-tight, he placed in it some simple furniture.

Here, in 1833, he took in his first discharged prisoner, and before the year was out he had received nine. The work became known, and money began to flow in. Soon a separate building was erected, having its own garden and fields, and here from fifteen to twenty women could be received. Three years later, a hospital was established. It commenced with one patient and one nurse, but during the first year seven nurses volunteered their services, and sixty patients were received. It now contains over a hundred beds.

But nurses were needed, and this led to what is perhaps the most important part of Pastor Fliedner's work. He saw that untrained nurses were useless, and that the system of hiring even suitable women had great disadvantages for his purpose. His eyes turned naturally towards the system of the Sisters of Charity in the Roman Church. Here he saw a solution of the difficulty. Intelligent, educated ladies willingly gave up their comforts, and con-

secrated themselves to the service of Christ among His sick and poor ones. The pastor decided to form a community of Protestant Deaconesses, which should include the advantages, while avoiding the evils, of the Roman Catholic system. Several ladies offered themselves, and the community was started. They agreed to look upon themselves as the servants of the sick and poor, and as servants of one another, for Christ's sake. They were bound by no vows whatever. They engaged themselves to serve as deaconesses for five years, but were at liberty to leave at any time. They were free to marry if they chose, and, in the case of their parents needing them at home, they were bound to go. By this community of ladies the work of the institutions was carried on.

Soon Pastor Fliedner added to his already large responsibilities by the formation of an infant school, a training school for female teachers, an orphanage for girls of the middle class, and a lunatic asylum.

In 1849 he resigned his pastorate, and set forth to establish branch houses in various parts of the world. This he did at London, Smyrna, Alexandria, Bucharest, and in the United States. In 1851 a similar institution was established on Mount Zion, at Jerusalem. Then this good man's labours drew rapidly to a close. Infirmity prevented him from doing much active work during his later years. His last task was the foundation of "The House of Evening Rest," for retired and aged deaconesses. On 4th October 1864 he died, leaving behind

him no less than 100 institutions and 430 deaconesses. In Miss Nightingale's own words, "He is now gone to his *glorious* rest."

To such a man, and to such an institution, Florence Nightingale came to be trained. We know little of what passed during those busy months of training, but we do know that she afterwards spoke warmly in praise of the institution. Pastor Fliedner used to declare that, during the whole of his experience, no one had ever passed so brilliant an examination, or shown herself so thoroughly mistress of all she had to learn, as the young, wealthy, and graceful Englishwoman.

When "sweet Agnes Jones," the famous and beloved Liverpool nurse, was at Kaiserwerth, in 1860, she wrote in one of her letters: "Their love for Miss Nightingale is so great; she was only a few months here, but they so long to see her again. I was asking much about her; such a loving and lovely womanly character hers must be, and so religious. Sister S. told me many of the sick remembered much of her teaching, and some died happily, blessing her for having led them to Jesus."

May we not well describe Florence Nightingale in the beautiful words she once used of another? "A woman, attractive and rich, and young and witty; yet a veiled and silent woman, distinguished by no other genius but the divine genius—working hard to train herself in order to train others to walk in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. To follow Him she spent herself in activity; she overworked because others underwork."

## CHAPTER V

### PREPARATION.

The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul—Illness and rest—The Harley Street Sanatorium—Illness again.

FTER leaving Kaiserwerth, where she had taken both day and night duty as an ordinary nurse, Florence Nightingale went to Paris, and made her abode for a time with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. This Roman Catholic community had achieved a world-wide renown for its hospitals, orphanages, and foundling institutions, and so afforded great opportunities for acquiring knowledge of such work.

While at Paris Miss Nightingale became very ill, and thus had personal experience of the loving and skilful care of the sisters who nursed her back to health.

On her return to England she spent some months quietly at home with her friends, until the over-tired frame had somewhat recovered itself, and then came to London, where she took charge of the Home for Sick Governesses in Harley Street.

This establishment, which had been founded mainly to help governesses in ill health, had for some time been languishing through mismanagement and want of support. Miss Nightingale was appealed to for help, and, instead of giving a donation, she gave—herself. This was a far more generous and valuable gift than the largest donation of money could ever be.

She was for the next two or three years rarely seen outside the walls of the institution, and the few friends whom she received found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and every kind of interruption.

She replaced confusion by order, waste by economy, and misery by cheerfulness. The institution was saved. But the health of the worker again broke down, and she had to retire to her home to recruit and to gather strength for a task of which she had as yet no thought.

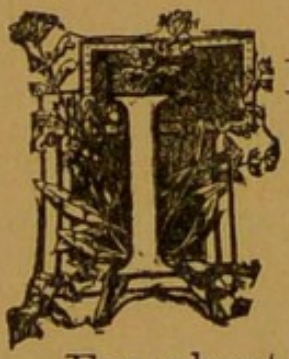
Do you ask if she was happy in all this? Let her own words give the answer.

"I give a quarter of a century's European experience when I say that the happiest people, the fondest of their occupation, the most thankful for their lives, are, in my opinion, those engaged in sick-nursing. It is a mere abuse of words to represent the life, as is done by some, as a sacrifice and a martyrdom. But there *have* been martyrs in it. The founders and pioneers of almost everything that is best must be martyrs. But these are the last ever to think themselves so."

# CHAPTER VI.

## THE WAR CLOUD.

Forty years' peace—Russia and Turkey—Declaration of war—Farewell to the fleet.



IN order to understand the next events in the life of Florence Nightingale, it becomes necessary to say a little about English history in "the fifties."

For about forty years our country had enjoyed unbroken peace. Small troubles had from time to time arisen with our neighbours in Africa and Asia, but they had not been at all serious. No great war had engaged our armies since the Duke of Wellington—then lately dead — had defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. The reign of Queen Victoria had thus far been one of quietness and prosperity. But in 1853 a serious outbreak threatened. In the opinion of the Government of that day, it seemed necessary that Great Britain should assume the rôle of defender of Turkey. The condition of Turkey had long been unsatisfactory and weak, and to many people it now seemed as

if Russia were disposed to take advantage of this weakness to bring about her neighbour's ruin.

We cannot here go into the Eastern Question, as it was called, with any detail, but can only say that it appeared to be in the interests of England that the Turkish Empire should not be destroyed. Still for some months everyone thought the matter would be settled peaceably, until the autumn arrived. Then, when the harvest had been gathered in, and the leaves were turning brown and crimson, came news which made every heart in the country anxious. The negotiations had broken down, and it seemed likely that we should once more be plunged into a terrible war.

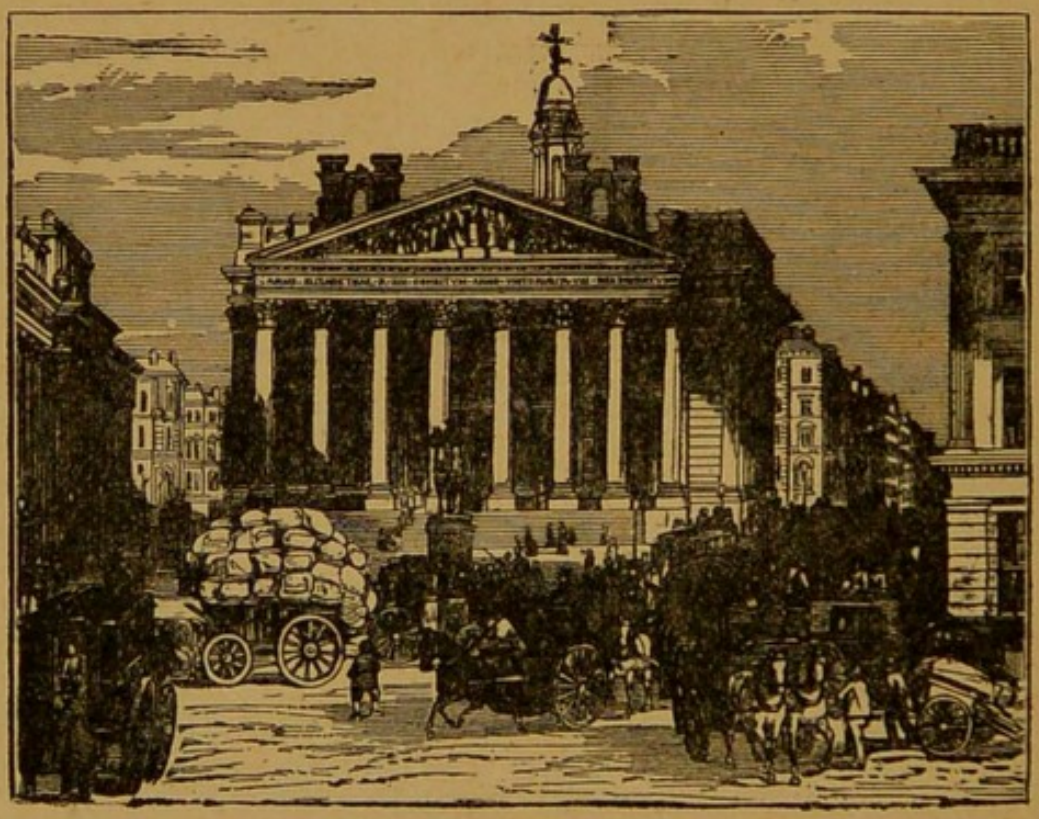
When winter came, all hope of peace had been given up. It is true that negotiations were still going on, but no one put any faith in them. Indeed, they were conducted amid most energetic preparations for war on both sides. Regiment after regiment was proceeding to Malta, and the streets of London, Liverpool, and Southampton were ringing with the cheers of enthusiastic multitudes who had gathered to witness the departure of our troops for the East.

Turkey had already declared war against Russia, and it was now practically certain that England and France would be entangled in the conflict. The fleets of the two countries were steadily drawing nearer and nearer to the Black Sea, and on December 30 they silently entered its waters.

On February 27, 1854, England sent her final

message to Russia. It received no reply, and, some ten days later, a crowd assembled round the steps of the Royal Exchange in London, to hear the Sergeant-at-Arms read Her Majesty's Declaration of War against Russia.

Only a few days later, the English Fleet, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, stood off Spithead, waiting to take farewell of the Queen. It



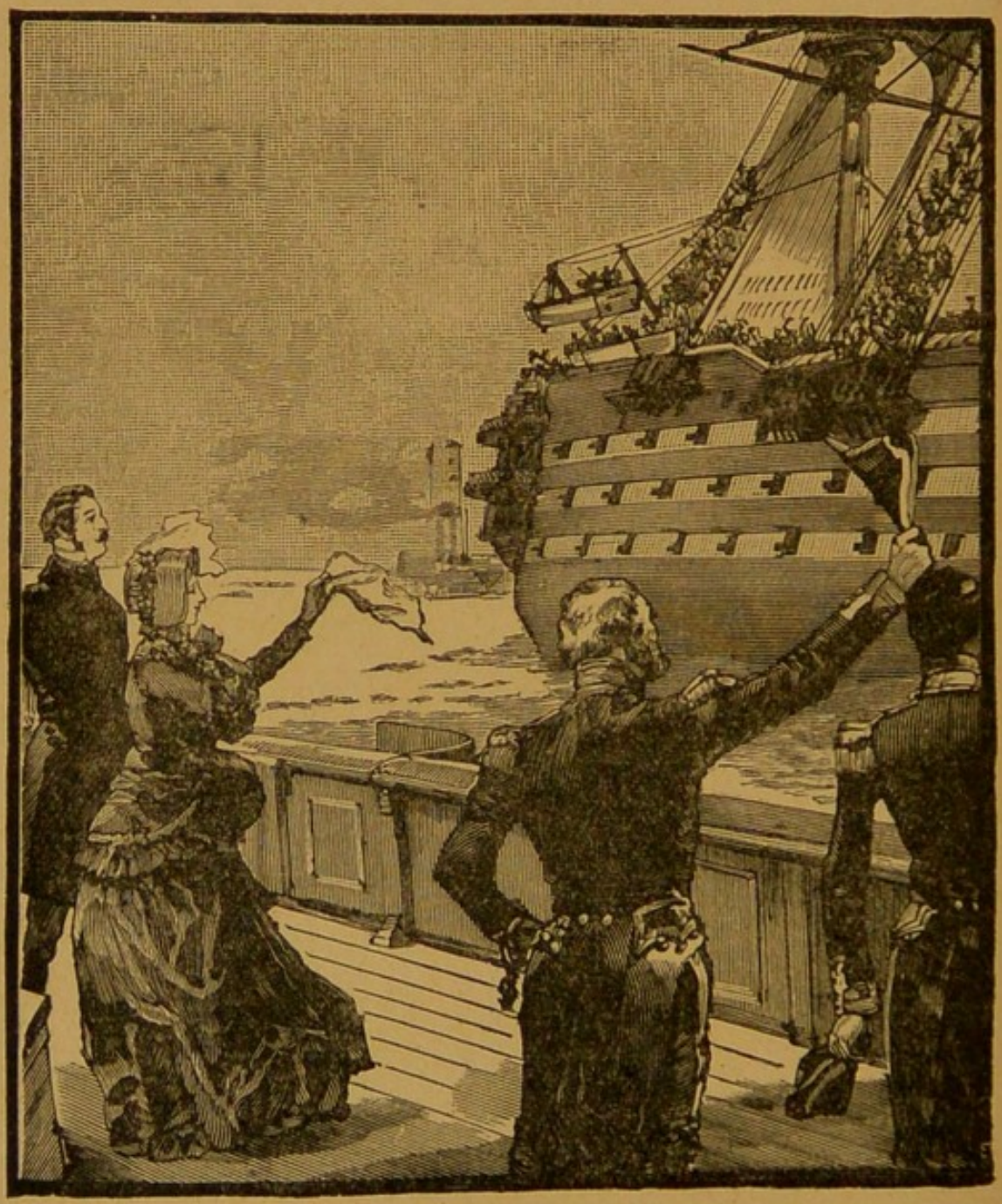
THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN 1850.

was a bright spring day, and the sight of the mighty men-of-war all ready to sail was one to be long remembered. Presently the guns of the flagship began to fire a royal salute, as the royal yacht, the *Fairy*, appeared with the Queen on board, and steamed through the long line of warships. Then the chief officers went on board the *Fairy* to take

leave of Her Majesty, who is said to have wept as she shook hands with them. Some of them she never saw again. Then the order was given to put out to sea.

One who was present thus describes the scene: "The operation of weighing and making sail was performed by the flagship with admirable celerity and precision. Every rope was hauled home in a moment by the silent and simultaneous effort of a hundred men, the rigging was soon black with sailors, and while the eye detected everywhere the greatest energy and activity, to the ear there was no sound perceptible but the boatswain's whistle and an occasional command from an officer, sharp, short, and decisive. The *Fairy* now shot past, heading the fleet, Her Majesty literally leading them out to sea, standing on deck all the time, and watching every movement with an interest which never tired.

"Within a mile of the Nab, the *Fairy* hove to, and then the whole fleet sailed by, driven out to sea by a beautiful breeze. Her Majesty stood waving her handkerchief, as the mighty flagship, with the admiral on board, passed by, and for a long time after the whole fleet had gone the royal yacht remained motionless, as if the illustrious occupant desired to linger over the impressive spectacle. The fleet was gone, carrying with it the prayers of a whole nation, and the Queen returned to Osborne, as many a wife and sweetheart returned to their humble homes, with trembling lips and tearful eyes, repeating sadly, yet proudly, 'England expects every man to do his duty.'"



THE QUEEN WAVING FAREWELL TO THE "DUKE OF WELLINGTON" FLAGSHIP.

So commenced the memorable Crimean War, in which Florence Nightingale — though she little thought it—was to win for herself an undying name.

# CHAPTER VII.

## THE CALL OF GOD.

The horrors of war—Criminal neglect—England's indignation—The cry for nurses.

HE Crimean War had commenced in earnest, and for many a long month the reports in the morning papers cast a gloom over the day, telling as they did of hundreds fallen in the field. But soon an even worse horror was added to the records of the wounded and the dead. A rumour spread, and soon grew into a loud cry of indignation, that the army departments had grossly neglected to make proper provision for the soldiers engaged in the fight.

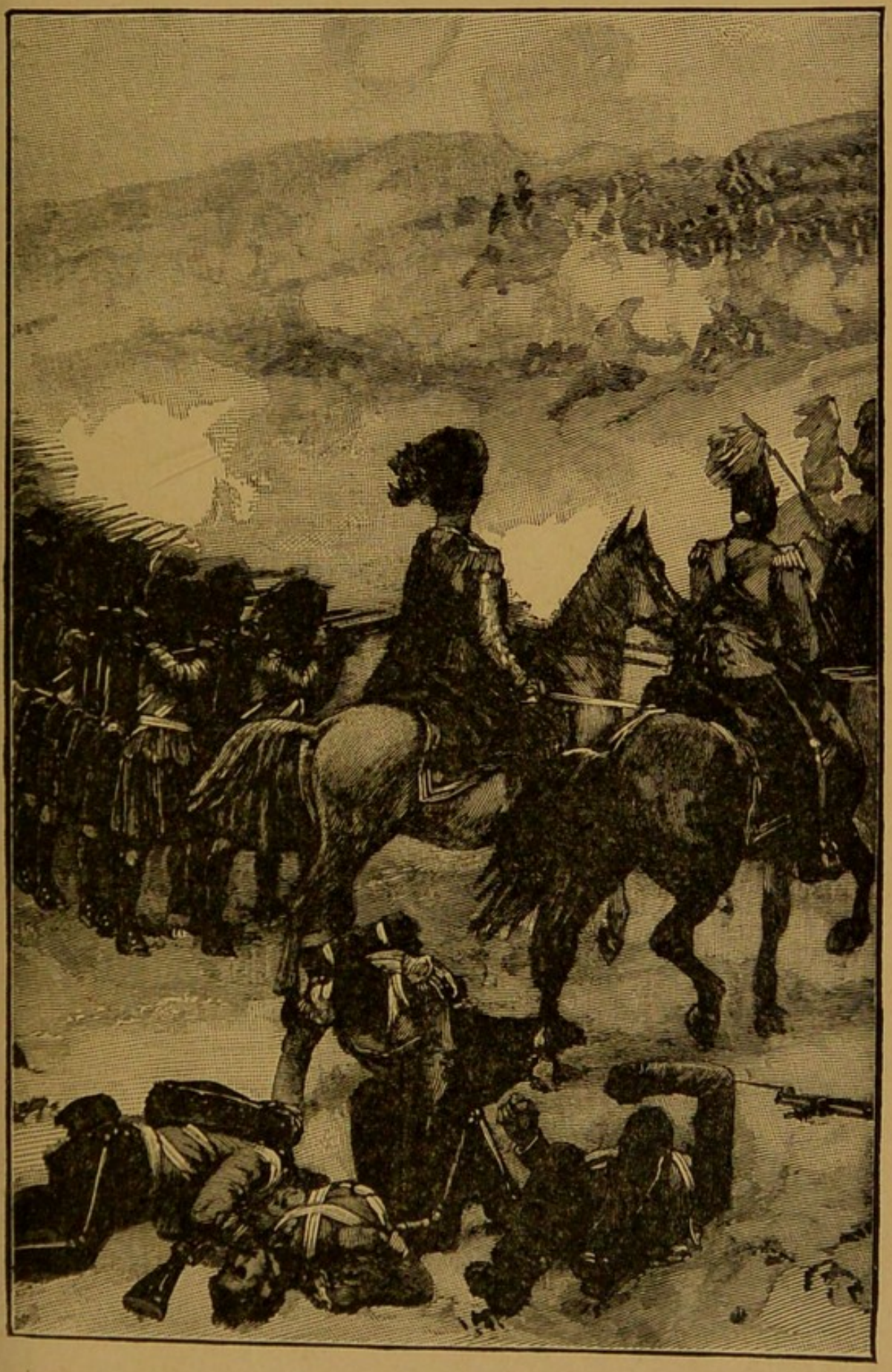
It had not been anticipated that the campaign would be such a long one as it proved, and a certain allowance must be made for this fact. Still there were circumstances in the case for which it is simply impossible to find any excuse. The most extraordinary blunders were committed. Great consignments of boots arrived, and were all found to be for the left foot! A large number of mules had been contracted for, in order to convey the

stores, but they were delivered to the Russians instead of to the English! Most shameful frauds were committed over the contracts for the supply of preserved meat. It was mainly unfit for food. As *Punch* exclaimed with bitter humour, "One man's preserved meat is another man's poison."

All this meant terrible hardship to the brave fellows who fought on amid Russian snows and Black Sea storms. Their tents were blown away, and often the camps were knee-deep in mud. But this was not the worst. If we are indignant that the strong and healthy should be so treated, what must we feel when we learn that the sick and wounded were even in a worse plight?

The *Annual Register* for 1854 tells us that "the medical department, upon which considerable pains had been bestowed, did not work well either at home or abroad. The strict economy enforced during a long period of peace, by means of a rigid system of audit and account, much fettered the doctors, who dreaded to incur responsibility for any expenditure, however urgent, if not guarded by all the forms and documents usually required, but not to be obtained without loss of time. The medical men in camp were indefatigable in their attention to the sick and wounded; but so great was the want of the commonest necessaries, even of bedding, medicines, and medical comforts, that they sorrowfully admitted their resources to be of little avail.

"Medical stores sent out from England, instead of being kept in the most accessible part of the ship, were buried under ordnance stores or other



THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

heavy cargo, and could not be disembarked where they were most wanted, nor landed at all until all the superincumbent cargo was unshipped. Even lint was wanting, or could not be found, for the dressing of the wounds! Medicines and medical appliances lay rotting on the beach at Varna, or buried in the holds of vessels in Balaclava harbour; nay, it has even been asserted that medicines wanted at the hospitals, and which had been sent from England by the Government, were openly sold in the bazaars of Constantinople and as far inland as Adrianople."

After the Battle of the Alma, 1500 sick and wounded officers and men of the British Army—cholera cases being actually included with the rest!—were embarked in vessels unprovided with proper appliances, with a staff of surgeons inadequate in numbers to cope with the emergency; so that a large proportion of the wounded arrived at Scutari without having had their wounds dressed, though five or six days elapsed on the passage.

The famous war-correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, Dr. Russell, wrote home on October 13: "It is impossible for anyone to see the melancholy sights of the last few days, without feelings of surprise and indignation at the deficiencies of our medical system. The manner in which the sick and wounded have been treated is worthy only of the savages of Dahomey. Numbers arrived at Scutari without having been touched by a surgeon since they fell, pierced by Russian bullets, on the slopes of Alma. The ship was literally covered

with prostrate forms, so as to be almost unmanageable. The officers could not get below to find their sextants, and the run was made at hazards. The worst cases were placed on the upper deck, which, in a day or two, became a mass of putridity. The neglected gunshot wounds bred maggots, which crawled in every direction, infecting the food of the unhappy beings on board. The putrid animal matter caused such a stench that the officers and crew were nearly overcome, and the captain is now ill from the effects of the five days' misery. All the blankets, to the number of 1500, have been thrown overboard as useless. Thirty men died during the voyage."

And what did these poor fellows find when they reached the military hospital at Scutari? Here is Dr. Russell's description of another hospital, written a few weeks earlier; and it applies to Scutari as well. "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness, the stench is appalling; the fetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and, for all I can observe, the men die without the least effort being made to save them."

When these facts were made known, a great cry of anger and grief went up from the people of our land. Practical effort was not wanting. The *Times* newspaper at once started a fund for the sick and wounded, and in less than a fortnight had raised the sum of £15,000. A special commissioner, Mr. Macdonald, was sent out by the proprietors to administer this fund, from which thousands of


RECEPTION OF THE STORES SENT FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

shirts, sheets, flannels, quilted coats, stockings, and hospital utensils, besides large quantities of tea, sugar, soap, sago, arrowroot, wine, brandy, etc., were supplied.

A few days later, the *London Gazette* announced the Royal Commission of the Patriotic Fund under the presidency of the Prince Consort, which at once met with such generous and enthusiastic support, that before the end of the year—only a little over two months—the subscriptions amounted to half a million pounds, a sum afterwards increased to about a million and a quarter.

Thus money was quickly raised, and the needful medicines and clothing sent to the suffering soldiers. But there was a yet more urgent need, which found a voice in another of Dr. Russell's letters.

"Are there no devoted women amongst us, able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals of Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England, at this extreme hour of need, ready for such a work of mercy?

"France has sent forth her Sisters of Mercy unsparingly, and they are even now by the bedsides of the wounded and the dying, giving what woman's hand alone can give of comfort and relief in such awful scenes of suffering.

"Our soldiers have fought beside the troops of France, certainly with no inferior courage and devotedness, in one of the most sanguinary and terrific battles ever recorded.

"Must we fall so far below the French in self-

sacrifice and devotedness, in a work which Christ so signally blesses as done unto Himself?—'I was sick, and ye visited Me.'"

This was the call that reached Florence Nightingale as she was resting at her country home, after the fatigues and anxieties of the Harley Street sanatorium. It was one that might well make any Englishwoman hesitate. The horrors we have described were but isolated items in the great sum total of suffering and misery. The work of nursing in a clean, well-regulated English hospital is neither easy nor pleasant, but the task that awaited the women who should undertake the work at Scutari was simply sickening.

But as Miss Nightingale paced through the autumn woods, where once she used to make friends with the squirrels and the birds, she felt that a duty was laid upon her. She began to see the meaning of the strange impulse which first led her to take up the work of nursing. Her experiences at Kaiserwerth, with the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at Paris, and in the Home at Harley Street, now took shape as a qualification for a harder but grander work.

It was the call of God. She heard the Voice—to hear which is both a high honour and a pressing duty—the Voice which the servants of God have ever been quick to recognise; and it seemed to say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for ME?"

There was no hesitation. Florence Nightingale had learned to obey. Right from her woman's heart the answer came, "Here am I; send me."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CALL OF MAN.

An offer of service—Letters crossing—Mr. Sidney Herbert—The double call.

WITH Miss Nightingale, to resolve was to perform; so we find her, on October 15, 1854, sitting down without any fuss to offer her services to Mr. Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea), the Secretary of State for War, as nurse amongst the sick and wounded at Scutari.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert had long been acquainted with her, and had learned to appreciate her remarkable powers and skill. It happened that Mr. Herbert had fixed upon Miss Nightingale as the most suitable person to undertake the work, and, strangely enough, he had written to her on the same day that she had decided to offer her services. The two letters crossed.

Mr. Herbert's letter is so interesting that we give some extracts.

*October* 15, 1854.

"DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE,—You will have seen in the papers that there is a great deficiency of

nurses at the hospital of Scutari. The other alleged deficiencies, namely, of medical men, lint, sheets, etc., must, if they ever existed, have been remedied ere this, as the number of medical officers with the army amounted to one to every ninety-five men in the whole force, being nearly double what we have ever had before; and thirty more surgeons went out there three weeks ago, and must by this time, therefore, be at Constantinople. A further supply went on Monday, and a fresh batch sail next week. As to medical stores, they have been sent out in profusion, 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 the stores went to Varna, and had not been sent back when the army left for the Crimea, but four days would have remedied that.

"In the meantime, stores are arriving, but the deficiency of female nurses is undoubted; none but male nurses have ever been admitted to military hospitals. It would be impossible to carry about a large staff of female nurses with an army in the field. But at Scutari, having now a fixed hospital, no military reason exists against the 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 a 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 those ladies probably even understand the necessity, especially in a military hospital, of strict obedience to rule, etc.

. . . . . .

"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 would be difficult—no one knows that better than yourself. The difficulty of finding women equal to a task, after all, full of horror, and requiring, besides knowledge and goodwill, great knowledge 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 is what makes it so important that the experiment should be carried out by one with administrative capacity and experience. A number of sentimental, enthusiastic ladies turned loose in 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 out and supervise 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 think 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 think I must not conceal from you that upon your decision will depend the ultimate success or failure of the plan. . . . Will you let me have a line at the War Office, to let me know?

"There is one point which I have hardly a right to touch upon, but I trust you will pardon me. If you were inclined to undertake the great work, would Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale consent? This work would be so national, and the request made to you, proceeding from the Government which represents the nation, comes at such a moment that I do not despair of their consent.

"Deriving your authority from the Government, your position would ensure the respect and consideration of everyone, especially in a service where official rank carries so much weight. This would

secure you any attention or comfort on your way out there, together with a complete submission to your orders. I know these things are a matter of indifference to you, except as far as they may further the great object you may 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 right and wise decision. God grant it may be one in accordance with my hopes.—Believe me, dear Miss Nightingale, ever yours, SIDNEY HERBERT."

We have given these extracts, partly because they show in what high esteem Florence Nightingale was held by one so capable of forming an opinion as was Mr. Sidney Herbert, and also as proving that her mission to Scutari did not originate in any mere impulse of her own.

It must have been a great source of assurance and of strength to her, thus to find the inward call that came to her so strikingly supported by the outward appeal of the Government.

# CHAPTER IX.

## SETTING FORTH.

Offers of help—Choosing nurses—French enthusiasm—Arrival at Scutari.

HE decision upon which so much now depended was made known in a published letter from the War Office, in which Mr. Herbert said: "Miss Nightingale, who has, I believe, greater practical experience of hospital administration and treatment than any other lady in this country, has, with a self-devotion for which I have no words to express my gratitude, undertaken this noble and arduous work."

No sooner was the fact known, than offers of pecuniary help came from all hands. On October 23 the following paragraph, from Miss Nightingale's pen, appeared in the *Times*:—"It is known that Miss Nightingale has been appointed by Government to the office of superintendent of nurses at Scutari. She has been pressed to accept of sums of money for the general objects of the

hospitals for the sick and wounded. Miss Nightingale neither invites nor can refuse these generous offers. Her bankers' account is opened at Messrs. Glyn's; but it must be understood that any funds forwarded to her can only be used so as not to interfere with the official duties of the superintendent."

Money, however, was not the principal thing needed. Nurses were wanted far more. In the selection of suitable ladies for this work, Florence Nightingale had a most difficult task. It was very desirable that none should be accepted, out of the large number who offered their services, unless they had previously acquired some amount of knowledge of nursing the sick. It would need, moreover, strength both of character and of nerve to face the task which awaited these ladies. We can hardly imagine anything more horrible and sickening than the sight of hundreds of men with ghastly sabre-cuts and gunshot wounds. Turn back to the description of the state of the injured after the Battle of Alma, and ask yourself, my reader, how you would have felt had you been there. Now, a nurse who faints or turns sick at a horrible sight or a disgusting smell would be of no use at all for her work.

It was also most necessary that the ladies chosen should be earnest followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing but real love for Him would enable them to stick to their posts. Thus great care was required in the selection; and this was

made even more difficult by the fact, that the need was so urgent that Miss Nightingale wished to set off at once.

She worked at the task almost night and day. Letters from all sorts of people poured in upon her and upon Mr. Herbert, and it was necessary to have a careful interview with each applicant. This took up much time, and was very disappointing work. Most of the applicants proved altogether unsuitable. Then she tried certain institutions, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. From these she succeeded in obtaining several ladies.

Many good people thought it a mistake to accept Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and many unkind things were said about it, but Miss Nightingale was not engaging religious teachers, but nurses. The great thing necessary was, that they should be skilful in nursing the sick. The anticipated religious difficulties never arose at all. It was agreed that the Roman Catholics should attend to the soldiers of their own faith, and the Protestants to those of theirs. There was to be no discussion or controversy on religious differences. Why should there be? It is surely easy enough for Christian people to do deeds of mercy and charity, without quarrelling about matters upon which they think differently.

Obedience was to be a ruling feature in this nursing mission. Every candidate undertook to obey Miss Nightingale's instructions in all things. How needful this was, was seen afterwards, when endless

confusion would have arisen but for the wise directions of the leader. Some objected to this rule, and so had to be rejected.

It says much for the energy of the leader, that she chose the nurses and made every preparation for embarking within a week. Just seven days after she sat down to write her offer of help, the little band was ready to start. It was made up as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 10 | Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy. |
| 14 | Church of England Sisters of Mercy. |
| 11 | Selected from the applicants. |
| 3 | Chosen by Lady Maria Forrester. |
| 38 | |

Public curiosity was, of course, much aroused The *Examiner* published an article headed, "Who is Miss Nightingale?" and giving a short sketch of her career. We quote the closing words:

"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 by it be felt that there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who at this moment stands on so high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale."

Many people thought it an improper thing that young English ladies should undertake the work of nursing wounded soldiers. Mrs. Jameson, who was somewhat in advance of the ideas of her own day,

wrote thus: "It is an undertaking wholly new to our English customs, much at variance with the usual education given to women in this country. If it succeeds, it will be the true, the lasting glory of Florence Nightingale, and her band of devoted assistants, that they have broken down a 'Chinese wall' of prejudices, religious, social, professional, and have established a precedent which will indeed multiply the good to all time."

On October 21 the devoted band started from London, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, a clergyman, and a courier. It was characteristic of the leader that they set out by night, in order to avoid any public demonstration. Indeed, it was not generally known that they were ready until three days after their departure. But when they reached Boulogne, a rumour spread through the town that this company of ladies in black were nurses proceeding to the Crimea. Then an extraordinary scene followed. The fisherwomen, in their showy skirts and quaint white caps, crowded down to the shore, and almost fought for the privilege of carrying their luggage to the railway station. Poor souls! many of them had sons or grandsons in the fight, and the tears streamed down their sunburnt faces as they indignantly refused to accept any payment for their services.

Miss Nightingale felt such a display to be quite out of keeping with the character of her mission, and expressed the most earnest hope that it might not be repeated. But the enthusiasm of the French

people could not be restrained; hotel-keepers refused payment for their accommodation; servants declined the customary fees; and the train steamed out of every station amid cries of "*Vive les sœurs!*"

A few days later they sailed from Marseilles in the *Vectis* steamer for Constantinople, and a terribly rough passage they had. On the 31st they touched at Malta, and left the same evening for Scutari, where they arrived on November 5, the day of the Battle of Inkerman, "cheerful and pleasant, neatly attired in black—a strong contrast to the usual aspect of hospital attendants, and oh, how welcome!"

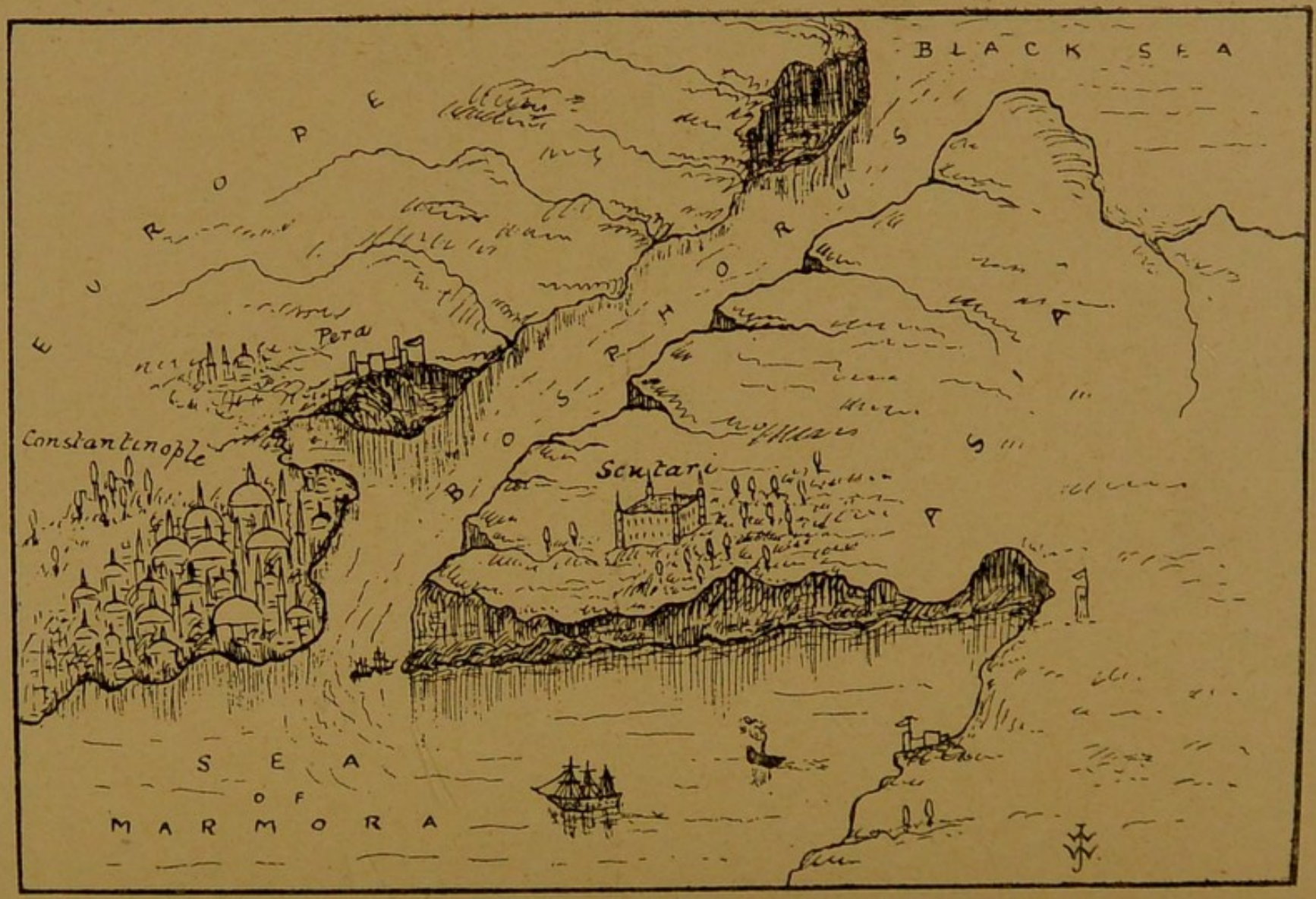
## CHAPTER X.

### SCUTARI.

A scene of beauty—The memorable ferry—Two huge hospitals—Letter from a nurse.

HREE months after the arrival of Miss Nightingale a little pamphlet was published in London, on behalf of the sick and wounded fund. We are indebted to the unknown author for the description of Scutari given in this chapter.

Scutari stands on the promontory immediately opposite to Stamboul, and from it a steep descent leads to the ferry. Immediately in front are the sunny waves of the Bosphorus, hurrying into the Sea of Marmora. Across those glittering waves, and washed by their current, rise the castellated walls of Constantinople, mingled with and lost amid graceful kiosks, shadowy plane-trees, weeping acacias, and that favourite of the Moslem, dark cypresses. Islands lie sleeping on the bosom of the waters, and the extent and variety of wood, water, minarets, domes, and buildings of every kind,




BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BOSPHORUS, SHOWING SCUTARI HOSPITAL.
*(From a rough sketch by the author.)*

glittering in the sunshine, almost bewilder the senses. The waves of the Bosphorus are enlivened with crowds of shipping. Here we see great steamers hurrying on, crowded with their living freight; and amongst these mighty monarchs of the wave may be seen the graceful Turkish caïque, laden with passengers in splendid dress, stealing gracefully and quickly along, its white sail bending to the breeze that sweeps up from the Euxine Sea.

At ordinary times the ferry at Scutari presents a scene animated and amusing, with its motley groups of fruitsellers, boatmen, fishermen, and donkey-drivers; but at the time of which we are writing the objects of interest were very different. It was at this ferry that our wounded were landed. Vessels were continually coming from the seat of the war, with decks, cabins, and every available space covered with the sick and maimed, the heroes of the battlefield, whose prowess is the theme of the poet and the historian. They were landed at the ferry, and then borne up the steep ascent to the hospital. Yes, for ever in British hearts will this ferry be remembered with interest!

There were two large hospitals at Scutari—the General Hospital and the Barrack Hospital, the latter having been lent to the British by the Turkish Government. It was an immense quadrangular building, nearly a quarter of a mile each way, with square towers at each angle, surmounted by a spire. The entrance was very lofty, and it was said that twelve thousand men could be exercised

in the quadrangle. On three sides are open galleries, and the corridors, storey above storey, were estimated to be four miles in extent. In these the sick and wounded were laid as close together as they could be placed, two rows of mattresses being laid in the corridors, with only room for one person to pass between foot and foot.

But the overcrowding was as nothing to the other horrors that prevailed. We read that neglect, mismanagement, dirt, and disease were all present. Fever and cholera reigned; there was a shameful scarcity of the most ordinary accommodation. The mattresses were placed on the cold stone pavement, and there, all through the long days and weary nights, their occupants—officers and men alike—lay, destitute of either comfort or kindly sympathy. One who visited the hospital at this time writes:—

"Nearly all are lying on their backs, and most are evidently in fearful pain. Of the few who are not, one is whittling a stick, some are reading books or scraps of newspapers, and one, whose eyeballs are nearly starting out of his head, is devouring, rather than perusing, a letter from home."

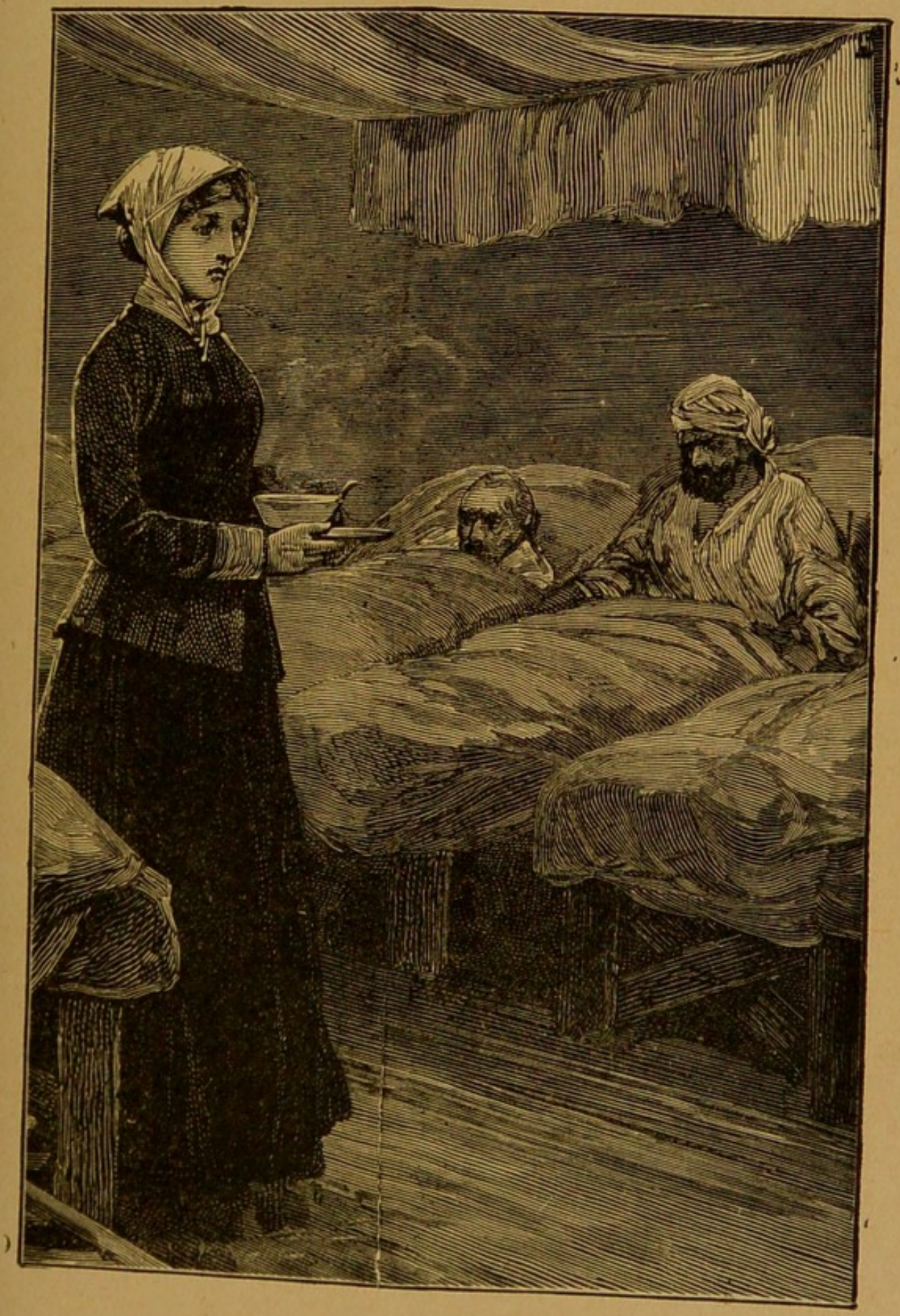
It was clear that Miss Nightingale and her helpers would have enough to do, especially seeing that, within a few days of their arrival, six hundred wounded soldiers were brought in from Inkerman. One of the nurses wrote home on November 11:

"I have come out here as one of the Government nurses, and the position in which we are placed induces me to write and ask you, at once, to send

us out a few dozens of wine, or, in short, anything which may be useful for the wounded or dying, hundreds of whom are now around us, under this roof, filling up even the passages to the very rooms we occupy. Government is liberal, and for one moment I would not complain of their desire to meet all our wants, but, with such a number of the wounded coming in from Sebastopol, it does appear absolutely impossible to meet the wants of those who are dying of dysentery and exhaustion; out of four wards committed to my care, eleven men have died in the night, simply from exhaustion, which, humanly speaking, might have been stopped, could I have laid my hand at once on such nourishment as I knew they ought to have had.

"It is necessary to be as near the scene of war as we are, to know the horrors which we have seen and heard of, and I know not which sight is most heartrending — to witness fine strong men and youths worn down by exhaustion and sinking under it, or others coming in fearfully wounded. The whole of yesterday was spent, first, in sewing the men's mattresses together, and then in washing them, and assisting the surgeons, when we could, in dressing their ghastly wounds, and seeing the poor fellows made as easy as their circumstances would admit of, after their five days' confinement on board ship, during which space their wounds were not dressed.

"Miss Nightingale, under whom we work, is well fitted in every way to fill her arduous post, the



IN THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

whole object of her life having hitherto been the superintendence of hospitals abroad. Wine, and bottles of chicken broth, preserved meat for soup, etc., will be most acceptable. We have not seen a drop of milk, and the bread is extremely sour. The butter is most filthy; it is Irish butter in a state of decomposition, and the meat is more like moist leather than food. Potatoes we are waiting for till they arrive from France."

It will be seen from this lady's account that the *Times* correspondent had not overstated the case. In fact, things could scarcely have been worse. Necessary linen, lint, and articles of clothing were not to be had. Mr. Herbert had spoken of vast freights sent out to the seat of war, but these were either lying hidden beneath the snows of Balaclava, or rotting in the mud outside the custom-house at Constantinople.

Such was the state of things which Florence Nightingale undertook to set right. Seldom was woman's hand put to a heavier plough, and never was a straighter furrow ploughed. What the soldiers thought of the new arrivals may be gathered from the exclamation of one poor fellow, who burst into tears as he cried, "I can't help it, I can't indeed, when I see them. Only think of Englishwomen coming out here to nurse us! It is so homelike and comfortable."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE UNTIRING WORKER.

The reign of disorder—A fight with 'red tape'—Speedy reform—The homage of the soldiers.

MISS NIGHTINGALE, and her company of nurses, who were increased to eighty-five by fresh arrivals in December, at once set vigorously to work. Never perhaps was any woman placed in a position calling for more delicate tact than did hers. Lady nurses were not understood, and she had to overcome the prejudices of the doctors and officers. They were wedded to an old system, which was working such mischief, while she had come to introduce an entirely new system. Then she was handicapped by an utter lack of the appliances that now always form part of a properly-equipped military hospital.

Her first care was to have a proper kitchen fitted up for the use of the sick. Hitherto all the cooking had been done by soldiers, without any proper instruction or supervision, while the raw material upon which they had to work was often

simply hopeless. Their method was to tie up the various articles separately in nets and then boil them all together, meat and vegetables alike, in one large copper. The result was that some articles were boiled to rags, while others were half raw. Not a mode of cookery calculated to tempt the appetites of sick men!

The service was as erratic as the cooking. Sometimes articles required for immediate use could not be got from the stores until seven o'clock in the evening, when the fires would be out and all means of cooking at an end until the next morning. But in ten days after her arrival, Miss Nightingale had a kitchen fitted up, from which nearly a thousand men drew daily supplies of well-cooked food and medical comforts, such as jelly, chicken-broth, beef-tea, rice-pudding, chickens, etc.

The "rules of the services" greatly hampered this lady in her work. All articles had to be procured from England through the Commissariat Department, and there was also a regulation which required that an official "board" should inspect and approve all stores before they could be distributed. We read that "on one occasion, the board not having completed its arrangements, and the men languishing for the stores sent from England, Miss Nightingale insisted that they should be at once dispensed. Red tape, shocked at the audacity of such a singular proposition, interposed: woe betide the man, amenable to martial law, who should dare to touch the cordage of one box! The noble-spirited woman,

conscious that determination must effect what entreaty had failed to do, had the storehouse broken open on her own responsibility, and its contents distributed through their proper channels."

Here was courage indeed. Few *men* would have dared to disobey the orders of their superior officers, but here was a woman who had the courage to do what her own heart told her was right, and to face the consequences. This is the stuff of which heroes and heroines are made.

The next work was to establish a proper laundry. It will scarcely be believed, but it is none the less a fact, that practically no washing had been done at the Scutari Hospital before Miss Nightingale's arrival. A washing contract was in existence, but it was only a name. The state of the bed-linen and the clothing of the sick men was such that it could not be described. "Loathsome" and "foul" are but mild words to use in such a connection. Had it not been for the mutual efforts of the poor wounded fellows themselves, many of them would have been compelled to wear to the end the same filthy, tattered rags in which they had been brought down from the Crimea. Miss Nightingale hired a house, close to the hospital, at the charge of the *Times* fund, and here an efficient laundry was established. At the same time, the nurses used every spare minute in making pillows, bandages, and such-like needful articles.

It is hardly necessary to say that the practical work of nursing was ever regarded as the first duty.

One who witnessed her work and was well qualified to judge, gave this testimony to it: "Each day had its own 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. *She has frequently been known to stand twenty hours,* on the arrival of fresh detachments of sick, apportioning quarters, distributing stores, directing the operations of her corps, assisting at the most painful operations where her presence might soothe or support, and spending hours over men dying of cholera or fever. Indeed, the more awful to every sense any particular case might be, the more certainly might be seen her slight form bending over him, administering to his ease by every means in her power, and seldom quitting his side until death released him."

Slowly but surely Miss Nightingale's influence made itself felt throughout the entire hospital system. At first she was only tolerated by the army surgeons, who silently resisted her interference, but could not forbid her the entry of the wards. Had she not possessed full powers from the Home Government, it is very doubtful if she would have been permitted to accomplish even a portion of the work which she had undertaken. It was not until two months after her arrival that the medical officers regularly recognised her as superintendent of the hospital. The fact that she required her helpers to yield implicit obedience to the doctors in all things and herself set them the example, did much to remove prejudice. Very

soon the overworked surgeons, one and all, were loud in her praise, admitted that the nurses were invaluable, and were "never in the way except to do good."

To the wounded soldiers the change was indeed a happy one. Instead of lying in foul rags, they now had clean linen; instead of tasteless and often unwholesome rations, they had now suitable food properly prepared; instead of clumsy treatment at the hands of untrained though well-meaning orderlies, they now had the gentle ministrations of the nurses; and, in place of the utter wretchedness and loneliness that formerly had weighed upon them and lessened their chances of recovery, they now had the gentle, soothing influence of Christian women to comfort and to help them. It was soon noticed that convalescents were actually unwilling to leave the hospital—surely an eloquent testimony to the management.

One of the patients wrote home: "To see her pass is happiness. She would speak to one, and nod and smile to 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 upon the pillow again, content."

What a picture for an artist! The long corridor in that Eastern hospital, with its double row of mattresses laid close together, with only a narrow passage through the midst, and on every mattress a wounded man. Here one with a limb shot away, and there one with a fearful gun-shot wound.

Here one who will never walk again, and there another whose sword has fallen from the hand that will never grasp sword again. Here a rough soldier, on whom the storms of life have beaten, breathing heavily and moaning from time to time, and there a young fellow with bandaged head, smiling as he dreams of home. And then the slight figure of a lady with a lamp, shading it with her hand lest its brightness should disturb the sleepers. Every waking face is bright with smiles as kindly nods and words go round. And men who faced the Russians without a fear have tear-filled eyes as they watch her, and stoop "to kiss her shadow as it falls."

Did ever woman receive such a tribute before?

"So in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slowly, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
A 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."

LONGFELLOW.

# CHAPTER XII.

## IN LABOURS MORE ABUNDANT.

Five thousand patients—A royal message—At Balaclava—Opinion in England.

HE work needing to be done at Scutari did not lie wholly within the walls of the immense Barrack Hospital. Soon Miss Nightingale had to superintend no less than eight hospitals, containing a total of some five thousand sick and wounded men. So crowded and wretched were the arrangements of these establishments, that we read that the soldiers were infested with vermin and overrun with rats, which did not hesitate to attack the limbs of those who were too feeble to defend themselves.

The sanitary conditions were indescribable. Orientals are usually careless in such matters. Offal of every description was left lying about in the sand, and the whole neighbourhood was full of evil odours. One day Miss Nightingale counted no less than six dogs in an advanced state of decomposition, lying under the open windows of the

hospital at Scutari. No wonder that the water supply was contaminated, and that cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa followed. Nothing is more necessary for people, whether in health or sickness, than an abundant supply of pure water. Where this is absent, disease is sure to be present. So one of the first works of the devoted nurse was to arrange for a proper supply of unpolluted water. The result was seen in a speedy diminution of the death-rate, which was actually sixty per cent. when she arrived, but which was reduced to as low a rate as in any well-managed English hospital before she left.

All this was done in the teeth of opposition, both active and passive, from those who afterwards learned to appreciate the changes she inaugurated, and who became her warmest supporters. Official delay she could not brook, for, while authorities were considering the subject, patients were dying every day. Indeed, had she not possessed ample resources of her own, in addition to the *Times* fund, so ably and wisely administered by Mr. Macdonald, she would have found herself in a sorry plight.

Transport arrangements were so bad that Miss Nightingale had a special carriage constructed for her own use. It was a very light four-wheeled vehicle, being composed of wood-battens framed on the outside and basket-work, at that time a favourite material for the purpose. In the interior it was lined with a sort of waterproof canvas. It had a

fixed head on the hind part and a canopy running the full length, with curtains at the sides, so that the interior could be completely enclosed at will. The front driving seat was removable, and thus it could be converted into a sort of tilted waggon, with a webbed frame suspended at the back part on which to recline. The sides were well padded, and it was fitted with patent brakes to both the hind wheels, so as to let it go gently down the steep Turkish roads. This ingeniously contrived carriage proved invaluable to its owner and her staff of helpers, during their constant journeying between the camps and the hospitals. Many a poor wounded fellow was thus conveyed with safety and comfort. When, at the close of the campaign, the carriage was brought to England, it bore evident tokens of constant and hard use.

Within the hospital wards a wise and kindly discipline was soon brought to bear, and before Christmas came, with all its memories of happier days in far-off England, far better order prevailed. The corridors were made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. The stoves were kept burning, and round them groups of convalescents gathered to read and chat together. Meals were regularly supplied from the soldiers' cooking-houses, while medical comforts came from the nurses' kitchen. One of the chaplains wrote home:

"One meets, at every turn, immense bowls of arrowroot, sago, broth, and other good things. Every man who needs such nourishment is, upon

the request of the medical officers, promptly and constantly supplied. This is most valuable help to medical men, and I am always thankful that no one can now be long without the food or wine required." Another wrote: "Miss Nightingale is literally everywhere."

Early in December the devoted nurses and their patients were cheered by the receipt of a timely message from the Queen. It was contained in a letter to the Secretary for War, part of which ran as follows:—

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert 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 any one.

"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 these noble fellows."

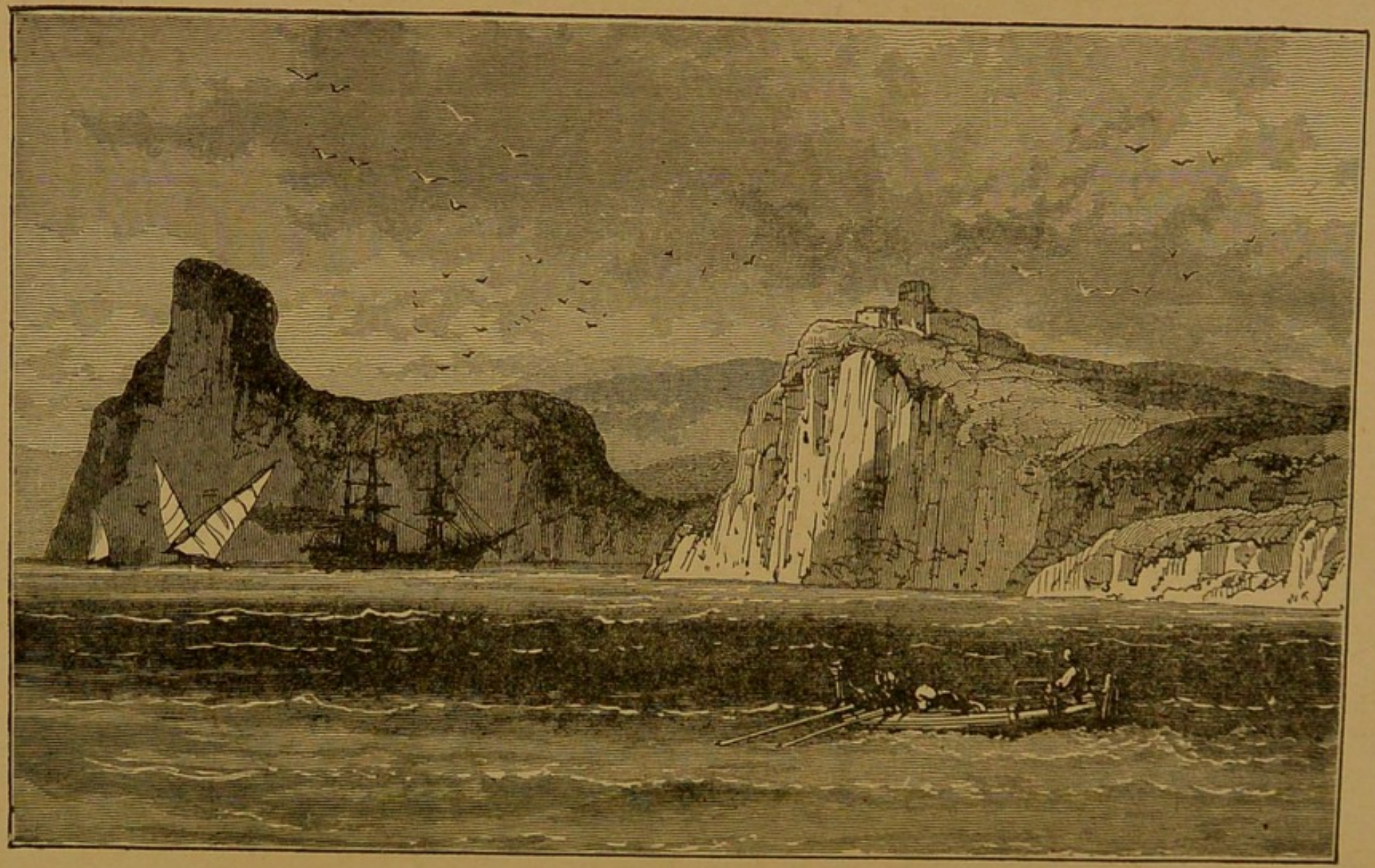
We can readily believe that such a message as this, so cordial and so sympathetic, did much to strengthen Florence Nightingale in her difficult

task. When hampered and hindered by officialdom, it was especially valuable to receive such recognition from a still higher source. Copies of the letter were posted up on the hospital walls, and when one of the chaplains read it to the wounded men, adding the national prayer, "God save the Queen," the responsive *Amen* that came from all present was simply startling in its suddenness and strength.

Early in January Miss Stanley arrived with fifty more nurses—a much-needed reinforcement. This enabled Miss Nightingale to place a number in charge of the General Hospital at Scutari, under the superintendence of Miss Emily Anderson, while eight others were sent forward to the scene of action at Balaclava.

An officer of the staff, whose graphic letters home have enabled us to realise the incidents of the Crimean War as we could not otherwise have done, alludes to these nurses in a letter dated January 29, 1855.

"Early this morning arrived from Constantinople several nurses, under the superintendence of three ladies, the first of whom is styled the 'Mother Eldress,' who has the general direction of the others. These kind-hearted women have petitioned Lord Raglan to allow them to go at once into the hospital at Balaclava, and have also asked to be allowed to attend the field hospitals in camp. The former Lord Raglan has granted, and has given instructions for immediate arrangements to be



ENTRANCE TO BALACLAVA HARBOUR.

made for lodging them close to the hospital, with such conveniences as circumstances will permit. Their latter request Lord Raglan very properly refused, as he said he could not allow them to be exposed to the hardships and trials of camp life."

It may be pretty safely assumed that the title mentioned above, that of "Mother Eldress," was really a nickname current amongst the officers. All that we know of Miss Nightingale forbids us to suppose that she would have allowed any one of her helpers to be so grotesquely styled by the nurses.

The same officer, writing on February 4, remarks:

"Lord Raglan and the staff rode down to Balaclava, and went through the hospitals. He found the eight nurses in full employment; and the medical officers said they were of great assistance to them, as they made slops and messes for the sick. With the exception of the three ladies, they are none of them young, all rather fat and motherly-looking women, and quite come up to one's idea of orthodox nurses."

In the meantime the name of Florence Nightingale rang through the length and breadth of England. She had become, indeed, the heroine of the Crimea. A few people, who seemed to think sectarian distinctions more important than Christian principles, raised an unpleasant discussion about her religious views, some suspecting that she was a Roman Catholic because she had some Sisters of Mercy in her band of nurses; and others fearing

that she was an Unitarian because she did not inquire very closely into the opinions of those who worked with her. As a matter of fact, she was a member of the Church of England, and held rather Low Church views. We are glad that we need not here enter upon the details of a controversy so discreditable to those who started it, further than to record the witty answer of an Irish clergyman: "Miss Nightingale belongs to a sect that is unfortunately very rare in these days, the sect of the Good Samaritans." Happily, the subject of all this debate was too busily occupied to know much about it.

The general feeling of the English nation was one of enthusiastic admiration for the woman who, at the risk of her life, was daily ministering to men torn by Russian shot, exhausted with dysentery, or prostrated by cholera; and who, by her unique energy and tact, had brought order out of chaos, and practical efficiency out of hopeless failure. Even the rhymesters of Seven Dials were engaged upon her praises, and the streets resounded with songs, doggerel in style but hearty in intention. We quote a verse from one of these:

"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 soldiers' 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!"

# CHAPTER XIII.

## AT BALACLAVA.

At the seat of war—The field hospitals—Crimean fever—Back to Scutari.

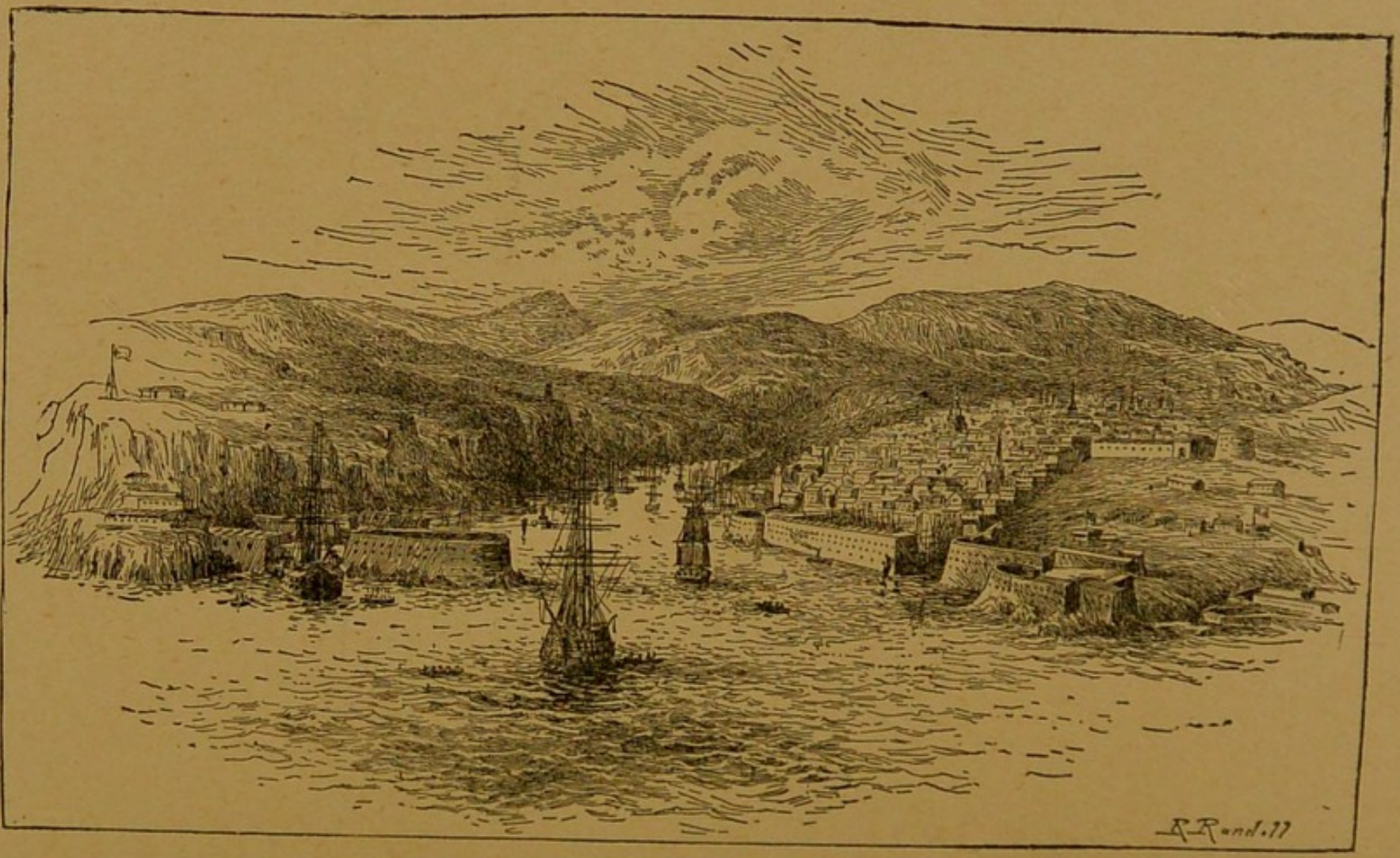
O sooner had Florence Nightingale succeeded in placing the hospitals at Scutari under proper administration, than her thoughts turned to the needs of the sick and wounded men in the battlefield itself. With a rare heroism this devoted woman resolved to personally visit the immediate seat of war. She set out for Balaclava, where she arrived on the 4th of May 1855. Here she was received by Lord Raglan, the British Commander-in-Chief, whose every action showed the profound respect and admiration with which he viewed her work.

There was much to be done, though Miss Nightingale's influence had already made itself felt, and the party of eight nurses who arrived on the 29th of January had worked nobly and successfully. A hospital consisting of some thirty large huts, sent out from England and specially constructed for the purpose, had been established on

the heights close to the old Genoese castle. Here some 350 men found accommodation, and the bracing air which blew in from the sea, lying far below, did much to improve their health.

An officer on Lord Raglan's staff wrote home about this time: "You will be glad to hear that the health of the army has most wonderfully improved of late; last week, I understand, 500 men were discharged from the field hospitals to return to their duty, and this week, they say, upwards of 700 have come out. A month ago even a single man going back to his regiment would have been thought quite a wonder." This statement refers to cases of sickness, not to wounded men, and it is surely no small tribute to the care and skill of the nursing staff. The same officer, writing on May 12, says:

"I have not mentioned that Miss Nightingale, to whom the army is so much indebted, came up here a short time ago, to see the hospitals at Balaclava and in the camps. . . . She has also visited several of the French ambulances, and gives it as her opinion that in every respect the English camp hospitals were better provided than those of our allies. She is accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge and M. Soyer: the former, kind, benevolent people, who have attended Miss Nightingale throughout her mission of mercy; and the latter is the celebrated *chef*, who has already been of great use to the army by making some admirable improvements and suggestions in the camp cookery."



SEBASTOPOL FROM THE SEA.

On this occasion Miss Nightingale went down with M. Soyer to the trenches in order to get a better view of Sebastopol. While there, entirely unrecognised by everyone, she sat down for a moment on a mortar, when M. Soyer suddenly announced her name to the soldiers. Instantly they set up such enthusiastic cheers as resounded from the rocks of Inkerman, and caused the Russians to start in alarm as they lay hidden behind the walls of Sebastopol. The *Illustrated London News* gave the following account of the visit to Balaclava :—

"Among the most interesting intelligence recently received from the Crimea are the accounts of the unwearied exertions of Miss Nightingale in the cause of suffering humanity. This excellent lady has, during her stay at Balaclava, visited the camp hospitals, and examined the arrangements in each. Throughout her inspection she was warmly greeted by the soldiers. On one of these visits, Miss Nightingale went up to the hut hospitals on the castle heights, to settle three nurses, escorted by the Rev. Mr. Bracebridge, one of the chaplains, Captain Kean, R.E., Dr. Sutherland, a sergeant's guard, a boy, and eight Croats carrying baggage for the hospital. The party wound round the steep path from the harbour under the old castle."

Here she had new huts erected and kitchens built. But her tired frame was greatly worn by fatigue. She was naturally a delicate woman, and the work at Scutari had tested her powers to the

utmost. Now she was simply tired out, and the Crimean fever, which wrought such havoc amongst the troops, found in her an easy prey. On the 15th of May she became ill, and the disease made rapid progress. It was thought desirable to remove her from the ship in Balaclava harbour to the hospital upon the heights overlooking the bay. Once more she passed up the steep, winding track, but this time she was carried helpless in a litter. Here, amongst the men she came to save, Florence Nightingale lay for a while nigh unto death. The correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* thus describes the scene:

"The hospital huts stand against the limestone cliffs. On the mountain side are the Marines, Rifles, and Turks; the harbour on one side, the steep cliffs where the *Prince* was lost on the other. The Genoese castle rises on a lofty crag in front; the site is 700 feet or more above the sea, and is very airy and healthy—admirably adapted for its purpose. Here is placed Miss Nightingale's hut, beyond a small stream, the water of which is excellent, and the banks are enamelled with gay flowers."

Here for a fortnight she lay in great danger, and many anxious prayers went up to Heaven for her. The Commander-in-Chief used to come in person to inquire. At the end of May, Miss Nightingale began to rally, and entered upon the long stage of convalescence. She has herself given us a glimpse of her experience at this time, in her invaluable *Notes on Nursing*. There is a strange pathos about the passage:

"I have seen in fevers (and felt when I was a fever patient myself in the Crimea) the most acute suffering produced from the patient (in a hut) not being able to see out of 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. I remember (in my own case) a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me, and from that moment recovery becoming more rapid."

As soon as she could be moved, she was strongly urged to return at once to England, as a further stay in the East would be attended with great danger to her health. But Florence Nightingale was not the woman to desert her post. She insisted on being at once taken back to her work at Scutari. On June 6 she left Balaclava in Lord Ward's steam yacht, which he had placed at her service. She was so weak that it was necessary to carry her down to the vessel in the ready arms of the soldiers. Thus, with a heroism rarely equalled, she went back to nurse the sick at Scutari.

But, though she herself recovered, others fell from the ranks. Her great personal friend, Miss Smith, had died of fever in April, at Kululu, where she had charge of the hospital. Now three more of the devoted band died within a short period, and were laid to rest beneath the cypress trees, amongst the men whose last hours they had brightened with their loving ministry.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## GOD'S ACRE.

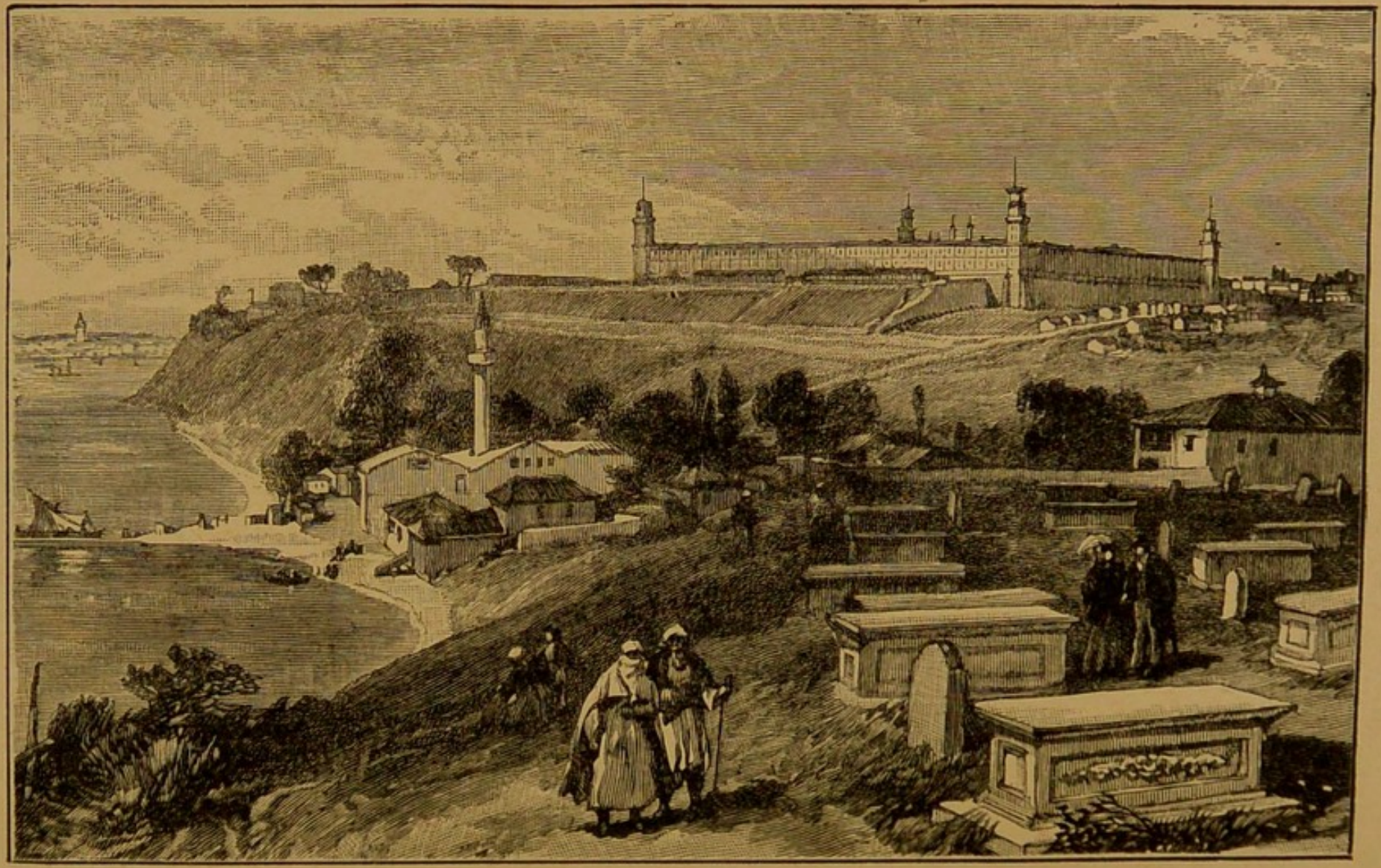
Scutari cemetery—Moslem piety—The British monument—
A lady's influence.

ISS NIGHTINGALE once more settled down to her unending labours at Scutari Hospital, but it was with a heart deeply pained by the loss of so many of her friends and helpers. Not unnaturally, her brief outdoor exercise often took the form of a stroll beneath the trees which overshadow the beautiful cemetery, where now lie so many of England's bravest sons. No less than four thousand of them are sleeping there.

Of all the cemeteries in the Ottoman Empire, that of Scutari is the largest and most beautiful, as well as the most ancient and celebrated. There are said to be enough tombstones in it to rebuild the whole city of Stamboul.

In the words of Byron, it is

> "The place of thousand tombs,
> That shine beneath, while dark above
> The sad but living cypress glooms
> And withers not, though branch and leaf
> Are stamped by an eternal grief."



THE HOSPITAL AND CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

"Far away on the bosom of the glancing waves," says an anonymous writer, "as the traveller paces the deck of the mighty ship, and strains his eyes to catch a first glimpse of Stamboul, he sees to the right a dark funereal mass of cypresses; gradually, as he nears them, they become thicker and thicker, darker and darker, and soon he finds it is the abode of the dead. The bright, dancing waves that wash its shores, the smiling blue sky of the East, the golden rays of the summer sunshine, or the lovely beams of the moon, are all alike powerless to dispel the dead shade of the cypress, bending and waving over three miles of unnumbered tombs, and year by year it increases in extent.

"The Turks have a great veneration for this burying-ground; it is looked upon by them as the consecrated ground of Asia, whence the founder of the Ottoman Empire sprang, and, spreading his power into Europe, marched onwards by force of arms. Most of the Turkish tombs are beautiful, all are well kept and attended to. The Moslem never disturbs the dead—never buries and re-buries in the same spot; therefore you never see the ancient, moss-grown tomb by the side of a fresh, newly-carved pillar. Amid this vast crowd of graves is one which attracts attention by its beauty. It consists of a canopy, supported by six pillars, and marks the resting-place of Sultan Mahmoud's favourite horse."

But the portion in which the English lie had most attraction for Florence Nightingale, as indeed it must have for all of us. It is very beautifully

situated on a promontory, high above the sea, with Chalcedon beneath, the town of Scutari behind, and the Bosphorus to the right. Here lie the nameless graves of British soldiers, who were mostly buried in great pits. Through all generations the cemetery at Scutari will be a sacred spot to English hearts.

When Miss Nightingale returned from Balaclava, she started a scheme for erecting a suitable memorial to the brave men who there await the last great muster. The work was not completed until after the close of the war, but now there stands in the midst of those unforgotten graves a great monument of gleaming marble. On a huge square base stand four angels with drooping wings, who support a tall, tapering shaft, which rises skywards, and with silent finger points to the source of eternal hope and rest. On each side of the base is an inscription, graven in four different languages:

"THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY
QUEEN VICTORIA
AND HER PEOPLE."

How much the brave fellows who laid down their arms at Scutari were helped in their dying moments by Florence Nightingale's prayers and efforts to point them to Christ, is not recorded on earth; but there is a book, unread by mortal eyes, in which such deeds are treasured up. There is a hidden wealth of meaning in the simple statement of an old soldier: "Before she came there was such cursing and swearing, but afterwards it was as holy as a church."

# CHAPTER XV.

## THE TASK COMPLETED.

The fall of Sebastopol—Work in the camp—An accident—A characteristic letter—The secret return.

THREE months after Miss Nightingale's return to Scutari, the fall of Sebastopol on September 9th practically brought to a close the war with Russia. The news was received in London with immense delight. The streets were filled with eager inquirers, and the fortunate possessors of evening papers were surrounded by anxious groups, who devoured the telegraphic news with eager curiosity; and late purchasers might be seen reading the intelligence by the light of the street lamps. At 9 P.M. the Park and Tower guns were fired; the salutes were repeated from Woolwich and other places, and the bells rang merrily from the steeples. There was also a hasty attempt to illuminate the streets. Throughout the country it was the same. Salutes were fired from the batteries at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham, and Sheerness, while in other

towns the flags hanging from church steeples, the ringing of bells, and the ascent of rockets announced the joy of the people at the victory.

Amongst those who rejoiced the most was Florence Nightingale, for she had learned the horrors of the war. Now it was over, and she looked forward with intense longing to the day when Scutari Hospital should close its doors. But there was still plenty of work for the devoted band of nurses. One soldier, writing home to his mother, said :

"These ladies were always, from morning to night, going up and down the wards, attending to the men — sometimes washing their hands and faces, sometimes bringing them beef-tea or arrow-root and such things, feeding them with their own hands, and bringing food every little while to those who were so weak that they wanted something very often. The men's rations were brought two or three times a day, and put down by the side of their couch, but often they were too weak to help themselves at all. I have frequently heard a man say, 'That lady saved my life.' . . . No one can know the good they did. Oh, I wish I could find words to say what these ladies were !"

Life in hospital is dull under any circumstances, and at Scutari the monotony had been increased by the utter lack of anything to read. Miss Nightingale was quick to notice this, and sent an appeal to England, which met with a speedy response in great bundles of magazines and illustrated papers which

were sent out. This was one of those "trifles" which go to make up the perfect nurse.

About this time, Mr. Macdonald, the administrator of the *Times* fund, returned to England, but before doing so he put upon record his impressions of the work of Florence Nightingale.

"Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even among 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 rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken, which, when she had set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character.

"I have hesitated to speak of her hitherto as she

deserves, because I well knew that no praise of mine could do justice to her merits, while it might have tended to embarrass the frankness with which she has always accepted the aid furnished her through the fund. As that source of supply is now nearly exhausted, and my mission approaches its close, I can express myself with more freedom on this subject, and I confidently assert that, but for Miss Nightingale, the people of England would scarcely, with all their solicitude, have been spared the additional pang of knowing, which they must have done sooner or later, that their soldiers, even in the hospital, had found scanty refuge and relief from the unparalleled miseries with which this war has hitherto been attended."

Although the war was now practically over, it was found necessary that the troops should once more winter in the Crimea. This time they were able to make themselves fairly comfortable. We learn from contemporary letters that the spoils of Sebastopol were largely utilised to build and furnish huts for the men. A certain amount of sickness was inevitable, but happily the cases were steadily diminishing.

A letter, written from Scutari on November 7, reports as follows :—

"The sickness here is now far below the accommodation provided in the hospitals. The comparatively small number of invalids at present is as much owing to the superior arrangements of the hospitals, and to the high medical talent so

abundantly provided, as to the sanitary condition of the camp, from which we suppose there were never fewer sick sent, since the Allies first landed in the Crimea. The empty state of our hospitals is a pleasing contrast to that of the French."

This gratifying state of things to some extent released Miss Nightingale from the strain of continual presence in the hospital, and in the spring of 1856 we find her once more at Balaclava. Here she found plenty to do. In addition to careful attention to the remaining sick men, she interested herself in everything that was likely to conduce to the welfare of the soldiers generally. She advanced a considerable sum of money to erect a large coffee-room at Inkerman, and assisted the chaplain in establishing a schoolroom and library for the men. She also procured from England a large supply of maps, slates, and other school material, besides organising a series of evening lectures. By all these means it will be seen that she sought the intellectual as well as the physical welfare of the troops.

In March she was unfortunately injured in the back through the upsetting of a cart, and for a time she was once more a patient in the hospital on Castle Hill, overlooking the harbour. When she recovered she was as busy as ever. She had a large tent made to protect the convalescents who were allowed a little outdoor exercise; and it will, no doubt, astonish our readers to learn that this lady, to whom the army was so deeply indebted,

was actually refused permission to erect it. She endured the mortification in silence, as was her wont, and never for a moment relaxed her efforts for the good of the men. Nothing was too small or apparently unimportant for her. She wrote letters home for the men who, in those days when schools were few, did not know how to handle a pen; she forwarded their savings to their families in England, and, in fact, constituted herself a sort of general savings' bank for them. When men died, it was generally she who took charge of their small bequests.

Very few of her letters are available, but here is one written in reply to a poor woman in England who had heard nothing of her husband for many months,—alas! he was dead,—and so applied, in her anxiety, to Miss Nightingale.

"*5th March* 1856.

"DEAR MRS. LAWRENCE,—I was exceedingly grieved to receive your letter, because I have only sad news to give you in return. Alas! in the terrible time we had here last year, when we lost from seventy to eighty men per day in these hospitals alone, many widows have had to suffer like you, and your husband was, I regret to say, amongst the number. He died in the hospital, 20th February 1855, just at the time when our mortality reached its height, of fever and dysentery, and on that day we buried eighty men.

"In order that I might be sure that there was

no mistake of name, and that there were not two men of the same name, I wrote up to the colonel of his regiment, who confirms the sad news in the note I enclose; and although he is mistaken in the precise date of your husband's death, there is no mistake, alas! in the fact. I wished to get his reply before I wrote to you.

"Your husband's balance, due to you, was £1 2s. 4½d., which was remitted home to the Secretary of War, 25th September 1855, from whom you can have it on application. As you were not aware of being a widow, you are of course not in receipt of any allowance as a widow; you should therefore make application to Lieutenant-Colonel Lefroy, R.A., Honorary Secretary, Patriotic Fund, 16A Great George Street, Westminster, London. I enclose the necessary papers for you to fill up. Your colonel's letter will be sufficient proof of your husband's death. I enclose it for that purpose. You will state all particulars about your children. Your minister will help you to fill it up. I am very sorry for you and your trouble. Should you have any difficulty about the Patriotic Fund, you must make use of this letter, which will be sufficient evidence for you to produce of your being a widow. With sincere sympathy for your great loss,—I remain, yours truly,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

This letter abundantly shows the thoughtful kindness of the writer. Every little detail that

can possibly help the poor widow is mentioned, and a genuine spirit of sympathy breathes through it all.

At length the weary task was ended. The doors of Scutari Hospital closed behind the last patient, and the transport ships were loading with rejoicing soldiers on their homeward voyage. The whole British nation awaited the return of the heroine of the Crimea. The Government offered her a passage in a man-of-war, but, when the vessel started, Florence Nightingale was not on board. No one knew what had become of her. But on board a French vessel was a lady, clad in black, who called herself Miss Smith, and who seemed to wish for nothing more than rest. When she reached the French port, she crossed the country in the night, and soon was once again in a quiet home in Derbyshire.

Not till some days later did London wake up to the fact that the woman whom of all others it sought to honour, had passed through its streets unrecognised and unwelcomed. The *Globe*, in its issue of August 12, says:

"We are happy to be enabled to announce that Miss Florence Nightingale has arrived at her home in Derbyshire, after her arduous and honourable career of public service in the East. Miss Nightingale sedulously avoided that public welcome which would have greeted her, had the day or place of her landing in England been made known. She is not the less conscious, we trust, of the

'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,' which accompany her presence and wait upon her future career."

We cannot better sum up Florence Nightingale's work at Scutari and at Balaclava than in her own words, written of another, but wondrously applicable to herself.

"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 always filled with the thought that she must be about her Father's business."

# CHAPTER XVI.

## WHAT THE SOLDIERS SAY.

In Chelsea Hospital—An old man's story—The charge of the Light Brigade—A hospital orderly.

BESIDE the Thames at Chelsea stands a heavy pile of buildings, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and dating from the days of Charles the Second. A great hall and chapel are flanked by two extensive wings, enclosing a quadrangle of smoothly mown grass. In front are lawns and gardens, with shady avenues of ancient trees—silent memorials of the long past days when Chelsea was a country village.

Here dwell five hundred and forty ancient men, the heroes of a former day. For these men, with snowy hair and tottering limbs, walking feebly along the corridors and beneath the over-arching trees, are they who have helped to make England's history glorious. All of them were once warriors, and scarcely one may be found whose breast is not adorned with medals, telling of long campaigns and honourable service.

Here they rest and wait until their course shall end. They are very old, and their eyes are dim, and their faces have gained the expressionless calm of age. But there is a name which is an "Open Sesame" to all their hearts. Go there and mention Florence Nightingale, and you will see the toil-worn faces light up and the ancient eyes flash with awakened interest, for these are the men who faced the Russians on the slopes above the Alma and in the trenches before Sebastopol. Many a scar and many a defective limb speak of injuries which received tender treatment from Miss Nightingale's devoted hands.

Pausing at the head of the fine old oaken stairs we chatted with a venerable pensioner, who pulled his shaking form to "Attention" and remarked, "You wouldn't think I was sixty-six, would you now, sir?" The question was an awkward one, for he looked much older, but we evaded it by another question which at once evoked an emphatic answer.

"Know Miss Nightingale? I should think I did, sir. God bless her! Why, didn't she nurse me when I was injured? I don't know what us poor fellows would have done if it hadn't been for her. It was at Balaclava that I was hurt. My horse slipped into a trench and fell on the top of me and crushed my left knee, so that I had to go down to Scutari Hospital. And didn't we just bless that kind lady's heart for all she did for us? Why, sir, before she came, you couldn't get a bit

of food fit to eat. The meat had been in salt for years, and was in such a state that you could pull it to pieces in strings like shoe-laces, and that wasn't much of food for healthy men, let alone sick ones. As for a cup of tea, or anything like that, why, you just had to do without it. But she soon altered all that. She got good food for us, and plenty of tea, and she'd get us grapes and oranges too.

"What was she like? Why, she was a fine tall young woman, and a real lady too. She was all full of life and fun when she talked to us, especially if a man was a bit down-hearted. She would dress our wounds for us, and if there was an extra bad case, she always looked to it herself. Many a time, when all was quiet at night, I've seen her coming through the wards with a little lamp in her hand, and every poor fellow who couldn't sleep was glad to see her.

"Ah, but when a man was dying, wasn't she good then? She'd sit with him and read and talk, oh, so kindly, until all was over. God bless her! That's what I say, sir. God bless her!" And the old man's voice was breaking with emotion as he said it.

Outside in the quadrangle an old white-bearded man is walking briskly to and fro. His right sleeve bears the crown and stripes of gold, but the arm was left on the field at Balaclava. He does not look much as he paces silently along, but the man is a hero. He was a colour-sergeant in the

Light Brigade, and that missing right arm swung a sabre in the charge of the immortal Six Hundred. He is not very communicative, but the mention of Miss Nightingale's name proves potent to unloose his tongue.

"Yes, sir, I knew her, for I was in Scutari Hospital when she came. You see it was at Balaclava that I lost my arm, and so I was shipped off at once to Scutari, and then was invalided home at Christmas.

"Want to hear about the charge? Well, you see, sir, it was a very simple affair. The Russians had taken some guns which we had left with a Turkish company, and we were just ordered to recapture them. But of course there was a mistake somewhere in the orders. Why, we six hundred men charged thirty-seven thousand Russians. It was simply sending us to butchery. We knew how it would be when we started. Why didn't we remonstrate? Sir, a soldier's duty is to obey! We received our orders, and we did our duty. What else should any man do?

"You see, we had to ride down a valley, with Russian redoubts on both sides and in front as well. As soon as we started they opened fire, and we simply rode in the teeth of a perfect storm of shot. When we got up to the guns we could do nothing, and so we rode back, with the cannon firing right and left of us, and behind us too. Then a company of Russians charged down into the valley to cut us off, and we had to fight our way

through them. Then, sir, when we were all mixed up together, the Russian army, to their eternal disgrace, opened fire on their own men, and English and Russians were killed together. It's a wonder that any of us lived to tell the tale. I was within a few yards of our own lines when a shrapnel-shell killed my horse and smashed my arm. It's a mercy I was so near home, for our poor fellows who were wounded at the other end of the valley were killed by the Russians as they lay there helpless.

"Next day, after the doctor had removed my arm, I was sent to the coast and taken by ship to Scutari. So I just got there before Miss Nightingale came. Things were in a shocking bad state in the hospital. There was no decent food, no clean linen, and no anything that was wanted. When the ladies came from England, our men couldn't tell what to make of them. You see, it seemed such an astonishing thing that English ladies should come to nurse us rough soldiers. Many of the men hardly liked the notion at first, but they soon began to appreciate Miss Nightingale and her nurses. I often saw her, for she was constantly in and out, and, whenever anybody was dangerously ill, she would be there night as well as day. She was wonderful at cheering up anyone who was a bit low. But, as I told you, I was sent home at Christmas, so she hadn't had time to make such great changes by then. But every soldier owed her more than words can tell."

Now we go into the great hall, where the captured flags of Russia and of France hang from the walls, mute tokens of glorious victories won by the generals whose portraits hang in long array around us. In a large glass case are kept the medals of pensioners who have died without any relatives to claim their small property. Not so long ago one of the last survivors of Waterloo here answered to the final roll-call, an ancient man with the snows of a hundred and two winters on him. In the hall we meet another Crimean veteran, who also is more than willing to talk about Miss Nightingale.

"Oh yes, sir, I knew her very well indeed, and perhaps I had a better chance than most of knowing what she did, because I was in Scutari Hospital before she came, and again six months after, and, my word, there was a difference! It happened like this: I was all through the campaign, and have got the four clasps to my medal. I fought my way up the slopes of Alma, with the Russian shot pouring down on us like rain. But luckily I wasn't wounded, and so I lived to see a precious hard time.

"You see, it wasn't merely the usual hardships of a campaign that we had to put up with. Many a time we had to go forty-eight hours without a morsel to eat, and, when we did get our rations, it was, as often as not, only a dry ship's biscuit and a piece of raw salt pork, with no chance at all of getting it cooked. As to the beef, why, it

was the colour of your leather bag, sir, and just about as eatable. Then, when we got any coffee, it was served out to us green, and so it wasn't of much use. What did we do with it? Why, if we got a chance, we would make a bit of a fire and try to roast it. Then we would take off our shirt to tie it up in and try to smash it by knocking it between two stones. But we couldn't make much of it. So a lot of us got very low for want of food.

"We had to rough it, too, fearfully. I've had to lie all night in the trenches before Sebastopol, and each time I moved I had to literally tear myself away, for I was frozen to the ground. Then I slept week after week in a regular puddle, for sometimes there wasn't a dry spot to be found in the camp. And the dirt was awful! All through the campaign, while I was at the front, I never had a chance of washing myself, let alone a change of linen. There wasn't enough water for drinking, so of course we got none for washing. Why, both officers and men were often just alive with vermin. So it was not much wonder that I broke down in health, and the doctor ordered me to go to Scutari.

"I went in the ship that took down the wounded men, and what you tell me that Dr. Russell said about their condition is true enough. I saw it myself. Their wounds were swarming with maggots. When I got to Scutari I was made hospital orderly, and an awful time I had of

it. This was before Miss Nightingale came. The men were all lying on the floor in their rags and dirt, just as they were brought from the field, packed together as close as they could lie. I had a great wardful to look after, and what could one man do for such a lot? There was no washing at all, and no clean linen to be got. When I tell you that a number of the men had dysentery and cholera, and that there was no means of washing them or of changing the sheets and mattresses, you can guess what a filthy state they were in. One couldn't describe it. The stench was awful. More than half the patients used to die at that time, and no wonder. We hadn't got any rags or lint to dress the wounds with. The Government hadn't sent us any. What did we do? Why, we used to strip the shirts off the dead, and tear them up to make bandages for the living.

"As for the meals, they were managed nohow. Two or three men were told off to cook, but they knew nothing about it, and the food was so bad, both in quality and in the way it was prepared, that men with poor appetites couldn't touch it. Then those who were able to be up would get helping themselves, and the poor fellows who lay on the floor had to go short. Many a man died while I was there, simply through want of nourishment. Then we had no brandy or proper medicine for them, and even the water was polluted, and not fit to drink. The whole neighbourhood was in a

filthy state, and the air smelt horribly. Oh, it was a terrible time!

"After a bit I got stronger, and so was able to join my company in the field. About the middle of '55 I got shot in the throat by a Russian bullet, which divided my windpipe, and for some days I lay in the camp hospital in a very dangerous state. But I began to mend, and was able to be shipped for Scutari.

"When I got to the Barrack Hospital, I hardly knew the place. It was completely altered. You see Miss Nightingale had been there seven or eight months then.

"The morning after my arrival they brought me a good breakfast, beautifully cooked, the first decent food I had had for some time. When I had eaten it I said to myself, 'That's all I shall get till to-morrow,' for I knew how things had been before. But about ten o'clock they brought me an egg and some bread and butter, and then at noon I had a good dinner. I really couldn't make it out. But everything was changed. Instead of the filthy mattresses on the floor, we had nice clean beds on small bedsteads. There was plenty of clean linen for us, and Miss Nightingale had provided proper bathrooms. Everything was as clean and nice as could be, and instead of more than half the men dying, as was the case before, they nearly all got well now.

"Miss Nightingale was always coming in and out. She used to attend to all the worst cases

herself. Some of the new men were a bit shy at first, but many a time I've heard her say 'Never be ashamed of your wounds, my friend.' She would do anything for us. She used to get us lots of fruit and nice things, and she sent to England for illustrated papers to amuse us.

"Many a time I've watched her as she came through the wards at night, wearing a plain black dress, as she always did, and holding a little lamp in her hand. She worked hour after hour, and never seemed to grow tired. Many a poor dying fellow she stayed with and comforted to the end. Ah, sir, what I often say is this: if ever a woman deserved to go to heaven, that woman's Miss Nightingale."

So the old warrior ends his story with a suspicious dampness about his eyes. Then another and yet another take up the tale. But it is all the same thing—an account of unspeakable wretchedness and of a woman's heroic service. One thing is very clear: the memory of Florence Nightingale is enshrined in these brave old hearts. One of them summed up the case thus: "Every man in the forces worshipped that lady."

# CHAPTER XVII.

## ENGLAND'S GRATITUDE.

The cross at Balaclava—A jewel from the Queen—Speeches in Parliament—A national testimonial.

S the great ships come and go upon the dark waters of the Black Sea, the sailors who look northwards to the gloomy heights of Balaclava cannot fail to notice the gigantic cross which stands upon the summit and spreads its arms against the sky. If they were nearer, they would be able to read the inscription:

"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US."

That cross was erected by Florence Nightingale, and forms the only memorial of her labours which she herself desired. What a revelation of her inmost character we have here! She thought of the work accomplished by her helpers and herself, of sick men nursed to health, and of dying ones pointed to Christ, and yet she could see nothing worthy of praise, nothing calling for congratulation. She commended her work, and those for whom she

had wrought, to the infinitely pitiful Father; and simply prayed, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

The British nation, however, was in no mind that such a work should pass without its due meed of recognition. Long before Miss Nightingale had finished her task, the grateful country was considering how it might best express its thanks. Her Majesty the Queen, who has ever set her people the example in all that is noble and good, was prompt to mark her high approval of the services thus rendered to the troops. In the *Morning Post* for December 20, 1855, the following announcement appeared:—

"The country will experience much satisfaction, though no surprise, on learning, as we believe we are correct in stating, that Her Majesty the Queen has, in a manner as honourable to herself as it must be gratifying to her people, been pleased to mark her warm appreciation of the unparalleled self-devotion of the good Miss Nightingale. The Queen has transmitted to that lady a jewelled ornament of great beauty, which may be worn as a decoration, and has accompanied it with an autograph letter—such a letter as Queen Victoria has ere now proved she can write—a letter not merely of graceful acknowledgment, but full of that deep feeling which speaks from heart to heart, and at once ennobles the sovereign and the subject."

The jewel, which was designed by the Prince Consort, has been thus described: "A St. George's

cross in ruby-red enamel, on a white field representing England. This is encircled by a black band, typifying the office of Charity, on which is inscribed in gold letters the text, 'Blessed are the merciful.' The royal donor is indicated by the letters V.R., surmounted by a crown in diamonds, impressed upon the centre of the cross, from which rays of gold are emanating. Wide-spreading branches of palm, in bright green enamel, tipped with gold, form a framework for the shield, their stems at the bottom being banded with a ribbon of blue enamel (the colour of the ribbon for the Crimean medal), on which in golden letters is inscribed 'Crimea.' At the top of the shield, between the palm branches, and connecting the whole, three brilliant stars of diamonds illustrate the idea of the light of heaven, shed upon the labours of mercy, peace, and charity.


THE NIGHTINGALE JEWEL.

"On the back of the jewel there is an inscription written by Her Majesty, recording it to be a gift in memory of services rendered to her brave army

by Miss Nightingale. The jewel is about three inches in depth by two and a half in width. It is constructed to be worn, not as a brooch or ornament, but rather as the badge of an order."

Miss Nightingale received from the Sultan of Turkey a magnificent bracelet of diamonds, as "a mark of his estimation of her devotion." The Government also did not omit to give expression to the feeling of the nation.

When the treaty of peace came under the consideration of the House of Lords, in May 1856, Lord Ellesmere thus alluded to Miss Nightingale: "My Lords, the agony of that time has become a matter of history. The vegetation of two successive springs has obscured the vestiges of Balaclava and of Inkerman. Strong voices now answer to the roll-call, and sturdy forms now cluster round the colours. The ranks are full, the hospitals are empty. The angel of mercy still lingers to the last on the scene of her labours; but her mission is all but accomplished. Those long arcades of Scutari, in which dying men sat up to catch the sound of her footstep or the flutter of her dress, and fell back on the pillow content to have seen her shadow as it passed, are now comparatively deserted. She may probably be thinking how to escape, as best she may, on her return, the demonstrations of a nation's appreciation of the deeds and motives of Florence Nightingale."

In the House of Commons Mr. Sidney Herbert said: "I have received, not only from medical

men, but from many others who have had an opportunity of making observations, letters couched in the highest possible terms of praise. I will not repeat the words, but no higher expressions of praise could be applied to woman, for the wonderful energy, the wonderful tact, the wonderful tenderness, combined with the extraordinary self-devotion, which have been displayed by Miss Nightingale."

Shortly after her return to England, Florence Nightingale received a touching address of congratulation and thanks from the workmen of a large factory in the north of England. It was only one out of countless similar expressions of esteem, but the reply has been published, and it may interest our readers to give it here.

"23*rd August* 1856.

"My dear Friends,—I wish it were in my power to tell you what was in my heart when I received your letter.

"Your welcome home, your sympathy with what has been passing while I have been absent, have touched me more than I can tell in words. My dear friends, the things that are the deepest in our hearts are perhaps what it is most difficult for us to express.

"'She hath done what she could.' These words I inscribed on the tomb of one of my best helpers when I left Scutari. It has been my endeavour, in the sight of God, to do as she has done.

"I will not speak of reward when permitted to do our country's work,—it is what we live for,—

but I may say, to receive sympathy from affectionate hearts like yours is the greatest support, the greatest gratification that it is possible for me to receive from man.

"I thank you all, the eighteen hundred, with grateful, tender affection. And I should have written before to do so, were not the business, which my return home has not ended, almost more than I can manage.—Pray believe me, my dear friends, yours faithfully and gratefully,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

In addition to all individual tokens of esteem and gratitude, it was felt that only a national testimonial could be adequate to the occasion. Needless to say, Miss Nightingale resolutely refused to accept any personal reward. Neither was there any need for it, as she possessed ample means. Accordingly, at a meeting held in December 1855, at Willis's Rooms, a resolution was passed that the moneys received should be invested to establish and maintain "an institute for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants." It was further hoped that Miss Nightingale would undertake its supervision. This certainly seemed a strange way of expressing gratitude, but it was explained by Mrs. Sidney Herbert at a great meeting, held at Manchester, in support of the fund.

"She is distinguished above all others by the influence she can exercise over others, and by the extraordinary powers of organisation and administra-

tion which she has displayed. These are the peculiarities of Miss Nightingale, which point her out as the person to whom this great reform of our hospital system ought to be entrusted.

"But some have objected, If she has done so much, why saddle her with more? They do not know Miss Nightingale who utter that opinion! She is one to whom 'life is real, life is earnest.' She looks for her reward in this country in having a fresh field for her labours, and the means of extending the good she has already begun. Depend upon it, you cannot pay her a compliment dearer to her heart than in giving her more work to do. She wants the means to continue the work she has begun, and I look upon this meeting as most important, because I know the position Manchester occupies in England, and I know how much this meeting may do to set an example which will spread; and I trust that the testimonial to Miss Nightingale will be one to make her influence felt all over England, and at the same time be worthy of the occasion which has called it forth—worthy of the lady in whose honour we have met—and worthy, I must also say, of the gratitude of a great nation, to whom she has rendered immortal services."

In January 1856 Miss Nightingale thus replied to a letter embodying the proposals of the Testimonial Committee:

"Exposed as I am to be misinterpreted and misunderstood in a field of action in which the

work is new, complicated, and distant from many who sit in judgment on it, it is indeed an abiding support to have such sympathy and such appreciation brought home to me in the midst of labours and difficulties all but overpowering. I must add, however, that my present work is such as I would never desert for any other, so long as I see room to believe that what I may do here is unfinished. May I, then, beg 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."

When it was known that the scheme for establishing an institution for training nurses was to receive Miss Nightingale's invaluable direction and support, progress was rapidly made. The correspondence columns of the daily newspapers of the period show how keen an interest was taken by the general public. Meetings were held at the Mansion House in London, and in all parts of the country. They were attended by persons of the highest and noblest reputation in the land. At some of them the chair was taken by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who had himself witnessed Miss Nightingale's labours during the Crimean campaign. It is interesting to record that Madame Goldschmidt—the famous Jenny Lind—gave a grand concert in Exeter Hall, and thus raised over two thousand pounds for the fund. She not only performed gratuitously, but insisted on defraying all the expenses of the concert.

But the most interesting contribution of all was announced in the following letter:—

"Headquarters, Crimea,
*February* 5, 1856.

"Gentlemen,—By direction of General Sir William Codrington, I have the honour to enclose a copy of the proceedings of a committee in this camp, for the purpose of collecting and remitting the subscriptions of the soldiers of this army to the Nightingale Fund.

"The subscription has been the result of voluntary individual offerings, and the amount of £4195 15s. 6d., already received, plainly indicates the universal feeling of gratitude which exists among the troops engaged in the Crimea for the care bestowed upon, the relief administered to, themselves and their comrades, at the period of their greatest sufferings, by the skilful arrangements, the unwearying, constant, personal attention of Miss Nightingale and the other ladies associated with her.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"Robert Blane,
"Lieut-Col., Military Secretary.

"The Honorary Secretary of
the Nightingale Fund."

Four thousand pounds from the soldiers themselves! Never before, nor since, in the history of the British Army, has a woman received such a tribute, and never did a woman so well deserve it.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE NIGHTINGALE HOME.

Visit to Balmoral—Failing Health—St. Thomas's Hospital—The Nurses' Home.

HONOURS continued to pour in upon Florence Nightingale for long after her return to England. On September 18, 1856, she arrived at Balmoral on a visit to the Queen, by special invitation. Here she remained a week or two, and at a ball given there she had the honour of a seat with the Royal Family at the top of the hall. The following note was made by the Prince Consort in his diary:—"We are much pleased with her; she is extremely modest."

It was not from persons of high rank only that she received tokens of grateful appreciation. In November 1857 she received from the working men of Sheffield, where her father had been a banker, a magnificent set of table cutlery, manufactured expressly by themselves. This handsome present was contained in a case of polished oak, bound in silver, on the top of which there was an

ornamental device inlaid in silver, and a centre-piece of gold, on which was etched a representation of the Good Samaritan. The whole was encircled by the very appropriate words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." At one end of the silver device there was an engraving of a dove bearing the olive branch, and at the other a representation of a pelican feeding her young. The cutlery was of the very best quality, and every blade was stamped with the words, "Presented to Miss Florence Nightingale, 1857." A similar inscription was engraved upon a silver plate on the case.

It was characteristic of Miss Nightingale that when she heard of the proposed testimonial, she wrote to a friend expressing the urgent hope that the subscriptions would be limited to very small sums, and added that she would have much preferred a simple letter bearing the signatures of the men.

In the following May a large painting by Mr. Barrett was exhibited at Leggatt's Gallery in Cornhill, representing Miss Nightingale standing at the west gate of Scutari Hospital, and receiving a fresh "cargo of misery" newly brought in from the battlefield. The artist visited Scutari and made studies on the spot, the result being a most realistic picture. Its exhibition in the city attracted crowds of enthusiastic admirers.

But the Nightingale Fund was of course the great expression of the nation's gratitude. It made such progress that on June 20, 1857, the sum of over £41,000 (afterwards increased to £50,000) was

paid into the hands of five trustees, appointed by Miss Nightingale, and by them invested in Government securities.

It will be remembered that the fund was raised in order to found an institute for training nurses under Florence Nightingale's personal supervision. But this plan was never to be realised in its original form. The long strain of the work at Scutari had exhausted the devoted nurse's strength, and had developed a malady which threatened to become permanent. The scheme remained in abeyance, therefore, until March 1858, when Miss Nightingale wrote to Mr. Sidney Herbert that the condition of her health made it impossible that she should undertake the proposed work. A special meeting of the committee was at once called, and it was decided to wait some time longer, in the hope that her health would improve. In any case, it was resolved to establish the institute and to place its general control in the hands of Miss Nightingale, even if she should continue unable to actively engage in the work.

Unhappily, the hopes of the committee were doomed to disappointment. Her health grew worse instead of better, and the work had to proceed without her presence. It was decided to make use of the opportunities afforded by St. Thomas's and King's College Hospitals for training nurses, whose maintenance and other expenses of training should be provided from what was now known as the "N. Fund." This was accordingly done; and soon a band of probationers were learning their profession at the

two hospitals, Miss Nightingale rendering invaluable assistance by her advice, though she could never be present in person. Candidates were accepted after careful testing as to health, character, and general suitability for the work. While under training, they were provided with board, lodging, and washing in the hospital, with a salary of £10 per year, and certain other allowances if necessary. They received thorough instruction from the matron, sisters, and medical officers, and were daily engaged in the practical work of the wards. It was considered that at the end of a year a probationer should be qualified to practise as a regular nurse.

Gradually the work tended to concentrate itself around St. Thomas's Hospital, where the Nightingale Home now stands as a perpetual memorial of the heroic worker at Scutari. Those of our readers who have visited Westminster can hardly fail to have noticed the long range of noble buildings on the south side of the river, extending from Westminster Bridge to Lambeth Palace. St. Thomas's Hospital consists of five blocks, and the end one on the west side is the Nightingale Training Home for nurses.

Entering by the principal door, we at once find ourselves in a fine hall, where we are speedily attracted by a full-length marble statue of Florence Nightingale. There she stands, a tall, slim figure, wearing the simple dress of a Scutari nurse, and holding in one hand a small lamp, the light of which she is shading with the other. It is an exact representation of her appearance when on her night rounds at the great Barrack Hospital. In

MISS NIGHTINGALE.
*(From a recent photograph.)*

another part of the hall she is represented by a marble bust, but "the Lady with the Lamp" is the chief attraction of the place. It is protected by a large glass case. A bust of the late Sir Harry Verney, and a large clock, presented by the Grand Duchess of Baden, are in other parts of the hall. Painted prominently upon the wall is the text:

> "Love suffereth long, and is kind;
> Love envieth not; is not puffed up;
> Doth not behave itself unseemly,
> Seeketh not its own, is not provoked,
> Taketh not account of evil."

On another part of the wall we see a verse written in beautifully illuminated characters, and possessing peculiar interest from the fact that it is the work of Miss Nightingale herself. The lines run thus:

> "To hands that work and eyes that see
> Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
> That whole and sick and weak and strong
> May praise Thee evermore."

The Home contains a good lecture-room, as well as dining and sitting rooms, while each probationer has a small private bedroom. Usually there are about thirty-five probationers in training. A charming little chapel has been provided for their use, and contains for an altar-piece Horsley's fine painting of the "Raising of Jairus's Daughter."

From this institution go forth year by year a band of thoroughly trained nurses, who in all parts of the world put into practice the principles of nursing taught by Miss Nightingale and so perpetuate her priceless work.

# CHAPTER XIX.

## THE AFTER-WORK.

Work in the sick-room—Government Reports—Literary labours—Philanthropic interests.

IT must not be supposed that Miss Nightingale's work ceased when she returned from the Crimean War. Far from it. Although she has been prevented by ill-health from undertaking any active work, and from appearing in public, yet she has been ceaselessly occupied. We are enabled to quote some lines from a private letter, in which we get a pathetic glimpse of her life. Writing under date October 22, 1861, she said:

"In answer to your kind inquiry, I have passed the last four years between four walls, only varied to other four walls once a year; and I believe there is no prospect but of my health becoming ever worse and worse till the hour of my release. But I have never ceased, during one waking hour since my return to England five years ago, labouring for the benefit of the army at home, as I did abroad."

Surely there is something marvellously heroic in this untiring service on the part of one whose

condition has been described as "one of great exhaustion and severe suffering." The one great subject of hospital reform and of the training of nurses has occupied all her energies and possessed all her thoughts. The year after her return to England she furnished the Government with an elaborate *résumé* of her observations while in the East, and in the following year (1858) she issued a report entitled *Notes on Matters affecting the Health, Efficiency, and Hospital Administration of the British Army*, a book which has done much to remove the evils at that time existing.

In the following year she published *Notes on Hospitals*, of which a third edition, largely re-written, appeared in 1863. This is a work of considerable size, and is elaborately illustrated with plans, tables, etc. It covers the whole ground of hospital construction, furnishing, and administration with astonishing completeness, and its whole tone indicates the very remarkable ability of Miss Nightingale to speak to the point.

In 1860 appeared *Notes on Nursing*, a book which Mrs. Henry Fawcett says "no home should be without." Here we have every side of the case dealt with in simple, homely language, so that the least experienced person may understand the rules laid down. There is a singular vivacity and wit about the chapters, which make them interesting reading even to one who is not attracted by the topics with which they deal. Next year (1861) saw a modified re-issue of the work, under the title of *Notes on Nursing for the Labouring Classes*,

with the addition of a chapter on the care of children.

About this time Miss Nightingale was keenly interested in the question of the ill health of our Indian Army, and she contributed much information to the Royal Commission on the subject. In 1863 she published a book on *The Sanitary State of the Army in India*, and in the following year a pamphlet appeared from her pen, entitled *How People may Live and not Die in India*. In this she points out, in emphatic terms, the ruinous effects of drink, idleness, and neglect of proper sanitary precautions, and lays down a series of simple rules by means of which the climate of India would be largely robbed of its dangers.

In 1868 Miss Agnes Jones, the greatly beloved Liverpool nurse, passed to her rest. She had been trained at Kaiserwerth and at St. Thomas's Hospital, and was a valued friend of Miss Nightingale, who wrote a brief memoir in *Good Words* for June of that year, entitled "Una and her Lions." This is by far the finest production, from a merely literary standpoint, which has come from Miss Nightingale's pen, and is of especial interest from the fact that the writer, in seeking to sketch her friend's portrait, has quite unconsciously depicted her own. In earlier chapters we have more than once quoted from this article, which now forms the Introduction to the *Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones*.

Miss Nightingale's next book appeared in 1871, dealing with special nursing institutions, and was followed in 1873 by a very remarkable "Note

of Interrogation" in *Fraser's Magazine* for May. In this article, which extends to ten pages, the writer emphasises man's ignorance and misconceptions of the nature of God, and presses for an entirely new basis of moral science. Some of the suggestions here given are rather startling, in that they express the possibility that what are known as orthodox opinions may be based upon a complete misunderstanding of the character and purposes of God.

In the following year we find Miss Nightingale issuing a new pamphlet on sanitary reform, entitled *Life and Death in India*, and again, in 1876, she contributed an important letter to the *Times* newspaper, and afterwards reprinted it as a pamphlet bearing the title, *Trained Nursing for the Sick Poor*. Here she was on familiar ground, for it is to her influence and work that we owe the hundreds of trained women who now visit and tend the sick in their own homes.

In 1891 Miss Nightingale contributed a lengthy and exhaustive article on "Hospitals" to *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, and as lately as 1894 she has issued a small book, entitled *Rural Hygiene*, in which she gives much valuable information on the sanitation of village homes.

In addition to these books and pamphlets, letters from her pen have occasionally been made public, all of them bearing upon benevolent and philanthropic subjects. At the close of the Franco-Prussian War she wrote to the Lord Mayor of London, strongly urging the pressing need for con-

tributions for the relief of distress in Paris, and herself setting the example by sending £20.

In October 1873 she addressed a letter to Sir Sidney Waterlow, protesting most vigorously against the prevalent system of canvassing for votes in connection with public charities. She gave several startling examples of the evils resulting from that system, and announced that she had decided to withdraw her support from all societies that permitted it. She added pathetically that one society had declined to remove her name from its list of supporters, although she had asked them to do so and had ceased to subscribe. They told her that her name was worth more than her subscription! About the same time she was in communication with the Rev. Dr. Wines on the subject of Prison Reform.

Miss Nightingale contributed to the *Times* newspaper of March 13, 1876, a long account of the terrible privations of the Bosnian fugitives, which had the effect of arousing public sympathy in their aid, while in the same year she was urging the claims of the relief fund started after the calamity to the *Goliath* training ship.

In 1877 we find her actively interesting herself on behalf of the Indian Famine Fund, to which she contributed £25. She remarked on this occasion, that if Englishmen left their fellow-subjects in India to starve, they were worse than the Turks, who slew their wounded enemies on the battlefield; for, whereas they only killed their *foes*, we were indirectly slaying our *friends*.

Six months afterwards Florence Nightingale was

expressing great interest in the formation of the Volunteer Ambulance Department, whose work would be so much akin to her own. She enthusiastically supported their plans, and offered monetary support if it were needed.

Coming now to very recent years, we find her, in September 1890, writing to the Manchester Police Court Mission for Lads, urging strongly that more should be done to seek to reclaim first offenders, and to save them from the contaminating influences of prison life. In this letter she incidentally gives us a glimpse of her own life. "I have no power of following up this subject, though it has interested me all my life. For the last (nearly) forty years I have been immersed in two objects, and undertaken what might well occupy twenty vigorous young people. And I am an old and overworked invalid."

In November 1892 Miss Nightingale wrote to the Buckinghamshire County Council a stirring letter upon the advisability of appointing a sanitary committee. Here is an extract:—

"We must create a public opinion which will drive the Government, instead of the Government having to drive us—an enlightened public opinion, wise in principles, wise in details. We hail the County Council as being or becoming one of the strongest engines in our favour, at once fathering and obeying the great impulse for national health against national and local disease. For we have learned that we have national health in our own hands—local sanitation, national health. But we

have to contend against centuries of superstition and generations of indifference. Let the County Council take the lead.'

But all this literary activity by no means indicates the whole scope of Miss Nightingale's work since her return to England. Her energy has been simply untiring. Officials have sent her piles upon piles of blue-books and reports, dealing with the questions of military sanitation and of hospital administration. When civil war was raging in America, her advice was sought upon all the details of nursing and ambulance work. An American writer remarks: "Her name is almost more known amongst us than even in Europe." At the time of the war between France and Germany, she was chief adviser to the hospitals under the care of the Crown Princess (now the Empress Frederick) and the lamented Princess Alice. She designed the plans for the hospital for children at Lisbon, and had much to do with the formation of many similar institutions in India and Australia. Indeed, during the last thirty years, most of the plans for building and organising hospitals in England have been submitted to her judgment. She was also one of the foundresses of the Red Cross Society, for the relief of the sick and wounded in times of war.

Florence Nightingale has taught the world a lesson that can never be unlearned. Never again will soldiers suffer as they did during the Crimean campaign. Within ten years after that terrible time of want and neglect, the nations of Europe

met at the Geneva Convention, and agreed upon certain rules to ameliorate the condition of the sick and wounded. It was decreed that all military hospitals and ambulances were to be neutralised, and their inmates and staff to be viewed as non-combatants. The red cross of Geneva now marks all ambulances and hospitals in the field.

Nor has she been lacking in tokens that England's gratitude has not died out. In the year 1883 Queen Victoria instituted the Royal Order of the Red Cross. It is conferred upon ladies, either English or foreign, who have rendered conspicuous service in attending upon the sick and wounded in times of war. It goes without saying that one of the first to be thus decorated was Miss Nightingale. The decoration consists of a cross of crimson enamel, gold-edged, suspended by a dark blue ribbon, red-edged, an inch in width, tied in a bow, and worn from the left shoulder.

In 1887 the members of a working men's club in Derbyshire presented her with a very fine painting of her old home at Lea Hurst, a gift which evidently afforded her peculiar pleasure.

Thus she has laboured on, all through these years of weakness, never for a moment allowing her sufferings to stand in the way of her great life-work—a noble example of what can be done under very difficult circumstances. What a reproach to us who have better health and greater strength, and yet do infinitely less!

# CHAPTER XX.

## CONCLUSION.

Days of retirement—A nurse's impressions—Women s rights—A word to mothers.

HUS far we have sought to sketch the public life and labours of Florence Nightingale. Of her private life but little can be said. Her action in returning incognito from Scutari is indicative of her whole character. She is of so retiring a disposition that it is next to impossible to get correct information about anything concerning her, except in so far as her public career is concerned. She once wrote in a letter: "Being naturally a very shy person, most of my life has been distasteful to me;" and again, "Wait till I am no more, before you write my life."

We can therefore only give a slight glimpse of the now white-headed lady who lives so quiet a life in a house near Hyde Park, varied by visits to Buckinghamshire. From her couch she is continually organising, making plans, and writing letters. In her own words, she has hardly "ten minutes of idle time in the day."

So retired is her life that the great bulk of the population have long since forgotten that one so famous is still in their midst, but there are some to whom she is a very living reality. These are the probationers in the Nightingale Home, who have the privilege of visiting her from time to time. One of these ladies has thus described her impressions:

"One is struck with the quiet, unostentatious way in which she speaks of her work. I feel honoured to be able to say that I know Miss Nightingale personally, and that I have had the privilege of talking with her. One can see, by the settled calm of her spirit, that the end towards which her secret ambitions long yearned has been reached; that her dreams have at length been realised. . . . When one speaks to Miss Nightingale of her art, her countenance beams as it were with inspiration; her mind expands with wonderful rapidity from the treatment of yesterday to that of to-day. But converse with her of life—of human lives; of suffering, and of disease, and of anguish, and tears will almost dim those yearning eyes. She is great as an artist, but she is still greater in her pure and sympathetic human existence. She is an invalid now, confined to her couch—suffering from the results of her long, assiduous labours; but her song is neither of what she has gained nor lost by it all, but what she has 'been allowed to give.'

"I remember many things she said to me, but one thing specially. I was training at St. Thomas's

Hospital at the time. I was going back on duty; she saw I was very eager to learn, and to get on; and she said, 'My dear child, don't be half as anxious to see how much you can *gain* by your training, as how much you can *give*.' I have often thought since that we women might make a great deal of that motto."

Her ample means enable her to be a large but unostentatious contributor to many charities. Of course those connected with work amongst the sick naturally appeal to her with greatest force. That she is indeed an earnest Christian needs not to be said. Her whole life has proved it. But her sympathies are not limited by any merely sectarian differences. We may instance the fact that she sent a contribution of a hundred francs to the Abbé Legendre, director of a French Roman Catholic society, called "The Work of our Lady of the East," accompanied by a graceful letter.

Mrs. Henry Fawcett informs us that Miss Nightingale "is very zealous for all that can uplift and improve the lives of women, and give them a higher conception of their duties and responsibilities. She supports the extension of Parliamentary representation to women, generally, however, putting in a word in what she writes on the subject, to remind people that representatives will never be better than the people they represent. Therefore the most important thing for men, as well as women, is to improve the education and morality of the elector, and then Parliament will improve itself."

Florence Nightingale has set an example of what a woman can do when she gives not only her mind, but *herself*, to a thing. Having set the example, she has a right to advise. Here are some words of wisdom from her pen:

"I would say to all young ladies who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language; and this he can only become by hard study. If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, ye muddleheads. Submit yourselves to the rules of business as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give His success and His blessing to inefficiency, to sketchy and unfinished work."

Untiring in her labours for the good of others, Miss Nightingale, though seventy-two years old, started in 1892 a health crusade amongst the Buckinghamshire villages. With the aid of the County Council Technical Instruction Committee, she arranged to send three well-educated and specially-trained ladies as teachers to visit the homes of the poor, and to give addresses in the village schoolrooms upon such points as ventilation, drainage, whitewashing, disinfection, cleanliness, and all matters affecting the health of the people. At the same time she addressed a charming circular letter to the village mothers,

introducing the lady lecturers. It would be well if everybody read it, so we insert part of it here.

"DEAR HARD-WORKING FRIENDS,—I am a hard-working woman too. May I speak to you? And will you excuse me, though not a mother?

"You feel with me, that every mother who brings a child into the world has the duty laid upon her of bringing up the child in such health as will enable him to do the work of his life.

"But though you toil all day for your children, and are so devoted to them, this is not at all an easy task.

"We should not attempt to practise dressmaking, or any other trade, without any training for it; but it is generally impossible for a woman to get any teaching about the management of health; yet health is to be learnt. . . .

"The cottage homes of England are, after all, the most important of the homes of any class: they should be pure in every sense, pure in body and mind.

"Boys and girls must grow up healthy, with clean minds, and clean bodies, and clean skins.

"And for this to be possible, the air, the earth, and the water that they grow up in and have around them must be clean. Fresh air, not bad air; clean earth, not foul earth; pure water, not dirty water; and the first teachings and impressions that they have at home must all be pure, and gentle, and firm. It is *home* that teaches the child, after all, more than any other schooling. A child learns before it is three whether it shall obey its

mother or not; and before it is seven, wise men tell us that its character is formed.

"There is, too, another thing—Orderliness. We know your daily toil and love. May not the busiest and hardest life be somewhat lightened, the day mapped out, so that each duty has the same hours? . .

"Think what enormous extra trouble it entails on mothers when there is sickness. It is worth while to try to keep the family in health, to prevent the sorrow, the anxiety, the trouble of illness in the house, of which so much can be prevented.

"When a child has lost its health, how often the mother says, 'Oh, if I had only known! but there was no one to tell me.' And, after all, it is health and not sickness that is our natural state—the state that God intends for us. There are more people to pick us up when we fall than to enable us to stand upon our feet. God did not intend all mothers to be accompanied by doctors, but He meant all children to be cared for by mothers. God bless your work and labour of love.

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

But the work of nursing still occupies most of her thought and energy. How she views it may be learned from her own words: "Nursing is an art, and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's Spirit? It is one of the Fine

Arts—I had almost said, the finest of the Fine Arts. . . . Probably no person ever did that well which he did only for money. Certainly no person ever did that well which he did not work at as hard as if he did it solely for money. If by amateurs in art or in nursing are meant those who take it up for play, it is not art at all, it is not nursing at all. You never yet made an artist by paying him well. But—an artist ought to be well paid."

Such have been the principles which ennobled her life; but, far and above all, it was the love of Christ constraining her which upheld and strengthened her through ten years of conscientious preparation, through two years of well-nigh superhuman toil at Scutari, and through all the subsequent years of suffering service.

High up on England's roll of honour will ever stand the name of Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimea.

# POSTSCRIPT.

[*The foregoing pages were written while Miss Nightingale was still with us. It only remains to complete the record by adding the following details of her closing days.*]

THE year 1897 saw the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and from her sick-room Miss Nightingale took a keen interest in all that went on. She warmly approved the idea of making a special feature of "Nursing" in the Women's Section of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court, and she sent the carriage used over fifty years ago in her Crimean work as an exhibit. This proved to be one of the most popular features of the Exhibition, and crowds of sightseers gathered all day long inspecting the quaint old vehicle. The many nurses in their neat uniforms who were everywhere in evidence served as a living picture of the great revolution in the art of nursing which had come about through Miss Nightingale's teaching and efforts. She had herself taken an active part in the arrangement of the section.

On 25th October, in the Diamond Jubilee year, the Balaclava Society held its anniversary dinner, and after the usual loyal toasts the health of Miss

Nightingale was drunk, with ringing cheers. Sixty survivors of the Balaclava Charge were present.

The Home for Sick Ladies in Harley Street, where Miss Nightingale worked so energetically before starting for the Crimea, still continued to occupy much of her interest. It was here that she organised her nursing band for the Crimean Campaign, and in the reception-room still stands an old-fashioned mahogany escritoire which she used in those early days.

Two years later, in October 1899, Miss Nightingale took a warm interest in a fund that was being raised for the Balaclava survivors, and wrote a letter in which she thus described the heroism of the men in the Crimea:—

"Everyone devoting even his life for his comrade, fetching his comrade off the field, without notice or praise from anyone, either in words or in print; and if killed in the attempt his name only goes down as 'killed in battle'; always devoted, even to the death, as our Great Master and Friend, Jesus Christ, was to His fellow-men.

"Oh, if such be war, we will not say, 'Let there always be war!' but blessed be war which makes such heroes of fellowship out of war. Sad is the death of our comrades. But we may say, 'Death comes not untimely to him who is fit to die. The briefer life, the earlier immortality!' And who would keep him back? Not even his wife."

Another matter of keen interest about this time

was the Royal Pension Fund for Nurses, in which Queen Alexandra—then Princess of Wales—took such an active part. Though unable to be present, Miss Nightingale found a good deal of pleasure in listening to accounts of the garden parties given to the nurses in the grounds of Marlborough House, and in the reception of the nurses by the Queen after the accession of King Edward VII. Though quite out of sight and forgotten by the multitude, Miss Nightingale's influence was everywhere at work in all matters connected with nursing and with the welfare of the poor generally.

In April 1902 she busied herself with a project for founding a new public library and village hall at Steeple Claydon, the cost of which was defrayed by her relative, Sir Edmund Verney. Miss Nightingale was not able to be present, but she sent the following message:—

"So glad the foundation-stone is being laid of the Steeple Claydon Public Library. I do with all my heart wish it success, and think a public library is good for body and soul. That God's blessing may rest upon it is the fervent wish of

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

Her old Derbyshire home of Embley had passed out of the family; but Lea Hurst was still occupied by a relative, Mrs. William Shore Nightingale, and Miss Nightingale always kept up an interest in the neighbourhood. In August 1903 the Mayor of Derby—a distant cousin of Miss Nightingale's—

entertained the nurses of the borough at Lea Hurst, and Miss Nightingale wrote a letter to the Mayor in which she said:—

"Will you express to each and all of them my very warmest wishes for their very highest success, in the best meaning of the word, in the life's work which they have chosen? We hear a great deal nowadays about nursing as a profession, but the question for each nurse is, 'Am I living up to my profession?' The nurse's life is above all a moral and practical life—a life not of show, but of practical action. I wish the nurses God-speed in their work, and may each one strive to the best that is in her to act up to her profession and to rise continually to a higher level of thought and practice, character and dutifulness."

Of the years that followed there is little to record, for the life of an aged invalid is of necessity uneventful, and Miss Nightingale's retiring disposition, in addition to the infirmities of age and ill-health, tended more and more to keep her from the public view. In May 1904 she celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday, and amid the many congratulations of her friends came a letter from the King conferring upon her the dignity of a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. She had already received the Order of the Red Cross from Queen Victoria.

Three years later Baron Ozawa, Vice-President of the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association of

the Red Cross Society of Japan, who came to London to attend the eighth International Red Cross Conference, brought with him a magnificent album of Japanese scenery to present to Miss Nightingale as a token of the veneration felt for her by the people of the Far East.

In October of the same year Miss Nightingale made the discovery that Miss Emma Fagg, who was one of her first nurses in the Crimea, had been an inmate of the workhouse at Minster for twenty-two years. Miss Nightingale at once granted her old helper a pension from her private purse, and made arrangements for the comfort of her remaining days.

The closing month of the year 1907 brought Miss Nightingale what may perhaps be considered the crowning honour of her life, when the King conferred upon her the Order of Merit. This was the first time that this most exclusive and distinguished Order had been conferred upon a woman.

The formal presentation of the insignia was made on behalf of the King by Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson on 5th December.

At three o'clock Sir Douglas drove in a royal carriage from St. James's Palace to Miss Nightingale's residence. He was ushered into the drawing-room, where Mr. L. Nightingale and other members of the family were waiting. Although in excellent health considering her eighty-seven years, and in high spirits, Miss Nightingale herself remained in her bedroom.

"By command of his Majesty the King I have come to convey the insignia of the Order of Merit to Miss Florence Nightingale," said Sir Douglas simply.

When the case containing the eight-pointed cross of red and blue enamel and the wide blue ribbon of the Order was carried upstairs to Miss Nightingale she smiled her appreciation and promptly dictated the following message of thanks:—

"His Majesty King Edward VII.,—Miss Florence Nightingale desires to express to his Majesty her gratitude for the honour he has done her in graciously appointing her to the Order of Merit. She feels keenly the honour it is to be associated with the distinguished men already members of the Order."

This message was carried to Sir Douglas Dawson, who had remained in the drawing-room chatting with the members of the family, and so, in this simple, homely way, ended the presentation of the insignia to the first lady to be entered on the roll of King Edward's Order of Merit.

About this time the German Emperor had been spending several weeks in England, and he took the opportunity of sending a magnificent floral trophy to Miss Nightingale, accompanied by the following letter from the German Ambassador:—

"His Majesty the Emperor, having just brought to a close a most enjoyable stay in the beautiful

neighbourhood of your old home near Romsey, has commanded me to present you with some flowers as a token of his esteem for the lady who, after receiving her education in nursing by the Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, rendered such invaluable services to the cause of humanity during the Crimean War, and subsequently founded a house for the training of nurses in England, which is justly considered to be a model institution of European fame. His Majesty sends you his best wishes."

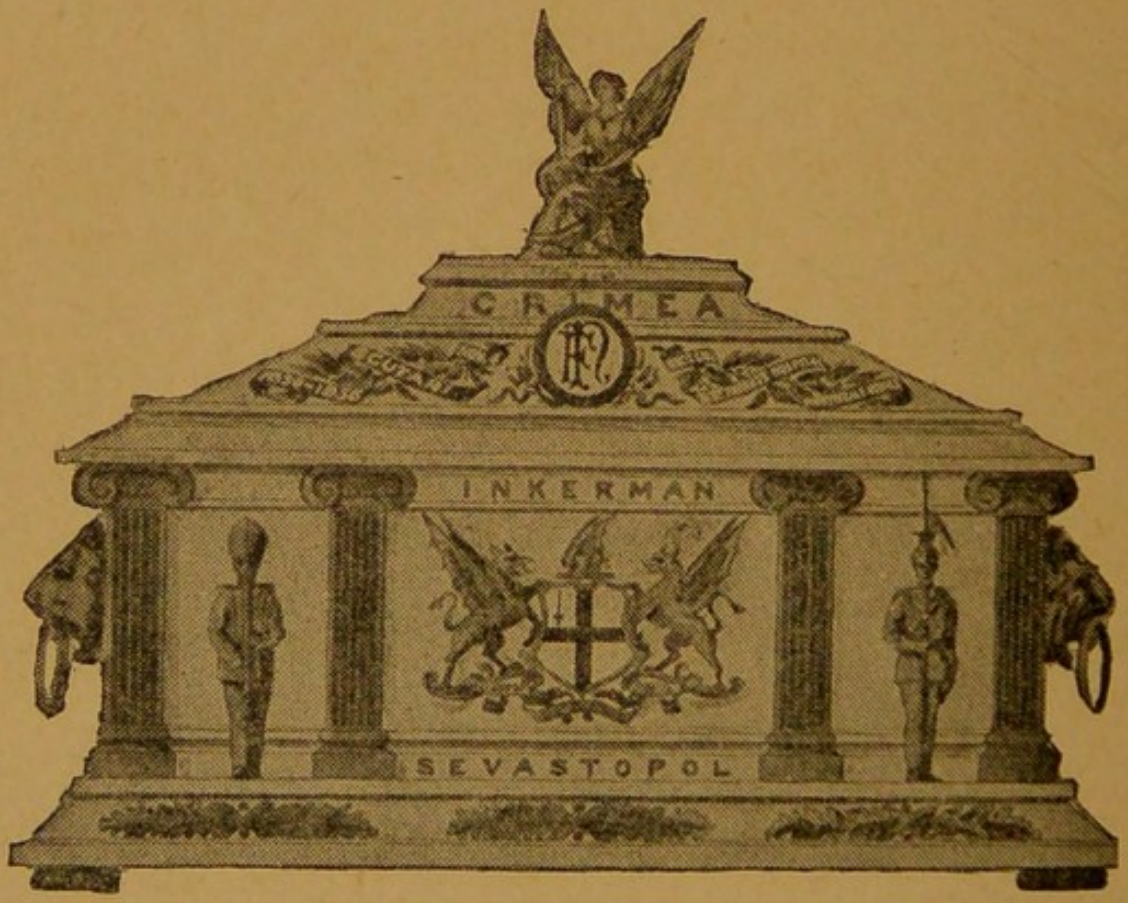
Miss Nightingale, who would have written personally but for failing health and eyesight, caused a reply to be sent, in the course of which she said:—"She recalls with deep gratitude the friendship and sympathy with which his Majesty's august mother, the late Empress, was pleased to honour her."

On 14th February 1908 it was unanimously agreed, at a meeting of the City of London Corporation, to present the Freedom of the City in a solid gold casket valued at one hundred guineas to Miss Florence Nightingale. At her request, however, an oaken box was substituted for the gold casket, and the difference in the value was given to the poor. The subsequent presentation was necessarily made by deputy owing to the distinguished lady's inability to attend at the Guildhall, but none the less the occasion provoked widespread interest and enthusiasm.

In May 1910, Miss Nightingale celebrated her

ninetieth birthday. Among the many congratulatory telegrams received by her on this occasion was a very gracious one from King George.

In her quiet home in South Street, Park Lane, the shadows of evening fell gently about the life of the revered heroine of the Crimea. The French

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PRESENTED TO MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

windows in the little balcony overlooking Hyde Park, nearly always open by day and faintly lit up by night, indicated, to those who knew the room, where Miss Nightingale was spending her closing days. Just inside the window stood a little table and chair where, in former days, she was often to be seen sitting, but now she was

rarely able to leave her bed. Her mind remained unclouded, and she followed with much of the old eagerness the various events of the day, and especially those relating to the nursing world. Owing to failing sight, she was no longer able to read her correspondence and could only write with difficulty, but she was keenly interested in having the newspaper read to her and in chatting with her numerous friends and fellow-workers. Members of the nursing profession and the heads of institutions with which she was connected received frequent invitations to call.

Those who saw her often remarked on the youthfulness of her appearance. Notwithstanding the whiteness of her hair, her face was almost without a wrinkle, and as, from a sitting posture, she talked energetically with characteristic gesticulations, it was difficult to believe that she had reached so advanced an age.

The subject of district nursing very frequently occupied her thoughts, and she was fond of inquiring minutely into the experiences of workers among the sick poor. She would often ask, "Are the people improving in their habits?" or again, "Tell me about these model dwellings which they are putting up everywhere. Have they had a good effect on the personal habits of the people?"

Another of her favourite topics of conversation was that of the growing popularity of nursing as a profession for women, and she was fond of contrasting the large numbers of applications for admission to the Nightingale Training Home at

St. Thomas's Hospital with the trouble she had in the early days to persuade suitable people to take up the work of nursing. Notwithstanding her insistence upon the importance of a high standard of efficiency among nurses, she was fond of laying down the rule that "A nurse should be a nurse and not a medical woman." Indeed, it may be said generally that Miss Nightingale had little sympathy with what is sometimes known as "The Emancipated Woman."

Thus in quiet but happy retirement the years passed evenly by until at last the call to rest came.

Her death took place on Saturday, the 13th of August 1910, at her London residence. The immediate cause was heart failure. Despite her great age, the event was somewhat unexpected by those about her, though she had lately been under medical supervision. In the morning of that day her condition was seen to be serious, and early in the afternoon, in the presence of her relatives, she passed peacefully away.

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